

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

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REVIEWS

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George Sheringham 1907.



relation which exists between initiation as a ceremonial experience and initiation as a spiritual achievement.

Initiatory rites, as M. Wirth clearly perceives, cannot in themselves give access to the mysteries. Their purpose is to teach the aspirant, by means of illustrative ceremonies, how he can achieve Initiation in his own inward experience. They show him symbolically, step by step, the successive stages of self-knowledge and self-discipline which culminate in full subjective revelation. And the formal ceremonies having been undergone, it remains for the aspirant himself to determine by his own future conduct how far he shall progress towards the attainment of the ideal which those ceremonies express. What precisely it is that is acquired in the full empirical initiation M. Wirth does not attempt to say; nor, indeed, could he have told us in terms which the mass of mankind would understand. For the mysteries to which true Initiation gives access can never be profaned by indiscriminate transmission to the multitude. COLIN STILL.

LA VERITÉ SUR L'ATLANTIDE. By R. M. Gattefossé. Lyons: Anciens Etablissements Legendre.

M. GATTEFOSSÉ, who has already written on the subject of the lost Atlantis, now essays a more extended elucidation of the problems it offers in a little volume of 142 pages. He supposes a Hyperborean origin for a part of the Atlantean race, and upholds this theory by evidences gathered in the fields of mythology, ethnology and philology. Assuming that the terrestrial paradise, the Elysian Fields and the Biblical Eden were "memories" of an Atlantic continent, he offers the solution that at the commencement of the Pliocene epoch, the last great geological division of time, a Hyperborean continent occupied a latitude which, by the shifting of the earth's axis, was suddenly changed from a tropical to an arctic environment. This occasioned a gradual revolution in the manners and customs of its inhabitants. In the course of time the cult of the sun which, under the new conditions, appeared for six months in the year only, was developed, its worship being fostered by the periodic disappearance of the luminary. The Hyperboreans at a later time migrated widely, carrying their solar religion with them, and settling in Greece, Syria and other southern latitudes, including Atlantis, with whose population they intermingled.

It is a little difficult to understand why the problems which already perplex students of the Atlantean theory should be complicated by a thesis which would require a much greater amount of proof for its successful presentation than M. Gattefossé has afforded us. Indeed his idea seems to be based almost wholly on Dupuis' theory of the northern origin of solar worship and by fugitive notices in Greek literature regarding an ancient connection between the Hyperboreans and the peoples of the Elysian Isles. Nor is his linguistic data, with its implications of philological resemblances between American and European languages, satisfactory, and his remarks on the Atlantean and Hyperborean origin of certain existing races are too vague and general to carry conviction. At the same time the book holds the interest inherent in its fascinating subject, and is the result of earnest labour and an enthusiastic desire to probe to the roots of an absorbing mystery. LEWIS SPENCE.



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George Sheringham 1907.



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# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

"YOU will never become a giant if you only make a pigmy's claim for yourself, if you only expect a pigmy's part. A statue follows the model. The model is the inward vision." So wrote Dr. Marden.

"Practise what you preach," says the old adage. Of Orison Swett Marden it may be truly said that he preached to others what he had already practised himself in his own life, and proved the truth of in his own experience. He does not indeed tell this to the readers of his books. These are written in a style at once easy, simple and forcible, and abundantly illustrated by felicitous instances. But perhaps the most felicitous instance of all would be found by those who were familiar with his life story in his own fight against crushing obstacles and reverses from which he rose invariably triumphant, by dint of a faith in himself which no discouragement could break down or undermine. The

title of one of his best-known books, *He Can who Thinks He Can*, might well serve as the motto of his whole career. "Men,"



he tells us, "who have left their mark on the world have often been implicit followers of their faith when they could see no light and their faith has led them through the darkness of doubt and hardship into the Promised Land."

So it was with Marden. No one, I think, could have commenced life under more disadvantageous circumstances. Marden was a New Englander by birth. "Out of the very hardness of his environment," says a co-worker,\* "the austere hills, the harsh New England climate, the stony soil, he drew that indomitable strength of character that made him a leader and an inspirer of men." His mother died at the age of twenty-two when the subject of this sketch was scarcely three years old (he was born in 1850), and four years later he lost his father, Lewis Marden, and thus found himself an orphan at the age of seven with two little sisters, Mary and Rose. The three were

UNHAPPY-  
NESS OF  
HIS EARLY  
LIFE.

sent in the first instance to the home of their grandmother in an out-of-the-way corner of New England, but being in poor circumstances she was unable to keep them permanently. Orison's early life was accordingly entrusted to a guardian who evidently regarded the boy as a nuisance, and sent him away successively to five different families in New Hampshire, who seem to have got what work they could out of the small boy and to have given as little as possible in return. Anyhow, it is clear that he had a very hard life and insufficient food. Writing of this period his biographer says:—

Up before daylight and work until dark with the scantiest fare, no leisure or recreation, but plentiful whippings and hard knocks, this henceforth was to be the child's portion. When he was not doing chores about the house he was engaged in such farm work as a small boy could do. Out of the farm season the balance of his time was employed in picking stones which covered the entire farm. . . . Whenever he timidly suggested that he would like to go to play with the children in the neighbourhood he was curtly reprimanded for his presumption. . . . A little intermittent schooling in winter when there was nothing to be done on the backwoods farms, barefooted and poorly clad, sleeping in the attic sometimes on the bare floor without even a straw mattress, the snow blowing over him and the cold so intense that he could hardly go to sleep, he struggled onwards towards adolescence.

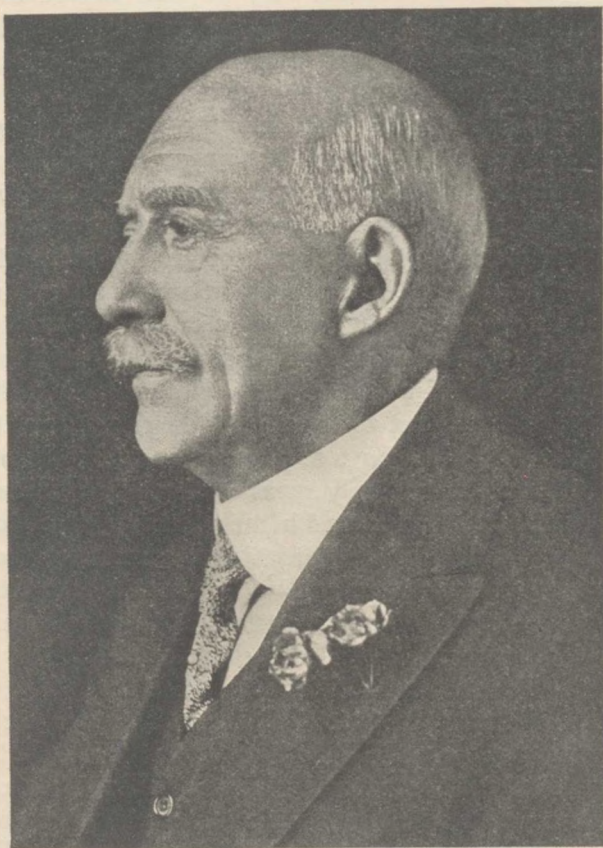
One day a farmer who lived three miles across the river promised the lad that if he would get his cows and sheep home for him during the summer he would pay him liber-

\* Margaret Connolly in the *Success Magazine*, founded by Dr. Marden.



ally. The boy undertook the task with eagerness, but in the end, when his help was no longer required, and he called on the farmer for payment for his summer's work, he was rewarded with the sum of 25 cents! This seems to have been the last straw, and Orison made up his mind to run away, and get on as best he could on his own account. Accordingly, tying his scanty possessions together

A SUMMER'S  
WORK AND  
ITS PAY!



ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

in a bundle, he made for the open road. He first obtained employment at a sawmill fifteen miles away from the spot where he had been living, at a place called Mad River Valley. Here, in plying a circular saw, the operation of which he apparently only partially understood, he came near to losing the thumb of his right hand, and in fact never fully recovered the use of it, a mishap peculiarly unfortunate for one who was destined in the future to use his pen so freely.



Here, however, he was fortunate in having his desires for a better education and a wider life encouraged by a girl in the house at which he was sent to board. The boy was gratefully appreciative of her help, and scoured the countryside for any stray books that were to be borrowed, reading them in his attic by the light of a candle at any odd moment that he could find. Among

A GIRL  
FRIEND AND  
A BOOK TO  
THE RESCUE.

these he happened to pick up a copy of Smiles's *Self Help*, a book very popular indeed in its day, but now, I suppose, scarcely ever read. However, if no one else had read it but Orison Swett Marden, the book would not have been written in vain. "That day," Marden tells us, in an interesting autobiographical reminiscence, "marked the turning point of my life. I read and reread the wonderful book. It was a revelation to me. The stories of poor boys climbing to the top so inspired me that I resolved to get out of the woods, to get an education at any cost, and to make something of myself. The picture of Samuel Smiles in an old

SAMUEL  
SMILES  
AS INSPIRER.

shed talking to poor boys gathered from the streets of London about success in life, showing them their possibilities and trying to arouse their ambition by pointing out to them that they, too, might become great men, even as other boys as poor as themselves, had thrilled my imagination. It not only awakened me to a knowledge of my own possibilities, but created in me a burning desire to develop them with the object of one day doing something that would stimulate and encourage struggling American boys like myself who had no money or friends or relatives to develop and make the most of the powers that God had given them."

By dint of extra hard work and rigid economy, Marden managed to scrape together \$2., the whole of which he expended in the purchase of a large blank note-book. On the opening page he printed the motto which he had adopted as expressive of the guiding principle of his life: "Let every occasion be a

THE  
GUIDING  
PRINCIPLE.

great occasion, for you cannot tell when Fate may be taking your measure for a larger place." He jotted down from time to time his views and his ideas in this "dream-book" as he called it, and from the thoughts and beliefs which he embodied here eventually arose the rough beginnings of the first book which he ever wrote, *Pushing to the Front*, a book which though not completed till long after this humble inception, it is interesting to note was offered by him simultaneously to three publishers, and accepted, to his no little embarrassment, by all three! At this point Marden



appealed to his guardian to assist him financially, so that he might be enabled to go to a preparatory school in New London. The guardian, however, was, as the phrase goes, "hard as nails," and absolutely unsympathetic. The request was contemptuously refused, with the scornful observation, "You will never amount to a hill of beans, any way." The guardians of youth are not too often, it must be admitted, endowed with foresight and intuition as regards their charges, and one is reminded of Sir Walter Scott's schoolmaster, who observed with regard to him when a small boy, that "dunce he was and dunce he would remain." This particular guardian was not merely unsympathetic but hostile. He went so far as to threaten to "post" his ward in the county paper if he should attempt to leave his situation. Marden, however, was not daunted by these threats. Threats of the kind, in fact, seemed merely to serve him as an added stimulus. Dressed in a rough woollen shirt, shabby coat and trousers, and a pair of cowhide boots, he started off for Colby Academy, New London, fifty miles away, without having any idea of the means by which he might obtain the education there which he so ardently sought. They took him, however, at the Academy, under some arrangement by which he worked to pay for his education, waiting at the table in the students' boarding-house, chopping wood and sawing trees, still all the while musing on his dream-book, and adding new material to it from every possible source.

On leaving the Academy he returned to the New Hampshire woods, hoping to secure for himself a position as teacher in a district school. In this he failed in the first instance, and perforce returned to his old ways of making a living, until he had reached his twentieth year. A little money had been left to the children by their father, and this was held in trust by the guardian. Orison appealed to him to disburse it, but the nest-egg was never forthcoming, and seems to have been dissipated in some way by the guardian and his wife. However this may have been, Orison appealed to the law, but the judge favoured the guardian, and he could get no satisfaction. "What do you want with money?" asked the guardian's wife. "It would not do you any good, for you won't amount to anything, anyway." Having failed to obtain a position as teacher, Marden resolved to set up a school of his own. He hired an old shop and was successful in roping in some dozen pupils. At this

THE  
GUARDIAN  
WHO  
WOULDN'T.

MARDEN  
TRIES HIS  
HAND AT  
TEACHING.



form of educational work he managed to earn twelve dollars a month. "Not the Salary but the Opportunity," is the catch-line of a chapter in one of Marden's inspirational booklets. The thought, like so many others, was doubtless taken from his own early experiences. His venture had not merely brought him in the twelve dollars monthly. He had proved his teaching capacity and the stuff he was made of, by licking into shape some of the most unruly boys in the neighbourhood, and as a result received offers from educational establishments in which he taught for several terms.

With the money thus earned in his pocket he started for the New Hampshire Institute, from which he graduated with honours in 1873, having earned the affection alike of teachers and fellow-students. He passed thence to Boston University, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Here also he was made a Bachelor of Oratory, having already earned distinction in this connection, and overcome his early diffidence and timidity. In this instance, too, the character of the man stands out. When he was called upon to make his first speech, he completely lost his head. "My voice," he says, "stuck in my

EDUCATION  
AND  
HONOURS.

throat, and everything I had ever known fled from my memory. I stammered something, faltered, broke, and rushed for my seat." In his subsequent humiliation he vowed to conquer his bashfulness and nervousness, and ended by carrying off the platform honours, and for two successive years received the first prize for oratory and original composition. After leaving Boston University he entered Harvard Medical School, and the Boston University Law School at the same time, winning there the degrees of M.D. and LL.B. At Boston University Marden had conducted a boarding club for students and professors, which was successful in attracting the attention of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, then President of Harvard, who asked him to form a similar club there, a work which he undertook with such success that it has now a membership of some 1,500 students.

In spite of his college successes, Marden was not too proud to accept humble positions in the vacation, feeling the need of the money they would bring in, and seeing, as always, the possibilities to which they might lead. Thus during the summer vacations at Harvard, he worked first as a waiter and then later as manager at several summer hotels, the capacity which he showed leading to rapid preferment. His enterprise in this direction seemed likely for a time to prove a determining factor in his life, and it



threatened to involve the at least partial eclipse of his educational and literary interests. In one season, as manager of a summer

HE BECOMES  
AN HOTEL  
MANAGER  
AND VISITS  
EUROPE.

hotel, he actually made as much as 5,000 dollars. This led to his starting an hotel of his own at Block Island. His prosperity in this connection enabled him to take a long holiday in Europe with the view of broadening his mind by travel and further study. With this object he visited France, Ger-

many, Great Britain, Austria and Italy, in which latter country he nearly met his death through an attack of Roman fever. On his return he resumed his business activities in connection with his hotel and eventually became proprietor of two more hotels in Kearney, Nebraska, and also in Grand Island. His success in this direction, however, was not destined to last long. A succession of misfortunes overtook him. Kearney was hit by a prolonged drought, and many of the largest investments in real estate there became worthless. Smallpox, at the same time, ravaged Grand Island, from which the visitors naturally fled.

A SUCCESSION OF  
REVERSES.

The crowning blow was the destruction by fire of the Midway Hotel at Kearney, which appears not to have been properly insured. Not only was the hotel destroyed, but all Orison's notes and MSS. were burned with it, including that of *Pushing to the Front*, which had just been completed. Marden's characteristic indomitable determination was here again well shown. While the ruins of the hotel were still smouldering, he walked down the street, bought a 25-cent note-book, and began writing *Pushing to the Front* over again.

