

MAY 1925

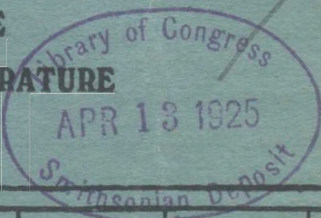
THIRTY CENTS

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

## Contents

- NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor  
Recollections of Past Lives
- THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL  
By Bernard Fielding
- THE ROSICRUCIAN By Meredith Starr
- THE SPIRIT CHILD  
By Margaret W. Spilhaus
- OCCULTISM AND ACHIEVEMENT  
By Buckland-Plummer
- THE SARGASSO SEA—ITS CONNECTION  
WITH ATLANTIS  
By Lewis Spence
- CORRESPONDENCE
- PERIODICAL LITERATURE
- REVIEWS



LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.  
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

UNITED STATES: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 85 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK;  
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.  
CANADA: THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., TORONTO.  
AUSTRALASIA: GORDON AND GOTCH, LTD.  
SOUTH AFRICA: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.  
CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, LTD.  
INDIA: THACKER AND CO., BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA;  
"THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

George Sheringham 1907.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, Sept. 18th, 1907.  
Registered at the G. P. O. London for transmission to Canada by Canadian Magazine Post.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND  
23 BEDFORD SQUARE, " " " LONDON, W.C.1.

If you are interested in Theosophy—  
If you feel that it will help you and enable you to help others—  
YOU ARE INVITED TO SUBSCRIBE TO

The  
Theosophical Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO BROTHERHOOD, RELIGION, OCCULTISM AND THE ARTS.

The Review will keep you in touch with The Theosophical Society's work, and with the effort to spread the teaching.

Yearly subscription 7s. 6d. }  
Half-yearly subscription 4s. } Post free. \*  
Single copy 7½d. } *The New Volume started with the January 1925 issue.*

**SEER** Clairvoyant and Psychometrist.  
Second Sight inherited.

Reading and Advice by post, 5s. Questions answered. Send small article worn or photo, sex, birth-date, to SEER,  
c/o "OCCULT REVIEW," 8 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4.

"MAGIC MYSTIC HAND OF FATIMA" Reveals Character, Temperament, Fate in Love and Business. This ancient Oriental Oracle yours for 1/6.  
GABRIEL DEE, 287 REGENT STREET, W.1.

**MADAME LIBRA** gives clairvoyant readings. Appointments by letter only. Send stamped addressed envelope. 7 Earl's Court Gardens, S.W.5 (opposite station).

**MADAME CLAIRE** GIVES CLAIRVOYANT READINGS. PSYCHOMETRY.  
Hours, 11-7; Sundays, 3.30. 'Phone: Kensington 7431.  
15 Westgate Terrace, Redcliffe Square, Earl's Court, S.W.

**YOUR NAME INDICATES** your character, talents, general trend of life, and the reason why. Full name, birth date and time required. Chart and brief Judgment 5s. Extended Reading 7s. 6d.  
MADAM VIRGO, c/o OCCULT REVIEW, 8 Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C.4

Mrs. D. STANLEY HARRIS, F.T.S., & Miss LILIAN WALBROOK ("The Case of Lester Coltman"). Clairvoyance, Healing, Psychometry, etc., Mondays and Thursdays. Private sittings, appointment only. Thursdays 4-5.30, Tea, Music, Demonstration, 5/6, at 24 Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.

'Phone Maida Vale 1971, Finchley 1726.

**A PROFESSIONAL CAREER AWAITS YOU!** Unlimited scope for suitable persons in public service.  
(Chartered and Incorporated under British and American Governments.) Principals: Prof. Dr. THOS. TIMSON, D.Sc., F.B.P.S., London, U.S.A., and Indian Academy of Science; Madam M. J. TIMSON, M.L.P.S., Regd., and staff of lecturers and examiners. Literature free, 2d. postage. Sec. I.P.P.I., Ltd., 3 Museum Square, Leicester, England.  
Copy "MEDIUMSHIP FOR THE MILLION," 1/3 post. You need this little book.

MAY 1925

THIRTY CENTS

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

## Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor  
Recollections of Past Lives

THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL  
By Bernard Fielding

THE ROSICRUCIAN By Meredith Starr

THE SPIRIT CHILD  
By Margaret W. Spilhaus

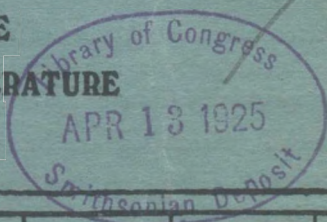
OCCULTISM AND ACHIEVEMENT  
By Buckland-Plummer

THE SARGASSO SEA—ITS CONNECTION  
WITH ATLANTIS  
By Lewis Spence

CORRESPONDENCE

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS



LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.  
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

UNITED STATES: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 85 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK;  
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.

CANADA: THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., TORONTO.

