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NOTES OF THE MONTH

PROBABLY of all the religions of the world which have exerted a wide influence over a considerable portion of mankind, Buddhism is the most pessimistic. Indeed, from the Western point of view, it seems hard to understand how a religion which held out so little hope and prospect of happiness could have exerted so far-reaching an influence on the human race. It is certainly not a religion to make appeal to the prevailing spirit of the Western world. The need for prayer in time of distress to some Higher Power has been a lever by which other religions have drawn large masses of mankind into their folds, but Buddhism substitutes contemplation for prayer.* The Divinity of the Buddhist is too far away and his very existence seems too dubious for an appeal to evoke response. It is doubtless going too far to contend, with Professor Rhys Davids and others who take an extreme view in this matter, that the founder of this religion was an atheist. Rather, we may put him down as the first and greatest of the agnostics. He would not deny, but neither would he affirm,

BUDDHISM AND THE BUDDHA.

* *The Buddha and his Doctrine*, by C. T. Strauss. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

and if he would have declared with David, "The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God,'" he would probably have also maintained the exact converse. Throughout his life he refused to discuss metaphysical speculations, and the origin of the universe and the problem of the First Cause, as presumably the greatest of these, was a subject on which he resolutely turned his back. If, he contended, people started investigating insoluble problems of this kind, they would have no time left for anything else in life. The solution of such questions did not, he maintained, lead to real knowledge or enlightenment. The innumerable gods of Hinduism he looked upon as rather a hindrance than a help to the practice of true virtue. He regarded all as subject to the universal law of causality, and while admitting that they might exist, maintained that if so they were merely in the nature of supermen who had not the power to recompense or punish.

The universe, he held, was ruled by an inexorable law, and all the Pantheons of all the nations were subservient to this law, even as the human race itself. "All things," he taught, "were transitory, all sorrowful, and all unreal and without substance." As life was full of sorrow and suffering, the best thing man could do was to so order this existence that he might escape from the wheel of birth and death, at the earliest possible moment. In order to do this he must, in the words of the poet, "dote on nothing" on the physical plane. "There are two extremes," he preached, "which he who strives for deliverance should avoid. One extreme, the craving for the satisfaction of the passions and sensual pleasures, is base, degrading and worthless. The other extreme, asceticism and self-mortification, is painful, vain, and unprofitable." Only the middle path avoids these two false tracks, and opens the eyes, leading to wisdom, deliverance, enlightenment, and Nirvana. The cause of suffering he regarded as the craving for existence and enjoyment, as this leads to renewed births by which the passions may be gratified and the craving for pleasure assuaged. It is clear, then, that the Buddha accepted the doctrine of metempsychosis or reincarnation. As, however, he maintained that all is transitory and impermanent, he felt himself unable to admit the permanence of the personality. This he described as being composed of "the body, sensations, perceptions, conformations, and consciousness," and taking them one by one he dismissed them all as impermanent and unreal. He deduced from

ILLUSORY CHARACTER OF EXISTENCE.

THE BUDDHA'S VIEWS ON METEMPSYCHOSIS.

this the conclusion that the personality, being composed of these five skandhas or groups, must also itself be impermanent, comparing it in a parable to a cart. As the cart consists of different parts—the body, the wheels, the shafts, etc.—and there is no cart apart from a combination of these parts, so also the personality he held to be made up of these five groups, which only for convenience' sake are called the personality of an individual. They are, in short, in a state of continual flux, and as the so-called immortal soul does not exist without its attributes, all of which are impermanent, immortality properly speaking cannot be predicated of it. While, therefore, accepting the doctrine of reincarnation, the Buddha does not admit the continuity of the one life. At each reincarnation he holds that a new being arises, and that this process of arising and dissolving repeats itself as long as the desire for physical life, which is its cause, persists.

The following is the parable in dialogue by which the Buddhists explained their views on the problem of personality.

> When some one lights a candle, can it burn during the whole night ?
> Yes.
> Is the flame in the first watch the same as in the second ?
> No.
> Is the flame during the second watch the same as in the third ?
> No.
> Then, are there different flames burning in the different watches ?
> No. The flame nourished by the oil in the same lamp burns through the whole night. The same process occurs with living beings. One dies. Another is born. Without interruption one existence follows another just as the moments of consciousness during life also follow each other.

Thus according to Buddhist doctrine even the individuality during one life-time does not remain. It is all, as the Greek philosopher Heraclitus would have said, in a state of flux. The man who dies is not the same man who is born, and when he is reborn he is again and, even to a greater extent, a different individual. This idea of the impermanence of the ego is a familiar one to all students of modern metaphysics and has been the battle-ground for much recent philosophical discussion, the views of the Buddha being still, as of old, hotly maintained and hotly denied. The sense of individuality, then, according to this creed, is an illusion, but if it is an illusion where reincarnation is concerned, it is no less an illusion as regards one single life in the chain. Despite certain metaphysicians already alluded to, the ordinary Western mind revolts instinctively against any such idea. If it be true, the man who works to

IMPERMANENCE OF THE EGO.

acquire a competence so that he may be in a position to rest and enjoy himself in his old age, is really acting altruistically, for he is accumulating weath and the means of enjoyment in order that another may reap it, for the one who reaps in old age is not the one who sows. This is sound logic, but it is obviously a *reductio ad absurdum* of Buddhistic doctrine.

Then, again, though the Buddha inculcates the necessity of eschewing worldly pleasures in order to avoid the necessity of rebirth and the sufferings it entails, he seems to overlook the fact that the recompense of Nirvana will not fall to him who renounces the pleasures of this life, but rather to another who inherits the reward earned by the merits of his predecessor or forerunner in the procession of existences. The advantage to be gained by the individual who makes the sacrifice, though stressed by the Buddha, is not obvious in logic. He again is playing the part of altruist for the benefit of another, for the eventual gain is not his own. What again is it that seeks release from this world of suffering, if there is no actual individuality concerned, but only a flux of changing sensations, perceptions, and consciousness, all of which are equally impermanent? It is not indeed clear for whose sake the great effort of renunciation is to be made. The Buddha teaches us, indeed, that the Noble Eightfold Path, if strictly followed, will lead to the thirst which causes rebirth being gradually annihilated. This Noble Eightfold Path is described as consisting of "right views, right aspirations, right speech, right deeds, right livelihood, right endeavour, right mindfulness, and right concentration." But we are bound to ask, in the legal phrase, *Cui bono?* Whom does it advantage if there is no real ego in the question?

A VAIN RENUNCIATION.

The goal of attainment is Nirvana, and disputes have been interminable as to the exact meaning of this word, and whether it actually signifies annihilation or the peace that passeth understanding. At least the literal translation of the word is "going out," as, for instance, the going out of a lamp for want of oil. Some have answered this question that it is really greed, hatred, and illusion, the three forces of egotism, that go out, and are extinguished. But is it not rather the five skandhas of which the personality consists, and without which there is nothing, as, according to the teaching of the Buddha, there is no self apart from them? When the problem of immortality was posed to him, the Buddha was elusive. But surely there is a logical

WHAT IS NIRVANA?

conclusion to his thesis, even though he himself eluded it.

That the precepts of Buddhism are highly moral nobody, I suppose, will dispute. But I confess it appears to me that the incentive to lead the life of self-sacrifice inculcated is far to seek. Here are the precepts * :—

I vow not to kill (this applying not only to men, but also to animals);
I vow not to take that which is not given to me voluntarily;
I vow not to do any wrong sexual acts;
I vow not to lie;
I vow not to take intoxicants or stupefying drugs.

Whoever, we are told, undertakes to observe these five precepts, and pronounces the formula of refuge, proclaims himself a Buddhist. Here is the formula of refuge (or threefold jewel):

"I take my refuge in Buddha; I take my refuge in the Doctrine; I take my refuge in the Order."

Surely whatever may be said for or against Buddhism, one thing may be affirmed with confidence in regard to this religion beyond all others: that in its case virtue is its own reward.

There are certain striking resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity, but we also find startling contrasts. Both were in the nature of a revolt against a religion that concerned itself more with ceremonies, rituals, and sacrifices than with the moral code, and the leading of the higher life. In the one case it is true the revolt was against a polytheistic religion that detected the action of deities in all natural phenomena, and in which the multiplication of gods and goddesses had been reduced to perhaps a greater absurdity than in any other known religion; whereas, in the case of the Jews, monotheism was not a bone of contention, even the modification implied by the trinitarian doctrine not having emerged in the earliest days of Christianity. But in the main the reaction against the accepted creed was of a similar kind. It was in each case in the nature of an appeal for a simpler form of worship, and a revolt against the priestcraft of the day. "Not through ritual, but through righteousness," proclaimed the Buddha, was the road to Nirvana. Wealth in both cases was considered a hindrance rather than a help. The advice of Jesus to the young nobleman, "Go and sell all thou hast and give to the poor," would have been echoed by Gautama. "The pure in heart," said Jesus, "shall see God." "To omit all bad actions,

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

NOT THROUGH RITUAL BUT THROUGH RIGHTEOUSNESS.

* From the Dhámmapáda.

to do all possible good, to purify one's heart, that is the religion of the Buddha," said Assaji. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," said the Christ. "The knower of the truth is liberated, having given up all attachments, because for him all imaginings and all ideas relating to self and mind have been rooted out," teaches the Buddha. The Buddha, we are told, "does not prize the gifts given to him, but those given to the poor," and "he who desires to honour me, let him nurse the sick." "I was sick and ye visited me," says the Christ in distinguishing those who were his disciples from the followers of the Pharisees. "With a pure heart and full of love, I will treat others as myself," says the Buddha. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" is the second great commandment of the law, according to the Christ.

To the Buddha, however, life was an unmixed evil, and the whole aim of his teaching was to eliminate suffering by escaping rebirth. From the Christian standpoint such an aim would appear cowardly if not degrading. The whole outlook expressed in the saying of the Christ, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good courage, I have overcome the world," breathes an entirely different spirit. Suffering according to Christ was a means to an end, and that end was the building up and purification of the soul. If his disciples were to be tried "even as gold is tried in the fire," it was in order that they might attain spiritual strength and purification, and not with the merely selfish object of getting rid of the discomforts and pain of existence.

"Overcome the angry one by love," says the Buddha. "Love your enemies," says the Christ. The duties inculcated are similar, but it can hardly be disputed, I think, that the Christian conception is the higher and nobler one. To the Christian God is Love, and the source and motive of true Christianity are everywhere found in the love of one's neighbour rather than in the idea of spiritual advantage. One can hardly imagine the Buddha as saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and it is scarcely necessary to observe that the constant references of Jesus to a loving Heavenly Father are the poles asunder from the Buddhist conception of deity.

BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN IDEAS OF THE DEITY.

Much, however, as the teaching of Christ differed in essential outlook from that of the Buddha, modern Western thought differs from it far more widely. Contrast the saying of Goethe,

when near his death, "God *must* give me another body," with the main aim of Buddhism, to escape from the physical plane in every shape or form. The modern idea of the value of life is that expressed or quoted by Tennyson, when he says,

> I hold it true with him who sings,
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

Life, in short, is looked upon as a sort of school of probation, through the experiences in which the character may be built up, these experiences, pleasurable or otherwise, being regarded as a means of growth and an aid to the development of the higher self. No such thought permeates the Buddhistic creed. Growth is not aimed at, but liberation from the bondage of the flesh. Nor is this idea confined to modern thought. The Christianity of St. Paul recognized in the sufferings of this life a means of attaining "to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Hence we find permeating the whole Buddhist creed an atmosphere not simply of Christian resignation, but of hopelessness and a sense of the vanity of all human endeavour. Doubtless much of this is attributable to climatic influences, which discouraged effort and made resignation the most obvious and easiest of the virtues. A sense of fatalism permeates the system just as it does in the case of Mohammedanism, though there is nothing in the Buddhist conception of Nirvana that corresponds to the sensual pleasures of the Mohammedan paradise.

EVOLUTION VERSUS LIBERATION.

Needless to say, there is no gratitude in Buddhism to the Creator for His gift of life—life itself being regarded as a curse rather than as a blessing—and the sentiments expressed by the poet Henley in his enthusiastic praise of life on earth (apart from all considerations of its possible continuance hereafter) would appear almost worse than mockery to the devout Buddhist.

> Praise the generous gods for giving
> In a world of wrath and strife,
> With a little time for living,
> Unto all the joy of life!
> At whatever source we drink it,
> Art, or love, or faith, or wine,
> In whatever terms we think it,
> It is common, and divine.

The Buddhist would indeed, had he been logical, have committed suicide if by doing so he could have put an end to con-

scious existence. The trouble was not that "the Almighty had placed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter," but that he himself was caught in the wheel of destiny, from which death itself offered no escape.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Many of us are familiar with Buddhism as seen through the coloured spectacles of Sir Edwin Arnold in *The Light of Asia*. There is a charm about this work which cannot fail to appeal to the idealistic temperament, but it probably imports into Buddhism sentiments of which the founder of the creed was entirely innocent, though it doubtless expresses what many Buddhists of a later age have believed and felt. The creed has taken on many forms and many fresh accretions in the different countries in which it has taken root, according to national temperament, moral environment, and the modifications incident to its incorporation with the religious beliefs which it has in each case superseded. To-day in India, the land of its birth, it is the creed of only a comparatively small minority of the inhabitants, though its sublime morality has raised Brahmanism to a nobler and higher level, and it has at least helped to teach countless millions in the East that the true essence of religion does not consist in ceremonial observances, but in living a life of nobility and self-sacrifice. "Many," says the Buddha, "dive into the water, or sprinkle themselves with it, believing thereby to purify themselves. Man is not, however, purified by water, but by good deeds." It has also widened the scope of human sympathy by embracing within the folds of its universal charity all sentient life. "Be compassionate and pitiful," says the Buddha, "towards everything that lives."

KING ASOKA AND THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE.

The life of Gautama, familiar to all of us by his appellation of the Buddha, or "the enlightened one," is interwoven with innumerable legends, the basic truth underlying many of which it would be impossible now to unravel. There seems no reason to doubt that he was the son of an Indian Prince, and that he sacrificed his heritage for the sake of his religious convictions. The records with regard to him are even less reliable than those handed down in connection with the Founder of Christianity, these records having been transmitted orally for a very long period of time. King Asoka stands in the same relation to the Buddha that the Emperor Constantine does to Jesus of Nazareth, he being the first monarch who formally adopted Buddhism as the religion of his country. There is,

it may be noted, an interval of over two hundred years between this king's reign and the death of the Buddha.

The Dhammapada, which is a collection of the sayings of Gautama, was accepted at Asoka's council in 240 B.C. as authoritative, but it was not put into writing until some generations later. It is not, however, generally disputed that it contains the essence of the Buddha's teaching and belief. Two forms of Buddhism gradually developed, one in the North of India, and the other in Southern India, Ceylon and Burma, each claiming to embody the purest form of Buddhism. It is impossible here to enter into the disputes between the two. There still exist, however, the inscriptions of King Asoka, who carved his edicts, tinged with Buddhistic sympathies, on rocks and stone columns. These, however, deal rather with the moral principles enunciated by the Buddha, and have little bearing on his metaphysical views. How far King Asoka accepted these is indeed a matter of considerable doubt. Thus in one of these edicts Asoka says: "On the many beings over whom I rule I confer happiness in this world; in the next they may obtain paradise." And again: "Much longing after the things of this world is a disobedience. No less so is the laborious ambition for dominion by a prince who would be a propitiator of Heaven. Confess and believe in God, Who is the worthy object of obedience. For equal to this, I declare unto you, ye shall not find any other means of propitiating Heaven. Strive ye, therefore, to obtain this inestimable treasure." Once more he says, in a further edict: "Whoso doeth this is blessed of the inhabitants of this world, and in the next world endless moral merit resulteth from such religious charity." Again, in another, he tells us that he prays with every variety of prayer for those who differ from him in creed, so that they may attain along with him eternal salvation; and in another he observes that whatever has been said by the Divine Buddha has been said well. King Asoka doubtless had these monumental inscriptions drawn up for the benefit of his subjects, and they certainly represent a most unexceptionable morality. Had he discussed in them the problem of the impermanence of the ego and the illusory nature of all existence we may assume that they would have fallen very flat. I should be inclined to hazard a conjecture that the metaphysical philosophy of Gautama troubled him not at all, and his allusions to prayer and paradise (Swarga) are far from echoing the Buddha's opinions.

ASOKA'S ROCK INSCRIPTIONS.

As if the varied interpretations of Buddhism were not already sufficiently confusing, there has been cast into their midst of recent years a further bone of contention through the publication by the late Mr. Sinnett of his book miscalled *Esoteric Buddhism*. This interesting and very suggestive work had not long seen the light before complaints were made that its contents did not represent Buddhism proper in any shape or form. The fact was so obvious that Madame Blavatsky, who was, of course, in no way responsible for the title, and only partially for the contents, intervened to explain that the Buddhism of which Mr. Sinnett wrote was not the teaching of the Buddha, but the wisdom religion, i.e. the teaching of Budha, or enlightenment, an explanation which the author himself adopted in later editions. It was not, however, to be supposed that the ordinary reader familiar with the usual connotation of the word Buddhism would be able to appreciate this distinction, and the effect of the book has consequently been to make confusion even worse confounded in the ordinary mind with regard to the teaching of Gautama. For myself, I confess that I am at a loss to understand what induced Mr. Sinnett to give his book the title he did.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND "ESOTERIC BUDDHISM."