Dr. Marden was now almost penniless, and had to recommence his struggles *de novo*. But he had had experience and shown capacity, and a man of such calibre would be inevitably in demand. As a matter of fact at this time he received a telegram from California begging him to accept the management of a leading hotel there at a handsome salary. He had, however, made up his mind to embark on a literary career, to write books which might, as he said, be "an inspiration and help to strugglers who were

HE EMBARKS  
ON A  
LITERARY  
CAREER.

trying to be somebody and do something in the world." As already stated in an earlier page, *Pushing to the Front* had been typed in triplicate and was accepted by all three publishers to whom it was offered. The book was eventually brought out by the Houghton Mifflin Co., and actually ran through twelve editions in the first year. The great popularity of this book, the sales of



which to date have run into over a million copies, suggested to the author the desirability of starting a monthly magazine along similar lines. With the assistance of some friends, the *Success Magazine* was accordingly launched, being first published in Boston, and afterwards from the Success Building, Twenty-second Street, New York. The basic idea of the magazine was that true success consisted in self-development, the building of character, and service to mankind. The venture met with considerable financial success, and simultaneously with its publication Dr. Marden brought out numerous further books on the lines of *Pushing to the Front*, such as *The Optimistic Life*, *The Miracle of Right Thought*, *He Can who Thinks He Can*, *Every Man a King*, *Self Investment*, etc., etc. These books met with a similarly cordial reception to *Pushing to the Front*, not only in America, but in many other parts of the world, translations of them appearing not only in the leading European languages, but in Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani, Arabic, etc. The magazine, however, was destined after a time to miscarry through bad business management, and remained in abeyance for several years. Eventually it was republished in an improved and altered form, and its initial success equalled, if not eclipsed. This new series was commenced at a period of crisis in 1918, when the War had sent up prices of paper, printing, etc., to an exorbitant figure, and Marden was warned by many that his enterprise was ill advised and doomed to failure. He retorted, however, "Now is the time above all others that people need the sort of mental food that *Success* will give them, for they require stimulus and encouragement as they have never needed it before." The financial support of Mr. F. C. Lowry, of Chicago, an old friend of Marden's, was enlisted in its favour, and Marden's confidence was once more justified.

Dr. Marden remained unmarried till late in life, but in 1906 he fell in love with and married a talented Southern girl, of Kentucky, by whom he had, like his father, a son and two daughters. He had now established his home in Sea Cliff, Long Island, where his domestic happiness redoubled his ardour for the work which he had at heart. It was only last spring that Dr. Marden passed away, at the mature age of seventy-five, at Los Angeles; but surely it may be said of him, as it was of John Brown, that though his body lies mouldering in the dust, his spirit goes marching on. His latest book, *The Conquest of Worry*, has quite recently been brought out by his American

THE  
"SUCCESS"  
MAGAZINE.

HIS  
MARRIED  
LIFE.



publishers, the T. Y. Crowell Co., of New York, and an English edition will be issued almost immediately by William Rider & Son, Ltd., the publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW. I understand that Dr. Marden has left further manuscripts behind him, so that this is not likely to be quite the last of his books. Mrs. Marden, I am informed, is continuing her husband's work as editor of the *Success Magazine*.

At times Dr. Marden in his writings is remarkably reminiscent of Prentice Mulford, many of whose ideas he seems to have assimilated. Take, for instance, the following paragraph from *Peace, Power and Plenty* :—

When we appreciate the fact that every thought and emotion is quickly registered, even in the remotest cell in the body, we shall learn to be extremely careful of the character of the thought and the emotion. We shall then know that the harbouring of sick, discouraged, despondent thoughts, thoughts of fear, worry, jealousy, hatred, anger, and selfishness, will deteriorate the integrity of the entire cell life, and that the health standards will not only drop, but that our mental and physical energy alike will be diminished accordingly. We shall then know that the health thought, the robust, vigorous thought, will react upon and give an uplift to every cell in the body.

And again, in teaching the value of self-suggestion, he recalls the earlier pioneer of New Thought. "I know persons," he tells us, "who have performed wonders in reforming themselves by self-suggestion on retiring at night, holding the happy, inspiring, helpful suggestion in mind up to the point of unconsciousness . . . If we have any difficulty or weakness we should hold firmly and persistently in mind before we go to sleep just the opposite characteristic or quality. This will tend to attract to us the thing we long for."

MARDEN  
AND  
PRENTICE  
MULFORD.

But Marden is more practical and less idealistic than Prentice Mulford. He had ever in mind others circumstanced like himself in early life, who would have to overcome similar obstacles to those with which he was confronted, and by precept and example he never tired of urging the importance of faith in oneself, and the determination to take advantage of every available opportunity in life. By nature he was essentially an optimist. "Fear," he tells us, "is the curse of the race. It strangles originality, daring, boldness. It kills individuality and weakens all the mental processes. . . . The Bible says, 'A broken spirit dryeth the bones.' It is well known that mental depression and melancholy will check very materially the glandular secretions of the body, and literally dry up the tissues." He



was no believer in a religion of gloom. "The religion which Christ taught," he said, "was bright and beautiful. The sunshine, the lilies of the field, the birds of the air, the hills and valleys, the trees, the mountains, the brooks, all things beautiful were in His teaching. There was no cold, dry theology in it." He tells us how he once lived with a clergyman's family where

MARDEN'S  
PRACTICAL  
PHILOSOPHY  
OF LIFE. he scarcely heard a person laugh for months. Whenever the minister heard Marden laugh he invariably reminded him that he had better be thinking of his latter end. The gist of one of his books, *The Joys of Living*, is to get all the happiness you can out of life, and Marden is not least felicitous when he is emphasizing "the alchemy of a cheerful mind." The American as a rule is too busy to enjoy himself until it is too late to do so. But if this is especially true of America the need for the inculcation of the same lesson is fairly obvious elsewhere. Marden quotes approvingly M. T. Savage's observation, "Happiness, as proved by ages of human experience, is simply the music of a well-ordered life." "Nothing," says Marden, "contributes more to the highest success than the formation of the habit of seeing the bright side of things. The mirth-provoking quality even under trying circumstances is worth more to a young man or woman starting out in life than a fortune without it. Make up your mind that you will be an optimist, that you will carry your own sunshine wherever you go."

Marden's writing gained much by his singularly happy knack of always having an appropriate story ready by which to enforce his point. The anecdotes in his books are legion, and they all drive home and enforce the particular lesson that he desires at the moment to emphasize. In writing on the subject of self-control he deals among other things with the curse of drink, and tells how a young man was once found drowned in the Mersey with a paper in his pocket on which was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die and rot." He caps this by another story of a speech made by a German at a temperance meeting. The German's English was weak, but his logic was strong.

I put my hand on my head, der vas one big pain. Den I put my hand on my pody, and der vas anodder. Den I put my hand in my pocket, and der vas nutting. Now der is no more pain in my head, de pains in my pody are all gone, and der is twenty dollars in my pocket. I shall stay mit der temperance.



Marden was fond of expressing his admiration for the man "who had iron in his blood," and certainly there was no lack of that metal in Dr. Marden's. When ill fortune knocked at his door he never took Fate's "No" for an answer.

THE MAN WHO HAD IRON IN HIS BLOOD. He was always confident of his capacity to fulfil the mission which he had set before himself in life. In spite of the more than disadvantageous conditions under which his early life was spent, and a succession of disastrous reverses in middle age, his resolution and grit overcame every obstacle in his path. Like Tennyson's Launcelot he proved himself

Victor from vanquished issues at the last,  
And overthrower from being overthrown.

"The tyrant Circumstance" of which James Allen writes had no terrors for him. The inspiring lines indeed, in *As a Man Thinketh*, are peculiarly applicable to his case.

You will be what you will to be ;  
Let failure find its false content  
In that poor word, 'environment,'  
But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space ;  
It cows that boastful trickster, Chance,  
And bids the tyrant Circumstance  
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.

The human will, that force unseen,  
The offspring of a deathless soul,  
Can hew a way to any goal,  
Though walls of granite intervene.

"Life's purpose unfulfilled, That is thy sting, O Death!" sang the poet. If this be true, death in Marden's case is robbed of its sting. If now he rest from his labours, he enjoys a well-earned repose ; but perhaps it is more natural to dream of him as Matthew Arnold did of his father, the great head-master of Rugby, as labouring on another plane with the same zeal, energy and enthusiasm which characterized his work on earth.

Somewhere surely afar  
In the sounding labour-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength  
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

I am publishing in this month's issue a reply received automatically from "Johannes," Mrs. Travers-Smith's control, in



reply to my strictures on his observations as quoted by Mr. Bradley in *Towards the Stars*. Readers must judge for themselves whether he makes out a good case. As JOHANNES' regards myself, I cannot say that his observations DEFENCE. impress me very favourably. In *Voices from the Void* Mrs. Travers-Smith has made some very annihilating observations with regard to the bona fides of some of her earlier controls. I see no reason why we should except Johannes, and take him alone at his face value.

The point I made about this worthy still being in the Earth's atmosphere after two thousand years seems hardly to be answered. What I asked was what he had been doing all this time, and no doubt I implied a sort of scepticism as to his identity with the Jew who died two thousand years ago.

Johannes, however, distorts my criticism by making me appear to say practically the reverse of what I actually did. It was not my suggestion at all that "he had been roaming about the confines of this unimportant planet for the last two thousand years." What I did suggest was that according to his own account he appeared to have been doing so. Why, I asked, is he hanging about here still if it is really true that he is identical with the Jew who passed away from this planet two thousand years ago, the suggestion of course being that he had not really been doing anything of the kind. As a matter of fact, I take it that the intimation conveyed by DID Johannes that he had died two thousand years ago JOHANNES was intended to convey to those who were pre- LIVE 2000 pared to accept his statement a conception of his YEARS AGO? age and wisdom which would be calculated to impress his audience. Accepting the facts as stated by him, I intimated that the amount of wisdom and knowledge he had acquired was extremely disappointing. I can only say that it appears to me that his defence, such as it is, in the present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, is calculated to confirm my criticism in no small degree. His replies to my comments on his observation show him, I would suggest, at once self-contradictory, evasive, and unphilosophical.

I should perhaps emphasize the fact that what I have disputed is not the existence of Johannes but the story which he tells us about himself. I also dispute his having arrived at a stage at which he is in a position to act as guide to human souls on the earth plane. I contend rather that as far as his teaching of the deep truths of life is concerned either on this



plane or on the next, he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The author of the article observes in defence of Johannes' identity, that he has communicated facts concerning Jewish history and religious practices which were afterwards verified by a Hebrew scholar. He is welcome to this point in his favour for what it is worth. In the event, however, of his having had some knowledge in earth life of the period of history in question, what more natural than that he should select this date as the assumed period of his earth existence?

With regard to the infants who come into this world only to pass out again immediately after birth, Johannes now says that they are in a stage of development in which earth life is needless to them. If this is so, why in the name of common sense did they incarnate here at all?

Perhaps one of the weakest of Johannes' replies is in answer to my criticism of his observation in *Towards the Stars* that Mr. Bradley knows quite well that he was never on earth before, and that he will never come back to earth again. I think the right person to express an opinion on this is Mr. Bradley himself. I would, however, point out that Johannes' answer, "Because he is possessed of some intelligence and cannot assume that in the scheme of things there can be anything that remains stationary," is absolutely futile. I never suggested in the

ARE THE  
GREATEST  
PHILOSOPHERS  
POSSESSED  
OF INTELLIGENCE?

first instance that anything did remain stationary, and in the second, as is well known, at least to the majority of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, a large number of the greatest intellects and greatest philosophers in the history of the world have held this theory. Mr. Bradley does not claim to be a philosopher, and yet Johannes assumes that he has a

knowledge of philosophy greater than that of a large number of the deepest thinkers in the world's scroll of fame, as, for instance, Schopenhauer, Lessing, Hegel, Leibnitz, etc. Mr. Bradley must feel flattered.

Again, Johannes completely contradicted himself in stating that man came into the world as a tiny cell, while on another occasion he said that he had been in many places before, some of them more interesting than the world he was in now. His reply is that everything is comparative. My retort is that he should say what he means. The words "tiny cell" are not applicable to a person who has been experiencing numerous existences under varying conditions, and is eventually born again



into this world. The same criticism applies to Johannes' remarks about suicide being worse than murder. If Johannes did not mean what he said he should not have said it. Of course, as he now states, "in all sins there are certain grades," but this applies to murder just as much as it does to suicide, and is therefore no answer to my criticism. Nor do I think that Johannes' defence of his statement that it is absurd to suppose that the universe having had a beginning it must also have an end, will impress the reader. The fact is, this assumption is not absurd at all: it is quite natural, and Johannes himself seems to be beginning to realize this.

The truth is, it is a difficult matter to get a straight answer to straight questions from Johannes. He writes round the questions that are put to him, but seems never really to come to grips with them. It is just the same when Dennis Bradley puts to him a question about birth control. He simply eludes the main point, and we are no wiser in the matter than we were before. There are a great many people on earth who write in just the same fashion as does Johannes on another plane. The consequence is the publication of innumerable books that leave us little wiser when we come to the last page than we were when we opened the first. I cannot think that if Johannes is the person he purports to be, he has profited as much as he should have done by his experiences and opportunities of acquiring knowledge during the last two thousand years. Whether my opinion in the matter is right or wrong, I have at least done him the justice of giving him the opportunity of defending his standpoint to the best of his ability.

A monumental work has just reached me dealing with the ever-absorbing problem of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.\* The authors contend that this pyramid is a geometrical representation of the mathematical basis of the science of a former civilization; that this civilization was anterior to all other known civilizations of the ancient East; that the Egyptian records define the geometrical dimensions and the unit of measure of a standard pyramid that constitutes the geometrical expression of the ancient law of relativity. They also maintain that the

\* *The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message.* By D. Davidson, M.C., M.Inst.Struct.E., and H. Aldersmith, M.B. (London), F.R.C.S. London: Williams & Norgate, Ltd. 25s. net.



passage system of the pyramid forms the graphical representation of an elaborate system of prophetic chronology, that it gives various essential datings for the Christian dispensation, and actually predicts the precise times of the beginning and end of the Great War. It is not possible in the present issue to deal with so formidable a volume, and one which also makes such astonishing claims. A glance at the work will be sufficient to show that the labour entailed in its compilation has been prodigious, and it is clear that the latest sources of information derived from Egyptian research and investigation have been freely drawn upon. Whether the author's contentions will be regarded seriously among Egyptologists is somewhat doubtful, but the interest in problems relating to the Great Pyramid shows no signs of diminishing, and it is safe to say that this new and exhaustive work will give an added fillip to discussion on the aims and objects of its builders.

I have also to announce for early publication a short work, *The Secret of Ancient Egypt*, by Ernest G. Palmer. This book adopts in the main the theories of Marsham Adams, and regards the Great Pyramid and its various passages in the light of a temple of ancient initiation, illustrating the hypothesis adopted by numerous references to and quotations from the Book of the Dead. These two different interpretations of the meaning of the pyramid must, I suppose, be regarded as mutually destructive. However this may be, it cannot be denied that the problem offers an ample field for the exercise of speculation and the evolution of ingenious theories. I trust it may be possible to treat of this fascinating subject in the next issue of this Magazine.



## ARABIAN ALCHEMY

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

THE debt that learning owes to Islam, frequently forgotten, is a considerable one. During those centuries of Christendom which are well called the Dark Ages it seemed as though all the culture of Greece and the wisdom of past ages were to be lost to Europe. But they were preserved in Arabia; to be rediscovered by European thought in due course, when a new light had burst upon it and a new impetus to knowledge had made itself felt. The wisdom of the Greeks was not, however, merely preserved by Islam, but something thereto was added, the gift of the genius of Arabian thought. Especially is this true of Alchemy: it is generally admitted that the science—if science it should be called—made wonderful strides during its sojourn in Arabia, and yet it is nevertheless true that very little detailed knowledge is available concerning the history of Alchemy during this time, say between A.D. 600—A.D. 1000, and very little has been done to make available to students the numerous alchemical texts of the period. I suppose few names in the history of Alchemy are as celebrated as that of Jâbir ibn Ḥayyân, better known in its Latin form of Geber, and the fact may perhaps be quoted as testimony to the importance of the Arabian period in the history of Alchemy. Few alchemical works can be compared in point of lucidity and the practical knowledge of chemical operations displayed with *Summa Perfectionis Metallorum*, *De Investigatione Perfectionis Metallorum*, *De Inventione Veritatis* and *De Fornacibus Construendis* attributed to this great master, and moreover in these works is to be found for the first time (assuming their authenticity) the remarkable sulphur-mercury theory of the metals: a theory which, however false we may see it to be in the light of modern chemical knowledge, had the two essential characteristics of a genuine scientific hypothesis, *i.e.*, it gave an intelligible explanation of the known facts and provided an impetus to further investigation. The sulphur-mercury theory, moreover, I might add in parenthesis, is one of especial interest to the serious student of Occultism, inasmuch as it lends itself to a mystical interpretation and in all probability had a mystical origin, being based upon an intuitively perceived analogy between the metals and man. It is true that the lustre of Geber's name has been considerably dimmed by the researches



of the late M. Berthelot. Not only was M. Berthelot unable to discover the original Arabic MSS of the works quoted above, but undoubtedly genuine works of Geber which he was enabled to unearth were of a purely mystical character and provided no warrant for regarding their author as either (a) an expert chemist, or (b) the originator of the sulphur-mercury theory, and the conclusion which he drew, and which in the light of the facts then available I was also compelled to adopt in *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern*, was that the Latin works attributed to Geber were forgeries.