AUSTRALASIA: GORDON AND GOTCH, LTD.

SOUTH AFRICA: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.

CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, LTD.

INDIA: THACKER AND CO., BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA;  
"THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

George Sheringham 1907

Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, Sept. 18th, 1907.  
Registered at the G. P. O. London for transmission to Canada by Canadian Magazine Post.

# THE NEW CITY.

Within Half an Hour of City and West End.

---

More than 50 Direct Trains Daily  
with late Theatre Trains.

---

The NEW CITY will naturally lead the  
Way in Solving Housing and Unemploy-  
ment Problems.

Over Four Square Miles of Glorious  
High-Lying Wooded Country.

Thousands of Beautiful Sites to be available  
for the Selection of Shareholders.

Residential Club in 200-acre Park, for  
Share-holding Visitors.

Favourably reported on by leading Experts.

Lists of Prospective Investors, Shareholders, and Residents now being prepared.

Preference in distribution of further particulars will be given to those Applicants who express their Desire to consider making an Investment in the Foundation and Development of The New City.

Such Applicants will also be given priority in Allotment, in the Selection of Sites, and in Building Advance and Building Construction Facilities.

---

**Write:—**

**The Hon. Secretary, C.G.C. Trust, Ltd.  
10 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.**

Telegrams: "Cogarcit, Estrand, London."

# 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"*

Price ONE SHILLING NET; post free, ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE. Annual Subscription, TWELVE SHILLINGS (Three Dollars).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macy Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Western News Company*, Chicago; The *American News Co.*, Toronto.

Subscribers in India can obtain the Magazine from *Thacker & Co.*, Bombay and Calcutta; or from *The Theosophical Publishing House*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, *WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD.*, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

---

VOL. XLI

MAY 1925

No. 5

---

## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE interest taken in the subject of reincarnation is constantly being brought in evidence by the numerous letters which I receive from correspondents on the subject, containing as they do very divergent views as to the truth underlying the belief in question.

“TO WHOM  
IT MAY  
CONCERN.”

Only in the last issue of this magazine I inserted a letter from a correspondent at Boston, Lincolnshire, regarding a prediction of the coming reincarnation of a little boy called Teddy, who had passed over at the age of seven, and who, it was said, would be born again shortly as a child of the same father, from whom he had not long before been separated by death. As to whether this is pure romance or a genuine communication from one on the other side who knows, it is quite impossible for me to express an opinion. But I was requested to insert the letter, in case by any chance it might come to the notice of the people concerned. Teddy had an aunt Minnie. His father appears to be a literary man, and the child's death came about, it was stated, as the result of a fall. Judging by the record given, he did not seem particularly anxious to return to the physical plane, as he was enjoying himself very

much where he was, but his last experience of earth-life had, it appeared, been too brief for educational purposes.

It is not often that we meet with people who have any recollection of their past lives, and when they have, their recollections are generally speaking so vague that their value as evidence is considerably discounted. One very curious case was recorded in the Paris press about a year before the great war. This was in connection with a certain Madame Laure Raynaud, who during her life claimed to remember a previous incarnation, her death in this previous life having taken place, as she averred, at the age of nineteen, in the year 1840, of consumption. Madame Raynaud was a nurse at a private hospital at Passy. She was able to describe the town and the house in which she had lived. It was, she declared, a foreign town, but she herself had never at the

RECOLLEC-  
TIONS OF  
PAST LIVES.

time in question been out of France. A doctor who took an interest in her case concluded from the description she gave that the town was probably Siena, in Italy. He took the trouble to write to the mayor of the place and procured a collection of photographs. Madame Raynaud had described a church at Siena which seemed to correspond with one of these photographs, and had also given particulars with regard to the house in which she had lived. Thinking that he had hit upon the right clue, the doctor decided to take her to Siena, which he accordingly did, without disclosing his reason for doing so. On her arrival she was able to identify the house where she claimed to have previously lived. The doctor also took her to the church, where she discovered the tombstone of a girl who had died of consumption in 1840 at the age of nineteen. The shock was too much for her, and she fell upon the grave in a dead faint. Her death in December 1913 was due to cancer. It is stated that her usefulness as a nurse was considerably enhanced by a magnetic gift that enabled her to effect cures of certain nervous diseases.

Another curious story of a similar character hails from Burma.

A few years back Mr. A. W. Tucker, District Superintendent of Police in Pegu, was killed by a gang of dacoits, whom he had rashly attacked at close quarters, after discharging his revolver and without waiting to reload it. His call to his orderly to fetch ammunition gave the clue to the dacoits, and they killed him. Just about the time this tragedy was being enacted in one part of the district, a humble Burmese woman gave birth to a baby boy who in time, before the days of his babyhood were well over, claimed to be no less a personage than the murdered police officer. So circumstantial were his accounts of the encounter with the

dacoits as to appear the narrative of an eye-witness, and when questioned on various other points in connection with the life of the deceased officer, he is asserted to have answered with such exactitude that the Burmese people who flocked to hear him discourse were convinced of the truth of his assertions. Peculiarities of action and speech were faithfully reproduced, and, generally, quite a sensation was created.