An interesting work entitled *The New Science of Colour*,* by Miss Beatrice Irwin, was published by my firm some few years ago, and aroused sufficient interest to be reprinted at the end of the war. This work treated of various purposes to which colour could be applied—its therapeutic and psychic value, its educational importance, and its use in interior decorations, etc. Miss Irwin has followed out the ideas adumbrated in this book by developing a colour system of illumination. The idea of colour in connection with the interior lighting of halls, houses, rooms, etc., has never hitherto been treated scientifically, and the inauguration of "the Irwin Colour Filter System of Illumination," presented before a colour symposium at the Annual Congress of the Illuminating Engineering Society of America recently held in New York, marks, therefore, a unique stage in a new and valuable development in the field of human activity. The idea of the scientific application of colour to illumination is the basis of this system. Miss Irwin holds that the pleasure and benefit derived by us from light in nature is due to three factors—its

COLOUR ILLUMINATION.

* William Rider & Son, Ltd. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

diffusion, its concentration, and its filtration. Her filter illumination system presents vibratory values of light and shade in balanced combinations, and in flowing surfaces of colour free from fatiguing designs and productive of a new quality of light which approximates to the variety and atmospheric depth of light in nature.

It is obvious that this illumination can be applied in various manners and adjusted to all kinds of buildings, but for ordinary purposes Miss Irwin has devised a series of filter units to which she has given names which to some of us may appear rather fantastic, but which are certainly efficacious in producing very remarkable results. Of these I may merely mention here a cone-shaped type called Mandarin, a tubular model called Zephyr, an octagon or hexagon bearing the name of Monoplane, and certain portable units respectively christened Vesta, Orientale, the Drum, Nubis, and Lotus. Of these the overhead units develop the principle of diffusion of light combined with delicate colour values, while the portable units such as Vesta, Orientale, etc., develop the principle of concentration of light with stronger and specialized colour values suitable for reading and various kinds of work. In both these forms of lighting, filtration and fluctuation of light are brought about by transmission of the light through hand-painted parchment paper which forms the medium of the filter. A wide range of service has determined blues, greens and yellows of classified values as the most desirable hues for reading and working illumination, whereas rose, orange and deeper blues are used for decorative effects. Miss Irwin contends that by a discriminating application of colour to illumination we can enhance the values of tapestries, paintings, and woodwork, as well as sculpture, and can create a warmth and transparency of light tempered with a delicacy of shadow that brings added health and beauty into our surroundings.

Miss Irwin has written a further work developing her ideas as expressed in *The New Science of Colour*, along these practical lines, and its early publication will be anticipated with great interest on either side of the Atlantic.

I regret to record the passing over at Cadboro Bay, B.C., of Mr. John Stuart Armour, a not infrequent contributor to the pages of this magazine, whose last very interesting articles, " A Case of Spirit Identity " and " Psychic Mining," will be fresh in the minds of all my readers. Mr. Armour came of a Canadian family, his people having lived in Canada for upwards of a

century. He was born at Cobourg, Ontario, on November 16th, 1865, about 10 p.m., his ascendant being the twelfth degree of Leo, and his horoscope being remarkable for a satellitum of five planets—Venus, Saturn, Mars, the Moon, and the Sun—all in Scorpio in the Fourth house. He was one of a family of ten, all the other nine being still living. His father was a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada. Mr. Armour was tall and commanding in appearance, with a loud resonant voice, and a gentle and genial manner. He was a keen business man, with a very broad mind and wide sympathies. It was a favourite saying with him that "the more one believed in, the happier one was."

JOHN STUART ARMOUR.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY AT ST. PAUL'S

By JASPER SMITH

OF late, I sat in a place so high,
I forgot humanity streaming by—
For here, I thought, might a man retire
And think no more of his heart's desire.

But lo! behind me there followed still
That miraculous mixture of good and ill,
Of yearning and learning, of gold refin'd
And Spirit distilled that we call Mankind;

The pilgrims were climbing, with jest and nod,
To the dome Wren built to the glory of God,
While far below, beyond praise or blame,
Slept the marble men who had hearts of flame.

And soon my eyes began to roam
O'er a circular pathway beneath the dome
Whose walls curve inward, smooth and round,
And carry along the least low sound;

Then I heard a whispering, ever louder:
Men ever richer, harder, prouder,
From year to year and from age to age
Are usurping the Church's heritage.

Can these be like to Christ so lowly
Or all those simple men and holy
Who dwell in castle or tent or cot,
Who plant the flowers they gather not?

These are the men with hearts of flame,
These are the men to whom Christ came,
Whose eyes are kind, whose hands are strong,
Whose holiness goes with mirth and song,

Who need no palace to hide within,
No stately garb to keep out sin,
No altar save the human soul,
No bell and book to make men whole. . . .

As came the light of the setting sun,
Methought: Christ's work is scarce begun;
The builded fane is the lesser part—
How grows the Temple within Man's heart?

What use those stairs I lately trod
To feet that climb not near to God?
Or wondrous lights of red and gold
If Faith should wither and Love grow cold?

When cometh the Builder with Rule and Plan
To build within the heart of Man
True walls, and arches of breadth and might,
And oriel windows to bring him Light?

DREAM-TRAVELLING
SOME ADDITIONAL NOTES

By OLIVER FOX

IN the April and May numbers of 1920, in two articles—" The Pineal Doorway " and " Beyond the Pineal Door "—I dealt fairly comprehensively with my experiments, extending over many years, in dream-travelling. My object in this present article is to consider an entirely new selection of examples from my records, expanding certain details with which I was forced to deal very briefly in the general scheme of my previous contributions. At the same time, I hope, without being guilty of tedious repetition, I shall bring out the salient points of the former articles, to meet the requirements of new readers. To begin with, I would emphasize two facts :

(*a*) There is an alternative to the dream-travelling theory : namely, that the methods I have adopted merely induce a third state of consciousness, which differs from both waking life and ordinary dream, and is far more vivid than either.

(*b*) In the opinion of some occultists, such experiments are dangerous and may lead to obsession, madness, heart-failure, and premature burial.

The final result of my experiments may be stated as follows : I was able to induce a condition of trance, leave my body, travel, return to it, break the trance, and resume normal life—with, seemingly, no gap in consciousness throughout the whole experiment. I will now give a synopsis of the various stages of the research.

(1) I found that in some dreams the perception of an incongruity in my surroundings would give me the knowledge that I was dreaming. I called these " Dreams of Knowledge " to distinguish them from the ordinary kind.

(2) I found that the knowledge of dreaming immediately altered the quality of the dream. I felt in an almost ecstatic state of spiritual well-being and mental clarity. The scenery, however prosaic, instantly became radiant with a divine glamour beyond words. In short, these dreams of knowledge seemed more real and vivid than the happiest moments of waking life.

(3) I found also that this knowledge of dreaming tended to bring the dream to a speedy end. The physical body seemed to be roused into activity and to exercise a magnetic attraction; so that, after a few moments of glorious adventure in this new freedom, my body hauled me back abruptly, like an angry parent capturing a truant schoolboy.

(4) I found that, by exercising my will, I could resist the body and considerably prolong the dream; but that the effort produced a slowly-increasing pain in what I imagined to be the region of the pineal gland.

(5) I made the experiment of fighting this pain. It ceased quite suddenly, and something seemed to click in my head; but I then appeared to be in the position of a permanently disembodied spirit. My body ceased to exercise any attraction; the dream-world seemed more real than this, but no one took any notice of my presence. I argued that, as will-power had got me out, will-power would get me back again. After several attempts I returned to my body, only to find that, though I could hear sounds about the house, I could not move even a little finger. Again by concentration, slowly and painfully, I broke this trance; but the after-effects were bad.

(6) I learnt also from the above experiment that, when near to my body, I experienced a most curious effect of dual consciousness. I could feel myself lying on the bed, hear physical sounds, and dimly see the objects in the room; and simultaneously I could feel myself standing and see the dream surroundings.

(7) The next step was very important. I found that a dream of knowledge very often led to a False Awakening. I would think that I was awake in my room, but feel strange pains and hear terrifying voices. I would also see apparitions, beautiful or hideous, human or non-human, until fright broke the trance, and I was really awake. I called this state the "Trance Condition."

(8) I learnt through many experiments that this horrible trance dondition was the all-important factor—the fear had to be conquered, the phantoms faced.

(9) I found that, when in this trance condition, it was possible to leave the body by a sudden will effort. Generally, though not invariably, I was whirled away at tremendous speed and had but little control over my movements. The experience was always of very brief duration, and the results were decidedly inferior to those obtained by prolonging a dream of knowledge. Also this new method always entailed a momentary break in

consciousness. For a long time I was puzzled by the seeming inferiority of the results obtained *via* the trance condition; for I felt intuitively that the trance was the all-important thing, and that the preliminary dream of knowledge could be dispensed with altogether.

(10) At last I found the right method of leaving the body when in the trance condition. I had to will that my incorporeal self should pass *through the doorway of the pineal gland.* When this was done, the little "click" sounded in my brain. There was no being whirled away, no break in consciousness. Calmly and leisurely I could "get up" out of my body and go forth on my adventures. I could travel at what speed I pleased, walk, float, or levitate; pass through walls, or make objects support me (so that I could sit on a chair). There was no restricting "pineal" pain as in the Dream of Knowledge method, and there was no difficulty in re-entering my body when I wished. This was *the* method at last!

(11) As long as my body remained in the trance I was free, but I found it was necessary for me to preserve the calm, dispassionate attitude of an investigator. If I gave way to human emotions of any strength, the trance was instantly broken by what seemed to be a repercussion effect, and I was drawn back in a flash. When my body showed signs of recovering, I found that it was possible for me to enter it very gently, strengthen the trance by concentration, and then go out again—all without any break in consciousness.

(12) The last step was the discovery that by concentration it was possible, though extremely difficult, to produce the trance condition straight away, so I could pass from waking life out of the body and return with seemingly no break in the continuity of perceptions.

I now propose to select from my notebook examples to illustrate these stages. The first is of a Dream of Knowledge.

Ex. 1. In my dream, B (my wife) and I awoke, got up, and dressed. On pulling up the blind, we were amazed to discover that, in place of the row of houses opposite, there were now bare fields. I said to B: "Well, this means that I am dreaming, though everything seems so real and I feel perfectly awake. Those houses could not vanish in the night!" But B was unconvinced. I said: "Well, I am prepared to stand by my reasoning powers. I will jump out of the window, and I shall not be hurt." Despite her objections, I opened the window and climbed out on to the sill. I then jumped, and floated gently down into the street.

When my feet touched the pavement, I awoke. B had no memory of dreaming.

Dual consciousness, the false awakening, illusions of the trance condition, and development of astral sight are illustrated in Examples 2 and 3.

Ex. 2. Dozing one afternoon upon the sofa, I experienced the false awakening, imagining that B and two old friends were sitting in the room and talking. I felt too tired to take any part in this conversation and "went to sleep" again. When I next became aware of my surroundings, I realized that I was in the trance condition and could leave my body. I sat up (out of my body, as it were) and then leisurely got off the sofa. Dual consciousness was very pronounced. Simultaneously I could feel myself lying on the sofa and standing by it, my legs pressing against the edge; but though I could see the room quite clearly, I could not see the body I had just left. I walked slowly round the room to the door, the sense of dual consciousness diminishing as I moved away from the sofa; but before I could leave the room, my body pulled me back, and I was awake.

For the inferior method, separation was unusually gentle (see par. 9 above); indeed I suspect that I passed through the pineal door during the break in consciousness; but the duration was very brief.

Ex. 3. After sunset I lay down on the sofa to experiment. My eyes were closed, but presently I could see the room quite plainly—with B sitting, sewing, by the fire—which told me that I was in the trance condition. I then left my body and passed out of the house and into the lamp-lit street. I walked a short distance and entered a grocer's shop; this was full of customers, but no one took any notice of me. I wished to see whether I should be visible to the grocer; but my body called me back, and I thought that I woke. My room seemed just as real as in waking life, but at this moment a brightly-plumaged parrot flew over my head. I then knew this was a false awakening, and that I was still in the trance—which was broken by some noise before I could experiment further.

Ex. 4. Afternoon. Deck-chair. Induced trance condition after break in consciousness. Astral sight. I willed to ascend. Suddenly I was wafted out of my body, turned so that I faced it, and borne upwards in a position almost horizontal. In this rapid passage upwards I saw my face as though viewed from only an inch away, strange and monstrous, and through the eyelids the eyeballs were visible, rolled up and showing only the whites.

This apparition was so gruesome that I was badly scared. Nevertheless, I continued to will to ascend and shot up into blackness. Then, when I was considering the next step, the trance ended.

This is one of the very rare cases where I have been able to see my body. As a rule, I believe a sort of downwards clairvoyance is necessary to see physical objects, as distinct from their astral counterparts. It may have been due to the unusual way in which separation was effected.

The remaining examples are of attempts to obtain separation by the superior method of passing through the pineal door.

Ex. 5 illustrates the breaking of the trance by a repercussion effect.

Ex. 5. Afternoon. Sofa. Induced trance condition after break in consciousness. Could see the room very clearly. Strong " outrush or uprush " sensations as in Ex. 6. Separation excellently effected. Dual consciousness until I left the room. I walked downstairs. Then I was caught up and carried away to a great oriental (?) palace, where a beautiful girl was dancing before an assembly of richly-dressed reclining men and women. No one could see me. I stood before the dancer and looked right into her sky-blue eyes, but she took no notice. Foolishly succumbing to my curiosity, I touched her bare, warm arm. She started so violently that the shock induced in me broke the trance, and I was instantly rushed back to my body.

Ex. 6 illustrates the complete method of inducing the trance and leaving the body without break in consciousness.

Ex. 6. On this occasion I experimented with the definite object of visiting a new friend, whose house I had not seen, though I knew the address. On retiring for the night, I kept my body as still as possible, taking deep rhythmic breaths. I did not concentrate on my friend, but on the preliminary stages of the experiment, as I wished to avoid any break in consciousness. In this I was quite successful. After the breathing had continued for some time, I noted a sensation in my physical eyes, as though they were rolled upwards and squinting slightly. At the same time all my consciousness seemed to be focused upon a point situated in the middle of the front part of my brain. Soon I began to feel a numbness stealing over my body, extending from the feet upwards and gradually stiffening into a state resembling catalepsy, even my jaws being bound together, as though with iron bands. I was still in darkness, my eyes being tightly closed ; but now came the sensation of possessing another pair, and these astral eyes I opened. I was lying on my right side and

facing B. As I opened these other eyes, I seemed to turn right round within my physical body, so that I faced the other direction. Great forces seemed to be straining the atmosphere, and bluish-green flashes of light came from all parts of the room. I then caught sight of a hideous monster—a vague, white, filmy, formless thing, spreading out in queer patches, with bulbous protuberances and snake-like tentacles. It had two enormous round eyes, like globes filled with pale-blue fire, each about six or seven inches in diameter. I felt my heart leap, and my breathing changed to jerky gaspings. I turned over again within my body, and, telling myself that nothing could harm me, concentrated on strengthening the trance. When I had recovered from the shock, I turned once more. The monster had gone, but the flashings continued for a little while. These, too, subsided, and the room seemed as usual, except that it was dimly and evenly illuminated by no visible source of light. I willed to leave my body. I had the sensation of my incorporeal self rushing towards and being condensed in the pineal region; and at the same time the astral light increased in intensity till it became a vivid golden blaze. I then passed through the pineal door and "got up." I could see B's form, but not my body—so far I have never been able to see this after obtaining separation by the pineal-door method. Dual consciousness ceased after I had left the house; this time I had passed through the doors, without opening their astral counterparts. I then concentrated on the idea of travelling to my friend's house. Almost immediately I was caught up and borne along with ever-increasing velocity, passing through houses and trees, and apparently taking the shortest line to the goal. I then found myself beating against the fronts of houses resembling those in L. Avenue. I was like a piece of paper blown by a gale hither and thither. The directing impulse seemed to have given out, and I could not find the right house. At this point my body called me back. The trance was not broken and I strengthened it, intending to try again. Then I heard B say with peculiar distinctness: "No! you must not do it again now, or I shall be frightened." I thought her voice was probably only an illusion and so hesitated. Then she spoke again: "Wake up!" I still thought the voice unreal in the physical sense; but not wishing to risk distressing her, I obeyed. I broke the trance and questioned her. She had not spoken. On visiting my friend next day, I recognized the houses on either side of hers as being those I had tried to enter.

I will conclude this article by anticipating certain questions,

which the critical reader may well ask: Do these experiments prove anything? Could they be repeated by other students? Is there any real good in attempting such admittedly dangerous practices? Is the game worth the candle?

I know from the experiences of my wife and friends, and people who have written with reference to my former contributions, that it is possible for others to obtain the knowledge that they are dreaming and to prolong the dream. I also know that many students can obtain separation by what I have called the inferior method; but I have never met with a description of my pineal-door method. And here I would again emphasize that its superiority lies in the fact that one is not whirled away at the moment of separation and so does not experience a break in consciousness. However, it is true that after I had moved away from my body and left the house, I was always more or less at the mercy of astral currents; but such sudden transitions did not interfere with the apparent continuity of my perceptions. The pineal method also possessed this advantage: once the door was passed, it was possible to leave the body and return to it several times without breaking the trance.