The possibility now emerges, however, that M. Berthelot was mistaken. The crucial proof of this, namely the discovery of the missing Arabic originals of the Latin works in question, has, it is true, not yet been achieved, but Mr. Edward J. Holmyard, who has the advantage of being both a chemist and an Arabic scholar, has discovered other Arabic MSS. undoubtedly by Geber—in particular one entitled *The Book of Properties*, which is preserved in the British Museum—which in the two chief essentials closely resemble the Latin works under discussion, that is to say the sulphur-mercury theory of the metals is clearly stated, and many practical recipes for the preparation of various chemical substances are contained in them. As concerns the works of Geber which misled Berthelot, Mr. Holmyard suggests that these are, strictly speaking, not chemical works, but mystical writings in which Geber—as a chemist—employed chemical symbolism to express his religious ideas.\*

As I have already stated, and the above few remarks concerning Geber well illustrate the point, we really know very little about Arabian Alchemy. Mr. Holmyard has taken upon himself the task of enlightening us. It is his intention to publish the more important original texts, together with adequate translations and introductions. Personally I await with very considerable interest the publication of Geber's *The Book of Properties*. But meantime I give a very hearty welcome to the first of the projected texts and translations, namely the *Book of Knowledge acquired concerning the Cultivation of Gold*, by Abu'l-Qâsim Muḥammad ibn Aḥmad al-'Irâqî.†

\* See report of a lecture on "Arabian Alchemy and Chemistry" by Mr. E. J. Holmyard, delivered under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society on February 13, 1923, in the *Chemical News* for March 2 of that year, vol. 126, p. 137.

† *Kitâb al-'Ilm al-Muktasab Fî Zirâ'at adh-Dhahab. Book of Knowledge acquired concerning the Cultivation of Gold.* By Abu'l-Qâsim Muḥammad



Concerning the author practically nothing is known. Mr. Holmyard chose the work for publication out of a host of other available texts for three good reasons, (1) the book is comparatively short, (2) it was held in high esteem by the Arabian alchemists themselves, and (3) "it gives us a very clear account of the Arabic chemical theory of transmutation written by a man who realized the importance of experimental work."

The possibility of transmuting the metals was not universally credited by the Arabian alchemists. The influence of Aristotle was strong (it is very marked in several places in the *Muktasab*) and the question presented itself in this form: Are the metals different species or only one? Abu'l-Qâsim al-'Irâqî was a transmutationist and brings forward both practical and theoretical arguments in favour of the view that the metals are "of one species essentially." "Each of them" [namely gold, silver, copper, iron, lead and tin],\* he writes:

is marked off from the others by accidental distinguishing properties, and it should be possible to effect the necessary removal of these properties, the specific nature remaining constant.†

Of the practical arguments in favour of this view that he puts forward one of the most interesting is that based on the fact that in the cupellation of lead a small residue of silver not infrequently remains behind. As Mr. Holmyard remarks, the interpretation of this fact as being due to a partial transmutation of lead was "a very natural mistake." He adds:—

This is not the place to undertake an estimate of the value of the theory of transmutation, but it must be admitted that it served very well to explain many facts (and was therefore scientifically "true" at the time) and to stimulate research.

Abu'l-Qâsim al-'Irâqî's theoretical arguments in favour of transmutation are not less interesting, and serve to show how dominant in his mind was the idea of development as applicable to the metals. "To the alchemist," as I have remarked else-

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ibn Aḥmad al-'Irâqî. The Arabic text edited with a Translation and Introduction by E. J. Holmyard, M.A.  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  ins., pp. 62 + 54. Paris: Paul Geuthner, 13 rue Jacob. Price 30 francs. I understand that Mr. Holmyard was unable to persuade any English publisher to undertake the expensive task of setting up Arabic type for the text, and I think a word of praise is due to M. Geuthner for undertaking the publication of a work which may not be financially profitable, although it should be if the great value of books illuminating the history of thought was realized.

\* These metals were classed as bodies. Mercury was a spirit.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 12.



where, "the elements developed: more complex bodies were produced from them by a process analogous to the growth of a living organism." The idea is well conveyed by the very title of the book "The *Cultivation of Gold*"—gold was to be cultivated—to be caused to grow and to increase—as barley or rye was cultivated. Gold, to our author, was the pure metallic species: the other metals were not gold because of some accidental impurity or imperfection—thus, "the imperfection of silver is due to the excess of coldness" whilst "it was, indeed, known that the two coppers are held back from the state of being gold only by their excessive hotness." How were these imperfections to be removed? How was gold to be cultivated? The process, it is explained, must be a gradual one:

Natural things do not reach their limit of perfection except by natural degrees. A cotton-seed, for example, cannot immediately become a garment. Its seed-form must first pass away, then it clothes itself in the form of a plant, and, after decay and change, takes many forms. Then it casts off the form of a plant and takes the form of a thread; then it casts off the form of a thread and takes the form of a piece of cloth; then it casts off the form of a piece of cloth and becomes a garment.\*

Plants and animals need appropriate food and he who wishes to cultivate plants or to breed stock must pay attention thereto. More especially must the alchemist study what is the appropriate food of the metals; for these, according to our author, have

these three powers, namely, feeding, growth, and reproduction, and reproduction is served by feeding and growth, and growth is served by feeding. But here, feeding is served by a single power, namely, digestion, for the food is mixed in the metal without attraction on its part, and digested without retention. Hence this power does not raise the food to its highest point, since retention is necessary in order to render the digestion able to do this. Moreover, the metal does not possess the power of rejection, by which it can reject what is not appropriate for it. For the power of rejection rejects only that which resembles the chyme of the constitution. So that since the metal does not possess the power of rejection, when food is administered to it it assimilates both the suitable and unsuitable and that which is born from it is not of the same species. Now since the metal is such that it does not possess the power of rejection philosophers found it necessary to prepare the foodstuff in such a way that there was removed from it what was not suitable for the substance fed, for fear lest they should introduce it into the (metallic) species, which has no power of rejection, and that thus there would be mixed with the material appropriate for the constitution that which was not appropriate, in which case the species on reproduction would be confused and no advantage would be derived." †

\* *Op. cit.*, pp. 17 and 18.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 21 and 22.



Again :—

The remedy which is administered to the man who is lacking in health is like the Elixir which is administered to this metallic species.\*

So far the theory of the Arabian alchemist—the ideas at the back of his mind, the analogies which guided (or misguided) him—is perfectly easy to follow and is as logical as a proposition in Euclid's *Elements*. It is when we come to the part of his work dealing with the practical method of transmutation that, in the words of Mr. Holmyard, "we begin to feel at sea."

The vexed question as to the intellectual honesty of alchemy [writes the latter], at once arises, and upon this subject every one is entitled to his own opinion. Charlatans there must have been, but personally I find it difficult to believe that men of the calibre of Jâbir ibn Ḥayyân, Abu'l-Qasim al-'Irâqî, Lully and van Helmont were all wilfully dishonest. Inspired by a wonderful theory, which, in a way undreamt of, is at last coming back into its own, they performed stupendous amounts of chemical research and must time after time have encountered facts which appeared to them to prove the theory beyond reasonable doubt. The crucial test of their allegorical writings is, surely, whether modern chemists can interpret any of them and find, not indeed a recipe for gold-making, but a description of a reaction which might easily have misled a mediæval scientist. In point of fact, many of the allegories of the alchemists can easily be interpreted in this way.

There is one further consideration I feel ought to be emphasized. There is a seemingly inherent tendency in the human mind to carry every analogy to its (frequently bitter) end. Metals resembled living things and these latter could be cultivated, improved, perfected by such and such means: especially—to pass from biological to mystical analogies—could man be perfected spiritually. Therefore, such and such means would suffice for the transmutation of the metals, and such and such signs would be observable at each stage of the experiment. Undoubtedly in their writings on transmutation the alchemists frequently described in veiled terms actual chemical experiments; but not infrequently I think they also described what their theories led them firmly to believe *ought* to be the results if the experiments in question were rightly carried out. Descriptions of imaginary experiments are certainly alien to the spirit of chemistry; but the alchemists were not only chemists: they were also philosophers. Perhaps their philosophy was childish and fantastic; yet the very fact that in their wild philosophic dreams they seem at times intuitively to have grasped great truths should make us hesitate before passing upon them any sweepingly destructive criticism.

\* *Op. cit.*, p. 25.



## DANGERS OF SPIRITISM

BY HERBERT MOORE PIM, Author of "A Short History of Celtic Philosophy," etc.

THE eloquent author of *God and my Neighbour* has been led by his rugged honesty from disbelief in life after death to belief.

His attitude is much more sensible than that adopted by people who simply refuse to believe in Spiritism; for the phenomena of Spiritism have surely established the fact that forces are at work whose operation cannot be accounted for by natural laws.

A mass of evidence for the genuineness of Spiritism exists, but many persons are doubtful of the value of this evidence because it comes from what might be regarded as prejudiced quarters.

It seems desirable that some evidence should be presented to the public by one who detests Spiritism. What I propose to relate involves many persons besides myself, and I cannot, for reasons which will appear later, give their names to the public; but I have disclosed them to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

My first contact with Spiritists occurred thirty-one years ago, when I was asked to take part in a thought-reading experiment. Apparently my powers in this direction were unusual, and later on I took part in more than one séance. The phenomena produced during these séances left me dissatisfied. Many persons have experienced this feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling which stimulates one's curiosity and makes one inclined to proceed further in the hope of getting at something tangible.

An intimate friend of mine worked with me at Spiritism for many months. I may remark here that for the past year he has lain in a state of coma in a great hospital, whose doctors are baffled by his case. This friend and I carried on experiments with a planchette, succeeded in making a table behave in an unusual manner, and convinced ourselves that we had established contact with my friend's mother.

In the course of these experiments something occurred on one occasion which is worth recording. Both my friend and I became almost unconscious, as though we had been partly chloroformed,



and a sensation of weakness and collapse lasted for a considerable time afterwards.

And here may be noted my impression of Spiritist experiments: that there is something crude and ugly about the whole business, something which partakes of the very principle of the ungracious and vulgar.

My friend and I, some years after the time of which I have been writing, secured a rare Hindu book which gave directions for the development of the soul through concentration. I carried out the directions with great care, and the results were quite remarkable. It became possible after a time to control the circulation of the blood, to draw the blood from the extremities and make the body cold, and finally to force oneself into a trance. It was possible also to extend one's arm invisibly, and form what modern Spiritists would call an "ectoplasmic" fist. With this unseen fist I actually knocked down an Army officer, as much to my astonishment as to his. He was unaware that I proposed to hit him, and the experiment was made in the presence of about thirty witnesses.

The writer of this Hindu book declared that it was possible, when in this trance state, to project oneself anywhere, but that such an attempt might prove dangerous. It is this type of experiment which led to stories of witches flying through the air.

Those who know anything of these matters will realize that this course of concentration, and the success which attended my efforts, fitted me for dealing with Spiritism proper. And it came about that several medical friends of mine asked me to conduct séances with them for two or three hours every evening over a period of six months.

We made our arrangements with great care, and selected a room at the top of an immense country house near a large town in Scotland. My medical friends had never tried Spiritist experiments; and they were somewhat curious, rather incredulous, and quite scientifically minded. They relied upon me to arrange a programme, and they arranged to take notes of results. We had a discussion as to procedure; and I suggested to them that we might attempt something out of the ordinary, though I fancied that this unusual method might delay the production of phenomena. We dispensed with a medium, and for the first week or so we tested the members of our circle in thought-reading.

Even in this we avoided touching each other. Thought-reading is usually carried out by means of physical contact; but what we actually did was to place a member of the circle outside the



room, decide upon some act which he was to perform, and fix our minds on what we desired him to do. After a great deal of patient work we found that we had established mental contact between the members of our circle. As an instance of the sort of task which we succeeded in willing one of our members to perform, I may mention that one solemn individual, on entering the room, walked straight across the floor and put on an old skirt belonging to his sister, as we had silently willed him to do.

When we had established this kind of mental contact, we set about the business of Spiritism proper. We sat for hours without seeing or hearing anything. After a time the usual rapping was heard, and when we had exhausted our patience by listening to various unaccountable noises, we attempted to discover whether it would be possible for one of us to get into touch with the dead. It was decided that I should be given some object belonging to a dead person, unknown to me, but who had been known to the others. We tried two experiments of this kind with complete success. I was almost instantly able to describe the appearance and age of the dead person whose property I held. But this did not satisfy us, because it was obvious that telepathy might account for the accuracy of my description. So we abandoned this kind of experiment, and resumed our silent vigils.

Quite suddenly the nature of the Spiritist phenomena changed, and we began to see the room crowded with human forms of various kinds, none of whom we recognized. But we were not satisfied with the evidence of our eyes, which might have been the outcome of hallucination; and after a month of this gazing at ghosts we made up our minds to try a bold experiment.

A certain friend of mine was living at this time in Glasgow. The others had neither heard of him nor seen him. The place where we held our experiments was over fifty miles from Glasgow. I suggested that we might attempt to prove the "Double Theory," and concentrate our will-power on my friend with the intention of compelling him to respond, if possible, by making himself visible to us. Let it be understood that we were by this time far advanced in concentration, and that by our preliminary exercises we had established something like a unity of will.

I may here emphasize the fact that in our experiments we sat far apart from each other, so as to avoid the development of any subjective or telepathic phenomena that might arise through holding hands. Our experiment succeeded. We all saw my friend enter the room. He stood for some time before us. The hour of his entry was 8.25 p.m. I asked my friends to write



down a description of his appearance, clothes, etc. We noticed that he carried a rather beautiful stick with a heavy gold band.

That evening I composed a letter to my friend, asking him to describe what clothes he had been wearing that night, and whether he had used a new stick with a heavy gold band.

By the following morning's post a remarkable communication reached me in a cheap envelope. Inside the envelope was a letter from my friend, written on pages torn from *Murray's Diary*. The letter ran as follows:—

You will be astonished to receive this letter from me: but I am compelled to write. As a matter of fact I am writing in the Underground, and shall get an envelope from the station master at Botanic Gardens, and post this at once. What I desire to tell you is that I am simply forced at this moment (8.25) to communicate with you. Why, I don't know. The only paper I have at hand is *Murray's Diary*. So I am recording the fact that at the present moment I am experiencing the most extraordinary sensation.

The following day a second letter reached me from my friend describing what he had been wearing. The description of his clothes coincided with our notes. At the end of his letter he wrote: "I cannot imagine how you knew I was carrying a new stick with a heavy gold band. I was carrying such a stick, and it is quite new. I've only had it for three weeks."

My medical friends and I were much impressed by the success of this experiment, but we were not quite satisfied that we had actually been in contact with a divided personality. As in the case of the Raymond group photograph, how were we to be certain that some entity had not intervened? For instance, the spirit world has no resemblance, so far as space is concerned, to our own. When Sir Oliver Lodge believed that Raymond had told him about a photograph, which afterwards turned up, how could he prove that some other spirit did not intervene, and impersonate Raymond.

Our experiments were conducted, of course, years before Sir Oliver Lodge thought about Spiritism seriously; but I have this vital objection of ours on record. And it shows that we approached the subject more scientifically than those who accept the photograph evidence as a proof of contact with the dead.

We considered our experiment coldly and dispassionately, and felt that telepathy might account for what had taken place, though we suspected that there had been a genuine projection of my friend's personality over a considerable space. We saw no possibility of carrying out a similar experiment under conditions more favourable to the exclusion of telepathy, therefore we



set to work at Spiritism once more, conducting our séances in the manner which I have described.