Still another story recorded in the *Rangoon Times* tells of a little blue-eyed light-haired boy living at a place called Meiktilia. He was between three and four years old at the time of the incidents narrated. The boy was the son of hard-working and matter-of-fact Burmese parents, and did not differ from other children of his own age except in the fact of the lightness of his

A skin and complexion. At the age in question, DROWNING however, he suddenly astonished his mother by CATASTROPHE declaring that he was the late Major D. J. Welsh, AND ITS Border Regiment, come back to life, and proceeded STRANGE to describe the house where he had previously lived, SEQUEL. the number of ponies he had possessed, and other matters. The mother, much alarmed, called in her neighbours, to whom the little boy repeated his story, describing how he and two others, a lady and gentleman, had been drowned in the Meiktilia Lake in a boating accident during a storm at night in March 1904, when all three occupants of the boat perished. This was, in fact, the year in which Mrs. Reade, Lieut. Quinlan, and Major Welsh had actually lost their lives in the manner described, in consequence of omitting to put down the centre-board of their sailing boat. It is of course well known that reincarnation is a fundamental article of faith among the Burmese.

Lady Grey of Fallodon in a recent article in the *Sunday Express* cited the case, reported in the *Revue Metapsychique*,\* of a little boy in India called Prabhu, a Brahmin, who as soon as he was able to speak was constantly referring to his other home and other relations. On one occasion his mother was churning ghee, i.e., the white butter made from the cream of buffalo's milk.

A CURIOUS CASE FROM INDIA. "Give me some ghee," said Prabhu. "You have had enough," replied his mother. "Oh, you are a bad mother," retorted the boy, "my other mother gave me ghee when I asked for it." "What other mother was that?" she inquired. "My mother at Hatyori," the boy answered, proceeding to give fuller details about his previous parents. Some one became interested in the matter and investigated the boy's account. Out of the twenty statements he

\* The full account appeared in the *Theosophist* for January.

made, only one was found to be erroneous, while three were incapable of verification. The boy had remembered the names of places he had never seen or heard of, and which were unknown to his parents. He spoke of his two sons, giving their names and also those of his daughters, in this earlier life, describing the circumstances of their weddings and also giving the name of a man who lived in the house adjacent to his own.

A good many stories of this kind hail from the East, but it is very rare to meet anything of so detailed and convincing a kind in European countries. Such records as we encounter are rather in the nature of reminiscences or dreams of specific incidents in an earlier life without anything to connect them up with other parts of the life in question or any means of identifying them with any specific people who are known to have lived and to answer to the description given, though some of these reminiscences are very detailed and very vivid as far as they go. Some people have attributed memories of places which they have visited for the first time in this life to earlier incarnations, but in a number of instances these must have been undoubtedly due to dream anticipations, possibly to dream travelling, so that they cannot be said to carry great weight as evidences of earlier lives.

Another record of a similar character was communicated, by a certain Mr. J. G. Horster, to the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of September 25, 1892. Mr. Horster writes that twelve years previously he was living in the county of Effingham, Illinois, and lost there a daughter named Maria in early girlhood. In the following year he transferred his abode to the State of Dakota, where he had been living ever since. Nine years before the date of his letter there was born to him another girl who was christened Nellie, but who persisted obstinately in calling herself Maria, saying that that was her real name by which they had formerly called her. Mr. Horster states that he went back recently into the county of Effingham to arrange certain business matters, and took Nellie with him. On this visit, he observes, Nellie recognized the house where they used to live, and many people whom she had never seen, but whom his first daughter Maria knew perfectly well. Nellie also reminded him of the schoolhouse which she used to attend, and expressed a desire to see it once more. Her father took her there, and she walked without hesitation up to the desk which her sister used to occupy, saying, "This is where I used to sit."

It is, I think, well-known that the French savant, Colonel de Rochas, made extensive investigations with the aid of his mes-

A SECOND  
INCARNATION,  
AFTER THREE  
YEARS.



meric subjects into the problem of reincarnation. These were collected in book form under the title of *Les Vies Successives*.\* The book, however, has never, so far as my knowledge goes, been translated into English. Colonel de Rochas experimented with numerous sensitives in this connection, and obtained some quite remarkable results. It would, however, be rash to express an opinion how far these might be due to the imagination of the sensitives or how far they represent actual fact. Colonel de Rochas began by reviving the earlier memories of his subjects in their present life, and, by suggestion, making them imagine themselves back in their childhood and early infancy. Gradually, by repeated experiments, he took them back through the period of their birth, and before, to their existence, as supposed, on the

COLONEL DE ROCHAS' EXPERIMENTS. astral plane, during which they remembered their previous lives, and they were then gradually induced to give an account of who they had been, the places where they had lived, and also their names in their earlier sojourns on the earth plane, and the chief incidents of their careers. Not only did he do this, but he led a number of these sensitives forward in time to predict events destined to occur in their present lives. Transverse passes were employed in the case of the future, and longitudinal passes in the case of the past. Obviously one of the most important tests to apply to these experiments would be to ascertain if the predictions of the future fate of the sensitives in question proved subsequently to be in accordance with what actually took place. One case is given where these predictions were confirmed, but in another case, which would seem to have afforded a very good test, the experimenter appears to have lost track of his sensitive, though the predictions refer to a period not more than two or three years in advance of the date of the experiment.