And now what do such experiments prove? Well, I think it can be said most positively that in certain dreams (normally of very rare occurrence) the reasoning faculty remains awake, and that such abnormal dreams are accompanied by (or lead to) an abnormal condition of the physical body. The result is a third state of consciousness, as I have said. To prove that the soul actually leaves the body is practically impossible; for the experiences may be purely subjective; and even where the scenes are afterwards verified and the traveller clairvoyantly observed out of his body, the theories of telæsthesia and telepathy can still be advanced. I do not see how the immortality of the soul can be demonstrated conclusively for the satisfaction of all; but, personally, I believe that I have left my body, that—except for the severing of the cord—I have "died" many times. These experiments have been, perhaps, the strongest influence in my life in fighting a pessimistic, materialistic side to my mentality—that has been their value for me. I know this drab prosaic life I lead at present is only the prelude to a world of glorious adventure, of wisdom, beauty, and divine love. I have proved to my own satisfaction the existence of my soul.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH A YOGI

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

SOME years ago, when living for a time in a walled city in Northern India, I met one strangely well versed in magical arts. He was a young Yogi who had been trained from very early childhood in severe forms of Yoga. He had been gradually initiated into the mysteries of the cult of a certain "Goddess" whose name my memory has not registered clearly. It is probable that the young man had been dedicated by his parents to this "Goddess" because some votary of hers had promised hitherto childless parents a son in return for offerings and pilgrimages—made with sacrifice and considerable discomfort.

When I knew this Yogi he was between twenty-two and twenty-four years old, quite ordinary looking except for the touch of severity about his young face, the unusually firmly set lips, and the extraordinary penetration of his gaze. His hands were really remarkable. They were more beautifully shaped than is usual even with well-born Hindus, whose hands are almost always artistically moulded, slender, and cool.

He was entirely averse to any display of his magical gifts, but he was prevailed upon to reveal something of them to a small group of us who were deeply and genuinely interested in such matters. He at last chose a special evening when he promised to show us some of his power. He chose a Tuesday. That day was for him the one when "conditions were most favourable." Tuesdays were set apart for the worship of his "Goddess," and after it his powers were at their best. He never failed in his performance of his *puja* or worship, most of his days being thus occupied.

His preparations for the display were no more than a brass *lota* (jar) full of water. He came scantily clad and alone direct from his *puja* and sat down in our midst. The lights were left just as they were, and we all made a sort of rough circle about him, sitting on the floor. There was no design in our seating. For a little while everyone chatted cheerfully after greetings were interchanged.

The Yogi asked us what we desired that he should produce. Some one suggested hot milk. He asked for the loan of a large brass *lota* and a shawl. Both were brought. He put the bowl on the floor and the shawl over it. Then he dipped his right hand into the water, flung his arm up and flicked the water from his fingers into the air and for a moment his fingers were spread wide. While making this swift compelling gesture, he intoned softly a Sanskrit *mantra* (invocation). With an equally emphatic movement he swung his hand back again to within about a foot from the top of the concealed bowl. His fingers were wide-spread, steady and horizontal. We could hear something trickling into the bowl, and presently, when the shawl was removed, it was found to be filled with about two quarts of hot boiled milk.

The next request was for dried fruit. A large brass platter was brought and placed in front of the Yogi. The shawl was removed. He repeated the swift graceful gesture and the invocation. Instantly as his hand was extended over the platter a large heap of raisins and sultanas materialized.

Then he was asked to produce a melon. These were out of season just then in Northern India, it being winter. However, under his hand, after the gesture and *mantra*, there lay a large green melon. It was so freshly plucked that drops of water were oozing from it where it had been torn from the stem.

One of the group, a young Englishwoman, who was rather tired of Indian sweets, asked for some European ones—preferably chocolates. The Yogi had never seen or heard of such things. He spoke no English and had never contacted Europeans before, so knew nothing of their ways. But he said he would do his best if the lady would explain what a chocolate was like. This she did, but evidently not adequately enough, for presently, when the gesture was completed, there on the platter appeared a rather big heap of cheap soiled "Conversation" sweets of an old-fashioned kind. They were not very attractive, so the lady did not dare to taste them, and the Yogi, seeing her hesitancy, apologized for his inability to satisfy her desire.

Another of the company expressed a wish for fresh fruit. At once a heap of apples, oranges and pomegranates lay beneath the beautiful hand. All these various things we tasted freely, and some of them we afterwards kept till they grew mouldy and had to be thrown away.

Naturally we put many questions to the Yogi as to the nature and extent of his powers. Most of these he answered quite freely; some he would not, or could not. Finding us keen and sympathetic, he finally said that he would give us the opportunity of actually seeing what happened. He explained that his long austerities and "sacrifices" and his initiations had given him authority over a certain range of "elemental" creatures of the etheric world. They obeyed him instantly and implicitly. If we would go through a preparation such as he would lay down he would undertake to show us what actually took place. The preparation was to consist of fasting, eating only special food, meditation and retreat from contacts with other people. This would make us ready to be susceptible to having our power of vision raised so that we should see these creatures at work for him. He on his part would go through special austerities to propitiate his "Goddess" and win her favour to his proposal. Upon that would depend the success of our odd adventure. We engaged to undertake it.

But, alas for our plans! Plague broke out, indeed had broken out, and was so virulent that we were all ordered out of the city. It was many months before we returned to the far walled city at the foot of the Himalayas. Then our Yogi had gone back to his own home, many hundreds of miles away. I never saw him again, nor any other who equalled him in the production of such phenomena. I have never ceased to regret the lost opportunity.

THE OCCULT LORE OF MOUNTAINS

By BERNARD FIELDING

THE mystery which, in primitive days, hung round the origin of mountains and hills—those strange outcrops on the earth's surface—associated itself, inevitably, with the supernatural and supernormal.

Those towering heights, crowned with snow, encircled with mist, and, not infrequently, lit up with their own internal fires, seemed to touch the very heavens above them.

At any rate, they hid all that lay behind ; and so were counted as at once barriers and gateways to the Strange Land.

Almost, as we know from the folk-proverb,* it seemed impious to attempt to travel beyond them. They were boundary marks set by the very hand of God : silently repelling advance, and guarding nameless sanctities. Even to look upon them caused awe and fear, and gave the impression—not, by any means, lost even in these days !—of the peculiar nearness of supernatural powers.

These powers could be exerted either for good or evil. It was natural that, in early times, the idea of *evil* should predominate. The earliest legends of hill-spirits, elves, and ghosts, are, many of them, on the gruesome side. Judging by the storms that swept the mountain, the dangers of its precipices, clueless paths, and labyrinthine caverns, it was natural to suppose that the inaccessible heart of the hill held something dark and ill-omened. Sights fearsome to see, and disastrous to speak of, might well await the rash intruder therein.

If, as was more than likely, the rash intruder never returned to tell the tale, the tale would, none the less, be told. . . . The mountains contained sepulchral chambers, haunted by unquiet ghosts ; sunless halls in which demons feasted ; treasure-caves, guarded by beings of unearthly nature and shape.

Yet, as so often happened (as, indeed, must always happen !), the very terrors excited by the mountains made the mountains especially sacred. As he approached them, each tribesman called instinctively upon the name of his own god, or guardian spirit, to

* The folk-proverb : " When God made those mountains, He did not mean them to be crossed."

help him against those darker deities who had there made for themselves " a local habitation and a name." The Powers of Good were exhorted to set their own sanctuaries on the hills, and to exorcise the Powers of Evil.

Besides, it was natural to connect all high places with *the high heavens*. Mountain-tops, as we know from the reproaches of the Old Testament prophets, were instinctively sought to for prayer and sacrifice; and were, in the literal sense of the word, *places of worship*.

Nor only from prophetic reproaches do we know this!

Jahveh Himself was worshipped on hills. The Temple was built on Mount Moriah, traditioned to be the site of the abortive sacrifice of Isaac, and hallowed by memories of the audible Voice of God. Sinai, the height sacred to the moon-god Sin, became that " Secret Place of Thunder," whence the Law was given forth. Israel himself learnt to lift up his eyes to the hills from which help Divine had come to him.

Of the Ancient Persians, Herodotus tells us that they thought images and shrines and altars unlawful and superstitious things; and were wont, for their religious ceremonies, to ascend the highest peaks of the mountains, and there make prayers and oblations to the whole vault of the sky—to " the God of Heaven," to whom they seemed there to approach the nearest, and to get, as it were, the most uninterrupted view.

Herodotus, of course, called this god Zeus. And Zeus himself was a hill-deity; or, at least, evolved from one. We know that his home was on Olympus; and that, in virtue of that dwelling-place, he was styled " the Olympian ": closely associated with that holy hill, if not actually, in early thought, identified with it.

En-Lil, the great God of Babylonia, was also a mountain-dweller. His very name—" Lord of Mist " or " Lord of Might " —by interpretation suggests his origin. His temple was called *Ekur*—the " House of the Mountain."

But perhaps the strangest evidence of the sanctity of hills, of the instinctive sense that mountains indicate the power and near presence of gods, comes to us from the level low-lying land of the Pharaohs, whose tremendous tombs simulated the bulk and height of mountains, and whose priests taught that the region of the dead lay somewhere beyond the horizon, in the " mountains of the west."

The custom of setting the mummy-case of an ancient Egyptian on a small mound of sand, prepared for it in the tomb, and repre-

senting those same mysterious western hills, has (though it probably became, in time, a mere formality) a strong pathos and significance. Besides, the astrologers of Egypt and the surrounding countries used the pyramids and the tower-temples as vantage-points to read the heavens from. These man-made mountains were veritable " Ascents to Heaven," which it was necessary for the seeker after God to climb often, and to gaze from, long and patiently.

Such " hills," by the peculiar sacred awe that belonged to their construction and their purpose, would cast out idle fears. The *Ziggurats*, or tiered-temples, of the Chaldeans (each tier representing a planetary sphere) had their own hallowed symbolism. No malignant spirit could possibly have housed in *them* !

Nevertheless, it is interesting to remember the Magian saying that no hills or mountains will exist after Doomsday, and that the earth will again become flat and level as it had been at first. Perhaps this was only a way of saying that these symbols of God's power would no longer be necessary ; that, as we should phrase it, " sacraments should cease."

But the Buddhist Paradise definitely and, as it were, eagerly excludes hills. There shall be, in that bourne of the blessed, " no black mountains nor jewel mountains " : a yearning prevision with which we may compare the promise of St. John the Divine, that in the Heavenly Jerusalem there shall be " no more sea." The mountain symbolizes the effort and trouble of its ascent. Its very origin must have been in a cataclysm. Its part in the peace of Heaven is as unthinkable as the part of the stormy sea.

We find, as we should expect, a deep shadow of this ancient mountain-lore in the legends of Christendom—in the mediæval tales of certain demon-haunted hills, whereon it was dangerous to wander after dusk ; of unhallowed rites practised in mountain caverns ; of mysterious " doors " opening in mountain sides and letting in some hapless mortal who issued forth no more.

In the famous " Nativity " of Botticelli, the artist has naïvely represented the discomfited demons retreating, from the holy manger, to hide themselves in the clefts of rocks. Rocks and hills were, indeed, in mediæval thought, the proper retreat of the Powers of Evil, if any such were left on earth in a Christian land.

In Ireland, the *rath* or hill is the chosen haunt of " the little people "—those companions of Lucifer in his fall from Heaven,

whose sin was not deep enough to send them to hell, but whose diminished stature and furtive freakish existence sufficiently mark them as under God's curse.

These "fallen angels"—the so-called "fairies"—are fond of enticing mortals away to dwell with them in their "hell on earth." Unbaptized children are their easiest prey, but anyone who is forgetful or careless of his Faith may, if he trespasses on their ground, come into their power. Late home-comers from fair or wake, where the cups have been full and many, have often seen, in passing a fairy-hill, a mysterious light issuing from its "doorway," and a band of tiny men in green trooping out of it to tread a measure in the lone pastures. . . . Or perhaps, emboldened by whisky, some reveller may actually have knocked on the rath-side, and asked for admittance to those other more unearthly revels held in the heart of the hill. . . . In the fairy supper-hall he must remember to take neither bite nor sup of what they offer him: otherwise, he will remain in the rath for ever, or, if he *does* return to his home, will have no more joy in earthly love or duty, but crave always to find the hill-door again, and cast in his lot with the lost.

The legend of *Tannhauser* and the Venus-berg contains, of course, the same idea. Venus, the dispossessed heathen goddess, keeps court in a dark hill, and lures the hapless *Tannhauser*, Thuringian knight and minstrel, to be of her company, and to give her his love, in the depths of the mountain-cavern, which she fills ever with roseate light and enchanting song, and the door of which is closed with a heavy stone that shuts out earth-life and all its memories.

This immortal story, linked for most of us to Wagner's no less wonderful music, need not be retold here. Suffice it for our purpose to note that the germ of it was certainly some crude tradition of the uncanniness of that Thuringian hill, known as the *Horselberg*. Central Europe firmly held the idea of the demon-haunted mountain. In some parts of Germany, heathenism long resisted the preaching of the Christian missionaries; and, even after professed submission to the Cross, the old faiths and the old rites lingered on, in suitable fastnesses.

There was, for instance, the famous, or infamous, *Brockenberg*.

Upon this unholy hill, Satan, with his imps, revisited "the glimpses of the moon"; and, year after year, met his chosen ones on Walpurgis,* or Midsummer Night.

* Walpurgis was a virgin-saint; she only owes her association with the Witches' Sabbath to the time of her commemoration in the Kalendar.

. . . The mountain's sides along
Sweeps an infuriate glamouring song.
The witches ride to the Brocken top.
. . . . .
They seek the Evil One in wild confusion.
(Goethe's *Faust*. Bayard Taylor's translation.)

We must remember, too, the part which volcanoes played in primitive worship; the terrible hill-top sacrifices that, of old, propitiated the fire-gods; and that would make, in later days, even the extinct crater an uncanny place, a natural resort of the vilest elementals and the most malignant ghosts.

It is probably to appease these that certain North American and Mexican tribes make offerings of firstfruits to the mountains at the beginning of harvest. The fruits are waved towards the mountains by a greybeard of the tribe, while the people who attend him go through a solemn ceremonial dance. Obviously, the fruits are offered as a substitute for the human sacrifices which the hill-spirits might else demand. And we may note the lingering of the same idea of propitiation in those ceremonial pilgrimages up local mountains, which are—or were—made in Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man, at Midsummer, Lammas, and other turning points of the solar year.

John Rhys, in his *Celtic Folk Lore*, speaking of this practice among the Manx folk, comments on the nebulous reasons given for it by the pilgrims themselves.

He was told, for instance, that it was "to gather ling berries," or "because Jephthah's daughter had done so."

Of this latter explanation Rhys observes, that "people who had never themselves thought of going up the mountains . . . would be found devoutly reading at home about Jephthah's daughter on that day" (i.e. on the First Sunday in Harvest).

Indeed, the connection of that ill-fated maiden's end with the hill-top sacrifices seems not far to seek. From what we know of Jephthah, we can hardly credit him with freedom from the darker forms of superstition and devil-worship, from some belief in the efficacy of a holocaust of virgin-blood shed on the high places. In any case, the prayer of the doomed girl for a brief respite to bewail herself on her native hills of Gilead, and the memory of her untimely death perpetuated on those hills with ritual laments four times in each year, by the maidens of her people, are striking points in the narrative of the Book of Judges. The mountains had certainly "a speaking part" in that tragedy!

Among the traditions which the hills owe to their heathen past, and to the association with a vanished race, must be mentioned, too, their persistent tradition of hidden treasure in mountain-caverns, of untold wealth, heaped up vainly in the hills' recesses by those who were forced to leave it unenjoyed, and whose bones perhaps moulder beside it. In Korea, it is said that a certain mountain on which an old-time king fell in battle still contains his valuables, but that lightning would smite any sacrilegious person who laid hands on it. Mountains protect the dead who are buried in them; as says the Korean proverb: "Graves must have their guardian peaks." Notwithstanding, the Koreans believe that the mountain-spirits may, if suitably approached with prayers and gifts, be induced to yield up the secrets of the dead and their hidden hordes. On every hill is, or was, to be seen a shrine to the *genius loci*, who also is the protector of huntsmen and other venturesome climbers, and should be invoked to their aid.

In spite of all these heathen associations, Christian tradition has consecrated the hills in a special fashion.

In the story of the Master's human life, there are few earthly things that seem, as it were, so *unearthly*, so closely in touch with the supernatural! It was on a hill that the Christ sat to give the essence of His teaching; on a hill that He was transfigured, in that heavenly radiance which haloed Hermon's top. It was a hill, too, that was marked with His Cross; and a hill that heard the last accents of His human voice, before the clouds that hung about the summit received Him from human eyes.

It is as if we could track His footsteps from hill to hill—until, as the legend goes, we see Him leaving the print of them on the slopes of Olivet, on the threshold, as it were, of the Other World.

Students of Dante will remember, too, that he represents an actual *part* of the Other World under the figure of a mountain.

The hill of Purgatory, in spite of its sinister origin (it was formed by the soil displaced and thrust out by the body of Lucifer, when he fell through the earth into the subterranean pit where Dante locates hell!), is a region of grace and hope. Rising out of the great southern ocean, at the Antipodes to Jerusalem, the great island-hill has seven concentric terraces that lead upward to its summit.

Each of the terraces is the dwelling-place of souls drawing nearer and yet nearer to God, moving ever upward and on. And on the summit itself is to be found the Terrestrial Paradise

—the Garden of Eden, wherein flow the two supernatural rivers, Lethe and Eunoe, the taste of whose waters is a preparation for the bliss of Heaven.