Two nights after we had resumed our Spiritist séances one of my medical friends, a Scottish Presbyterian, declared that he had been losing his belief in Hell, and he initiated a discussion on the subject of Hell, and finally put a strange question to me: "Do you think," he asked, "that you could will me to go to Hell while I am alive? If I saw Hell I could believe in it." "Of course I could will you to go," I answered, not taking his question very seriously. "Then I want you to try," he said.

The others became deeply interested, so I set to work.

My friend sat down in a chair, and I dealt with him in the usual way of hypnotic suggestion. He was an adept at concentration, and very soon he had with my assistance rendered himself unconscious. Truth to tell, I didn't realize that I was playing a very dangerous game. There he reclined, rigid and cold, while the rest of us stood round him. After making quite certain that he was unconscious I spoke to him: "You want to go to Hell?" "Yes," he replied. "Then," I said, "I command you to go to Hell."

As long as I live I shall never forget what followed. With a face contorted with agony, he sprang from the chair, and commenced rushing round the room in a circle at a most tremendous speed. He was a powerful man, and at first we could not hold him. Before we finally got him into the chair we had a fearful struggle. All the while foam was pouring from his mouth, and his face was awful to behold. When at length we had pinned him in a chair, the real struggle began, for we could not restore him to consciousness. I tried every possible hypnotic method, but he was deaf to my orders.

After a considerable time he came to himself, and told us that no words of his could describe what he had endured. He seemed to be talking of things and conditions which called forth no mental response on our part.

Spiritists have no hesitation in admitting that experiments in Spiritism sometimes lead to extraordinary moral depravity. And it seems well at this point to record the fact that evidence of such acquired depravity was soon forthcoming in our circle. Two of the members, both living in affluent circumstances, actually carried out a peculiarly mean robbery. This astounding lapse deserves consideration, for it is by no means an isolated case; and in my opinion it points to the establishment of diabolical control over the persons who were guilty of the robbery.



About this time a member of the circle showed symptoms of mental collapse.

We went on with our experiments, and our success became greater every day. No longer was it necessary to sit for an hour in the hope of seeing or hearing something. A few seconds sufficed to establish contact with the forces with which we were playing; and phenomena, instead of being indefinite and vague, became each day more distinct. Yet we remained unconvinced. So far we had experienced nothing which could not be accounted for by hallucination or telepathy, in some form or another. We had heard, felt, and seen marvels. But victims of hallucination are quite as convinced of the reality of what they feel, hear, or see, as we were. We accordingly pushed on our experiments until what Spiritists call "power" became almost terrifyingly evident. We sat in an atmosphere as unlike that of the normal world as anything could be. A blue glow, streaked by what seemed like miniature lightning, shone from the upper part of the walls of our room.

We had merely to demand what we wanted, and it appeared before us as clearly presented as the pictures on a cinema screen.

We considered for some time what test we should apply to prove the genuineness of the phenomena before us, and at length we came to a decision. I had to pay a visit to Glasgow; and the night before my departure we held a séance as usual. We demanded of the spirits, with which we were apparently so perfectly in contact, some proof of their genuineness. We asked to be shown something which I should see when I visited Glasgow.

Immediately, as though on a cinema screen, we saw a picture of a street outside the Glasgow Zoo. There was a crowd on the footpath, and as the crowd opened we saw a man lying on the ground with his head badly injured. Then the picture vanished.

I protested that this was not enough. Street accidents were common things, and coincidence might account for the witnessing of such a spectacle during my visit. We demanded something more convincing. This time we had reason to be puzzled by what we saw.

In the same uncanny way there was presented to us a picture of Sauchiehall Street, but down the street there came a funeral procession. Beside the hearse there walked men bearing torches, and the mourners who followed carried torches. This seemed to us the height of absurdity, but when the hearse moved towards us we saw that it contained a large white coffin. This was adding



absurdity to absurdity. We closed the séance, and wrote down, as usual, an account of what we had experienced.

The next morning I left for Glasgow, dined with a friend, and told him about the test which we had offered to the spirits. He was rather incredulous. I proposed, however, that we should go into town, and pass over the ground which my friends and I had seen during the séance. So we mounted a tramcar, and reached the Zoo at about nine o'clock. Here we dismounted, for I had observed a crowd on the other side of the road. It remains to be said that in the centre of the crowd there lay a man with his head very badly cut.

I confess that both my friend and I were impressed. However, coincidence might have accounted for the fulfilment of the spirits' prediction. We passed on, and climbed the steps towards Renfrew Street. From Renfrew Street we were able to look down upon Sauchiehall Street, and that street was ablaze with torches! We rushed down, and from a side-street we saw a funeral procession, with an ordinary hearse, but in that ordinary hearse there lay a large coffin painted white.

We inquired the meaning of this extraordinary sight, and we were told that it was a mock funeral of President Kruger.

I duly reported the matter to my friends, and I think I can safely say that from that time forward, we had no doubt about the genuineness of our contact with spirits.

Little remains to be told regarding our experiences. We passed from success to success, and at length the powers with which we worked became so evident that when a sister of one of my medical friends pleaded to be allowed to join us, I strongly objected. "We are a perfectly united circle of adepts at concentration," I said; "and if you join us you will be as it were a strange element. I see danger in allowing you to join us, danger for you, and possibly for ourselves."

I was overruled by the others; and this girl sat with us. Her presence made success impossible. We sat for an hour in silence, and nothing happened; but all the while I had an unpleasant feeling of danger. Half an hour passed, and then an extraordinary thing occurred. I was sitting with my back almost turned to the door. The room was a large one, with a clear floor space of about twenty feet between the door and my seat. The others had a view of the door.

Suddenly two of my friends called out: "Look out! Take care of yourself!" They had seen a tall figure advancing towards me from the door. I looked round. The figure was that of a



nun, clad in a brown habit. She had a terrible expression of disgust and anger on her face. Her hair was white, and she walked with great rapidity. She came towards me, and struck me a severe blow, and then vanished.

I had laid my hand on the electric switch, and as she struck me I pressed the switch and flooded the room with light. I do not attempt to explain why the appearance of the nun affected me so much and so suddenly; but this may be said: I stood up and declared that I would never touch Spiritism again. But I had played with forces of incredible and abominable power, and I have reason to know that one cannot hob-nob with Hell and escape unharmed.

## A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By MEREDITH STARR

HE sought the Truth through laboured years,  
In agony as deep as death,  
He wrestled with the doubts and fears  
That stifle an Aspirant's breath.

Through sleepless nights and arduous days  
He clomb the steep ascent of thought;  
He traversed many mental ways,  
But all his thinking led to nought.

At length he passed beyond the mind,  
He soared to Truth on eagle's wings;  
And in the light thereof divined  
The secret of the soul of things



## EXISTENCE

BY BART KENNEDY

THE past is to us but the memory of a dream. Parts of the dream are vivid, parts are vague and shadowy. And we recall it, bring it to life, by the aid of memory.

The present is as the absolute point of contact. It is coming ; it is here ; it is gone. It will never come back, save as the memory of a dream. It comes from out the shadow, the nothingness. And it goes, not to return.

Or that is how it seems.

To us the future is for ever advancing on us as a tide. It comes and comes and comes. Quickly is the future the present and the present the past. It comes upon us, bearing strange destiny. We are at once fearful of its coming and glad of its coming. We look forward to it, always hoping. For the present is to us not what we thought it would be. And it will turn out that the future will be, in this sense, even as the present is now.

Past, present, and future. They are the trinity of time. They are the mysterious and wondrous guides of our fate. Three in one. For the present came from the past and is swiftly rushing into the future. Time is a vast, passing, engulfing flood, bearing us we know not whither. It goes on and on and on.

But what is time ? And who is it that has builded it ? Is it some strange and tremendous power that is outside us ? Is it as something beyond and behind us ?

No, it is not. It is of us. A thing woven from out our imaginings and dreams. It has taken shape upon the shuttle of human imagination. Long, long ago the human began to weave it. He saw the coming of the day and the night. He saw the wonder of the coming and the passing of the life of the forest. He saw approachings, and stayings, and goings. And he wondered and wondered. And lo ! there was born within him the concept of Time. And from this concept was born again the concepts Past, Present, and Future.



And man made days and weeks and months and years. Man the mightiest and the most splendid of all the earth beings! He wove all these things upon the shuttle of his imagination.

And therefore is it that man is larger than the thing he calls Time. Therefore is it that man is larger than the things he calls Past and Present and Future. These are but the figments of his mind. They are but the children of his imagination. He, the Man, is beyond and above them. He contains them all. But for him they would not exist. They would not be. He made them as a gauge for himself. He made them for measuring-sticks. He is beyond them.

But there is a power beyond even man—a power that lives behind even the concept that man has of the Infinite. A power past the conceiving of the imagination. A power that is behind what man is. A power to whom these concepts, time, past, present, and future are naught. This power is behind the stars, and behind the stars that are behind the stars. To it existence is at once moving and still. To it existence is—and no more.

May it not come that man will shelve these concepts that he has builded for the purpose of measuring? May it not be that there will come to him a higher wisdom, a wisdom that will show him that existence is too large to be gauged by these concepts that he has builded without the full knowledge? For man neither knows nor can he grasp the mystery out of which he sprung.

Surely it will come that he will know. Surely it will come that the light will fall upon his eyes.

And he will put aside the gauges that he has made. For there is no past, present, and future. There is no time. Past, present, and future are one and the same thing.

Existence. Existence is the whole. It contains all things. Though it moves, it is still. Though it is still, it moves.

Existence is God. Existence is a flashing splendour that lives during the concept that we call eternity. It always was, always is, and ever will be an infinite, flashing splendour. Existence is as a sudden inconceivably illumining light that is at once bursting forth and for ever still. Existence is a paradox glorious and mighty that none may gauge.

These concepts, past, present and future, that are born of the concept time fit it not. Splendid though they are, mighty though they be, they are but figments of the imagination. And it will come that man will no longer need them. He will be above them. For to him will come the full knowledge.



Though the concepts, time, past, present and future, were glorious concepts, still the concept that all are one is infinitely more glorious. Or, rather, let it be said that the concept that they exist not is infinitely more glorious.

But away with even a speculation as to this! Existence is higher than anything born of the imagination, even though it be that imagination is in itself divine. Existence is eternally still, eternally vivid, eternally moving, eternally moveless.

Man, as yet, has not the eyes to see this. But it will come that he will see it as he becomes mightier—as he achieves his growth of Godhood. He will grasp things in their entirety. He will throw aside the concepts that he has used. For he will need them not. He will stand in his full stature—a being glorious of brow—in whose eyes will shine the light of all-knowledge.

This will come. This is his splendid destiny. He will grasp the stars. To him the riddle of Existence will be plain. He will live in a shining splendid and glorious.

The darkness and the travail that is now upon him will pass. He will come to the fullness of his Godhood. He will live and live. He will reign over himself.

He will grasp his heritage.



## THE COMING OF THE FRANCISCANS

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "St. Francis of Assisi," "Stead the Man," etc., etc.

"Bring back the spiritual life, and external conduct will right itself—such was the Franciscan idea."—FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

THE name of the Little Poor Man of Assisi has so long been a household word in so many lands, that it must be of especial interest to English folk to recall the fact that it was the Blessed Francis himself who commissioned a chosen few of his Friars Minor to carry to our shores the simple message of peace and goodwill with which he, as the "Standard-bearer of Christ," was resolved that the whole world should ring. It is now, in this year of grace 1924, just seven hundred years since the little company of nine devoted pilgrims first cast anchor at the port of Dover, on the 10th September, 1224, two days after the Feast of Our Lady. These divine adventurers had been conveyed across the Channel in a small craft belonging to the Benedictine monks of the Abbey of Fécamp, who speeded them on their way hitherward from the shores of France. Thus the Franciscan settlement in England was no offshoot of later time, but was, and is, a direct link with the Poverello himself. There have been this year several different centenary anniversaries of widely varying interest and association—that of Byron, of Immanuel Kant, of the Chevalier Bayard (who has been called "the Last Lamp of Chivalry"), but none can compare with the spiritual lustre of the Lamp which shone from beyond the Umbrian hills.

It is told in the *Fioretti*—those garnered blossoms "fragrant with the Seraphic springtide"—how it was revealed to St. Francis whilst he was at prayer in the Church of St. James at Galicia, that his Order must needs grow and increase into a vast multitude. "I hear in my ears," said he, "the sound of the tongues of all nations who shall come unto us—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen—the Lord will make of us a great people even unto the ends of the earth."

We are indebted to the devoted industry and assiduous perseverance of a certain Brother Thomas of Ecclestown—who knew and loved St. Francis much—for a true record of the



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coming of the Friars Minor to England, *De Adventu F.F. Minorum in Angliam*,\* and to Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., whose fine translation has rendered this work accessible to every one. In the quaint but clear phraseology of Brother Thomas we are enabled to follow the varying fortunes of that goodly company, to whom the figure of their crucified Redeemer was an ever-present Reality :—

In the year of the Lord, 1224, in the time of the lord Pope Honorius (in the same year, that is, in which the Rule of the Blessed Francis was by him confirmed) [thus begins Brother Thomas], and in the eighth year of the lord king Henry, son of John, on the Tuesday after the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (which that year fell upon a Sunday), the Friars Minor first arrived in this country, landing at Dover.

He records their names—there were “four clerics and five lay brethren,” their leader, one Agnellus of Pisa, aged about thirty, a man after St. Francis’s own heart, who several years before had come to him when he was visiting Tuscany and had begged to be enrolled in his company. At a great and memorable Chapter held at Whitsuntide, 11th June, 1224, Francis had specially chosen the said brother Agnellus of Pisa to proceed to England, there to found the English province and be its first minister-provincial. With Agnellus came Brothers Richard of Ingworth and Richard of Devon, the former “more advanced in age” who afterward went to Ireland, the latter, him of Devon, being described by the chronicler as “an acolyte and a mere youth,” but withal “stout-hearted and obedient.” Brother William of Esseby was a novice in the caperone of probation. Of the laymen there were Brother Henry the Lombard, afterward Guardian of London, Brother Lawrence of Beauvais, Brother William of Florence, Brother Melioratus, and Brother James “from beyond the Alps,” also a novice. Very quaint and cameo-like are the descriptive annotations by Thomas of Ecclestoun, who would seem to have known them all personally and to have formed a shrewd opinion of each. Through the mists of centuries we seem to see them wending their way afoot from Dover to Canterbury (their first stronghold), onward to London, where Sir John Travers gave them “a humble dwelling in Cornhill,” to Oxford, Northampton, and other places where men gathered together for commerce and learning, for work and play. The Franciscan must ever be found in the “busy haunts of men,” unlike the monks, who dwelt ever in the seclusion of their cloister. Father Cuthbert thus emphasizes this difference :

\* Published by Sands & Co., 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.



The common life of the Friars, therefore, differs radically from the common life of the Monk in the object at which it aims. In the one case the object aimed at is a perfect community, in the other a perfect individual. . . .

By the fervent simplicity of their teaching, their care for the sick and the poor, and the devotion of their lives in following in the footsteps of Him who had not where to lay His head, they drew great numbers to join their Brotherhood. One of the Golden Sayings of Fra Egiddio (Brother Giles) expresses in its fulness the burning zeal which carried the first Franciscans joyously through their self-chosen, thorn-strewn path :

Of a surety there could not be found in this life any men more blessed than we : for he is holy that followeth the Holy One, and he is truly good that goeth on the path of good, and he is rich that walketh in the footsteps of the rich : and the Order of Friars Minor more than any other Order, followeth the footsteps of the best and the richest and the holiest there has ever been, or ever will be, to wit, our Lord Jesu Christ."

The name of Brother Giles is venerated to-day in Italy as deeply as when, seven centuries ago, he walked its fragrant fields. Only last year, at the time of the terrific eruption of Mount Etna (June, 1923), the people of the small town of Linguaglossa, of which Fra Egiddio is the patron saint, knelt in prayer around their parish priest, who stood in full view of the saint's statue and invoked the mercy of heaven. An eye-witness relates : "The spur on the mountain upon which the statue stands was rained down upon by torrents of lava. Night and day the people prayed, and the lava divided into two streams that flowed to the right and the left of Linguaglossa, which thus became as a peninsula surrounded by burning lava on three sides." Many of the people deemed this a "miracle" achieved by Egiddio, for the torrent ceased to flow almost at the very base of the statue, thereby saving the town.