It may be observed, with regard to these cases, that the sensitives employed do not appear, generally speaking, to have been of a highly developed type. Their alleged incarnations succeeded one another with a perhaps rather surprising rapidity, and they changed sex in many instances. One of these sensitives bore the name of Eugénie, and was experimented upon in the year 1904, in conjunction with a certain Dr. Bordier, Director of the School of Medicine at Grenoble. Eugénie was a woman of thirty-five years of age, a widow with two children, gaining her livelihood as a housekeeper. During her husband's life she was employed in a glove factory. Her nature, says the Colonel, was apathetic.

\* Paris: Chacornac Frères, 11 Quai St.-Michael. 15 francs.

She was very frank, and showed little curiosity. Her health was excellent. He took her back, as in the case of the others, through the early years of her life, and then to infancy. Finally,

THE  
STORY OF  
EUGÉNIE.

deepening her magnetic sleep, he brought her into a state in which she was no longer on the physical plane, but floating in a semi-obscurity without thought or physical needs, or means of communication with anyone, apparently in an entirely subjective condition. Thence she was forced back in memory to an earlier life in which she was called Ninie. By pressing a point in her forehead—a method which Colonel de Rochas employed to recall memory in the somnambulistic sleep—she was awakened in a state in which she had been a little girl who died very young, of a teething fever, when she watched her parents in tears around her body, from which she escaped very quickly and easily.

Some time before her last incarnation, we are told, she became conscious of the fact that she was destined to be born again into a certain family. She was attracted to the mother who had just conceived. She did not enter the mother's body, but overshadowed her till the moment when the child was born into the world. After this she entered the infant body by fits and starts (*par bouffées* is the French phrase), and she explained that she did not fully enter her new physical form until the age of seven years. Up to this period she lived partly outside her physical body, which

A SPIRIT IN  
TRANSITION.

she saw in the early months of her life as if it was situated outside of her. During these years she had the sensation of having spirits floating all around her, some good, and some malefic. After this Col. de Rochas experimented in the other direction, and made her imagine herself older little by little. At the time of the experiments she was thirty-five years of age. When she attained the age of thirty-seven in her hypnotic state, she exhibited all the symptoms of expectant maternity, together with the shame which this event caused, as she had not remarried. Some months after she seemed to herself to undergo the sensation of drowning. "I then made her," says the Colonel, "look forward two further years in advance, and there were again symptoms of expectant motherhood. I asked her where she was at that moment. 'On the water,' she replied." The odd reply convinced the Colonel that she was wandering, and he brought her back to her normal state. Subsequent developments served, however, to confirm the predictions made. She took as lover a working glover, by whom she had a child in 1906. Shortly after,

THE FUTURE  
PREDICTED.

in desperation, she threw herself into the river Isère, from which she was rescued in time. Finally, in January, 1909, she gave birth to a second child on one of the bridges of the Isère, where she was suddenly taken ill. Colonel de Rochas states that he did not take these experiments sufficiently seriously at the time to make written notes. The evidence therefore is not so strong as might otherwise have been the case.

Another sensitive with whom some very interesting and extensive experiments were made was a certain Mlle Mayo, aged eighteen. After taking her through numerous experiences of her early girlhood and childhood, she was brought back to infancy, when she was no longer able to speak, and then shortly afterwards found herself, according to her French expression, "*dans le gris*," which perhaps may be paraphrased by "in the twilight."

THE LIVES  
OF MADE-  
MOISELLE  
MAYO.

At this point she recollected that she had had a previous life. In this previous life she bore the name of Line, and was the wife of a Breton fisherman. She lost her only child, and her husband was drowned whilst out fishing. In despair she herself committed suicide by drowning. In a still earlier incarnation she claimed to have been a certain Charles Mauville, who had lived an evil life, and had been mixed up with the horrors of the French Revolution. When in the hypnotic state she was taken forward into the future, she saw herself married, and with her father-in-law, in a country the inhabitants of which were all black. Beyond the age of twenty-two she could see nothing further. The trouble is that, as already stated, the investigators failed to keep in touch with their subject after 1906, and we are therefore unable to say whether these predictions were verified or otherwise. After her life as Charles Mauville, this sensitive described herself as in the darkness (*dans le noir*). She was in pain, she declared, but could not describe clearly the nature of her suffering. It was not physical, but rather of the nature of remorse. Before her last incarnation, on being questioned as to the sensations she experienced when she was born, she observed, "My astral body took form when the umbilical cord was cut." Before this she stated that she was in a negative condition, being conscious of spirits around her, but seeing nothing. At a given moment she felt herself "compelled" to reincarnate, and drew near her future mother, whom she overshadowed.