Dante's story of this supernatural hill-top, where he himself meets his dead love, and obtains forgiveness and forgetfulness of his past errors, is a good example of the place held by mountains in sacred allegory; of the peculiar significance that they must always possess for the student of the mysteries, and the true occultist. Mountains are the natural types of soul-aspirations; of our ascent towards Heaven, and Heaven's descent towards us.

In all ages they have suggested to men the meeting-place of human and superhuman, the cloud-veiled entrance of the Other World.

Of course the light in which they have been regarded, and the emotions they have excited, have varied with men's varying views of Supernatural Power. In many mediæval legends we hear of the angels of light showing themselves, in radiant visions, upon the hill-tops; but they have had to contend with the angels of darkness, whose earlier strongholds were planted there. Lucifer and Michael have fought many a pitched battle for the empire of the hills. The churches dedicated to the great Archangel, which crown so many a tor,* were not built without supernatural opposition. Again and again the devil would scatter the consecrated stones, and turn to nought the toil of the builders. And he did this, we are given to understand, because the mount was worth his keeping; because it would be always, either for good or evil, a supernatural place, where the veil between the two worlds would often seem thinned to transparency, and the least sensitive might be aware of strange presences, influences, and sounds.

It is this sense of the supernaturalism of mountains that pervades, as we have seen, both pagan and Christian legend. It is this lesson that we take away with us, from any study of their occult lore. And it is an idea which, be it noted, chimes with our instinct. We, too, like the dreamers of Ancient Greece, have often

> Seen White Presences upon the hills,
> And heard the Voices of Immortal Gods.

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* *Churches of St. Michael.* For example, Brent Tor, in Devonshire, and Glastonbury Tor.

ASPECTS OF MAGIC

By W. H. CHESSON

WE all like *How* to be artistically worthy of *Why?*; in other words, we all like economy in explanation. Once conscious of the light of reason we take particular pleasure in believing that reasonable solutions are within the reach of every perplexed reasoner. Tell an unoccupied child on a rainy day that he can make two more dictionary words out of (in each case) all the letters of the word idolatry and he will not be dilatory in starting the quest for those words, though there be no Pearson to offer him the chance of a thousand pounds prize. But if he finds that the words fulfilling the promise are not in his dictionary he will be disappointed: the *why* will have disappointed the *how*.

The *why* disappointing the *how* seems to me at the root of much of the prejudice against the occult. Certainly it is obvious that the reason why relatively few grown-up people read fairy tales is because "Hey presto" or "Open, sesame" does not satisfy their *why?* with regard to sensational sudden events. The "Architect of the Universe" (to speak masonically) has contrived a set of *hows* which irresistibly satisfy all *whys?* corresponding with them, save the profoundest, which is merely playful, not *wanting* an answer. Gravitation, crystallization, combustion, chemical combination—terms like these, witnessing in their general use to the routine of divine magic, also close the door of wonder in the wall of the average human mind. But if, out of the serpentine vine of "scientifically" accepted knowledge, we see a fresh fruit grow, at once novel to the eye and reasonable to the science established by memory, with what alacrity men crowd about it, admiring the harmony between God's order and their surprise.

Men forget that they infer that order rather than know it. Their inferences from fact and coincidence erect a dogma which barks at "alleged" occult phenomena, as at conjuring tricks degraded by solemn falsehood. Hence the idea has occurred to me: as the hypothetical order of the material world has on its side the vast majority of so-called sensible people, as the "romance" of science consists in the gratification of a sense that

that order is compatible with every authentic event, however dazzling, is it impolitic for a magician to pretend to be merely a conjurer simply because a conjurer has from time to time pretended for his own advantage to be a magician? In this connection I call my readers' attention to the much greater charm for the intellect in a fourth dimension based on the progress of point to line, line to square, square to cube, cube to tesseract, than in a fourth dimension based on some transcendentalism with regard to time.

Do our modern conjurers ever defy curiosity sufficiently to justify the idea I have timidly put forth? Here are two incidents deserving of record. The reader is not to understand by my insertion of them here that I roundly call Messrs. Raymond and Peacock magicians, or defy science to explain their feats. Merely I assert that such feats are not unworthy of a magic attempting to stimulate the heavily-lidded eye that might see through the wall called "scientific impossibility."

On the 12th of December, 1920, I was in a flat at 7 Stratford Mansions, South Moulton Street, London, in the presence of the world's most famous professional conjurer, Maurice François Raymond, court illusionist to the King of Spain. A friend of his said, "Show Mr. Chesson something, Maurice." He asked for a pack of playing cards; and, after they were brought by his friend's maid, he asked me to pick one from the pack. "Don't take a card," he said, "if you think I obtrude it on you, and don't look at the face of the card you pick." I obeyed. "Put it under your left shoe," he directed. I did. "Now," he proceeded, "please pick out another card in the same way." I did. "Please put it under your right shoe," he said. I did. So now I had two cards under my soles, and did not know what they were or why I was thus treading on them. Hereat asked Mr. Raymond, "Do you know what suits there are in a pack of cards, Mr. Chesson?" I replied, "Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs, Spades." "Then," said he, "supposing you were able to choose exactly the card you wanted, what card would it be?" Hereat I thought, "Money would vastly improve my worldly position. My card-lore is scanty, but I fancy the choice of the ten of diamonds spiritually publishes a desire for quite a lot of money." So I replied, "The ten of diamonds." "You will find it," he remarked suavely, "under your left shoe." I picked the prone card from under my left shoe. It was the ten of diamonds. He then asked, "Supposing you were able to choose another card, what would that be?" Hereat I thought, "Love is symbolized by hearts."

" The ten of hearts," I replied. " You will find it under your right shoe," quoth he. And I did.

In the evening of the 24th of April, 1921, I was in the flat of my friend Mr. Leonard Richmond, R.B.A., R.O.I. Capable of a concentration in his work excluding the intrusion of even a sense of surrounding irrelevance, he is also a natural and instinctive believer in invisible companionship, and as ready as a baby or Sir Conan Doyle to see things happen contrary to cut-and-dried scientific rules. The scene of the incident to be related was the artist's studio, a large front room of 15 Redcliffe Square, Earl's Court. A powerful electric light lit up sundry lovely landscapes where no human form diminished the significance of earth and sky, and gave to a score of faces the distinctness of a group portrait by the artist whose name begins and ends with Solomon.

Cups that cheer without inebriating have circulated, the chit-chat of artists, actresses, writers, has buzzed idly to the point where interruption is not annoying. It is announced that Mr. Victor Peacock will kindly do some tricks.

Behold Mr. Peacock, smooth-faced, with glasses and a slight and rather pleasing stammer which seems to italicize a look of guilelessness, as of some eight-year-old Daisy or Marjory about to recite " Mary had a little lamb."

He stands in the middle of the studio, his audience aspecting him as a fender aspects a fire. He has a pack of cards, and he says, " Ladies and gentlemen, I have here an ordinary pack of cards. I ask any lady on my left to take fifteen cards from the pack." A lady who never met the conjurer before complies with the request. She is asked to count aloud as she takes the cards ; she does so, and having her fifteen, she puts them on one of her hostess's—Mrs. Minnie Richmond's—tea-plates, which has been handed her for that purpose.

Mr. Peacock looks blandly to the right. " Will some lady on my right," he says, " remove fifteen cards from the remainder of the pack and count them aloud as she does so." Another lady, who never met him before, does as desired and deposits the fifteen cards on another of Mrs. Richmond's plates.

" Now," says Mr. Peacock, " I ask each of you ladies to wrap your respective fifteen cards in your handkerchief and to count them again as you do so, for this reason : I intend to will five cards from the handkerchief of the lady on my left into the handkerchief of the lady on my right."

So each lady wraps her cards up as desired, while the conjurer

holds the rest of the pack in his hand, standing, in emphatic light, well away from either.

"As I said," he blandly remarks, "I am going to will five cards out of the handkerchief of the lady on my left into that of the lady on my right. I do it in five flicks, thus." He makes little whirrs with one hand over the loosened tops of the sheaf in his other hand, and calls on the lady on his left to open her handkerchief and count her cards. She counts ten. He calls similarly on the other lady. She counts twenty.

On Whit-Sunday, 1921, I saw Mr. Peacock in his own home, within a foot or so of my watching eye, interlace and separate hoops of metal apparently as solidly circular as wedding-rings. The threading of a needle is laborious compared with the ease with which he performed this "trick," which several people failed to explain after looking carefully at the hoops.

Electric light, evening dress, cake, coffee, small talk, misty recollections of simulated unity, adhesion by magnetism, speed as a means of illusion, strategic withdrawal of attention, confirm materialism in its affectionate belief in all conjuring being a phase of mechanical virtuosity.

And now I will relate an incident where there is no "conjurer"—only a spectacle to contemplate and interpret.

The time is the evening of October 12, 1923. A sister of mine, fresh from (if not actually undergoing) some curious experiences of supernormal audition, is in the library of my residence (337 Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens) when she notices my youngest child's black hat trimmed with two feathers, dyed old gold. She asks the girl to remove the feathers, and informs me that recently, after assisting, by request, at the clipping of feathers for a bed, she experienced a sensation in her bosom as of a bird's claw plucking at it. My daughter complies with the wish, but animatedly declares that Fashion favours feathers as an embellishment for the human female. Later, my sister invites me to look at the window of her room upstairs. I advance into an unintimidating semi-darkness and, outside the attic window looking on the garden, I see an agitated filmy something like the phantom of a discoloured fragment of cloth, and as it agitates it shapes itself. It becomes a woman, very busy methinks. I say to my sister: "I see a woman holding something. She seems to be sweeping a ceiling or the top of a wall. What do you see?" "What I saw was a woman with a bird on her wrist," is the reply.

My sister leaves me alone, and still I see the misty fabric

swing and seem to strive to shape more than it can. To me it silently says, " I clean " ; to her it had said, " I am a woman, and a bird is my friend."

Neither alarmed nor awestruck by this sociable phenomenon, I felt an intense admiration for the cleverness of the unseen manipulator of stuff as unattractive in itself as a ribbon of fog. To my sister it was a manifestation of some new wireless contrivance for communications. To me it was possibly occult, the operator a spirit. Never will a cinema screen woo my eyes like that work of art striving to be born behind the window of a small and dilapidated room of my own home.

Ah, magic, magic ! In a world so plagued by the memory of ignorance and weakness, who does not dare to love the very word?

DEATH

By JESSIE E. P. FORELAND

A GRIM, grey, heavy portal, rising stark
Across the lonely path of life's long day,
A helpless groping in the growing dark,
A feeble stumbling in the hidden way.

A sudden sense of light, an opening door,
A wave of wondering joy, a deepening glow,
And then——, the friends I loved in days of yore,
The ones who knew and loved me, long ago,

A sudden blinding rush of happy tears,
A leap to meet their loving hands outspread,
A swift forgetting of the empty years,
The snapping of a cord, and I am *dead.*

J.

THE MYSTICISM OF MASCOTS*

By REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

WHEN the great Eliphas Levi defined superstition as a religious rite in which the form had outlived the meaning, he revealed a profound occult truth.

To a certain degree, this remark also applies to the fascinating subject now under discussion, and about which Miss Elizabeth Villiers has just published her attractive dissertation in book form. The mascots of old were all symbols of underlying forces and truths. Sometimes they were esoteric, as in the case of the famous interlaced triangle which embodied the great Hermetic maxim, "As above so below"; the Chinese dragon, emblem of the Divine Fire in the spirit of man; or the lotus, the secret Kingdom wherein Paradise rests as the Jewel. Other mascots were physical and often enshrined some hygienic teaching which modern medicine is only now beginning to reinstate. For instance, *Giupsene*, a splendid remedy for the heart which two of my friends have used successfully in cases of high blood pressure according to the prescription of an Anglo-French chemist, M. Le Prince, is compounded of mistletoe, which throws an unusual sidelight on its high place in Druidic priestcraft. Again, the tulsi plant is accounted sacred in India. *Tulsi* is basil, and a club acquaintance told me that she and her husband were cured of an obstinate fever by its use according to a native prescription in Western Africa. When the Roman poet sneered at the Egyptians, who worshipped that plain relation of the lily, the onion, saying that their gods grew in batches in every Egyptian garden, he had not heard of the long-lived peasantry of Europe to whose longevity excessive onion-eating proves such an important factor.

Miss Villiers' book unfortunately suffers from one drawback. Intended to be concise, handy and reasonable in price, it fails to cover the subject adequately. This is inevitable under the circumstances, but it leaves many gaps for the scholar. The word mascot itself is, as she tells us, "a modern introduction into our language,

* *The Mascot Book*. By Elizabeth Villiers. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

meaning a bringer of good luck, and in that sense it is used here to include amulets, talismans and charms. The rules governing the beliefs in the powers of these luck-bringers were laid down when the world was young, and in nearly every instance these rules contain some great and lofty thought. No mascot bought for one's own use or which has been obtained unjustly can be a bringer of good fortune—indeed, it may have exactly the opposite effect. In order to endow its possessor with happiness or health, the mascot must come as the gift of a friend—the concrete representation of loving thoughts and prayers—as a token of gratitude, or the reward of some good deed. . . . No mascot will bring good fortune to one unworthy of it. . . . A knowledge of electricity is suggested by the very ancient rule that no mascot must be allowed to touch the ground. If it falls inadvertently its virtue will be lost, for a time at least. Mascots are more powerful if they are worn on the left side in most cases, but to this rule there are many exceptions."

As Miss Villiers' book makes me desirous to offer numerous personal additions and suggestions, I would submit to her that the fall of the mascot which robbed it of its virtue, may also have signified that it was a divine object and was not to rest upon the earth, the domain of the infernal powers. The ancient Greeks clapped their hands when appealing to the Olympian deities, and stamped their feet when invoking the infernal ones. Again, at Jewish weddings, the bridegroom, or more virile power, stands to the *left* of the bride. Miss Villiers might also have increased the above prohibitions concerning the usage of talismans by narrating what that great authority on the mascots of London, Mr. Lockett, once told me: " You should really never show a mascot. The more you talk about it and give it to people to handle, the less efficacious it becomes."

Miss Villiers' notes upon " Amber " are most instructive. We all know that amber is highly charged with electricity. Amber is called " elektron " in Greek, and from " elektron " came our word electricity. One of the oldest theories of the origin of amber was that it was formed by the direct heat of the sun focussed on the earth, hence, perhaps, it came to be dedicated to the sun. The health-giving properties of amber are well-known. Infants are given amber necklaces to bite when teething, owing to its warming comfort. The Orientals had amber mouth-pieces to their *nargilehs* and pipes, because of its cleanliness for the mouth and throat, and I have seen a jeweller use a beautiful piece of amber as a magnet to attract torn scraps of paper. But Miss

Villiers, in relating the Greek legend of the " elektron " and also that amber was produced by the contact of intense sunshine with the earth, has unwittingly opened out a most alluring avenue of speculation.

These are only a few instances with which my constricted space permits me to deal. I was most pleased with the sacred Hindu talisman of the Bamboo with seven Knots. This charm consists of a circle " inscribed with triangles, and across the circle, forming the spokes of the wheel as it were, lie the seven-knotted bamboo and a serpent. Every part of the device has a mystic significance. The circle is the symbol of Eternity, the triangles stand for the Hindu Trinity (Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, Siva the Destroyer), the Serpent for wisdom, the bamboo for the seven degrees of learning the devout must possess."

But there is another aspect of this beautiful symbol. The circle is Infinitude, with the Masters or triangles shining as Pyramids within it. In it rests the Bamboo (the human spine) with the seven knots or centres governed by the seven archangels, which are awakened by that mysterious and celestial fire—the Serpent Coil. It is an Orientalized form of the *caduceus* of Hermes, the messenger (the Hebrew for *angel* is messenger) of the gods. The central rod is the spine, the cone the pineal gland of Man, the two Serpents the turning inspirational ray of the Lord.

I was amazed to see the Hindu god of good fortune Ganesa, who adorns all the covers of Rudyard Kipling's books, with his trunk uplifted in the illustration chosen of him. I have always vouched for elephant charms with *lowered* trunks, as the trumpeting or angry elephant is supposed to be unpropitious by some Hindus. When invoking the aid of the lucky god Ganesh or Ganesa, one has to make three ceremonial bows to him. This is a point Miss Villiers does not mention!

I am most interested to learn that the Hot-Cross Bun is believed never to go mouldy like other bread, and that one kept in the house is a charm against fire. This reveals once more how hard tradition dies. For the hot-cross bun is far older than the Christian Cross. It was baked in ancient Egypt under a similar-sounding name, and adorned with the horns of Isis, the moon goddess, in whose honour it appeared on her feast day. As the moon is cold and governs the waters, no wonder the *hot* cross bun guards against fire.

Indeed, if we look we find symbols everywhere, even in our

ordinary round. The Greek key-pattern is seen on flags and city doorways. The Tree of Life ornaments wardrobes from the most ugly furniture emporia; the Golden Apple, which propitiated the Norse horse of death when passing over the housetops on the gale, is a gable ornament to-day. In its advertisements a garden fertilizer displays the mystic Chinese symbol of Creation, whilst every umbrella is a dethroned emblem of kingship.

And if we would but admit it, the most hard-hearted amongst us own some little mascot or talisman which, like Shylock's ring, they would not part with "for a wilderness of monkeys."

CALVARY

By ANON

I SAW a mighty congregation in a pillared cathedral.