It must be remembered that while Francis enjoined the strictest poverty among his companions, not only individual but in community, he exhorted them never to judge others harshly, and the only penance for faults committed was : "Go and sin no more."

When the first arrivals had dispersed into different places and were attracting many by their gracious manners and simple lives to wish to be of their company, Thomas of Ecclestown records that the "first to be admitted was a youth of good parts and of remarkable elegance of person," whose name was Solomon. This young man, adds Thomas, used "to tell me



how, when he was a novice, he was appointed procurator of the community, and one day he came to the house of his sister to beg an alms. She, bringing him some bread, turned away her face and exclaimed: 'Cursed be the hour in which I have ever seen thee.' This was cold water indeed!

The same year that witnessed the first coming to our shores of the Franciscans—or "The Grey Friars," as they were later called—indeed in the very month of September, was that in which Francis, far away in the Mount of Alvernia, in Tuscany, received his heart's desire—the outward and visible sign of what he felt to be his Divine Master's crowning approval: the Mystery of the Stigmata, the first recorded event of its kind. Incidentally, it is told how Brother Peter of Tewkesbury, being on a pilgrimage to Rome in that same year, 1224, held converse with Brother Leo, who was with the Saint on Monte Alvernia, and who related to the said Brother Peter the marvellous events which had there taken place in the shadow and solitude of those mighty hills. . . .

There are many stories of the appearance of Saint Francis to various Brethren in vision and otherwise, after his "migration to the Happy Other World," as it has so beautifully been called. One tells how on that same Monte Alvernia, Francis appeared to Brother John, while he was at prayer in the shrine on the mountain, and conversed with him tenderly at great length, and in answer to Brother John's most humble and loving entreaty, the Saint related to him the story of the Seraph's appearance, and the divine speech he had had with this Messenger of God; and furthermore assured Brother John that *all* was indeed as had been declared in regard to that sacred moment. Brother John of Alvernia spoke to his confessor of this, and afterward, when he was about to depart this life, he repeated the story to such of the brothers as were with him. And so it has been handed down to this day.

Time passed. The influence of the Friars in England grew more and more as their life of service and self-denial became apparent everywhere. It was an age not unlike the present time, in that the old order—which in reality is always imperceptibly changing—was threatened with sudden and violent collapse. Magna Charta had to a certain extent shifted the "sphere of influence," or, at any rate, the sceptre of unlimited power. Art, learning and scholarship, which had been treasured in the monasteries, were to a certain extent to become accessible to the people in general through the rise of the Universities. The spirit of commerce was creating a new order, that which we



now call "The Profiteers," and was flourishing in its might. Into all this maelstrom of materialism came as a ray of sunshine once more the Message of the Manger and of Calvary. Let us not forget, then, that foremost amongst those who not merely taught but lived that life of the Spirit, were the earliest Franciscans, those Knights of Poverty, many of whom had renounced great earthly splendour, wealth and power, that they might be accounted but lesser brethren, and take rank even "among the least of these."

A list has been preserved of the English Ministers Provincial, from Agnellus of Pisa to Brother John de Forrest, to which latter name is added the significant annotation: "Put to death under Henry VIII."\*

For centuries after that event the Friars Minor came here but as birds of passage, missionaries from other lands, until, in 1850, once more the grey waves bore them to the shores of England to settle in our midst. And now, in the words of Father Cuthbert:

They wear the same habit to-day as their brethren of old; they observe the same Rule; they pursue the same ideal; they have the same mission. And the history of this second coming of the Friars, if ever it is written, will have a striking resemblance to the history of the first coming, narrated in the *Chronicle of Thomas of Eccleston*.

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\* In the Church of Saint Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, there is a stained-glass window, put up in 1893, containing full length figures, on pedestals, of 16th century English Martyrs. Among them is John Forrest, Franciscan Friar. This window is the beautiful work of the late John Francis Bentley, the architect of Westminster Cathedral.



## PROFESSIONAL CONTROLS

By E. B. GIBBES

THE criticism of the Johannes script, which appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW last month, caught my attention as I had received communications of considerable interest from Johannes previous to the publication of Mr. Bradley's book *Towards the Stars*. As many controversial points were raised in this criticism it seemed only fair that Johannes should be given an opportunity to reply to them. So I asked Mrs. Travers-Smith to let me have a sitting for this purpose. As Feda, Mrs. Leonard's control, is also mentioned in the criticism I propose to give some extracts from sittings I have had with her. These extracts coincide with Johannes' theories. The following is the first question I put to Johannes in connection with the criticism that appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW.

(It has been suggested that you have apparently remained near the earth for the last two thousand years or so and have not progressed. Will you reply to this?)

JOHANNES. I need hardly reply. I think it beneath the dignity of anyone acquainted with this method of speaking to us to imagine that any guide can possibly have been "roaming about the confines of this unimportant planet" as he suggests. Perhaps people, who think I have been here for these thousands of years, may be interested to know that in order to become the guide of a human being it is necessary to pass through a number of stages of life; the earth being one of the earliest of these. After this experience has been gathered we are in a position to guide a human soul. I do not believe any of the people, who question our identity, know anything whatever of our origin; and perhaps I should give my children something which might enlighten their ignorance a little. . . .

I have told them exactly what happens here first. If they want to know on what grounds they should accept my statement about the stars, tell them progression is the explanation. The human soul has passed through several stages before it has reached the earth and passes through many before it reaches its completion. In fact I cannot tell you when this occurs, for I have not reached that stage myself. It is a matter of passing through many grades of experience; this is one of them.



(On what grounds are we to base the assumption that we have come to this planet once only and never again? . . . How about those who have died as infants? What can they be supposed to have gained by their sojourn on earth, unless it be just to be able to say that they have been there?)

JOHANNES. With regard to your question about the infants who have gone over without their proper meed of experience. They have been sent on here and are simply in a stage of development in which the earth life is found to be needless for them. They may be more or less developed than those who live to ripeness; but in most cases they have gained more than those who live on longer. Reincarnation in your sense only occurs in the case of mind not spirit. The mind may come back in sections as it were. It often does—seldom complete, never as a complete whole. I have told you spirit never ceases to exist as a whole.

(It is also asked why you assume that Mr. Bradley knows that he will never come back to earth again and was never here before?)

JOHANNES. Because he is possessed of some intelligence and cannot assume that in the scheme of things there can be anything that remains stationary. Experience is growth.

(It is also remarked that you do not speak clearly about the origin of the ego. Do you believe in evolution from the lowest to the highest?)

JOHANNES. Certainly, I do, for the lowest was created first. The highest was an evolution from the lowest. The highest on your earth is only evolved to a very low degree, I assure you.

(You make an observation in the following paragraph, which according to the criticism, does not appear to be consistent. You state: "Can you imagine a tiny soul imbued with a small portion of life force? When you come over here you have gone such a short distance that you are not much more than a tiny cell and your work is to expand yourself, to build up a spirit which will become more intuitive as you pass on." But previously you said: "You have been in many places, some of them more interesting than the world you are in now." And it is asked: "Do you mean as a tiny cell?")

JOHANNES. Everything is comparative. When I spoke of a tiny cell I spoke of being only a quarter developed, or rather, much less than a quarter developed. On earth naturally you seem like tiny cells to the more largely developed souls. As to my statement about the other conditions before this life of



yours I generalized. It is true that the soul passes through many lives before the earth life. Some are less material and more intuitive than the life on earth. I did not enter into details, but if you wish me to do so I could explain more fully. I should like to tell this person that he might pay a little attention to the different degrees of development here. He may observe that people enter the "world star" at different stages. Some are infants in mind, others are fit for higher spheres of intellect. These are all passing through the earth. It is not a definite stage of their journey, it is simply a stage they reach at some time, a period of existence if you like.

(Can you answer the following criticism? "Apparently (according to Johannes) the period during which the soul continues wearing its covering after the body has been cast off is a very long one. 'Far longer,' says Johannes, 'than your earth life, and during that time you have many experiences in passing from one sphere to another, and from one plane to another.' Finally comes the time when experience is sufficient, and the ego casts off its soul and enters into the spirit 'which is mere intuition.' 'This,' says Johannes, 'is a rest and peace incomparable with anything you can imagine.' If this is the scheme of things it is not quite clear where that doctrine of reincarnation comes in, the truth of which elsewhere Johannes seems to admit." You also stated, "But back to the old earth you do not go again. You are there once and never more, but of course there is reincarnation in a sense. You might have to go back in a more material body if you were foolish enough.")

In reply to this, I quote a few extracts from a sitting given to me a year ago in which the subject is more fully gone into by Johannes. I asked: "Why are idiot children born into this world if it is only to suffer?"

JOHANNES. Idiot children do not suffer. They are only shells in which the yolk of the egg has not been perfected. It is just as if you had an egg that would not hatch. They are sent back here and prepared for a future life. Their life on earth is not wasted. They are just imperfect articles turned out by the great factory over here.

(What about cripples and those born blind. Why should they suffer?)

JOHANNES. Simply because, if you look at the whole surface of nature, you will see that there is a great deal that seems wasted; in reality it is not so, for all of them will be used again. But it does look to you as if this was absolutely cruel, worse



than the destruction of one animal by another. These imperfect creatures are merely waiting for their turn.

(Do they come back here?)

Yes, of course they do. They have not had their earth experience.

(That is reincarnation, then?)

Certainly, but not for the fully formed, only for the people who have not had the chance of this stage of development.\*

I think this extract perhaps answers the above query.

(Will you reply to the following criticism. "It would be easy to criticize certain other of Johannes' views and opinions, notably the statement which he makes that suicide is worse than murder. Surely this could hardly be argued in the case of some one struck down by an incurable illness. We consider we are justified in putting animals to death when their life has become a misery to them through old age or otherwise. Can we really argue that a man who shortens his life by a few months and thus saves his friends and relatives much needless suffering and anxiety is actually worse than a murderer?")

JOHANNES. Again I was generalizing. Suicide is the worst sin that can be committed by a human being, but as in all sins there are certain grades, so in suicide certain cases are different from others. The taking of life is an interference with the natural law and it is inadvisable in any case. But in such an instance as you describe it would not be weighted with the same consequences as in the case when fear of some material evil induced a man to put an end to his existence.

(You replied rather scathingly when an inquirer asked whether the universe is like a clock running down, though you admitted that the universe had a beginning. The critic remarks: "In that case, it does not seem very absurd to assume that it must also have an end.")

JOHANNES. Not at all as far as you are concerned. I can quite imagine your point of view; but in reality the universe, or indeed, any of the single portions of the universe, are not clocks which tick themselves to the end of a chain. They revolve: everything is made and remade. You can see it for yourself. We only assume a beginning for the universe; we can't prove it. It is one of the things that is outside our knowledge.

As a reference to Fedra (Mrs. Leonard's control) is made in the criticism, the following extracts may be of interest when

\* If this is the case, why should not those who die as infants come back also?—ED.



compared with those received from Johannes. Feda of her own accord made some reference to theosophical teaching with regard to planes and spheres. I then took up the point and asked her if she could tell me anything about reincarnation.

Feda replied: N. says: "We do not speak of it very much because it is not incessant as many people think, because we are not actually going on and going on on the earth. But there is such a thing as living more than one life in the physical sense.

(Then there is reincarnation?)

There is, but not as the theosophists say, not in keeping on and on. It is true that you and N. have been together before.

In a later sitting the subject was again referred to as follows: "N. thinks it possible for there to be something of that kind in extraordinary circumstances; but does not believe in the reincarnation that the theosophists believe in, it is not logical." At a subsequent sitting Feda alluded to the temporary disintegration of the mind when speaking to earth and remarked: "That is why the theosophists present one with so many different bodies. I am not aware of having about seven different bodies, and yet, in a symbolical way and in a sense, that is true."

It is interesting to compare Johannes' statements about the planets with those made by Feda, or by the communicator. I asked if the planets were inhabited? She replied: "Yes, though you would not understand the form of life. There is life in such a peculiar form, such a strange form that you would not recognize it as being inhabited by people, yet they are the people of that particular planet."

(It is true that we go on from one planet to another?)

Feda replied: "We can and we do, but it takes in your time ages for one to move from one planet to another. You know when on the earth one moves from one state to another, that is how in the spirit world one moves on from one plane to another, so also does one move on from one planet to another in time."

Later in the same sitting I repeated: "Is it true that we go on from one planet to another? That is what N. tells me through Mrs. Travers-Smith."

Feda replied: "We go on to other worlds, to different forms of life, but we cannot keep on and on coming on the earth, there would not be any point in it."

It is generally believed that communicators find it difficult to put through ideas that are directly contrary to those entertained by the medium. I understand that Mrs. Leonard is a believer in reincarnation on earth so far as she herself is con-



cerned. In the above quotation Feda gives utterance to views that are opposed to such a theory. I have had a series of sittings with Mrs. Travers-Smith commencing about eighteen months ago. In these I have met with a number of examples in which her hand expressed views contrary to those held by her mind. On more than one occasion she has actually argued with my communicator who was using her hand for the purpose of spelling out views with regard to music which were entirely contrary to those held by Mrs. Travers-Smith.

During these eighteen months I also had a number of sittings with Mrs. Leonard and obtained a great deal of cross-correspondence between these two mediums who are not acquainted with each other. Therefore it is interesting to note that N., my communicator, has informed me both through Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Travers-Smith that at some period in our existence we pass on to other planets. Johannes made this statement to me some time ago and has also made it to Mr. Bradley who has now published it in his book *Towards the Stars*.

With regard to "professional controls," it is asked in the criticism how far they are necessary and it is stated "that Mr. Bradley got in touch with his sister without the aid of any such intervention merely through the presence of the medium." Here there is perhaps a misunderstanding. Though I have not read Mr. Bradley's book by me at the moment my impression is that at all Valiantine's sittings his controls came through first. I have attended many séances and in no case has any spirit spoken without the help of the controls. I have always understood that these are most necessary. The rare cases of obsession have apparently been due to the fact that the guide has not had sufficient power to control the séance, or has not been present at all. It is further stated that Feda "makes no pretence to philosophical acumen and does not preach to us of the mysteries of the cosmos only in the end to leave us utterly unconvinced." I should like to remark that I have been given certain communications by Feda dealing with the cosmos, physical science, etc., etc., which have seemed somewhat obscure to me; however, this may possibly have been due to a record touched in the subconscious mind of the medium.

It is asked how far controls are necessary? Johannes fulfils an exceedingly useful function in keeping away undesirable entities, and in summoning and introducing communicators to a sitting. I know of many instances in which satisfactory evidence has been given by communicators summoned in this manner



—notably one in which twenty-five names entirely unknown to Mrs. Travers-Smith were given at one sitting. These names proved to be quite correct and pertinent to questions asked.

Would it be too credulous to assume that Johannes really exists and that his views on various subjects after an experience in the spheres of over two thousand years should be of greater value than those of communicators who have recently passed over and have that experience to gain? For example, my principal communicator, when asked to answer some question about the after life, has frequently replied through Mrs. Travers-Smith: "You see I am only learning here. We have to learn as you do."

It has been suggested that Johannes, who professes to be a Jew, has offered no proofs of identity to Mr. Bradley. Naturally no personal reminiscences could be of service in this respect. He, however, has communicated facts unknown to Mrs. Travers-Smith concerning Jewish history and religious practices of ancient times which were afterwards verified by a Hebrew scholar.

I do not wish it to be inferred that I accept any of Johannes' statements as representing what really ultimately happens to the human soul. I am merely giving the above extracts with a view to elucidating the philosophy of Johannes.