There is apparently an opening for further experiments on the lines of those of Colonel de Rochas. By copying his methods, which are given in some detail in the book in question, evidence

of a more conclusive character might, one would hope, be obtained. It should surely be possible to keep track of the later lives of the sensitives experimented with, and judge to what extent their predictions of the future were realized. Inquiry might also surely in certain cases be made to test the accuracy of their statements with regard to the past.

There is another type of experience which is often confused, especially in the daily press, with reincarnation. I allude to instances in which some personality who has passed over takes possession of the body of a living person, frequently when the person in question is in a very low state of health. Such instances may indeed point to the probability of reincarnation from the fact that, if they are authenticated, it is obvious that there is no insuperable difficulty in the way of one spirit occupying other bodies than his own, but they cannot of course be taken as any direct evidence in support of

the hypothesis. A case of this kind was recently reported from Moeche in the province of Corunna, in Spain. A young woman there, named Manuela, lived with her parents on a large farm which was the property of a certain Marquis de Cavalcanti. She appeared to be sinking into a decline and could digest nothing but milk, and the doctors had abandoned all hope of her recovery. Suddenly, a remarkable change took place in her condition. On January 12 last, to the surprise of her family, she asked for solid food such as was supplied to other members of the family. At the same time she began to talk Spanish with a Cuban accent, and alluded to herself in the third person.

The first impression among her relatives was that she had lost her reason, but by and by she announced that she was the parish priest of Ortigueira. This priest had disappeared from a neighbouring village and had emigrated to Cuba, where it was thought that he had since died. Having announced his identity, the self-styled priest proceeded to preach sermons to a large crowd that collected to listen, sometimes addressing the populace from the balcony of her parents' house. In her character of priest the girl appeared to possess certain powers of divination, as when the curé of the village came to see her she stopped him from coming into the room, calling out that he was wearing his stole beneath his cassock, a thing he had no right to do. The curé admitted the truth of this and removed the stole. Manuela, it is stated, gives evidence of possessing an extensive ecclesiastical knowledge in connection

AN OPENING  
FOR INVESTI-  
GATION.

A STOLEN  
BODY.

MANUELA  
AND THE  
PRIEST.

with the ritual and litany of the Church. The sequel to this strange story is not yet to hand, nor am I in a position to enlighten my readers as to whether the lady in question has resumed her original identity. It is perhaps rather noteworthy that in this and in certain other cases which have been recorded, sex offers no barrier to the exchange of physical forms between spirit and spirit. This might doubtless be used as an argument by those reincarnationists who maintain that the sex of the body inhabited by the reincarnating ego tends to change at certain periods. In this connection my readers will recall the story of the priest in Mr. Bligh Bond's *Company of Avalon*, who is now said to have reincarnated in female form, apparently to expiate his injustice to the other sex.

The plot of a number of occult novels is based on the assumption that a body, if left temporarily untenanted, either owing to trance or some other reason, by its rightful owner, may be taken possession of by a discarnate spirit, as, for instance, in *Possessed*, by Firth Scott.\* It is beyond doubt that in many cases the physical form is dead as far as medical science can determine for quite considerable periods, though it is only in very rare instance that the tenant can recall his or her experiences during its absence in another sphere. A case of this kind was, however, recorded recently in connection with a patient of a Doctor Thomas Mulligan, of New Britain, Connecticut. The lady in question, a Mrs. McNulty, was, as Dr. Mulligan declared, perfectly dead for two or three hours, as far as his medical science could determine. When she returned to consciousness she described her experience in the interval as follows:—

A  
TEMPORARY  
DEATH  
EXPERIENCE.

Everything was black at first. Then I seemed to glide through space over interminable distances. After a while a region of strange light appeared in front of me, and it grew dazzling, a hundred times more so than sunlight. It was not like the light of the sun, but was just a flaming brilliance, which pervaded everything, though it did not proceed from any one place in particular. I found myself amid endless crowds of people, all smiling and moving to and fro at will. Suddenly I saw my mother and beside her a distant relative, who died thirty years ago. While talking to them the light seemed to go out, and I awoke to find Dr. Mulligan bending over me.

Another case was recorded long ago by Mr. W. T. Stead. The narrator, a man, to all appearance died, and found himself outside his body among his mourning relatives. Suddenly, as people often do in dreams, he realized that he was naked, and was

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

temporarily overwhelmed by the embarrassment of the situation, not being aware at the moment that he was invisible to those around him. The shock of his position, however, had the effect, by some subtle process of psychic auto-suggestion, of clothing him with the astral garments of which he stood in need, and looking at himself once more he found that he was wearing what appeared to be his ordinary suit of clothes. Eventually he was attracted once more to his physical form and ended by making a good recovery.