A mitred priest was preaching: "Upon Calvary," he said unto the sea of upraised faces, "in bitter anguish Christ was crucified."

In the tense silence following his words; amid the flicker of the golden tapersticks, lo! the Spirit of Christ stood before me with His pierced hands upraised in denunciation.

He was bowed as beneath the weight of a Cross. Yet when I looked again, the Cross was in the form of a gigantic book bound and clamped with steel.

"Not so, O Priest," He cried, "not so! I was not crucified on Calvary, but herein."

He pointed backward to the book that bore Him down thus cruelly. The light of the golden tapers smote through the ruby wound on that accusing hand.

As in curled letters of flame I read the title of the titanic tome.

It was "*The History of Christianity.*"

GLIMPSES THROUGH THE VEIL

By KATHARINE LENOX

IN normal times I am the most dogmatic disbeliever in things occult. To believe in disembodied spirits always seemed to me impossible, and to savour of ignorance and superstition. But in view of much evidence I no longer feel that the future is necessarily impenetrable. Most of us believe in the survival of the spirit, yet there are materially minded people who, when confronted with things beyond their philosophy, still delight to burrow in the commonplace even when the light of the supernatural is within their horizon. But there is always an element of terror in strange incidents, as if destiny or fate were dimly pointing all the while toward an invisible ending. Every new instance which comes to our notice, although elusive and baffling, makes us say to ourselves, " There it is again "—and at last it is *forced* upon us by that ever moving Providence, which stands back of everything. Chance ! Nothing of the sort. They are inevitable happenings shaped by the course of events.

I am inclined to make light of my experiences, but in relating them to others they have said " Nothing unusual ? Nonsense ! You must have mediumistic powers." But I cannot think this is true, as I have never been able to obtain response from a ouija-board—nor have I ever heard any table rappings. However, to begin my story, I have for some years past been very frail, and have a very highly-strung temperament, although, outwardly, I carry myself with calmness and dignity. To calm my nerves, I rest and read a great deal of my time. One day, while reclining on my couch reading Emerson's " Friendship," I suddenly found myself looking into a very dark passage, and was greatly surprised and annoyed by hearing a perfect din of voices raised by invisible people. In the middle of it all I distinguished the voice of my mother and sister. In amazement I put down my book and said aloud, " How queer ! I hear mother and sister talking." My mother had been dead some years ; my sister was still living. Two months later she died.

On another occasion I had gone to the country to visit a sister. Leaving the station, I walked some distance along the road to her home. Suddenly I was again, it seemed, in another

world, in a dark street, where people were hurrying along. I could hear murmuring voices, but the darkness prevented me from seeing the faces. Now as all this happened on a beautiful sunny morning, I felt awed, and when I reached my sister's home I told her of my experience. " From the station here," I said, " people walked beside me." " How strange you are," she said, " I never have such experiences." She seemed half annoyed.

Some months after the passing of my sister I was reading quietly one evening when I felt conscious I was slipping away. I was perfectly aware of this at the time I felt myself passing into this state. I can only describe it as a trance-like condition. I found myself in a beautiful country. I said, " How very quiet it is here," and I sat down beside an immense wall. As I sat there my sister turned a corner. Embracing me, she said, " Oh, how glad I am you have come. I am so lonely, but I thought Mary would be the first one to come." Mary is another sister who had been devoted to her.

Referring again to the voices, I was reading before a log fire when the whole room was suddenly filled with jangling voices—the din was so great and frightened me so much that I fled to my room and locked the door. I told my husband when he returned home from a business meeting, and he laughed about it. The next afternoon he came home complaining of feeling tired and said he would rest awhile. He went to his room, and two hours later I found him dying. As I sat holding his hand, his breathing became fainter and fainter, and I distinctly saw a fog-like substance surrounding him. It was twilight, and I went to the window thinking it must be a very foggy night, but the stars were shining. I went back to the bed—the fog was still there. He was dead. A few weeks after his death I was preparing my evening meal and thinking sorrowfully of him, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, as though a finger had pressed it firmly. I looked on my shoulder, thinking a hairpin had fallen on it, although I knew it was too heavy a touch for a hairpin. Then I recalled that my husband had a way of coming to the back of me, and touching my shoulder with his finger would laughingly say, " Let me do that for you."

Before my mother died I helped nurse her in her last illness. It was my turn to watch during the night. I sat by her side rubbing her hands, hoping to give her some of my strength, when looking up I saw over the bed her face encircled in a web, but it was the face of a young woman about thirty-five years of age.

In great surprise and awe I got up from my chair, thinking I must be asleep. To convince myself that I was not I walked over to the window and looked out. When I came back the face was still there. I told my sister of it the next morning. She said: "It must have been the face of her mother, she died at thirty-five." The next day my mother died.

At another time before her death she and my sisters were on the porch talking of my father, who had died the year before. The butler announced lunch, and we all went into the house. At the foot of the staircase I paused and said, "I will go upstairs and arrange my hair, the wind has disarranged it." As I spoke I looked out on the porch where we had all been sitting. I saw my father there, leaning against a post. I was so amazed I did not go upstairs, but went into the dining-room. As I sat down I said, "I have just seen father." Mother said: "Oh, how I wish I had seen him."

A WELSH CROMLECH

By GEORGE AUSTIN

GREY rocks that o'er the vivid bracken lean,
Skies hazy blue, the hayfield's heady smell,
And bees that murmur in the foxglove-bell—
Little is changed; in mantle of dim green
Moelfre presides, that mountain most serene,
Over the valley. Of the holy cell
These ancient stones alone remain to tell
What rites they paid long since to Heaven's Queen.

Gate of the Mysteries, how soon forget
The sons of Time! No more the censers burn
Around thine altar; from old paths men stray
In ceaseless search for new. And steadfast yet
God's mountain waits the feet of their return,
And ancient landmarks point the Eternal Way.

SWIMMING THE WITCH

By W. N. NEILL

THE water test for witches—called by King James " fleeting on the water," but better known as " swimming the witch "—is commonly regarded as a superstitious survival of the cold-water ordeal, at one time prominent in the legal system of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. The fact is, and can be proved, that the legal ordeal was only a variant of a test for magic which can be traced back to the dawn of civilization.

In the laws of Hammurabi, King of Babylon in the third millenium B.C., the river was the judge in cases of sorcery. " If a man charges another with sorcery and has not made his case good, the one who is charged shall go to the river and plunge in. If the river gets the better of him, his accuser shall annex his property. If, however, the river proves him innocent and he be not drowned, his accuser shall be put to death, and his property shall be seized by the one who underwent the test." This is probably the oldest form of the ordeal known, and it differs considerably from later versions in that the person who is drowned is adjudged guilty. The idea at the root of the ordeal was the divinity of water. Says Robertson Smith, in his *Religion of the Semites*, " Of all inanimate things that which has the best marked supernatural associations among the Semites is flowing, or as the Hebrews say ' living water '. . . . Sacred wells are amongst the oldest and most ineradicable objects of reverence among all the Semites." He might well have extended the sentence to include all the peoples of the earth. Although the Babylonian ordeal seems to have been unknown to the Hebrews, the sacred element played its part in their test known as " the bitter water that causeth the curse." Another branch of the Semitic family, however, followed the ancient custom. To quote Robertson Smith once more: " In Hadramaut, according to Macrizi, when a man was injured by enchantment, he brought all the witches suspect to the sea or to a deep pool, tied stones to their backs and threw them into the water. She who did not sink was the guilty person, the meaning evidently being that the sacred element rejects the criminal. That an impure person dare not approach sacred waters is a general principle—whether the

impurity is moral or physical is not a distinction made by ancient religion" (*Religion of the Semites*, 1889, p. 163). Instead of the holy water stifling the malefactor in its depths, it now takes to its bosom the innocent and maligned one, refusing to have anything to do with the guilty soul.

Whether derived from Babylonia or evolved separately, the ordeal in this form became a practice among the pagan tribes of Europe long before Christianity began its victorious progress; and even persisted under the ægis of the law long after their heathenism had given place to the new religion. A full description of the ordeal is given in the laws of Athelstan. After the person who was to undergo the test had been prepared by previous prayer and fasting, his right thumb was tied to his right great toe, his left thumb to his left toe, and he was cast upon the water to sink or swim, while the Deity was invoked to declare the justice or otherwise of his cause. If he sank he was innocent, if he swam he was guilty. Strutt, however, in his description of the ordeals under the Saxons, curiously enough gives a version of that of King Hammurabi: "The second kind of ordeal, by water, was to thrust the accused into a deep water, where, if he struggled in the least to keep himself on the surface, he was accounted guilty; but if he remained on the top of the water without motion he was acquitted with honour." It would seem from this passage that the original ordeal survived in places alongside its later form. Although the cold-water ordeal was reprehended early both by the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities—it was interdicted by the Canon Law and by an edict of Ludovicus Pius in 829 A.D. —its popularity continued, amongst ecclesiastics especially in their dealing with heresy and witchcraft—synonymous terms in their opinion. The seal of Christianity was set upon it by a change in the method of tying the culprit. The right thumb was now tied to the left big toe and vice versa, in order that the arms should form the sign of the cross, and even when it ceased to be used in cases of heresy proper, it was this form of the ordeal which descended till within recent times in England in dealing with supposed witches.

Ecclesiastics were, however, by no means unanimous in their opinions with regard to the efficacy of the water test. By some it was considered superstitious and pagan, and they even went the length of suspecting those who took part in it as practitioners of magic. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the demonological dove-cotes were fluttered exceedingly by a work written by Scribonius (1585), which defended the ordeal. A considerable

literature sprang up at once around the subject, and specialists were divided into two camps. Scribonius was supported by our King James, but on the other side were such doughty antagonists as Wierus, Bodin, Bishop Binsfeld, and Delrio—to mention only a few of the better known names.

The royal dictum on the question runs as follows: "There are two good helpes that may be used for their triale: the one is the finding of their marke and the trying the insensibility thereof. The other is their fleeting on the water: for as in a secret murther, if the dead carkasse be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it wil gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appoynted that secret supernaturale signe for tryal of that secret unnatural crime, so it appears that God hath appoynted (for a supernaturale signe of the monstrous impietie of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosome, that have shaken off them the sacred water of Baptism and wilfully refused the benefit thereof: no not so much as their eies are able to shead teares (threaten and torture them as yee please) while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime) albeit the women kind especially be able other waies to shead teares at every light occasion when they will, yea altho' it were dissemblingly like the crocodiles" (*Dæmonologia*, p. 79). It is worthy of notice that in this rather involved statement the King, by some uncanny sort of foreknowledge, mentions the two methods of proving witchcraft that were to prevail in Scotland and England respectively during the seventeenth century, and to distinguish the one from the other and relegate them to their own geographical spheres, he has inserted a full-stop. While Matthew Hopkins and his successors were busy swimming witches in the southern part of the kingdom, John Kincaid and his disciples were pricking them with pins in the north. James comes very near the truth in attributing the acceptance or rejection of the suspect to the holiness of the water. He, however, as a Christian, explains the holiness by the use made of the element in baptism, but water was holy and worshipped thousands of years before the Christian era. All the same, he was on the right track, and his explanation—taken, by the way, from Scribonius—is far more impressive than that other, which attributed the buoyancy of a witch to her being filled by the devil—that evil spirit lighter than air.

The *Dæmonologie* of King James must have crystallized in Protestant Britain the vague notions of witchcraft circulating in

fluid form, just as was done for Catholic Europe by the *Malleus Maleficarum* of Sprenger and Institor. It would be difficult to say how far his dialogue was responsible for the witch epidemic that followed his accession to the English throne, but no doubt its influence was far-reaching. An example of its infection may be seen in the contemporary dramatists—Ben Jonson, for instance, quoting it frequently in his notes to " The Masque of Queens." It may even have been the passage already quoted that inspired Shakespeare's lines in *Othello* :—

> O devil, devil!
> If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
> Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

" The vulgar probation," as Increase Mather called it, was nothing more nor less than a species of divination by water, Hydromancy as it is termed. Caspar Peucer gives two examples very near akin to the ordeal, though in neither of them was a human life in danger. Juno, he says, had a marsh consecrated to her near Epidamnus, into which oat-cakes, or " bannocks," were cast for the purpose of divination. If the goddess accepted the offering it sank to the bottom, but if she would have none of it the cake floated. Aristotle, he goes on to say, speaks of a fountain in Sicily by which men swore their oaths. They wrote down their statements on pieces of paper and committed these to the waters. If the paper sank, they were speaking the truth ; if it floated, they were perjuring themselves. It is quite easy to conceive of a man being thrown into the flood instead of his autograph in savage times, to substantiate his statements.

The same idea of a standard of purity lies at the root of the old custom of weighing a suspected witch against the Church Bible. The Protestant Bible is only taking the place of the holy water of the Roman Catholic Church. If the woman weighed down the folio, she was innocent ; if it outweighed her, she was guilty.

The principle of continuity and the innate conservatism of humanity are both well exemplified by the fact that in the sixties of last century a poor old Frenchman was done to death in the time-honoured way by the superstitious inhabitants of a small village in Essex, incited thereto by a credulous local ale-wife. It is a far cry from King Hammurabi to Queen Victoria, but the witch test by water withstood successfully the tooth of time. The cold-water ordeal for the proof of thieves and other infamous persons was merely a local side issue.

AN OCCULT ISLAMIC ORDER

By DUDLEY WRIGHT

ALTHOUGH the disciples of the religion expounded by Mohammed may be classified generally according to the two great divisions of Sunnites and Schiites, yet, in reality, the Islamic faith is a huge network of sects and monastic orders. The membership of these orders does not consist, as in the Catholic Church, of clerics, since Islam knows no priesthood. The Imam of a mosque is not a priest : he is merely the leader of the prayers of the congregation, and though his whole time may be engaged in the service of the mosque, the congregation maintaining him with their alms, he holds no sacerdotal position. Most, if not all, of these orders have for their object " the annihilation of the individual by absorption into the Divine," which is said to be accomplished by the observance of a certain " Way," which consists in the repetition of numerous prayers and the observance of certain ascetic practices, varying in degree according to whether the member lives within or outside the *zaouiya* or monastery. These practices frequently lead up to ecstasy or a trance condition, during which the members claim to be the recipients of messages from the prophet Mohammed, the founder of the Order, or from some other exalted personage.

It has been reserved to one Order, however, that of the Isawiya, to lay claim to the exercise of what are generally described as occult powers, viz. thought-reading, snake-charming, playing with fire, the exorcism of evil spirits and diseases, and the like. This Order was founded by one Mohammed ben Aissa, who was born at Meknes in the ninth century of the Hegira, or the Flight from Mecca, which date forms the basis of the Mohammedan reckoning of time. The date of the foundation of the Isawiya corresponds to the common calendar date of 1523–24 A.D. Aissa is the Arabic form of the name Jesus, so that the name of the Order in English is really the " Guild or Company of Jesus." Mohammed ben Aissa became a great mystic, a celebrated thaumaturgist, and a fervent disciple of the spiritualistic doctrines of the Chadeliya, another renowned Islamic order, of which the Isawiya is sometimes claimed to be a branch. When in the East Mohammed ben Aissa sought the company of the

most extravagant Dervish orders, whose teachings and practices he imitated and taught in various Western countries, giving umbrage to the rulers, who, however, failing to coerce or suppress him, in consequence of his numerous following and his great popularity with the people, heaped honours and riches upon him, granting him exemption from services to the State and the payment of taxes, privileges which have been extended to his successors, chiefs of the Order which he founded, to the present day. Right from the time of the inception of the Order he has been regarded by successive generations of followers as a divine incarnation, and they have always described him as "the philosopher's stone without an equal."

The Order was founded in Morocco and was originally purely a Sufi order, the practices for which it is to-day renowned being only gradually adopted, and being even condemned by many of its principal members. Legend, of course, has not been lacking with respect to its founder. One story runs that Mohammed ben Aissa, being unable to procure the means of living for his family, but full of confidence in God, had that rare happiness of being fed by Divine Providence, which constantly renewed his provisions, while one morning his wife drew from the well a bucket of gold pieces. He is then said to have had a vision in which God appeared to him and commanded him to establish a brotherhood according to certain rules which were also communicated to him. He thereupon instituted a council of forty members, with himself at the head, who remained with him until his death, and thus formed a "Hadra," or General Chapter, which form of government has been maintained up to the present time. This Council acts as a general inspectorate, and the thirty-nine members who act with the Grand Master make unexpected visits to the various houses of the Order, which are distributed in various countries, extending from Algieria to Mecca, while it is even claimed that Paris has been the seat of one branch. The principal house of the Order is at Meknes, where the founder was born and where his tomb is situated, this being the objective of a pilgrimage by all devout Isawiya. Although some monasteries have become independent of the zaouiya at Meknes, yet there is still maintained throughout the Order a unity of action and a spiritual cohesion, which would make the Order a formidable one in the event of any concerted political or social action being decided upon.