## THE HOLY KABBALAH

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

AS the esoteric reception, the Secret Tradition of Israel, emerges by stages in the direction of a greater knowledge, the problem of its textual side confronts the general reader and grows from more to more, full of disturbing elements. A recent issue of THE QUEST has a contribution of four pages addressed to students of the literature by one of our foremost encyclopædic scholars, Dr. Robert Eisler; and with the best intentions in the world it cannot be felt that they are likely to bring peace of mind to those who are concerned, though it is true that they offer good news in the first instance. It is said that "a series of translated and annotated texts of the principal remains of Jewish Mystic Literature" has begun publication at Leipzig under his editorship, with the title of CORPUS CABBALISTICUM, and that the first volume contains a translation of THE BAHIR into German and a commentary thereupon.\* It is expected also that a German rendering of SEPHER YETZIRAH will follow later on and will be made, I infer, by Dr. Eisler himself, who says that he has been studying it for years in conjunction with "the parallel and contemporary remains of Greek number-mysticism." Its most recent translation into English accepts the traditional authorship of R. Akiba ben Joseph, but Dr. Eisler believes firmly that it was "the work of the famous Jewish arch-heretic Elisha ben Abuia." This is by no means a new hypothesis, but it is not, I believe, familiar to general students in England.

They will be unprepared still more and much more seriously concerned when they learn what Dr. Eisler tells them on the subject of SEPHER HA ZOHAR, its translation into French by the late Jean de Pauly and its issue in seven beautiful volumes, between 1906 and 1911. The revelation is as follows: (1) that it is "absolutely unreliable," "full of mistakes," "crammed with intentional alterations," "unacknowledged omissions," and (2) that Jean de Pauly was in all probability a "renegade"

\* DAS BUCH BAHIR, ein Schriftdenkmal aus der Frühzeit der Kabbala auf Grund der kritischen Neuausgabe. Translation and Commentary by Dr. Gerhard Scholem. Vol. I of QABBALA, Quellen und Forschungen zur Geschichte der Jüdischen Mystik. Edited by Dr. Robert Eisler. Leipzig: W. Drugulin, pp. iv + 172. Price 10s.



named Paulus Meyer, "whose infamous attitude in the Prague alleged blood-ritual murder case is not forgotten in Eastern and Central Europe." It is submitted that for English students of Kabbalah, who do not know Aramaic and few of them Hebrew, and therefore for readers at large of THE OCCULT REVIEW, this is disturbing news, apart from the question of identity and that "murder case," about which they will remember little. As readers possibly of Latin they will have surrendered cheerfully any reliance they may have once had on certain ZOHAR excerpts presented by Baron von Rosenroth; they know by report and are satisfied that some casual specimens of Adolphe Franck are much worse than Rosenroth's; and that the KABBALAH UNVEILED of Mathers collapses with KABBALA DENUDATA, as it depends from the Latin of Rosenroth.

But they will have thought that Pauly's rendering of the ZOHAR was at least a *terminus a quo*, instead of a text which has now at last earned a sweeping condemnation from those who speak with authority.\* I mention these matters to show how difficult it is for "students" of the subject to know at all where they are. Every translation of the SEPHER YETZIRAH differs widely from those which preceded it, and the end is not yet. There is marked disagreement, moreover, as to what portions constitute the original tract and what has been interpolated. Finally, there is no critical edition. But if this is the position as regards the minute BOOK OF FORMATION, what is the case of the ZOHAR, in Aramaic and not in Hebrew and sealed therefore to those who are conversant only with the latter? It is also a vast work, in which many texts are embedded, and—with all its omissions—Pauly's version extends to six imperial octavo volumes and then does not touch the supplements.

I was pondering upon these matters when M. Paul Vulliaud's LA KABBALAH JUIVE † came to me, full of learning and interest, the most elaborate study of its subject which has ever appeared in the French language. It has drawn me from these problems into enchanted fields of speculation and research, where I have been reminded of things innumerable and have learned continually as I travelled. It has brought me also, I fear, not a little satisfaction, which might be called malicious, thinking of *les*

\* Dr. Eisler is doubtless entitled to speak on his own part, but it is just to add that the findings enumerated above appear to be those of Dr. Scholen, the German translator of the BAHIR.

† Paul Vulliaud: LA KABBALAH JUIVE, HISTOIRE ET DOCTRINE. Imp. 8vo, 2 vols., pp. 516 + 456. Paris: Émile Nourry. Prix 60 francs.



*écoles esotériques* of Paris; of their devotion to Eliphas Lévi, their *grand Kabbaliste*; of his *Mystères de la Kabbale*, issued by the same publisher; of the excellent Dr. Papus; and of M. Chateau. There is one at the gates carrying titles of knowledge and he has utterly set aside their "masters." *Les écoles* sent Karppe to Coventry long ago, and M. Vulliaud will be diverted with me at the conspiracy of silence which awaits him in those directions.

It is impossible in a short notice to say anything adequate or descriptive of so large a work: I can note only here and there, but with difficulty even then, for one tends to be drawn into side issues through predilections arising from old personal travellings in the same paths. An early chapter on generalities of Jewish Mysticism is full of such temptations, while another is the question of so-called Kabbalistic precursors and the position—among others—of Ibn Gebirol. I should like to compare at some length what is said of him from this point of view by M. Vulliaud with the study of Isaac Myer, long ago now in America. However, the chapter on *SEPHER YETZIRAH* must set all these aside, and it proves thoroughly informing, though—for once in M. Vulliaud's pages—there is little that can be called new. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Knut Stenring's translation, introduced recently by myself, will find it most interesting. The conclusion is that *SEPHER YETZIRAH* is not a "preface" to *SEPHER HA ZOHAR*, but that the two works belong to one and the same tradition, the first being more explicit than the second and a summary of certain Kabbalistic themes, "notably that of Divine Revelation considered under the form of symbolical writing," and of emanation and cosmic evolution, contemplated from both the mystical and natural standpoint and developed in the order of harmonious analogy. The possible authorship of Elisha ben Abuia is passed over with a mocking reference, in dismissing a hypothesis of Epstein which regards the tract as designed for the instruction of youth.

The antiquity of the *ZOHAR* is considered in a long chapter, which embodies an acute analysis of salient points in hostile criticism and seems to dispose of them effectually. They are taken in succession and examined in their different aspects, variously put forward as their champions followed one another, from the date of the vowel-points—which are mentioned in the *ZOHAR*—to the antiquity of the first theosophical intimations on En—Soph. and the Sephiroth. Thereafter follows the story of Isaac de Acco and the quest which he attempted concerning the



great text, as I gave it long since in one of my early studies, and with much the same results. M. Vulliaud concludes, like some others, including Prof. Schiller-Szinessy, the Talmudic scholar, that the work is not an imposture of R. Moses de Leon in the thirteenth century; that it is a collection of many texts belonging to various dates; that the arguments against it are of anything but irresistible force; that it represents an ancient tradition, a school, and is the "authentic expression" of old Jewish wisdom, notwithstanding "interpolations, suppressions and changes" in the actual form, which is an outcome of successive developments. In this connection it is to be inferred from Dr. Eisler's address to students that another defender of the ZOHAR may be expected in the person of Dr. Scholem, already cited. He has prepared a glossary of the text and seems now engaged on the philological analysis of authentic writings under the name of Moses de Leon. Meanwhile M. Vulliaud, who also knows something of these texts and has cited them to the confusion of hostile critics, seems also aware of omissions in De Pauly's version and mentions one of them at least. This notwithstanding, his "critical essay" is dedicated with lively affection and gratitude to Émile Lafuma, to whose editorial labours we owe the publication of the French ZOHAR, after the death of its translator. Moreover, one of his longest extracts (Vol. I, pp. 272-274) from the text follows the Pauly version, though elsewhere he translates on his own part.

I have dealt with two matters about which my readers are most likely to desire the views of a new expositor in the field. For the rest, M. Vulliaud gives us studies on Sephirotic doctrine; the relation of the Kabbalah to Pantheism; on Shekinah the Indwelling Glory and Metatron the Angel of the Presence; on Messianic theosophy, more especially in the Zoharic school, the sects which have arisen therefrom, the Sabbataï Zevi movement and the excesses of the later Hassidim. A chapter on the influence exercised by the Kabbalah on Christian Kabbalists is exceedingly full and informing, though I miss a few names which in old days were of some consequence to myself, and in a few cases the folios which they brought into being are still on my shelves. One of the most curious considerations, developed at a certain length, is on the Kabbalah and Freemasonry. For Benamozegh and many others "Masonic theology" is identical with the Secret Tradition in Israel. Authors of note and all the posy of zanies are quoted in this connection, with sufficient realization of a distinction between the two classes, and of the



more important fact that the said theology amounts to *peu de chose*. M. Vulliaud has a good time and offers as much to his readers among all the follies and nonsense, but he is probably not a Mason and he misses the root-matter of the whole correspondence, such as it is and such as I have sought to develop it on several occasions on my own part. He misses, moreover, a broader occasion for distraction, being unacquainted with High Grade Rites and Orders which claim derivation from Kabbalism.

One of the charms of the work, though it may not appeal to all, is a curiously discursive style: it does not mean that the author is diverging from his main issues, but he is at ease about them, is never in haste to proceed and always finds an opportunity to look at the various aspects. It may be said that the theme throughout is one of Zoharic Kabbalism, while the impression which is left on the reader is that unquestionably which it is intended to convey, namely, that the best evidence for the age of the Secret Tradition for which the word Kabbalism stands in the language of Jewry is the *milieu*, the environment, the atmosphere amidst which Christianity itself happened to be born and in which it grew up at the beginning. The cosmic matter and nebulæ, so to speak, crystallized in the main Kabbalistic text, is the age-long story of the theosophical mind of Israel, in Palestine, in Babylon, and at that great meeting-place of life and thought, Alexandria.

It does not appear that M. Vulliaud is himself a son of Israel, though he is in a sense a son of its doctrine. Moreover, he has described his work exactly in the parenthesis beneath its title: it is a critical essay, full of apprehension as such, but I do not find evidence that he is aware of a life and reality deep in the heart of the doctrine. His contemplation of Shekinah, as Our Lady of Israel comes before us in the ZOHAR, offers proof of this: it is well enough done and is not apart from sympathy, but as it begins so also it remains, an enlightened critical appreciation. Of Zoharic sex-doctrine he says little, and that there is something very deep in its intimations—as if a strange key were being offered to those, a few, who might use it—he does not dream. The work, taken as a whole, is a study of that which has environed the central thing rather than of the thing itself. This is why it is so informing externally, but why also, as it seems to me, there is something missed, and it belongs to the secret life of the subject.



## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you or any of your learned contributors could give me any information respecting the two following French authors and their writings: MM. Saint-Yves d'Alveydre and Louis Michel de Figanières.

I have just been reading Lewis Spence's *Problem of Atlantis*. It is a wonderful collection of particulars such as only Lewis Spence could get together. For years past I have studied the same question, and two points of interest have raised themselves, so to speak, in my mind whilst so engaged.

The first is this: Does the Sargasso Sea, which *has never been thoroughly* explored, cover the site of the sunken island continent of Atlantis? I ask this because I can see no reason why islands hitherto uncharted or up to now undiscovered may not exist still in that locality of the Atlantic Ocean. The area of the famous "Sea of Horses," as the early Spanish navigator called the region of sea-grass, is surely large enough to hold and, as it were, conceal such island groups? The second is this: Orichalcum, the curious metal in use among the Atlanteans, is usually regarded as *pure copper*. At least, so M. Gattefossé of Lyons has informed me. I now ask, in my turn, if this unique Greek word does not mean and refer to *aluminium*? The final *chalcum* undoubtedly denotes a species of chalk, limestone, or other earthy substance, and does not surely only refer to copper ore, or earth containing this metal. Again, M. Gattefossé more than implies in the communication I have lately received from him that my idea has some slight foundation of truth.

I have myself long considered that Egypt itself, so far at any rate as the coasts and original deltaic lands were concerned, was first colonized and settled by refugees from the submersion of Atlantis. Also that these flying swarms were compelled to fight their way through the Mediterranean itself with the various tribes and peoples living on both north and south coasts. And then in later ages, when Egypt had become thickly populated and divided into various states, a dislike of red-haired men sprang up. Does this mean that the original invaders from Atlantis were red-haired? I have read somewhere



that the Pharaonic Egyptians did not like the sea and were never navigators. Apologizing for troubling you,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE I. BRYANT.

#### HYPNOSIS OR THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Having read with much interest about the Hindoo rope trick in your Correspondence columns, I should like to mention some similar tricks, performed here by the Burman magicians.

The Burman magician usually swallows a big boat before the very eyes of the audience and every one present sees that he is actually swallowing it. (Of course, every one is made to believe so.) In fact, he is not at all swallowing the boat, but he is simply walking along it. This can only be seen by some one who witnesses the performance from above, without the knowledge of the magician. Thus he escapes the magician's influence and can see what is actually taking place beneath him.

A story goes that one day a boy happened to be hidden in a tree under which the performance took place. While everybody was marvelling at the magician swallowing the boat, the boy shouted out that the man was merely walking along the boat. The magician looked up and perhaps willed the boy to believe that he was just near the ground. The boy jumped down, and was killed.

The Burman magician usually performs the trick similar to the rope trick at the conclusion of his performance. He burns something to get the smoke to rise up in the sky and informs the audience that he is going to send his men to fight against the heavenly soldiers in the sky. He first sends a boy into the sky with some arms. The boy floats in the air as the smoke goes up in the sky. Then he sends another to assist the first. Thus, one after another follows, the last being the magician himself, with all his bag and baggage. Gradually all disappear, and never come down again.

At one time it happened that a traveller passed by and asked the audience what they were looking in the sky for. On hearing of the disappearance of the magicians, he told them that he had just seen them on his way at a *zayat* (rest-house) outside the town, preparing food, etc. In fact, the magician and his party never rise or float in the sky. The smoke only ascends, but the audience is made to believe that the magicians are going up.

These are the hallucinations performed by our Burman magicians. A person who has perfected his Will, or a person at a certain stage of the practice of Maha Samadi, or a person who has attained the Seintama-ya-Iddhi (Mental Power) by his practice in Gantari-Wizza, can perform these things and more.

BURMA.

Yours faithfully,

S. P.



## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE French occult periodicals, as distinguished from those which belong to psychical research and its connections, continue their individual careers with varying claims on recognition as regards importance and interest. *LE VOILE D'ISIS* stands for "the esoteric tradition" and is representative of the several movements which French nomenclature includes under the term of spiritualism—as distinct from that of spiritism. Our contemporaries across the Channel do not make the American and English mistake of allocating the higher denomination to the phenomena of mediumship and the modes of affirmed communication with disembodied souls. In the last issue before us there is a study of Michael Nostradamus which recalls to us, by means of several citations, those remarkable metrical oracles of the sixteenth century that have taken a permanent place, at least among the curiosities of occultism. As there is perhaps no need to say, it is an address for the defence of its subject and while it scores individual points it is rather in the general impression produced by a rationally debated pleading that it is likely to tell most on readers with open minds. We are reminded that the prophet denied himself that he was such and declared that "the secrets of God are incomprehensible." At the same time he predicted and maintained the truth of his forecasts, creating in this manner a distinction which seems on the surface too fine for words. The meaning is simply that in his understanding prophecy is of Divine inspiration, while prediction is possible of attainment by "the astronomical way" and by calculations depending therefrom. It is suggested, however, that there was more than these in his method on the authority of the seer's own explanation, which speaks of his secret studies pursued at night in a cabinet. When Nostradamus had computed stellar influences the apologist thinks that he fell into a state of somnambulism and saw visions corresponding to his astrological findings. These he transferred subsequently into his cryptic measures. It is of course pure hypothesis, but it is by no means impossible or even unlikely that the long procession of images which make up the "centuries" of Nostradamus may have come to him in this manner. It is as easy to deride them at this day, as it was in the scoffing spirit and by the cheap criticism of the eighteenth century, governed by the spirit of Voltaire. But the fact remains—and is so awkward for cheap criticism—that several world events, not to speak of trivial happenings, bear witness apparently to these old predictions. It is interesting therefore to speculate on the mode of their origin in the mind of the French seer, and the explanation of the apologist in *LE VOILE D'ISIS* is



good enough in its way. One of his convincing points is that no study of the stars and that no calculations could have supplied Nostradamus with the names of persons which occur in some of the forecasts regarded as verified, and that they must have come to him therefore in some other manner. It is time that some patient investigator—who could scarcely be other than a Frenchman—produced a critical edition of the old “centuries.” There is a mass of scattered material which ought to be ingarnered and it is unquestionable that much more would prove available to research. We are indebted to the apologist meanwhile for establishing the position occupied by Nostradamus at his place and period, as a man of extraordinary learning, a friend of Scaliger, a professor at Montpellier and a doctor who is alleged to have arrested the plague at Aix and some other epidemic at Lyons. It is said, moreover, that his own wealth and the presents which he received for his cures were distributed among the poor and suffering. Except for the propagators of “vulgar errors,” Nostradamus is not a charlatan: we therefore who know that seership is among the psychic gifts of man and that predictions are occasionally fulfilled, on the evidence of all the annals, are not without hope that something will yet be done to justify the memory of the bizarre but notable French prophet.