Whatever other conclusions we may draw from the cases above cited, they all tend to emphasize the fact that the spirit is not dependent on one body for its expression on the physical plane. Indeed it would seem that one body is quite capable of having more than one spiritual occupant. Even the sex of the body seems to offer no bar to its occupation by a spirit who has previously manifested in the other sex. They also suggest the presence of countless spirits in the world's aura temporarily without physical forms and awaiting their opportunity for incarnation. Such records surely emphasize the power of the spirit to mould the body of which it takes possession, even though its capacity for manifesting on the earth plane is limited by the defects and shortcomings of the body which it occupies. These accounts also suggest that the reincarnating ego does not occupy, or at least take full possession of, the form which it is destined to inhabit for some considerable period after the infant's birth.

There is a curious story of a novel having been written, the incidents in which subsequently reproduced themselves in real life with astonishing accuracy. A record is given in a book which has just been published, entitled *Things that Happened*, by V. M. Hamilton,\* of a letter written at random, of a somewhat similar character. The letter was sent by Mr. Hamilton to his brother and was certainly not intended to be taken too seriously.

A PROPHECIC LETTER. Mr. Hamilton's brother had written him in the year 1893 saying that he was in great perplexity as to whether he should take up an attractive appointment in India or go home. The author of the book sat down with the idea in his mind that it would be best for his brother to choose the latter alternative, and began a letter by enumerating certain appointments which he might possibly secure at home, and some imaginary promotion that might be in store for him.

\* London: Edward Arnold & Co. 16s. net.

It was, as will be seen, a highly coloured and more or less chaffing effusion. But years afterwards his brother spoke of it as having contained certain uncannily prophetic sentences and expressing regret that he had lost it. After some twenty-five years the letter was rediscovered and was found to run as follows:—

KILBERRY,  
TARBERT, ARGYLLSHIRE.  
October 11, 1893.

MY DEAR OLD IAN,—

Yours of the 20th ult. arrived to-night. I incline to think that to come home soon is the best step. I certainly wouldn't let extra Indian pay weigh for a moment—a few thousand here and there is nothing, and I don't see that a C.B. is much to a man of a large mind unless it distinctly helps him to something else. Why not come home, run Hythe brilliantly for a couple of years, act as A.A.G. at the War Office for six months, get command of a Brigade on active service—say for the conquest of Morocco, get your K.C.B.? Be especially sent on a mission to Japan, write a book that causes a *furore* throughout Europe! Invent an entirely new sort of projectile!

After this, says our author, the letter lapses into sheer nonsense. The brother is described as having fantastic and impossible adventures which end in his becoming Emperor of Europe. The brother's covering letter was dated July 31, 1918, and here are his comments on the original.

In its way your letter is truly an astonishing instance of the Sight. At first brilliant, it fades away as the letter goes on. Your beginning would make the fortunes of half a dozen clairvoyantes. In 1893 you not only suggest I should come home to Hythe and that I should run it brilliantly (which I believe I did), but you name the time—two years—a time during which I actually held the billet (1897–1899), although it is a period unrecognized in the tenure of military appointments.

I then became A.A.G. for six months . . . The command of the Brigade on active service for the conquest of Morocco is at any rate so far to the point that it was in Africa, to which place I actually went and earned the K.C.B. as stated. Then, most startling of all, comes the "Be specially sent on a mission to Japan, write a book that causes a *furore* throughout Europe." I was specially sent on a mission to Japan; I did write a book that caused a *furore* throughout Europe, and the strange thing is that "furore" is exactly the right word in so far as it has some association with "fury." . . . [He here describes the fury of a Royal Personage whom passages of the book had offended. He also mentions that the book was translated into French, Italian, German, Japanese, and (by two different translators) into Russian.]

Mr. Hamilton, in commenting on the letter in question, observes: "The chances against all the first items of the predicted career being identical with the actual ones are too great to be

accounted for by mere coincidence. It is easier to believe that what happened at Kilberry in October 1893 was this: That although I sat down thinking I was going to write a letter in jest, there was really an imp at my elbow who merely used me as his amanuensis."

Certainly the long arm of coincidence was stretched very far indeed on this occasion. It would be interesting to know if any of my readers can supply parallel cases. Mr. Hamilton must be possessed of remarkable psychic gifts, judging by the curious experiences which he narrates in this singularly interesting volume, and it is worthy of note that he records the fact that he always knew beforehand whenever the postman was bringing a communication from the brother in question.

Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who are not already aware of the fact will, I am sure, be interested to know that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has opened a psychic bookshop and library at Abbey House, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W., in a very central and attractive position, opposite Dean's Yard. It is often difficult to obtain books on special or abstruse subjects of this kind from the ordinary bookseller, and the convenience of having a shop of the kind in an easily accessible centre where the psychic and occult publications of any publisher may be inspected at leisure has long been a great desideratum. The bookshop has a very handsome frontage and all those interested in psychic and occult studies will be well advised to pay it a visit at an early date. The terms for the lending library are a guinea a year, or 2s. 6d. per month. I am sure my readers will join with me in wishing this enterprise of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the success which it most certainly deserves.

NEW  
PSYCHIC  
BOOKSHOP.



## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL

By BERNARD FIELDING

THE great revival of popular interest in the Supernatural and the Supernormal, which is one of the outstanding features of our time, has quite naturally resulted in an increased popular demand for works of fiction, dealing with some phase of the psychic or the occult, and introducing agents or influences from other worlds than ours.

In a sense, the vogue of the occult novel is a very modern vogue indeed. New ideas of the Unseen, and of our relation to it, are working in the minds of educated men and women; and these ideas must find expression in any tale of the Supernatural which can hope, in these days, to appeal to the intelligent reader.

But, of course, the occult element in imaginative literature is by no means new. On the contrary, it is as old as imaginative literature itself, and as the hopes and fears of primitive man and woman. We can scarcely doubt that the tales told o' nights round the tribal fire, in the prehistoric caves or lake-villages, were tales of the Occult in some shape or other; full of the mysterious terror—and fascination!—of the Unknown. And we know that the primitive romances and hero-tales which, all over the world, were the novel's forerunners, depended for at least half their main interest, on the introduction of the Supernatural. Demons, angels, and ghosts are as frequently to be met with, in their dramatic personages, as ordinary men and women.

The novel, properly so-called, began life as the rival and superseder of romance, the enemy of the marvellous. It was intended to deal with ordinary human existence, and with ordinary social events.

But, since interest in the Supernatural springs eternal in the human breast, and has never failed to make itself felt, in one way or other, even in the most rationalizing and non-romantic periods of human history, the novel itself has been pressed into its service. And the introduction of the Supernatural into this more sophisticated form of fiction may be singularly impressive, striking the imagination and arresting the attention with the force which belongs to contrast.

This peculiar force is wonderfully displayed in Daniel Defoe's famous ghost-story—*The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*. Perhaps we can hardly claim for so brief a tale the title of the first English *occult novel*; but still it is interesting to remember that it predated, by more than thirty years, the publication of Richardson's *Pamela*,\* and appeared in the summer of 1706, at the very beginning of a century which prided itself on its rationalism and imperturbable common sense.

Defoe, in an inimitable prefatory note, tells how he had the tale of Mrs. Veal's ghost on unimpeachable authority; and how a respectable gentleman, a Justice of the Peace for Maidstone, had related the circumstances in a letter to a London friend. But what most imparts to the narrative its air of reality and unvarnished truth is, of course, the manner in which Defoe himself tells it. His was a curiously "modern" mind; and even after the lapse of more than two centuries, the appeal of this great little story to our imaginations is sufficiently strong and fresh.

It tells how, on the 8th of September, 1705, a certain Mrs. Bargrave (a gentlewoman fallen on evil days, and unhappily married), was sitting in her house at Canterbury, alone, and occupied with sad thoughts, when she heard a knocking at the house-door, and, on going to open it, saw, standing on the threshold, clad in a riding habit, a former friend of her girlhood, one Mrs. Veal.

Near at hand, in the street, the weekly market was being held; and, as the two women faced each other, the clock, we are told, "struck twelve at noon." It was not a ghostly time,† or, by any means, a ghostly scene; and Mrs. Bargrave's astonishment at the sight of the unexpected visitor had nothing to do with ghostly terrors.

"Madame! I am surprised to see you, so long a stranger!" is the greeting which rises to her lips. Mrs. Veal enters the house; explains that she is about to go on a journey, and wished, before her departure, to see Mrs. Bargrave again; talks awhile of their youthful friendship, and of the good books they had read together; then, presently, takes her leave, disappearing from her friend's view down the little crowded street.

Nothing disquieting or uncanny about this noontide visitor!

\* Richardson's *Pamela* (1740), generally called "the first English novel."

† Not, at least, so notoriously ghostly as midnight; but the tradition of noon, as an uncanny hour, does exist.

## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 285

Nothing incredible, however unexpected, in this resumption of the old friendly relations between two women who had drifted apart on the stream of life!

But what in fact had happened? What event, all unknown to Mrs. Bargrave, had in reality taken place, in Mrs. Veal's house at Dover, exactly four and twenty hours before that knocking was heard at Mrs. Bargrave's door?

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon; of her fits, and had not above four hours sense before death, in which time she received the sacrament.