Thought-reading, snake-charming, exorcism, and trance phenomena are among the principal practices of the members. The

last-named are induced by the rapid reiteration of the Islamic formula *La illaha ill' Allah*, accompanied by music in very rapid time, each repetition corresponding to low genuflexions of the body from the waist or semi-circular movements of the head, the rapidity of which would seem, to an uninitiated onlooker, as being likely to cause disturbance to the nervous system. The result is cerebral intoxication or anæsthesia. When in a semi-conscious condition, the devotees, at a sign from the Sheikh, or Master, who presides over the zaouiya, pierce the arms, hands, and cheeks with sharp-pointed darts, or gash the neck or breast with short, keen-edged swords or stilettos, or chew leaves of bristling, prickly cacti. All eventually fall exhausted into torpor, when a touch from the Sheikh is said to cause them to lapse into a hypnotic sleep. It is while in this condition that they claim to receive the divine power to heal diseases, exterminate unclean spirits, and to read the thoughts of others, even at great distances. At their public festivals these ceremonies often terminate with a meal of a sacrificial character, when these highly-strung devotees devour, like madmen, the raw flesh of an unskinned animal, a sheep or a goat, and tear and rend it in the most repugnant manner possible.

Legend is again ready with an explanation of these happenings. It is said that Allah, at the prayer of Mohammed ben Aissa, granted his disciple for ever a complete immunity from wounds and diseases. They thus claim the power of driving away any illness by taking it upon themselves, whom it cannot hurt. Their services are therefore in great demand whenever illness occurs, particularly in epidemics. Another legend runs that on one occasion Mohammed ben Aissa and his disciples found themselves in the desert without any means of subsistence. His followers were on the point of deserting him when he bade them not to be disheartened, but to eat anything they could find. Immediately they fell to devouring earth and weeds, the leaves of the prickly pear, and even the snakes and scorpions which had taken refuge among the roots. From that time onward the Isawiya have claimed the power of devouring substances most ill-adapted for food.

Blakesley, in *Four Months in Algeria*, has given a striking descriptive account of one of their public exhibitions which he witnessed, in the course of which narrative he says:

> The proceedings which I witnessed commenced by six or seven Isawiya sitting round a charcoal fire singing a low monotonous chant, accompanying it with sounds produced by the palm of the hand and knuckles on a

musical instrument, exactly resembling the ancient tympanum, or tambourine without the jangling metallic apparatus. This was continued a long time, the chief of the party taking no part in the incantation except by throwing occasionally a pinch of some substance, which caused a slight smoke, into the chafing dish. The chant became a little more energetic and quicker and, at last, a young man laid down his tambourine and got up. He stood over the dish, swaying his body about in time to the music, assuming every minute more and more the appearance of a person possessed, alternately bowing his head almost into the chafing dish and then throwing it backwards, as if without the power of restraining himself. Presently he became ecstatic and commenced jumping violently, always coming down in the same spot, close to the fire, and from time to time setting up a hideous yell. The old chief now advanced towards him and seemed to soothe him by gestures like those which animal magnetizers are wont to employ to tranquillize their patients. He then brought him a kind of shovel used by the Arab smiths, the scoop of which had been made red-hot. The young man took this with a howl, intended to evince satisfaction, licked it with his tongue and placed it on his naked arms, which were streaming with perspiration from the exercise he had taken. He then stalked about the apartment, uttering the peculiar growl which is emitted by an angry camel. A leaf of the prickly pear was thrown to him, which he took up in his mouth from the ground and ate a portion of it. He then resumed his jumping by the side of the chafing-dish, and another performer got up and exhibited nearly the same feats.

Miss Frances Macnab, in *A Ride in Morocco*, also gives a description of thought-reading and snake-charming which she witnessed.

These phenomena are also strongly developed among some of the members of other orders, such as the Saadiya, Refaiya, Nagechabendiya, and others, and a work entitled *Chah Ouali Allah*, which may be regarded in the light of an official publication, sets out the claim to the manifestation of these psychical powers, based on Pantheistic theories.

The members of the Order are prohibited from taking part in local or general politics, and are generally regarded by the inhabitants as inoffensive. Although the direction of the Order is not stipulated to be hereditary, the Grand Master hitherto has always been a descendant of the founder.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE PART OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN AUTOMATIC WRITING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the theory of Mr. Gurtis, commented on in your last editorial "Notes of the Month," Mr. Gurtis's idea of the ganglia in man, the nerve-fibres of the sympathetic system, etc., and their intimate relationship with the brain-processes and the super-physical, are not at all new. They are in the Revelations of St. John and in every esoteric book in the world. The spine is a lightning-conductor to the brain for Eliphas Levi's "astral ray," or the Kabbalistic "Fire from Heaven." It is symbolized by the Serpent in Genesis, coiled around the Tree, the Egyptian *sistrum* of Isis, the lyre (that early type of harp) borne by Apollo the sun-god and ruler of celestial fire, the *caduceus* in the beautiful hands of Mercury, the messenger of the gods, with its serpent-fire entwined around the spine of the Yogi or enlightened one. According to the *Kundalini* cult, there are six *chakras* or centres in the human body. Six is the number of Venus and Perfect Beauty. Beyond that the Kingdom, within is merged into the superhuman numbers—the Divine seven of Pallas Athena, the eight of the Singing Spheres and resurrection, the nine of the Muses and Inspiration, the ten of the Ultimate Godhead, the number of the Lord beyond which no numerology goes but by repetition.

Kundalini is emblemized by the Chinese dragon, another form of the Serpent, which was so holy in ancient Egypt that it was worn as the *Pschent* on the brows of its kings and, in the recently discovered serpent shrine in the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, the Serpent governed the *tenth* nome of Egypt (the ten of the Highest God). In Chinese symbology the Serpent or Dragon, or Salamander of the Persian Zoroastrians (the Fire-Fish), at one point is transmuted into a Fish. Of course, Piscis the Fish was an early secret symbol of the Messiah amongst the Christians in Pagan Rome. In other words, once the divine Kundalini fire has run through the spine and awakened all the ganglia and the six centres, the Fire enters the Thousand-Petalled Lotus of the brain, and beyond that swims as a Fish or Messiah through the ocean of Infinitude and Wisdom, and is the Jewel in the Lotus. Man is verily made in the image of his Maker, as it is written. The body responds and conforms even in detail to the laws and shape of

the universe. It has its sun and its moon, its planets, its nervous-systems and trees, its blood ebb and tide, its magic eye-crystals, its prophetic Messianic voice, its Pan-pipe and Krishna flute—the Spine. And the soul is the oil of this wonderful lamp of Psyche, God is the Light and God is Eros—Perfect Love.

Your old contributor,
REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE "OSCAR WILDE" COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The new messages from "Oscar Wilde" which are published in the November number of the OCCULT REVIEW are of the greatest possible interest and value because, so far as I am aware, they are the first communications of any scientific value or authenticity in which the theory—or fact—of the break-up of the personality after the death of the physical body is clearly recognized by the communicating entity. There are some hints of this fact in Mr. Bligh-Bond's *The Gate of Remembrance*; and, indeed, the following quotation from page 95 is almost as specific as the "Oscar Wilde" statement.

> I, Johannes, dydde it not, God wot, not I! Why cling I to that which is not? It is I, and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past and is bound to that whych my carnal soul loved and called "home" these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye better parte doeth other things . . . only that part which remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet.

If my memory serves me, there are also some hints in the same direction to be found in some of the communications from "F. W. H. Myers."

In commenting upon the "Oscar Wilde" communications, Mr. V's brother calls this theory "new and startling"; but it is neither the one nor the other to some of us. It is in fact the very teaching that was put forward by H. P. Blavatsky, and which brought down upon her the wrath of the Spiritists; and for which, indeed, they have never forgiven her. It was known as the "shell" theory, and very briefly it was that in the great majority of cases—there are of course exceptions—the communicating entity was only the astral "shell," or "spook," of the deceased person: the real person, the "spirit," having left this "shell," and passed on to "its own place"—or rather, perhaps, had withdrawn its overshadowing presence from the earthly personality; for spirit can never really *be* the manifested phenomenal person, either in this or the next world. This theory is to be found stated in the *Key to Theosophy*, chap. ix.

I notice that in the present communications this very word "shell" is used. "At death's disintegration we are flung off like so many shrivelled shells." The teaching of H. P. B. was that these

"shells" obtained a temporary and spurious vitality through the magnetic aura of the medium: being as it were galvanized into a state of consciousness in which they could communicate through the brain of the medium. This, she taught, was exceedingly undesirable, and retarded the natural after-death process and purification of the Ego. Note what "Oscar Wilde" says about "another part of myself, a poor unfortunate who suffers even as I suffer," communicating through Mrs. Travers-Smith. Possibly in more modern terms of psychology we should not speak of "shells," but of "dissociated complexes"; but the fact may be the same.

But besides the above-mentioned teaching we have the same theory very clearly stated in Kingsford and Maitland's *Perfect Way*, Appendix II, "Concerning the Hereafter." It is there put forward that the *anima divina*, the true man, the *Neshamah*, "passes upwards and continues its evolutions, bearing with it only a small portion, and that the purest, of the outer soul, or mind." It leaves the *anima bruta*, the *persona*, or *Ruach*, in the "lower Eden" within sight and call of the magnetic earth-sphere; and it is this which is attracted and energized by the aura of the medium. "But if one interrogate a *Ruach* of even two or three centuries old, it seldom knows more than it knew in its earth life. . . . If it have done evil, it suffers indeed, but is not condemned."

I venture to say that the present communications, so far as they go, absolutely confirm this theory. Note that "Oscar Wilde" parted from Oscar Wilde "at the door of the tomb." Also that he says: "I yearn to be united to my soul. Somewhen and somewhere I must surely meet my soul again." This also is the teaching of the *Perfect Way* in the Appendix I have referred to, and which should be read in its entirety in connection with the present communications.

I am myself very strongly convinced that this theory of the dissociation of the personality after death will come to be more and more recognized as our knowledge of psychology increases. I have put it forward in my own work, *Our Infinite Life*, page 132. It is perhaps only natural that in the first instance the crude conception of the nature of the *personality* as being a single entity should prevail. Yet psychology already teaches the dissociation of "complexes," even in this life. Most of us have at times a strange feeling that we are more than one "person." It is common knowledge also that a man may be a great genius, in art, in music, or in poetry, and may even be able to express thereby some of the deepest spiritual facts and emotions: and yet, on another side of his nature, he may be a gross sensualist.

The curious part of the present communications is that the communicating entity recognizes its own dissociated state; whereas in general the entity takes itself quite seriously as being the whole personality of the departed—and so do the Spiritists. Possibly these present communications may bring to light others of a similar

nature which have not yet been understood, and have therefore been put aside. Or it is possible that we may now obtain others of the same nature. At all events, we may begin to recognize hereby that, as "Oscar Wilde" says, "The soul is no indivisible unity, no solitary shadow seated in its house of sin. It is a thing highly complex, built up, layer upon layer, shell within shell."

We are only on the threshold of any recognized scientific knowledge of our deeper nature, and of the after-death states; and our ideas are in the first place merely realistic: that is to say, we take things in the first instance at their mere face value. This was what was done, even up to the end of last century, in physical science; as witness the crude concept—now utterly swept away—that the atom of matter was only a very minute particle of what we know as matter in bulk. It must naturally be so also with the new science of psychology; though if we will go back in the right spirit to ancient teachings we shall find there very much that we are now only rediscovering. We have still to recognize that just as matter can and does disintegrate, so also does "mind": for mind, like matter, has in the first instance been *integrated*—at least that applies to what we commonly call mind, that of which Bergson says, "Intellectuality and materiality have been constituted, in detail, by reciprocal adaptation. Both are derived from a wider and higher form of existence. It is there that we must replace them, in order to see them issue forth." * In other words, both are *evolved*; and what is evolved must sooner or later be reinvolved. We can no more "replace" mind as such in spirit than we can replace matter as such. But it is just this "replacing" process which goes on after death; and that which cannot be redissolved must be left as a "shell."

We cling to the idea of the little individual personal *self*; yet is it not the oldest as well as the most profound teaching that that *self* is an illusion, a mere reflection on the screen of time, which, sooner or later—even though it may last for ages as we reckon time—must pass away? Nay, is it not changing and passing away at each moment? Only the One Eternal Root—the SPIRIT that never was born and never dies—*endures*.

W. KINGSLAND.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I think possibly the following narrative of my own personal experience in connection with a dog, may interest your readers who ask this question. Many years ago I had occasion to go to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea, with a friend, who sought for a stray. We slowly walked together past one of the yards where innumerable dogs of every description were collected, all crying or struggling to escape from their misery through the iron bars that

* *Creative Evolution*, p. 197.

imprisoned them. Pausing for a moment to examine them more closely, I noted in the farthest corner a very old spaniel who appeared to have abandoned hope and effort. Her head was bowed to the ground, her almost sightless eyes were closed, and her scanty fur revealed her shivering skin. The din from the miserable creatures around us was such that we could hardly hear our own voices, and to call my companion's attention to the animal in the corner, I had to shout into her ear. No sound could have reached the dog. But the sympathy I felt for her had apparently established a telepathy between us, for I had no sooner spoken, than she aroused herself and came towards us. Other dogs set upon her, but this did not divert her purpose. As soon as she was again free, she came on until she stood directly before us. Then lifting her head, she gave three piteous howls. We spoke to an attendant, and said we would purchase the dog, and he went into the yard to fetch her; but, as he opened the gate, accidentally loosed his hold. Many people besides ourselves were standing about or passing up and down, and several of these were between us and the attendant. But, without a moment's hesitation the dog threaded her way through them all to our feet, where she sat down and howled again. I took her home, and named her "Friend," and she became my most devoted companion. I healed her eyes, and they grew so wonderfully beautiful that strangers more than once exclaimed, "Oh! look at the soul in that dog's eyes!" Years after I had to go from home without Friend for some weeks, and left her in my mother's care. While I was away Friend became so seriously ill that it was proposed to destroy her, but I was not told a word of this. One night as I lay sleeping the dog appeared to me, and told me all, including the thought that she was to be destroyed. Then she left me with such suddenness that the shock of finding she was no longer there awoke me. With the morning's post came a letter from my mother exactly confirming what the dog had already made me understand. After all it was found possible to save her, and Friend lived to welcome my subsequent return, with frantic joy, and for a year or more after. At last, however, the inevitable day arrived, and I had her put to sleep to save her suffering.

The following night I was again awakened with a shock by the sudden termination of a vision of Friend, apparently in Paradise, no longer old and ill, but radiant and glorious. I understood that I had been awakened thus suddenly on each occasion, lest wandering on in dreamland, other impressions should obscure the memory of the important one.

Can anyone reasonably doubt that this dog had a soul? The question that arises in my own mind is: had we known each other in a past life, since the recognition on meeting in this was so mutual and spontaneous; or was it merely telepathy?

Yours truly,

M. OLDFIELD HOWEY.

THIRTEEN YEARS AND THIRTEEN STORIES: A PROPHETIC DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—While living in the heart of New York City I dreamt I was climbing one of the tall buildings there—thirteen stories—and one of my sisters (who lived four hundred miles away) was clinging to me with her arms around my neck. I climbed on from one story to another, on the outside of the building, by catching hold of the windows, and stepping on each window-ledge as I came to it. I proceeded as carefully as I could and went slowly, so that my sister should not fall. When I reached the cornice I was puzzled to know how I could get over it to the top. Just as I became puzzled, a man appeared on the top of the building, and lifted us both up and over the projecting ledge. I had never seen the man before. As soon as we were safely on top, both my sister and the man instantly vanished, and I stood alone; then I awoke.

Five years later I realized it was my duty to go south and be a companion to that sister. She was one of those gentle, refined souls that are always helping others, and are easily imposed upon.

So we built a cottage on a fifty-acre plot of ground that our father had bequeathed to us, and it was just here the dream-climb began to be realized.

We left the crops to be put out on shares. But the work and crops were not what we had been accustomed to seeing when our father was living and farmed. So after twelve years of poor crops and indifferent work, we decided to try bossing the work and putting in the crops. One day our nephew came out from Washington, D.C., and had with him a young man from the Pacific Coast who had just returned from service in the Tank Corps in France. This new-comer told us he would put our crops in the ground for us if we would get some modern farm machinery. I purchased a Fordson tractor and gang plough. He then ploughed and put in the fall wheat, also ploughed for the spring corn. He ploughed deep as we wanted it done, and also when the moon was in barren signs, to keep weeds down, and put the seed in ground when the moon was in fruitful signs. My sister was entering on her seventy-eighth year, and was failing that winter. So he remained with us and helped with the farm work until the harvest was reaped. My sister's eyes were gladdened by the sight of beautiful fine heads of wheat, and large ears of corn—the kind we had longed to see.

After the wheat was cut and gathered, our young helper went to his mother on the Pacific Coast, and my dear, blessed sister went to the spirit world. And once again I was alone, just as in the dream. It was just thirteen years we were working together. This corresponded to the thirteen stories of the building which I climbed in my dream with my sister clinging to me.

Yours truly,
MARGARET A. R. STOTLEMEYER.

THE NINE OF DIAMONDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In looking through the OCCULT REVIEW of some years ago I came across a short article dealing with numbers and the curious way they seem to attach themselves to people. I am sending you the following facts in case they may be of interest to your readers:

Whilst in Bruges some twelve years ago I picked up at my feet a blank card. Turning it over I found it to be the Nine of Diamonds. Again a few years later—on the pavement of the suburb where I live—was a midget card, which I again picked up and again it was the Nine of Diamonds. Once more, not so long since, in passing through a narrow passage connecting this road with another, I picked up a blank card—very wet—as it had apparently been lying there some time, and there was the Nine of Diamonds once more. It had evidently been left for me, as the day before, one of my family, hastening along in the rain, noticed the card but could not stop to pick it up. Almost too numerous to mention are the times this card turns up in my life. Just a few days since, when I was staying at an hotel, one of the visitors began a game of Patience. In talking to a friend I chanced to look across at this lady. She was just balancing the Nine of Diamonds in her fingers before placing it.