Some reflections on the subject of Divination in the last issues of EON take us back to the question of astrology, which after all divines by the stars, though some of its earnest students might resent the institution of an analogy between their “science of calculation” and the fortuitous methods of psychic reading which are connoted by the other art. There are other craftsmen also who would object to the inclusion by EON of physiognomy, phrenology and chiromancy among modes of Divination. We believe notwithstanding that in so far as all these studies produce accurate results from time to time it is in virtue of a seering faculty which the artist brings to bear on the dry bones of his methods and gives them life thereby. From the days of Ovid we have been taught that there is an Art of Poetry, but it is exercised to no real purpose except by those who have also the poet’s gift, and this is not less true because Vergil wrote the first draft of the AENEID from beginning to end in prose. However this may be, we have recurred to astrology, because it seems to us that another critical work awaits and will reward the doing. It is the History of Astrology, with special reference to the evolution of its modes of reading, comparing—for example—the interpretation of stellar influences in the days of Junctin de Florence with those of capable students in modern times. So far as we are acquainted with the bibliography of astrological literature, there is no adequate work of this kind, and accepting with Eliphas Lévi the very reasonable assumption that the birth, positions and aspects of planets in the solar system cannot be without importance to the child who is born into that system, we should like to be critically acquainted with the history of stellar



readings, the attempts to interpret the influences, and the modifications introduced therein by the successive discovery of other planets than the traditional seven of the solar system. For the rest as regards EON, there is a bizarre article on the astral, apparently the beginning of a series, according to which it is the subtle and imponderable fluid familiar in the theories of science under the name of ether. It is a cosmic *tertium quid*, neither spirit nor matter but the joint product of both, and it is "disengaged" by all created things. In man it corresponds to "soul," or vital and magnetic fluid. It is also the "aura" of occultists, the preserver of forms in humanity and the bond between worlds in the universe. In a word, it is the secret union of all beings and the link between them and their Creator. The fact of its evidence is manifested by telegraphy as well as in telepathic phenomena, and even in the familiar experience of natural sympathy and antipathy between persons. Beyond these normal things there is, however, a rare and potent radiation of astral fluid, said indeed to be illimitable in its action, and here is the secret of magic: to have knowledge of the astral in this mode or aspect is to be master thereof, and it is possible for such persons, without quitting—permanently, we presume—their physical bodies, to travel swiftly through space, to communicate with astral entities and explore the mysteries of its invisible kingdom. It is to be understood that such a person must be strong in faith, must know not fear and must have banished passion from his soul. There are other conditions, but there is no call for their enumeration, as we are back in the transcendental doctrine and practice of magic according to our old friend Eliphas Lévi. We are told in fine that the symbolical "voyages" of Freemasonry are a pale reflection of the peculiar tests to which postulants were subjected in those Ancient Mysteries that were colleges of instruction and attainment in astral mastery: this we recommend to the consideration of the French Grand Orient. The modern aspirant in the absence of such training must "purify his own astral" and then, "isolated in the midst of his fellow beings, go forth with the shield of faith to the conquest of will and courage." We shall await with some interest the next instalment of these revelations. Meanwhile there are further studies in the "first elements" of alchemy, which were mentioned in these pages at their inception in the previous issue of EON. It must be confessed that we advance slowly and, for example, know nothing further as to the nature of the Hyle of Paracelsus when assured that it is produced by "the conjunction and infusion of latent forces in chaotic matter." As much and as little must be said when the philosophical mercury of old alchemists is defined as that "which maintains movement in mineral life"—namely, vibration. The valedictory message of the moment is that the first working tool of an alchemist is the interior fire, while solar fire is the second. The one is the sole medium of mineral, vegetable and animal evolution, and the other communicates



life. In view of these findings it emerges that the welcome which we accorded—now long ago—to EON on its first appearance has been more than justified: it is a matter of personal satisfaction to receive a new issue, for the attraction never fails. Not all in vain did Déa, its Grand Mistress, establish the pious if problematical Order of the Lily and Eagle, seeing that in the fullness of time it has come to possess this enchanting official organ.

Among French periodicals devoted to Spiritism and Experimental Psychism, the JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME is of exceptional interest, owing to its report of a recent trial at Bordeaux. M. Pierre Marcoul is a magnetic healer with a large *clientèle*, and on some recent occasion a stranger awaiting his turn for treatment among other patients in the *salle d'attente* was seized with syncope and died before any help could be given. It was obviously impossible for even a Bordeaux tribunal to prosecute for homicide, but the unfortunate event served as a pretext for indicting M. Marcoul on the score of the illegal exercise of medicine. Many persons were present apparently to certify his curative powers on the basis of personal experience, and M. Henri Durville—founder of the International Psychical Society and editor of the JOURNAL—gave a long exposition of his views on magnetic healing. Moreover, the counsel for the defence cited a decision of the Versailles Tribunal in 1910, based apparently on a law passed in 1892, according to which therapeutic magnetism *per se* is not an illegal practice of medicine, and so becomes only if accompanied by medicines and directions prescribed by the magnetizer, he being not a doctor. This notwithstanding, judgment was duly pronounced against M. Marcoul and he was fined 200 francs. . . . LA REVUE SPIRITE issues an appeal to all interested persons throughout the world, respecting the forthcoming Congress of the International Spiritist Federation at Paris in 1925: it has been mentioned previously some time since in these pages. As an introduction to the activities, it is proposed to publish, against the date of the Congress, an EXPOSITION OF SPIRITISM, designed in the interests of instruction and propaganda among those who are likely to attend. Another suggestion is to form a temporary museum or exhibition of inspirational drawings and paintings, sculptures, engravings, MSS. of famous spiritists, portraits, specimens of automatic writings and so forth. There is an appeal for assistance in this direction by way of loans. . . . We have also received the second issue of ARCHIVES DU SPIRITISME MONDIAL, being the organ of the International Spiritist Federation. It reminds us of the circumstances under which the Federation was established at Liège in 1923. The most important parts—chiefly official in character—are printed in French, English and Spanish. It may be remembered that the President is Mr. George F. Berry, while Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is Honorary President of the Executive Committee.

By those who know or care anything about the new psychology



which is called that of Behaviourism—a recent reform in psychology—there is an opportunity for some entertainment and a little instruction in the last issue of *PSYCHE*, for Dr. J. B. Watson and Prof. William McDougall enter the lists and break lances on the subject. We are by no means qualified to judge between them, and have no present intention of trying to graduate: if permitted to say so, we find Prof. McDougall the more entertaining; he is the better dialectician and might confess to a sense of humour. Moreover, he enables us to realize that already three schools have been started on this ill-sounding subject—which has nothing to do with manners: as yet it is not suggested that their originators have secured pupils. The schools are (1) Metaphysical Behaviourism=Neo-Realism; (2) Watsonian Behaviourism, about which there is no “metaphysical nonsense”; (3) Sane Behaviourism, of which Prof. McDougall is an expounder and originator—for all that we know. As regards the two debaters, it may interest our readers to learn that for Dr. Watson psychology appears to be “a science without a soul”; that in his opinion the idea of the supernatural “probably had its origin in the general laziness of mankind”; and that consciousness is “just as unprovable as the old concept of the soul.” On the other hand, Prof. McDougall says that for nearly twenty years he has been a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research. . . . On the present occasion *PSYCHE* is distinguished by a study which belongs to literature in its subject-matter. It is that of Dr. William Rose on “The Romantic Symbol,” otherwise the Blue Flower, an emblem conferred by Novalis on the German Romantic School, having been seen in a vision by the hero of his chief, but unfortunately uncompleted, work, HEINRICH VON OFERDINGEN. The study is concerned with Novalis, otherwise Friedrich Leopold von Hardenberg, who was born on May 2, 1772, and died of consumption on March 25, 1801, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. It is good and sympathetic, though we do not agree that the Blue Flower represents the unattainable—the ideal which is “only to be sought” and “can never be found.” It is certainly found in Novalis, though it always escapes. It is Mathilde for Heinrich in the story, and Sophie in the real life of his creator. It is taken away in both cases because the maidens die, but in the world to come, which is the world of perfect union, the desired object will be attained once and for all. After death Novalis was regarded by the Romantic School as “more seraph than man.” There is a story concerning him which is not given by Dr. Rose, namely, that on a chance meeting in a street the whole life of a stranger might unroll before the poet; but he had no such experience when it could have been of service to himself.

The new issue of *THE CO-MASON* is good reading as usual. Miss M. C. Debenham contributes the first paper in a series dealing with “Masonry as a Mystery Teaching,” and the Rev. A. H. Lee writes on the modern Order in its analogies with Ancient Mysteries.



## REVIEWS

LES ENTRETIENS DE NANG TANTRAI. Traduis du Siamois, par Edouard Lorgeou. Editions Bossard, Paris. Fr. 24.

THIS book is issued in an edition limited to 1,655 numbered copies, and is the ninth volume of *Les Classiques de L'Orient*, a series published under the auspices of L'Association Française des Amis de L'Orient. It contains a collection of stories and fables translated into French from one of the several Siamese texts. The first part of the book is made up of the stories with which Nang Tantrai entertained the king Aisouariya Bha and so saved the life of her father; and the second part contains the fables of Nandouka, as told to the king by Nang Tantrai after she had become queen.

Of the origin of all these stories M. Lorgeou gives it as his opinion that they were told by travellers in the resting halls of the large cities of Indo-China to casual companies of the townspeople who gathered there for amusement in the cool of the day, and that they passed thence among the people by oral tradition until they were collected together in book form by some one of whom no record whatever remains—not even his name and race. At a much later date they were translated by several writers into Siamese, and it is from one of these latter versions that the present interesting volume has been compiled.

The stories are, for the most part, of the slenderest substance and of engaging ingenuousness; but through all the fables there runs a strain of moral philosophy which gives them a different character and a larger significance. The book is profusely illustrated by A. F. Cosyns with wood-cuts that are remarkably well conceived and executed.

COLIN STILL.

TOWARDS A SCIENCE OF WELL-BEING. The Publishers, King Edward Street, Liverpool. Price 1s. net (by post 1s. 3d.).

WE have received from the Publishers of *Bibby's Annual* the brochure named above. It is printed and illustrated in the same style as the Annual, and contains excellent reproductions in colour and half-tone of celebrated pictures by famous artists together with suggestive articles on "The Economic System," "Capitalism and Socialism" and "The Elements of a Social Science." The author looks forward to a restoration of the Golden Age of Rama, when the spread of knowledge shall have conquered ignorance, and the peoples of every race shall dwell together in unity. The price at which this attractive publication is offered is considerably below that which it must cost to produce.

THE VICAR'S EXPERIMENT. By Flora Carmichael. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 232. Price 6s. net.

THERE is no suggestion of any occult interest in this strangely unlife-like story of the beautiful young actress who could play Juliet, Ophelia, and



Lady Macbeth with equal triumph, and her lover, the ascetic and densely stupid vicar, who even after marriage omitted to tell his wife that he had any affection for her. Surely people in real life do not behave in this irritating way—but all ends well in the story, for, after making one another thoroughly unhappy for a considerable length of time, the wedded pair at last fall into one another's arms and confess the love that they have hitherto cherished secretly. The book is written agreeably enough, with stray gleams of humour, but it is difficult to believe in Katharine's transcendent genius, or in the ease with which she abandons her stage career for life in a country vicarage, under the curious circumstances that arise. The minute descriptions of the heroine's garments—usually with a knot of flowers "tucked into her waist-belt"—and other details, betray the amateur novelist's hand, but the book may give some pleasure to lovers of "light literature."

E. M. M.

BETWEEN THE DESERT AND THE SOWN: THE WAY OF THE DISCIPLE.

Inscribed by Nargis, a pupil of Inayat Khan. Published by the Sufi Movement. London: 94 Baker Street, W.1. New York: 129 West 79th Street. Price 4s. 6d. net.

A GOOD pupil reflects the spirit of his teacher, as a polished object reflects the light of a lamp. Though this work, except for certain phrases, lacks the personal imprint and the creative genius of one who can sunder and unite the twin serpents of destiny—for the psychological effect of a statement depends far less upon *what* is said than upon *how* it is said—there are nevertheless many statements and reflections which will be found helpful to those whose hearts have felt the lure of the Rose-garden. The book is compiled of a number of practical teachings for those who aspire to become disciples.

"There is a path which lies between the field of joy and the field of sorrow; it is on this path that the Beloved walks, and only in the silence between the 'Desert and the Sown' can His Voice be heard."

On p. 76, the inscriber points out a very important law in regard to the working of intuition and inspiration. Since Truth is creative, it must be continually created afresh in ourselves. Therefore any answer from the spiritual sphere through intuition or inspiration will only be for that particular moment, since "each moment has its purpose which is different from every other moment." People would advance much quicker if they would remember that Truth cannot be bottled up by formulas, but only surrenders to the hero who can conquer her afresh in every emergency.

MEREDITH STARR.

TOWARDS THE STARS. By Dennis H. Bradley. Author of "The Eternal Masquerade," etc. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., 30 New Bridge Street, E.C.4. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MR. DENNIS BRADLEY'S latest book, *Towards the Stars*—not to be confused with *The Road to the Stars*, by "An Officer of the Grand Fleet"—is a refreshingly sane and powerful presentation of a Truth which, though



it has existed all the time, has evidently now burst upon him with blinding force. Thus he has joined an Army that has long borne the burden and heat of the day, an Army in which he has instantly won a commission on the Field. He realizes the joyous *fact* that they whom the world calls "dead" are indeed much more alive than when "in the body pent." Knowledge having replaced belief, he proclaims this with all the fiery eloquence of a Daniel come to judgment, and the noble enthusiasm of his race.

This volume contains the experiences of nine months' thorough investigation, from the June day when an impromptu séance in America with the "direct voice" medium, George Valiantine, convinced him that his beloved sister, who ten years before had passed onward, was speaking with him as only she could speak. Many of us remember our sensational experiences of the same order, with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, when she first visited England, in 1911, at the invitation of W. T. Stead.

Mr. Bradley records his further investigations at home with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, and again with Valiantine, who visited him here.

The author also sat with Mrs. Travers-Smith for automatic writing. A long series of scripts was obtained, chiefly philosophical and ethical, from one "Johannes," a pre-Christian Jew.

But with all his enthusiasm Mr. Bradley never loses his head. Wisely and characteristically he proffers this caution :

"I can realize that it is likely to prove dangerous for persons of mediocre intelligence to experiment or to endeavour to comprehend the great and automatic force of spirit communication. If the limitations of the mind of the student be confined to stupid earthly conventions, he is likely at any time to receive a shock which will send him scampering away in fear to the refuge of his earthly hutch. The philosophy of the spirits on a higher plane concedes nothing to the comic philosophy of Upper Suburbia."

And so say all of us!

EDITH K. HARPER.

AT THE GATE OF DISCIPLESHIP. Inscribed by Nargis, Pupil of Inayat Khan. Published by the Sufi Movement, 54 Above Bar, Southampton, England. Price 5s. net.

THIS volume is composed of further teachings for those about to become disciples. It is noteworthy that the scribe recognizes the significance of Christ in the earth's evolution :—

"The Cosmic Christ, Who is the Beginning and the End, Alpha and Omega, is bound to, or buried in, humanity until the whole of the matter of which that humanity is formed has been freed or raised from the bondage of death to the condition of life or light which is the real meaning of Resurrection."

There exists "a resolvent by which everything known to man as matter can be changed into Light, the secret of this, however, is only known to high Initiates," but woe unto him who awakes this power before he has killed and buried that part of himself which would use it for selfish ends. Man himself has woven the web of Maya which surrounds him, and only he can unweave it, or as the inscriber says : "Created thought must be destroyed by its creator." The importance of thinking thoughts which further the evolution of mankind is shown, since no man liveth to himself alone.

MEREDITH STARR.



THE PSYCHIC FLAME. By Amelia Fargo Staley, Author of "The Leadings of a Minister." The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A. Price \$2.00 net.

THE author of this work is the widow of a Congregational pastor of Manistee, Michigan, and she has already published a volume relating how she first developed her inborn faculty of receiving psychic messages, a volume which received so friendly a reception that she feels a second work on the same lines will not be unwelcome.

Her particular gift is "Clairaudience," and she tells us that she is so sensitive to the reality of the spirit world that it has become second nature with her to listen to the voices of that invisible "cloud of witnesses" by which we are all surrounded.

Most of the communications received by Mrs. Staley come from friends who were known to her in their earth life. Their purport is simple, clear, and natural, and of a high order. They express in general terms the conditions of what to us is still the "After Life." Thus one of these guardian-messengers, known as "The Doctor:"

"We do not live a haphazard life here; everything is in order, and everything is well done. I have to indicate according to your time, but we really have no time here" (p. 93).

From another friend comes the warning prophecy that:

"There is now to come a great awakening. The world has lapsed into animal influences, and unless men and women are awakened to the danger of the times, there will be a complete collapse of all morals, and vice and passions will rule the world" (p. 55).

This gloomy outlook would seem to be only too true did one judge the present-day world by its surface values alone, but there is, happily, also the profound assurance that in the long run Righteousness must triumph, and "all will be well."

Needless to say that as a minister's wife, Mrs. Staley had in early years to contend with much adverse criticism from her friends and relatives, who feared for her reason! But she courageously held her ground, and has been able to give help and comfort to many who were once strongest in their denunciations of her spiritual gift.

EDITH K. HARPER.

DREAMS FROM THE PAST. By Rowberry Williams. London: Arthur H. Stockwell, Publisher. Price 6s. net.

*Dreams from the Past* is an unusual book. It is a book of short stories woven around the individuality of the author, and covers the centuries from the Stone Age to modern times. It is not claimed that these are real impressions from the past—glimpses into the experiences of past lives—these stories are but the result of imagination's play. He sees an arrow-head in a museum and begins to revel in adventures on the American plains or the Australian bush, and he hears the moaning of the wind in the tree-tops and sets a-dreaming of romance.

There is life in the book—vitality and life and love and action and plenty of colour. Some of the stories are perfect in form and told with the stroke of mastery, while others of them are laboured and unconvincing. Mr. Williams knows well the periods of which he writes, and clothes each



tale in an atmosphere which almost makes one feel that he sees with the eyes of the times.

One story is of a Lady Rosina of the mediæval ages who dropped her jewelled glove into the lion-pit that all the Court might see her gallant lover recover it. Her vanity was displaced by shame and chagrin when he snatched the glove from the lions and flung it into her face. There is another of a fisherman who sells his catch in the banquet hall of the liard for one hundred stripes. When he had received the half of his payment to the great entertainment of the guests, he called for his partner, the porter, and exposed a rogue who was trading on his master. These are both clever stories, and there are others as good.

But on the whole the interest of the book is not enthralling to me, although it may well be so to others. It will never live to become one of the great books of the world, but during a short lifetime it will amuse many.

H. C.

THE BEGINNINGS OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA. By Melvin M. Johnson, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts 1914-1916, 33° etc. Demy 8vo, cloth, illustrated. New York: National Masonic Library, George H. Doran Company. \$3.50 net.

THIS is a work of the greatest interest and value to the Masonic Fraternity. It gives a detailed and accurate account of Freemasonry in the Western Hemisphere prior to the year 1750, and short sketches of the lives of the earliest Provincial Grand Masters. The contents of the volume are very well arranged, the numerous illustrations include notable portraits, rare old records, and facsimiles of journals, MSS., etc. An adequate notice of this work would extend to many pages. It is only possible at the moment to commend it unreservedly to all English-speaking brethren as an example of how Masonic history should be written and presented. It is supreme in its field as a source of information, and the volume is produced in such a manner that it will ever remain a valued possession.

P. S. W.

THE EPIC OF LOURDES. By Louisiana Murphy. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. Pp. 37. Price 2s.

OF LIFE AND LOVE. By T. H. E. A. London: John M. Watkins. Pp. 89. Price 3s. 6d.

THE first of these neatly-printed little books of verse gives an account of the apparitions and the cures that have occurred at Lourdes, ending with two rather lengthy descriptions of the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the Torchlight Procession. The author is never at a loss for words, but her words are not always well chosen; her diction is too elaborate and not really poetical in style. The frequent use of such rhymes as "resuscitated," "elevated," "ablutions," "contributions," "immutability," "obscurity," sets the reader's teeth on edge, and makes him long for a dose of pure and simple Anglo-Saxon. If Miss Murphy could have written in simpler language, her verses would have been more interesting and easier to read. As it is, one becomes dazed by the recurrent polysyllables, and can only recognize with an effort the genuinely devout religious spirit that has inspired this book.

Curiously enough, the writer who calls herself T. H. E. A. goes to



the other extreme, and it would be hard to find a more striking contrast than that provided by any two pages taken at random from these two volumes. "Of Life and Love" consists of vaguely religious musings and pleasant fancies under such titles as *The Joy of Dawn*, *The Seasons*, *Summer's Joy*, *Life's Garden*, *Fairies*, *Love*, *The Storm*, *Faith*, and so on. Rhyme and metre are almost entirely forsaken, though many of the pages look, at first glance, as though they were composed of rhyming verses; and over-long and elaborate words certainly are not to be complained of here.

But just as Miss Murphy's work lacks the glory of sound and colour that flowed from the pen of Francis Thompson, so does that of T. H. E. A. lack the pure and crystalline simplicity that illumined the lyrical poems of William Blake. In each case the printed words are there . . . but where is the music? Where the light, the fire, the radiance? Where the flower-like touch of the dancing spirit of Poetry? E. M. M.

CHITS FROM WEST AFRICA. By J. M. Stuart-Young. Published by A. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Price 7s. 6d.

THIS is a collection of very unequal stories interspersed with uneven poems, in the manner of Rudyard Kipling.

Yet there are three short themes of merit in the volume. "Ibra's Talisman" is the best of these. It is based on the old occult lore of the three wishes which have entered into literature in many guises, from fairy tales to W. W. Jacobs' gem-like narrative "The Monkey's Paw." The talisman in Mr. Stuart-Young's case is an inexorable and powerful ju-ju charm belonging to Ibra, a native boy. Another story founded on West African magic, and the second in my chosen trinity is "Thinking Brown—And a Toad." It contains two factors well known to students of witchcraft. The first is the toad used as a familiar. According to Mr. Stuart-Young the West African natives regard the toad as second in wisdom to the tortoise. The latter is also worshipped as a symbol of the stabilized universe in China, India and Japan; whilst the former is enrolled in many Scandinavian and German legends. The Germans term toads "die weisen Unken," i.e., the wise toads. The other matter Mr. Stuart-Young refers to in "Thinking Brown" is the substitution of an image for some potential living victim, and either burning it or transfixing it with pins, which is held to afflict the wronged person till he dies of the mortal curse. This terrible idea runs throughout all ages. In "Atalanta in Calydon" the torch of Meleager's life was cast into the fire and he succumbed in anguish. In Rossetti's poem "Sister Helen" an erring lover is slowly burnt in effigy, and the absent man is consumed by a grievous malady. Even the malicious dwarf of Dickens, Quilp, stuck a picture full of pins with the same malevolent and ancient hate. In "Thinking Brown" poor Tomlinson dies of lung trouble because his image is transfixed through the region of the lungs by a wire nail. For sheer literary quality I prefer "A Rehearsal in Four Shades" to all these "chits," but it contains nothing of occult interest for my present purpose. Though all the other plots by Mr. Stuart-Young are feeble, he knows his natives and the Dark Continent extremely well, whilst the instances I have quoted bear out the African mysteries revealed by that fine and scholarly writer, Mr. P. Amaury Talbot.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.



THE WITNESS.—Written down by Jessie Platts. Illustrated. London: Hutchinson & Co. Price 5s. net.

THE lady through whose hand these communications have been received is the mother of two young soldiers whom death claimed on the field of battle in the very flower of their youth. The agony of grief was assuaged for her, as it has been for many another, by the sure and certain knowledge that death means not separation but often even closer intercourse. Her younger boy, Lieut. Edgar Platts, known as "Tiny," is understood to be the inspirational source of the messages which make up this volume. They began soon after his passing over, and are full of the enthusiasm, and, needless to say, inexperience also, of a novice in a strange land. He dogmatizes on many themes—philosophical, ethical, and religious—with the cheery, earnest infallibility of extreme youth. He has met many great souls, some of them bearing great names, and he tries to transmit the substance of much that they are supposed to have told him concerning life, progress, and work in the limitless Beyond. He urges his mother to make this teaching known as widely as possible, reinforcing his own urgent entreaties by an admonition from his Master, Hilarion:—

"Hilarion is here. As you are my pupil, I wish to warn you against allowing yourself to entertain the least doubt of the truth of the messages which are reaching you from your son. My words are true. Wait, and work, and pray. Hilarion has spoken."

Here is Papal Infallibility indeed!

There is a great deal about reincarnation—many particulars and details are given, for "Tiny" has embraced this belief with great fervour since he passed through the thin dividing veil. Incidentally some of his leisure is occupied in fishing, but, he tells us, there is no pain attached to sport where he now is. He describes the beautiful scenery, and the delightful companionship of kindred souls. In a word, the deepest purport of these messages is in essence one with the greatest teaching: "Love is All."

EDITH K. HARPER.

MUDRAS: THE RITUAL HAND-POSES OF THE BUDDHA PRIESTS AND THE SHIVA PRIESTS OF BALI. By Tyra de Kleen. With an Introduction by A. J. D. Campbell, Assistant-Keeper in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London; and sixty Full-page Drawings by the Author. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price 15s. net.

MISS TYRA DE KLEEN, a Swedish artist and traveller, after great difficulties had been surmounted, succeeded in getting some Buddhist and Shiva priests in Bali to pose for the remarkable drawings which have been reproduced in this book. Bali is a small island in the East Indian Archipelago with a mixed race, comprising Polynesian, Javanese and Hindu strains. The art of the Balinese is of a high standard and is closely connected with their religion, which enters into everything they do. It is noteworthy that the *mudrās*, or ancient ritual gestures, associated with Buddhism and Hinduism, have probably been preserved by tradition in greater purity in Bali than in any other part of the East.

The full-page drawings show the priests in various postures illustrating



the hand-gestures ; there are also a number of small drawings of the hands alone. As Mr. Campbell in his interesting introduction says : " The *Mudrā*, or Hand-gesture, is the physical presentment of some Mantra or magic formula, which is first recalled by the hand and articulated by the mouth. By this threefold manner of expression, the three constituents of the human personality are simultaneously brought into activity, body (*mudrā*), soul (speech : sound), and spirit (memory)." But in my opinion there is no doubt that they originate in forms of spiritual experience. It is known, for example, that the Hindus associate different forms of spiritual or psychic energy, called Tattwas, with each finger. If, then, say the thumb and ring-finger are joined together, it would signify the union of the two corresponding currents of energy. The same principle would apply in regard to other hand-postures. In this manner a mystical language was no doubt brought into being and was probably used by initiates in various parts of the world. Little, however, is known about the *mudrās*, and the present work only claims to be a short and incomplete introduction to the subject. Miss de Kleen's drawings are very well done and possess great interest in themselves. They should certainly be studied by all who are interested in modes of spiritual expression which they illustrate.

MEREDITH STARR.

NEW LIGHT ON INDIAN PHILOSOPHY, OR SWEDENBORG AND SAIVA SIDDHANTA. By D. Gopaul Chetty. With a Foreword by L. B. de Beaumont. 7¼ in × 4¾ in., pp. xxxvi + 218. London and Toronto : J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

The teachings of Swedenborg should not require any introduction to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, but the philosophy of Saiva Siddhanta is not so familiar. This doctrine was formalized by Meikanda Deva in his Sivajnanabotham, and has many elements in common with the teachings of Swedenborg. These facts Mr. Gopaul Chetty has discovered and in this book expands from a Tamil booklet on the subject of earlier date. There can be no doubt concerning the truth of his main thesis : that both Meikanda and Swedenborg taught that God is Uncreate and One. Meikanda's teachings concerning Love, Divine Grace, and the Spiritual World have also a peculiarly Swedenborgian flavour.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

LA CLÉ D'OR DU SONGE. By Phaldor. Paris, aux Editions du Monde Nouveau. Pp. xxix + 205. Price 7 francs 50 centimes.

DREAMS are the commonest kind of experience, of which the " occultism " cannot rationally be explained away, and therefore dreams are more talked about than ghosts or earthquakes. I do not remember, however, to have been regaled so well with dream-lore as in Phaldor's fascinating pages, to which a long preface by M. Victor-Emile Michelet adds much more than a conventional " appetizer."

Phaldor carefully distinguishes between *songe* and *rêve*, regarding the latter as the result of an abandonment of the mind to a soft (*molle*) and inconsistent vision. He thinks that in so-called dreamless sleep our spirits " live with an intensity much more considerable than in light sleep—the only sleep which impresses on our memory a reflection of perceived visions, consummated acts."



Phaldor indulges in disputable dogma when he says, "If you dream symbolically no error is possible. A tooth which falls from your mouth signifies the certain death of one of your relations." If a symbolic dream be (as I think it often is) addressed to a person who interprets by an immediate reference to analogy, would he not almost certainly regard his teeth as symbols of his fighting force—as for instance of money, "the sinews of war"? I have always regarded a dream of a tooth out of action as threatening loss of money. One blushes to learn (therefore perhaps one had better unlearn) that to dream one sees a brother die is "a very fortunate presage, for in the symbolism of dreams a brother is an enemy." Maybe this superstition derives from the psychic poison generated by the greed of sharing heirs.

Phaldor is obviously a skilled student of the ideography of dreamland, and when he makes such arresting statements as that radium bears the signature of Uranus and that eleven is a number which belongs to the infernal world (drapers, please note), it is impossible not to hope that no importunate Raven interrupts him in his researches.

W. H. CHESSON.

A MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES. By Annie E. Cole. Pp. 112.  
London: A. H. Stockwell.

THIS little volume contains a number of answers received by automatic writing to questions asked by a Protestant Methodist. So far as new or illuminating truths are concerned there are none contained in the hundred odd pages of this little book; neither is there any clear indication of the author's motive in publishing the answers she received from her control. Most serious omission of all is that of any elucidation of the method employed in the compiling of the script; without such explanation the sceptical reader will at once ascribe the whole correspondence to imagination. The author expresses the hope that at some future date she may "get more light on the all-important subjects which compose this book." It is to be hoped that she may: and if she is again tempted to publish them, we should welcome the inclusion of the omissions which we have just noted.

JOHN NORTH.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANNIE BESANT. By Theodore Besterman.  
London: The Theosophical Society, 23 Bedford Square. Pp. 114. Price 2s. net.

HERE is the concentrated essence of a life-time of ceaseless activity. From the first pamphlet issued in 1873 to the last in 1923, nothing seems to have been omitted. In addition to works solely by Dr. Besant, are included works in which she has collaborated, translations, compilations from her writings, periodicals edited by her, even books to which she has contributed a preface or introduction, and, finally, books about her. The bibliography will be of great use to all who are interested in this remarkable woman's views and teachings, and its compiler must be congratulated on the careful and patient research which has obviously gone to its making. It was a happy thought which led him to print on cover and title-page these lines:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

E. M. M.