Yours truly,
C. E. A. M.

THE HOROSCOPE OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see in a recent number of OCCULT REVIEW the horoscope of Mme. Blavatsky. But does the ascendant of Gemini correspond to the physical type of Blavatsky? I think that Cancer would be more appropriate.

Best salutations,
ALAVA.

"WHERE I MADE ONE."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I must thank you sincerely for the references to my new book, *Where I Made One*, which you made in your Notes of the Month: more particularly do I wish to express my gratitude for your remarks about Capital Punishment. I purposely did not refer in my book to the occult point of view of the earth-bound spirit of a man who has been hanged, as I thought it would be useless to do so in a novel put before the general public, and also as I wished to confine the occult part to the appearances after death of Marise Heyden.

As to the "psychic romance" part of the book, the longer I live

the more convinced am I that our ignorance about these matters is stupendous. I think it is utterly impossible to say what can be and what cannot be.

I strove (very inadequately, I fear) to suggest that the fact of holding a very, very strong conviction in this world may overcome the limitations of the soul—as we know them—and make the spirit able to do that which, to our mind, is "incredulous."

Even scientists now believe that *thought* does exist in almost a tangible form: therefore, I wished to show the possibility of "thought-form," so to speak, permeating the whole atmosphere connected with Marise Heyden's surroundings. My idea was that she was made visible only through the intensity of her convictions.

You say about the cat and dog: "I do not think a parallel could be adduced from any substantiated record in support of such an experience." You are probably right about the "substantiated," but many years ago I myself saw a cat rubbing against invisible skirts or legs, and I had the prickly sensation at the back of the neck that we know so well, and, though I was conscious of "something" being there, I could see nothing. The cat was certainly not afraid and looked very much pleased. It was this that gave me the idea of the animals in the book.

I was once told by a man whose word I believed implicitly, that, when he succeeded to the property of his dead brother, this brother's dog waited every night at the french windows, apparently listening for some sound that my friend could not hear. Then the dog would suddenly get up and excitedly ask to be let out, when he would tear off in the same direction every night with most excited barks, and would seemingly jump up at some one. He would then go off, gambolling, in the direction in which his dead master had always taken him for a walk every night. I may mention that my friend belonged to that large class that has an "open mind."

These two instances have convinced me that animals are only afraid of a so-called apparition when it is that of a stranger. I should be interested to know if any of your readers can confirm this view.

Yours truly,

MAUDE ANNESLEY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE last issue of PSYCHE recalls the Seventh International Congress of Psychology which took place last summer at Oxford, the papers of Dr. Morton Prince and Dr. Adler, the latter on Psycho-analysis, and finally that which is called in the Editorial "the challenging article by Dr. Alrutz of Upsala." But PSYCHE does more than offer an attractive description, for it prints his entire study. It is on the psychological importance of Hypnotism, and from our point of view—but as we think under all aspects—is very important indeed. The experiments of Dr. Alrutz have led him to conclude (1) that hypnotization and certain phenomena which are termed intra-hypnotic may be and sometimes are referable to other causes than suggestion; (2) that the mechanism of suggestion is still far from understood; (3) that many symptoms and phenomena in hypnosis depend on the interaction of different parts of the nervous system; (4) that diminution and increase of different functions result from certain hypnotic manipulations; and (5) that new forms of sensitiveness are exhibited in some hypnotic states. Dr. Alrutz tells us further (1) that the existence of a radiation or effluence from the human body is proved in the course of his experiments, being yet one further contribution to the triumphant vindication of Baron Reichenbach—not that he is mentioned in the article; and (2) that when downward passes made in light hypnosis diminish irritability of the senses and neuro-muscular apparatus on one side of the body, there is a corresponding and proportionate increase on the other side, thus justifying Paracelsus in curative practices which once earned him the title of mountebank. But there is no need to add that Paracelsus and his occult methods were not in the mind of Dr. Alrutz when placing these facts on record. The paper ends by expressing a belief that "co-operation in the form of a real partnership between medical hypnotizers and psychologists would probably be the best way of working in these complicated fields," and this is a practical recommendation which will appeal to a considerable and increasing class at the present day.

Those who are interested in modern presentations of reincarnation doctrine should read an elaborate study on the psychology of sex in primitive societies, with special reference to the natives of the Trobriand Isles, north-east of New Guinea. It occupies the place of honour in PSYCHE and deserves it, though much of the subject-matter lies outside our field: we can speak of it only as an original and significant contribution to folk-lore, including a very clearly defined view of life in the spirit-world and the re-embodiment by which it is always followed, according to native belief. The concept of the intermediate state is free from notions of reward or punishment, and

there is no pretence of recollecting previous incarnate lives. Unfortunately it does not emerge explicitly whether re-embodiment of one and the same spirit goes on continually, but it seems implied by the general thesis, namely, that the spirit gets tired of life in the other world —though it is pleasant enough—and therefore comes back to the islands.

Among other articles there is one on "controlled dreams," being a record of personal experiments with this object in view, and there is a summary of M. Jules Romains' moving story of all that he suffered at the hands of Sorbonne experts when he was led to give them a demonstration of his now famous discovery in extra-retinal vision. His experiments were parodied and he himself not only accused of trickery but other false witness was borne against him. Perhaps a day will come when those whose discoveries cannot be acceptable in centres of official authority will remember the Christ of Nazareth, Who did not appeal to the Pharisees or the Doctors of the Law.

THE ISLAMIC REVIEW has an article of considerable interest by M. Yakub Khan on the subject of Mysticism in Islam, and it may be noted that it was delivered originally as a lecture before the Summer School of Theology in the hall of Trinity College, Oxford. We are told that the word *Sufi* was unknown in the days of Mohammed, and is not met with earlier than the late second century of the Muslim era. It is said to be a derivative of *Tasawwuf*, itself of doubtful origin, though as to that which it connotes there is no uncertainty: it is "knowledge of the reality of things," attained in the state of illumination, being that of "broad daylight," when "things appear as they are." It operates outside the processes of material mind, being the outcome of a pure heart, which "becomes the tabernacle of the Divine," and Divine Light descends, like Arnold's "spark from heaven," unfolding before mental eyes "a vast vista of knowledge." It will be understood from the mode of presentation that this is a sketch of mystical attainment by one who surveys it only as through a glass and from a great distance. But it is useful from this point of view as an eastern's appreciation of the subject from the outward side. There are also some excellent quotations from mystic poets of Islam and a clear summary account of the degeneration which befell the Sufi movement. That which arose as a protest against mere formalism became itself "a stupendous structure of terms and trappings" which "crushed the vision of Ghazali, Rumi, Hafiz, and the rest of the great Sufis."

The editor of THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT does good service by recalling in a recent issue the circumstances under which Sir William Crookes began his researches into mediumistic phenomena more than fifty years ago, namely, as a complete or—as our contemporary says —an "implacable sceptic." It is not unprofitable also to read over a recapitulation of the Crookes experiments and the results obtained. It must be said that the literal citations from the old and now rare RESEARCHES seem to us not less convincing on the point of fact than they looked on the day when they first came into our hands. The

parting between Sir William Crookes and the materialized Katie within the cabinet, when she uttered her last farewell, remains inexplicable on any and all hypotheses, but especially on that of imposture. In view of such experiences we can understand at least the position of the illustrious investigator when, long years after—or in 1918—he said to the editor of THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE: "I have never had any occasion to change my mind. . . . It is quite true that a connection has been set up between this world and the next."

LA REVUE SPIRITE reports that at the recent Metapsychical Congress of Warsaw Dr. Geley gave a clear exposition of the grounds on which it can be affirmed that human survival is probable, not on account of our hopes, nor yet on the basis of revelations, but in the name and by reason of facts. The International Metapsychical Institute of Paris was recognized as the official centre of the subject throughout the world, and the REVUE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE was charged with the publication of its records. . . . PSYCHIC MAGAZINE has fulfilled its intention of devoting an entire issue to the work of M. Hector Durville, who passed away recently, as stated in these pages, at the age of seventy-five years. There is an adequate account of his activities as a magnetic healer and of his various discoveries which extended the field of the art. We learn also of circumstances which led to the foundation of the *Société Magnétique de France* and of the well-known JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME. The illustrations include portraits at different periods, from the time when Hector Durville wore the uniform of a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, and a sketch of him on his death-bed. We offer our sympathetic congratulations to his son, M. Henri Durville, on a memorial of lasting interest. The JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME contains the *Éloge Funèbre* delivered in the rooms of the Society by its President, M. Fabius de Champville. . . . M. Gabriel Delanne affirms that supernormal faculties are common to animals and men: his papers on the subject of *l'ame animale*, appearing recently in PSYCHICA, will appeal to many readers, and it is announced that there will be a further development in the author's forthcoming volume on Reincarnation. Meanwhile, other writers continue to discuss "animal psychology" in each issue of PSYCHICA, giving various notable instances. . . . In the course of this last summer LA REVUE MONDIALE gave space to proposals on the part of a Dr. J. Frumusan for the final settlement of mediumistic and metapsychical pretensions by means of a series of experiments conducted under rigorous conditions and ensuring unequivocal results, if any. Presumably they were to be devised by himself and he could obviously offer no guarantee that his personal satisfaction, if attained, would connote that of other sceptics. He did otherwise what he could, offering to defray all expenses of mediums who came forward, and what is described as "a large indemnity" if they agreed to "the programme of experiments and that of the tests proposed." As the nature of neither was indicated, it is not altogether surprising that his appeal received no response, and in the last issue of the review

he affirms that "the affair is judged," that all the phantoms have dispersed at the first suggestion of turning light upon them, and that they have gone to their proper place among tales of faerie. We venture to think otherwise, and shall not be astonished if the Metapsychical Institute continues its work of investigation and if its official organ should still record results. We think even that the naïve contributor to LA REVUE MONDIALE may yet try some other scheme of experiment, since after all he appears to recognize that something can be said for telepathy, supernormal knowledge, and even subconscious intuition. His ship of speculation has grounded presumably for the moment on the Goodwins of ectoplasm, but it may yet be towed into port, and even Professor Richet might prove a trustworthy pilot.

The QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the Grand Lodge of Iowa is a record of many activities, including those of a Service Committee. We hear also of new Temples and the growth of the library. We observe further that the question of religion is discussed freely, not only from the standpoint of "the Fatherhood of God," but on the controversial side, *e.g.*, as to whether it is meeting the needs of the present day, and whether the Catholic schools established by the Catholic Church for the education of Catholic children are or are not detrimental to the ideal of American citizenship, the basis of which is public school teaching, in the opinion of some or many. We cite these facts, not that in themselves they are of vital or particular consequence, but because of their diametrical opposition to Masonic procedure in England, where no official periodical would dream of debating such questions and no Lodge or Chapter would tolerate their discussion for a moment. . . . Mr. H. L. Haywood contributes an article on the Old Charges to a recent issue of THE BUILDER, his object being to affirm that there are no records so important as these for Masonic study. After what manner does not precisely emerge, and for two reasons: (1) because they happen to be operative memorials, and modern Freemasonry is emblematic; and (2) because Emblematic Freemasonry is governed by a Constitution which originated with Anderson in 1723, and drew very little indeed from anterior documents. . . . THE SQUARE has a notable paper on Masonry and Politics which proposes to prove, or at least opens by affirming, that the Order was mainly responsible for the success of the French Revolution. It is admitted that demonstration can be inferential only. The suggestion is that the German Weishaupt, described as a superrevolutionist, penetrated the French Lodges, not so much by means of the Order of Illuminati as by an Order of Perfectibilists, established in 1376. The history of this foundation is exceedingly obscure and there is no real evidence of its activity, along the lines suggested or otherwise. . . . THE CO-MASON has articles on the Ceremonial of the First Degree, on the Officers in Craft Lodges and their symbolism, and on the "setting maul." It is an interesting number as usual, and the notes from the Master's Chair continue to be an informing feature.

REVIEWS

FREEMASONRY: ITS AIMS AND IDEALS. By J. S. M. Ward, B.A., F.S.S., F.R.Econ.S., Author of "Freemasonry and the Ancient Gods," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN this his latest work, Mr. J. S. M. Ward has turned his attention from the past history of Freemasonry and its origins to the present status and immediate future of the Fraternity. He has had the courage to formulate without ambiguity certain definite anomalies and defects in the constitution and policy of Masonic bodies in this country and others which are obvious to every Mason who has more than a most casual interest in the Institution.

In the first part of the book Mr. Ward submits a thoughtful analysis of the principal ideals which are set before those who join Masonry in different countries, and shows that if any one of these ideals is pursued to the exclusion of others there is a danger that each in turn may prove to be a source of disruption, and subversive of that Great Ideal of universal love, harmony and peace, which should operate actively in all Masons, and through them in all the peoples of the earth. "Why," asks the author in the first page of his Introduction, is "Freemasonry so impotent"? In answer to this query he claims the attention of the reader in the second part of the work to several problems of the greatest importance to Freemasonry, which are seldom discussed openly and without bias, even amongst those who may be considered directly responsible for their solution. Mr. Ward considers, with reason, that the urgent questions which are awaiting decision should be faced squarely and settled authoritatively without delay, with a view to consolidating the whole fabric of modern Masonry throughout the world. If it is possible to reach an acceptable conclusion and inaugurate a working policy with regard to such vexed questions as the recogition of women Masons, the admission of coloured races to our lodges, and the establishment of harmonious relations between the Grand Lodges of the world, then, in the writer's opinion, Freemasonry would realize that great ideal whose powerful and beneficial influence might avert untold evils and disasters which are threatening the happiness, progress, and the very existence of millions at the present moment. These are undoubtedly fruitful matters for discussion, and if Mr. Ward's book receives from Freemasons the attention to which by its subject matter it is entitled, the dry bones of Freemasonry will rattle to such purpose that a new body will arise, replete with vitality and energy to join conflict with the ancient powers of chaos and inertia.

Certain paragraphs in the book may prove unpalatable to some Masons of the older school who wish to keep "the noiseless tenor of their way" unruffled and serene. In the consideration of questions of an acutely controversial nature such as the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, there must of necessity be many diverse opinions held by different members and sections of the Craft. In presenting these to the

reader Mr. Ward has avoided a didactic or dogmatic attitude, and such criticism as he offers is constructive rather than destructive in its nature. The only point he insists on is that all Masons should directly concern themselves in a united endeavour to attain a satisfactory settlement of the problems before them.

It is abundantly evident that "Freemasonry: Its Aims and Ideals" has not been written from a love of controversy or to champion any individual opinions, but from an earnest desire to realize a high conception of the ultimate destiny of the brotherhood as an instrument in the hands of Providence for the further progress of the human race.

P. S. WELLBY.

A DARTMOOR GALAHAD. By Beatrice Chase, Author of "Through a Dartmoor Window," etc. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.4; New York, Toronto, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. Price 6s. net.

THAT prayer should be a glorious canticle of praise and thankfulness, rather than a perpetual petitioning for favours and necessities of which an all-wise Heavenly Father knows our need before our asking, is the thought that glows through the pages of *A Dartmoor Galahad*, and this thought is interwoven with the knowledge that such praise can be offered in the commonplaces of the most humble daily duties, even as George Herbert expressed it long ago.

Contemplation and cookery, mysticism and murder, artless love-making, a gypsy's prophecy, and an eerie omen of recurring bloodstains (which has baffled even the astute wit of psychical researchers), are among the many threads woven together in the skilful brain, and set down by the dexterous pen, of Miss Beatrice Chase in this vivacious yet very touching volume.

We still follow the fortunes of Lady Avis, the leading character in Miss Chase's last novel, whom we find again on Dartmoor, with her husband, both of them utterly soul-weary of the trivialities of the so-called "gay world" with its forgetfulness of any other, and determined to show in their own lives the dignity, and often the joy, of manual work, without even the doubtful aid of one incompetent "char," or "strange, inferior, hostile woman, who could give a month's notice any day!"

A truly beautiful soul is Galahad, the youthful eremite, living in his little moorland sanctuary, yet never losing the brightness which should ever go hand in hand with religion that is real. . . . Galahad, of whom his sister says:

> "He never opens his lips without uttering some glad and unexpected message. One is never in his presence without being lifted, and by no self-effort either, to a higher plane.
>
> "The unseen spirit-world is realler to him than the material, or, rather, it so permeates and vitalizes the material as to be inseparable from it."

Many will see eye to eye with Galahad, who, insistent that the Passion and the Death of our Lord are over, has no crucifix on his altar, but looks to the mystery of the Chalice and the Host, with their glorious symbolism of Christ "Risen and Triumphant," Who "lives in the fruits of earth, in the ivory white of wheat, and the ruby of the vine, since His Resurrection."

How Galahad's call first came to him on the moonlit Altar-Stone of Bellever, and how at last he learnt that his shelter was indeed "acceptable to the Divine Outlaw," readers must discover for themselves. It is all conveyed with the swift and vivid simplicity so characteristic of the author, and by which she goes straight to our hearts.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE HOUSE OF THE SECRET (*La Maison des Hommes Vivants*). By Claude Farrère. Translated by Arthur Livingston. London: J.M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Pp. iv + 234. Price 6*s*.

FROM the fact that we eat to live a host of ugly images arises, and it is not surprising that speculations about physical immortality should bring vampires into the fictionist's theatre. Intensity, vividness, keep "Dracula" alive as the particular representative of fiction inspired by mordacious vampirism, and one may say of *La Maison des Hommes Vivants* (living men who never were dead) that it may be a pioneer of a class of criminal fiction suggested by the knowledge of ectoplasm. M. Farrère's criminals have learned how to transfer, by magnetic energy, cells from one human being to another. The victim loses weight astoundingly, but is unconscious of the deed which appropriates part of his or her physical substance.

Told in the first person, M. Farrère's novel contains some powerful and ingenious writing, and there is a passage about the cramping effect on the mind of the anticipation of death which warmed my heart towards one of his wicked noblemen. Unfortunately the brevity of the novel forbids most of its few characters to become much more real to the reader than Mr. and Mrs. Initials in the average authentic ghost story.

W. H. CHESSON.

ÉCOUTONS LES MORTS. By Gabriel Delanne et G. Bourniquet. Paris: Henri Durville, Imprimeur-Editeur, 23 rue Saint-Merri. Price 8 francs.

"*QUAND trois spirites sont assis autour d'un guéridon il n'y a que le guéridon qui a de l'esprit.*" Thus wrote the sceptical M. Vassallo, editor of "Il Secolo XIX," in the wisdom of his ignorance, more than twenty years ago. How he became a convert to "Le Spiritisme," through the wonderful mediumship of Eusapia Palladino, and the appearance of a dearly-loved son who gave him full proof of survival, is set forth in the first chapter of this admirable work. A second instance equally striking is the signed narrative of Count Potocki in the same chapter, Dr. Geley taking a prominent part in the séance. Therefore, add the authors, having demonstrated to their satisfaction (and may it be added, to the satisfaction of all readers possessing average intelligence), the incontrovertible fact of human survival (and thereby emphasizing the central truth of the New Testament), by objective mediumship, they propose to demonstrate the same fact through the channel known as "subjective."

Accordingly the remainder, and greater part, of this volume is devoted to a succession of carefully classified and well-attested records of "trance" mediumship, almost up to date; séances at which a number of eminent persons assisted, including M. Camille Flammarion, who so recently

honoured the English Society for Psychical Research by becoming its president for the present year.

With untiring industry, and the perseverance enthusiasm alone can give, the results of each séance are analysed. Communications, visions and descriptions, were set down *verbatim* at the moment of sitting, and afterward verified, often under the most discouraging conditions, sometimes even in the face of apparent failure. One might quote several of the innumerable instances given, but the student of these matters must be referred to the book itself, and advised to read it from cover to cover with the same consideration that would be accorded to any other study thought worthy of scientific attention.

The authors divide their narratives into sections dealing respectively with manifestations coloured apparently by the medium's mentality; with others, again, which are purely fabrications, or guess-work; finally, with those which leave no room or loophole for doubt that they have emanated from visitants no longer hampered by a physical body, but still sufficiently in touch with the earth-plane by ties of memory and association to be able to prove unmistakably their identity. In conclusion:

"La lueur qui nous a guidé est encore bien faible, bien vacillante, bien lointaine, et nos moyens d'exploration bien imparfaits. N'importe! notre certitude est absolue. Nous savons que nous sommes sur la bonne route; nous sommes sûrs d'arriver au but."

EDITH K. HARPER.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL AND POETIC APPROACH TO THE STUDY OF CHRIST IN THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

MISS GORE-BOOTH'S illuminating and convincing method of study as applied to St. John's Gospel has the peculiar quality of conviction which Truth possesses. Nothing convinces like Truth, because Truth is its own witness and its own proof, quite apart from what people think.

The first part of the book consists in explanatory essays on religion and its immediate relation to the psyche, or human soul. Certain fundamental ideas, such as the threefold nature of God and of the soul, are brought forward, and in the second part these ideas are applied to the study of Christ in St. John's Gospel. Spiritual Truth can be neither proved nor disproved by argument. "Christ's aim was to make people see truth, not to try and prove it," and it will be admitted that Miss Gore-Booth's inner or poetic test of religion is the method most in harmony with Christ's own method of expression. The importance of the threefold nature of God and the soul is particularly insisted on: Love, Truth, and Life are eternally one, even though one aspect may predominate. That is to say, Truth is not Truth unless it is Love and Life as well, and Love is not Love unless it is also Truth and Life. Or, in Miss Gore-Booth's words, "Love psychically expressed is Life, mentally expressed it is Truth. Truth spiritually expressed is Love, psychically expressed it is Life. Life mentally expressed is Truth, spiritually expressed it is Love. These are not three Gods, but one God." By Love the author does not mean emotion or sensation, but the intellectual faculty of imagination and self-identification with others. There are many wonderful, because

true, passages in the book, such as : " The belief in an external, powerful Entity ruling the universe is not the knowledge of God, and makes it impossible to understand the inner divineness of Christ " ; " If you seem to have accepted a truth passively, you have not accepted it at all " ; " Christ possessed everything because he gave everything away " ; " Psychic greatness . . . consists in the spiritualization of the psyche " ; " If the knowledge of Christ is not Love, it is not Truth " ; " One does not really know anything that one does not try to live " ; " To escape from animal death we must escape from animal life " ; " Slavery is always easier than freedom."

This *Study of Christ* will be of signal assistance to the earnest student of religion, whether he be an adherent of the Church or not, and also to the evergrowing multitude who are in danger of losing the impulse of religion altogether because they refuse to accept a dogmatic interpretation of the Gospels. It is a book which has not merely been written, but lived.

MEREDITH STARR.

HER GUIDING VOICE. By John Edward Ambrose, author of " The Voice of the Silence," etc. Boston, Mass. : The Christopher Publishing House, 1140 Columbus Avenue. Price (cloth) $2.

No fault can be found either with the theme or the purpose of this work, which tells of the reclamation of a prodigal son by the unseen guidance of a devoted mother. The author makes no claim to literary craftsmanship, but believes his book to have been produced under inspiration. It would therefore be superfluous to criticize it from the point of view of the intellectual or cultivated reader. One can, however, express the hope that those for whom it is intended will find profit in its perusal.

The author refers to " the *Statute* of Liberty, which welcomes all new-comers to her shores " (America), and tells us that one of his characters " worked steady, refusing to be led away by his associates." Also, " In a few days all was ready, and she helped pack his trunk and grips, knowing everything was spick and span and ready for him when he took up his new lodgings." There is much more to the same effect. We are told, for instance, that " Some people may think differently, and even go so far as to censure a person for thinking that Bennie was inspired on by ' Her Guiding Voice,' but let this appeal to their inner selves, but do not argue."

These engaging extracts are typical of the whole.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE OUTLANDS OF HEAVEN. Of the Series " The Life Beyond the Veil." By Rev. G. Vale Owen. Formerly Vicar of Orford. Edited by the Rev. G. Eustace Owen. London : Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

' IT took a quarter of a century to convince me—ten years that spirit communication was a fact, and fifteen that the fact was legitimate and good." Such is the frank declaration of Mr. Vale Owen in some Introductory remarks which are reprinted in the present volume. And before beginning its perusal new readers are advised to acquaint themselves with the method by which these Messages were received in a long sequence,

when once the Vicar of Orford had allowed himself to take pencil in hand, in the silence and sanctity of his little vestry at eventide.

"The words of the messages," he explains, "seem to travel on a celestial-mundane telephonic current. He can hear them interiorly in much the same manner as he is able to hum over a well-remembered tune, or to reproduce a speech he has heard with all its inflections and cadences, pathetic or uplifting—all this interiorly and without himself uttering a word."

Child-life in what to us is the Unseen is full of charm and beauty as described by the Messengers in touch with Mr. Vale Owen. We are told of the games the children play, which are many and varied. Some of us, indeed, are not without an inkling of these lovely fantasies, even though conveyed to us only in so-called "dreams." . . .

"All these games have an underlying motive of education. The little ones are thus helped in their development by association with the elder boys and girls in their manipulation of the natural forces which they press into their service in these ways."

In Book VI, "The Outlands of Heaven," stress is laid on one great and important fact: "Every one goes to his Own Place." . . . "On crossing over here by death you do at one operation cast off the environment of matter and begin at once to operate in an environment of spirit . . . it is not possible for those much various in temperament to dwell together. All would be confusion."

This in itself will constitute something like heaven for many who on earth have been the helpless victims of inharmonious environment, even though such environment may have played its necessary part in the development of character, as expressed by Saint Francis in his Parable of Perfect Joy.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE GREATEST POWER IN THE WORLD. By Paul Tyner, author of "The Living Christ," etc. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Price 3s. net.

THIS is a practical and clearly written elucidation of the meaning of true Prayer, from the author's point of view, which is also that of the majority of thinking people at the present day. True prayer is never a grovelling request for favours from an arbitrary tyrant, but the often unspoken consciousness of the soul that it is in the presence of its Maker,—that "Heavenly Father" Who knoweth beforehand what is best for us,—the *real* best, which is so much better than our own fancied best may be. In other words, this book is a modern application of Brother Lawrence's never-failing "Practice of the Presence of God."

"Prayer is the simplest as well as the greatest thing in the world," writes Mr. Tyner in his Foreword, and the aim of his present book is to offer a few simple suggestions for the restoration of that which, as he says, "for most of us . . . has become a lost art." As a friend in the Unseen has told me: "It is all so simple, people won't believe it!"

Many books have been written on this engrossing subject, and Archdeacon Wilberforce long ago was supreme in his exposition of the true meaning of Prayer, that "Power that worketh in us." Still, we can always welcome more to the same good purpose, and Mr. Tyner's book—

which is agreeably written in spite of his habit of certain " split infinitives " —can be sure of finding a niche among such works.

The author finishes each of his chapters with some appropriate and beautiful quotation, such as the following words of Cardinal Manning:

" We have with us the strength of the Holy Spirit. When did we ever set ourselves sincerely to any work according to the will of God, and fail for want of strength? If we could but embrace the Divine Will with the whole love of ours, cleaving to it and holding fast to it, we should be borne along as upon 'the river of the water of life.' "

EDITH K. HARPER.

AUTO-SUGGESTION, AND ITS PERSONAL APPLICATION. By J. Herbert Duckworth. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price 6s. net.

IN all the world there is no more universally discussed subject than that of auto-suggestion.

Mr. J. Herbert Duckworth advances the discoveries of M. Coué in a most interesting manner. He remarks, however, that M. Coué's auto-suggestion " differs from other methods of faith-healing, because faith does not enter into the philosophy." Had this author made a more exhaustive study of " other methods " he might have discovered, as M. Coué has, that hundreds of men and women in the different schools of transcendentalism are working on exactly the same basis as the Nancy School, employing the faith of the patients when it is to be had but not failing in their results for lack of it, and even recognizing what the Frenchman has named the great " law of reversed effort." To these schools M. Coué brings nothing new, but to psychological research and to the layman he brings much that is new. The world in general has not been interested in the methods of the transcendentalists, but it has listened to him and become enriched. Granted there is a school of modern thought which does not recognize a scientific basis and scientific methods for its practices, but makes definite, absolute statements with what appears to be indefinite, relative understanding. Perhaps the author had this school in mind.

Coué's gift, " the law of reversed effort," may be summarized as the battle waged between the will and the imagination when any issue of importance is the prize. The more you will not to think about the ruin which is facing you the more tenderly does the imagination conjure up the feared and hateful image. The more you declare " I will get well " the more you imply your illness. M. Coué counsels the avoidance of effort in making the suggestion of change to the sub-conscious, and to accomplish this one makes automatic, passive, and casual repetitions of a formula. In this way one sort of steals a march on the unwary imagination, and before it realizes anything is going on it finds the house in which it is living in a healthy, happy state and it itself basking in rose clouds instead of lurking about its old haunts of grey depression.

It appears indisputable that the unconscious or sub-conscious strata of mental life affects the colour and tone of all our experiences, and it follows, therefore, that this strata should be filled with the elements of harmony, life, joy, prosperity, and success. This being true, we should guard our thinking and no more admit a vandal thought into our mental stronghold than we should into our country home.

Auto-suggestion and its Personal Application is an edifying and interesting book for one seeking light on this subject, and will be a messenger of freedom to many, for it carries the seed of freedom.

HELEN CRANE.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM THE GREAT IDEAL. In Five Parts. By Annie Pitt (Aziel), Author of "Life," etc., etc. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WE are given to understand that the author of this book is the chosen intermediary of a group of spiritual beings spoken of as "The Love Circle." She explains in her Foreword the methods by which the teaching of this spirit group has been conveyed through her own mentality, in particular by one whom she speaks of as her guide, "Aziel."

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There is much to lay to heart in "Aziel's" reminder that:

"The angels order our pathway in a general manner, and they know what we want much better than we know ourselves, and on the material platform we are provided with all things naturally, and it is but man's inhumanity to man which causes so much grief, trouble poverty, and misconception of good in the world. These awful experiences are but allowed to teach us the discipline of life, and to drive us, as it were, to seek consolation on a higher plane of being."

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SONNETS. By Elise Emmons. Leamington Spa: A. Tomes, Bedford Street.

TWENTY-NINE sonnets from the facile pen of Miss Elise Emmons make up the contents of this booklet. As is always the case with this writer's verse, a deep sense of the beauty of nature, and a warm sympathy with her fellow creatures, are interwoven with a religious sentiment which is never morbid.

The handy compass of this little volume should make it suitable for sending at Christmas instead of the ordinary Christmas or New Year greeting card.

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BLAKE FOR BABES. A Popular Illustrated Introduction to the Works of William Blake. By Thomas Wright. 9¼ ins. × 5¾ ins., pp. 37 + 6 plates. Olney, Bucks: Thomas Wright, Cowper Schools. Price *7s. 6d.* net.

THE genius of William Blake has called into existence a very large number of books written to interpret, to eulogize frequently, and sometimes to criticize the extraordinary works which it created and the personality that lay behind them. In spite of their number, however, this new addition thereto is very welcome, for it fills a real need. The " babes " for whom it is written are, of course, all those adult minds brought into contact with the mysticism of Blake for the first time; and the idea that such are indeed babes in comparison with the genius of Blake is sustained throughout the book by the pleasing device of its form, which is that of a dialogue between the author himself, in his function of Secretary of the Blake Society, and a little girl of six, who asks questions in the language of adults, but yet is really six in her conception of the meaning of Blake's fascinating creations. Mr. Wright has a pretty wit, which he here uses to good purpose, and he combines a lightness of touch with a profound understanding of his subject—the result of enthusiastic study —in a way that should prove extremely palatable to " babes." Naturally the book does not contain an exhaustive exposition of Blake's symbolism such as is to be found attempted, for example, in the work of M. Berger, though it is surprising how much in the way of interpretation he has managed to pack into so slender a volume. I thought, for example, that I understood the Book of Thel; but I now understand it better, thanks to Mr. Wright. The main object of the book, however, is to stimulate interest in Blake. " I say to all men," writes the author, " if you wish your heart to warm, and your blood to leap, if you wish to augment your vitality, and to aid the development of your personality,

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H. S. REDGROVE.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC for 1924. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co. Price 1s. net.

RAPHAEL'S ALMANAC for 1924. London: W. Foulsham & Co. Ltd., Price 9d. With ephemeris, 1s. 9d.

Zadkiel's Almanac, although under new editorship, follows closely on the lines of its predecessor, the ephemeris being interleaved with the almanac itself, the main difference being an improvement in the type and a red cover in place of the old white one. There are articles dealing with the Japanese earthquake and eclipses generally, and, more important still to many students of astrology, a record of the dates on which summer-time began and ended from the year 1916 and onwards. A slip with regard to this is a serious matter for astrologers, as it upsets the whole horoscope. It would be well to add in some subsequent issue the records with regard to summer-time in other countries than Great Britain. There are also some notes with regard to the primary directions in King George's nativity for the forthcoming year. The ascendant is given as Aries 0.15, which is, I think, Mr. Pearce's rectification—a slightly earlier date than the official record, which gives 1.18 A.M., not 1.15. The conjunction of the Sun and Mars in this horoscope falls in the spring of 1924 and threatens personal and political troubles of a serious kind. As Mars is in the Fifth House at birth there may be some family troubles. The predictions based on the quarterly figures are given as usual. I cannot help thinking that it would be much appreciated by astrologers if the figures themselves for the ingress at each quarter were also given. Sometimes the mere description of the positions is apt to be misleading. For the winter ingress, for instance, Mars is given as on the cusp of the Fourth House. It is, however, actually in the Third, by longitude fully 5 degrees away from this cusp, in addition to which it has a small amount of north latitude. Neptune again, which is described as just rising, has already ascended 8 degrees. Personally I question if Mars in the Fifth so far from the cusp of

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the Fourth House has very much influence as regards Fourth House affairs.

Raphael's Almanac is also to hand, and here I gather that the work was done mainly under the old editorship, though, curiously enough, the Editors of both almanacs passed away during the same year. Raphael's contains an aspectarian as well as an ephemeris, but the price in the copies which incorporate this is 1*s.* 9*d.* Full birthday information is given in Raphael, but so much depends as regards the revolutionary or birthday figure on the exact moment of birth that this information is necessarily liable to be untrustworthy.

The late Editor of *Raphael's Almanac* took a keen interest in the OCCULT REVIEW, as also did Mr. A. J. Pearce, the Editor of *Zadkiel.*

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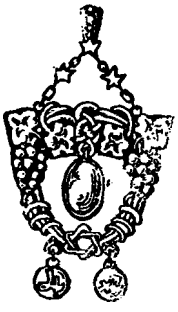

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