Most of us have heard a good deal of destructive criticism regarding the *Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, and Defoe's own attitude towards it. The story has been described as a clever piece of advertisement, arranged between Defoe and the booksellers, to improve the sales (apparently, at that time, far from satisfactory!) of an English translation of Pastor Drelincourt's *Reflections on the Fear of Death!*

No doubt the sales did benefit! The chance of advertisement, presented by such a story, would hardly have been missed by any human book-merchant, and Defoe himself, as we know, was quite awake to the commercial value of genius. But that makes less than no difference to us now. That is of the past; and "Mrs. Veal," the *revenante*, is for all time.

Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, which appeared some sixty years later, treats of the Occult in a very different way. Despite Walpole's avowed intention of blending the wonderful of the old stories with the natural of modern novels, the two elements are not at all satisfactorily mixed; and "the exploded marvels of ancient romance," as the writer himself scornfully calls them, bulk very large in this story of a Gothic castle, haunted by the vengeful ghost of its murdered master, Alfonso; a gigantic spectre who, with the aid of equally gigantic spectral weapons, deals out death and destruction to his enemies.

But though not a serious contribution to supernatural fiction, *The Castle of Otranto* is an instructive literary landmark; and its extraordinary popular success bore witness to that interest in the Supernatural, which lived on under the professed scepticism and the materialistic preoccupation of the time.

In *The History of the Caliph Vathek* (1782) we have a supernatural element far removed from that which attracted Walpole and his imitators, Clara Reeve and Mrs. Racliffe; an element much more powerful, and more truly eerie. The author—

William Beckford—was a wealthy young Englishman, who spent many of his early years on the Continent; and who wrote *Vathek* originally in French, sending it afterwards to a clerical friend for translation into his native tongue.

Beckford, as a boy, had been an enthralled reader of the *Arabian Nights*; and the influence of Eastern romance shows plainly enough in *Vathek*: but the writer's powerful and gloomy imagination carried him far beyond his literary models, and a tale which begins among Oriental "properties" reaches its climax in "fourth dimensional space."

*Vathek* is an Eastern despot, with an insatiable curiosity for forbidden magic, and a lust for supernatural power, which make him willing to renounce his faith, and to sell his soul to Eblis, or Satan, in exchange for the dark knowledge which hell alone can impart. His career of vaulting and fatal ambition, which leads him through inhuman crimes, and from one atrocity to another, is well, though floridly, told; and the damnation, which, together with other lost souls, finally overtakes him in the halls of Eblis, is quite unforgettably described.

Though he did not die until 1844, Beckford is rightly described as belonging, in mind and manner, to the eighteenth century. His very excesses prove that. For the eighteenth century, though it boasted of its dislike for irregularity in art and irrationality in religion, displayed, like most centuries, a splendid inconsistency. Marvels appealed powerfully to it; portents thrilled it; and, even in its most sceptical circles, a tale of supernatural happenings was apt to find a more or less eager audience.

This nervous reaction to the touch of the Invisible became still more marked towards the close of the century. The years preceding the French Revolution were years of intense psychical unrest. Black magic and devil-worship revived and flourished; and the interest in old half-forgotten lore, Cabbalistic and mediæval, rose to an extraordinary height. Mysterious adepts, credited with the power of prolonging life and retaining youth at will, were pointed out, with admiration and fear, and possessed their coteries of disciples in one European city and another. Cagliostro, we remember, visited London in 1771, and sold elixirs of youth, and mystic alchemical powders.

The horrors and excitements of the actual Revolution, the breakdown and dissolution of the world with which they were familiar, drew the thoughts of normal men and women, irresistibly and violently, towards the Unknown, and this state of mind

## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 287

had a powerful effect on the imaginative literature produced in the years that followed.

M. G. Lewis's supernatural romance, *Ambrosio, or the Monk* (1795) is not a literary masterpiece; but it is one of those "straws" which are peculiarly adapted to show the direction of the wind.

*The Monk*, unlike *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and others of the same "school of terror," did not compromise with, or try to explain away, the supernatural element in its plot. In fact, its plot and the Supernatural were one and the same. There is, really, no natural element in the story at all; stage-properties and crude horrors abound; and *Ambrosio*, the unfortunate Spanish abbot, who has been beguiled by a demon to commit a succession of crimes, is finally carried by the treacherous fiend to a precipice and dashed to pieces, in a sufficiently artless and materialistic manner. Again, however, as in the case of *The Castle of Otranto*, the enormous popularity which the book achieved is evidence of the popular interest in Supernaturalism of some kind.

Lewis is said to have inspired Mary Shelley to the writing of her strange little masterpiece, *Frankenstein*; an immeasurably finer conception than *Ambrosio*. *Frankenstein* (another and more hapless Pygmalion) creates a demon which finally destroys him; and this story of an "infernal Robot" can still thrill us.

Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820) is also worth remembrance. The writer, of Irish birth and Huguenot descent, was both a dreamer and religious fanatic; and the figure of Melmoth—like that of the Wandering Jew or the Flying Dutchman—has a stark impressiveness and grandeur.

One of Maturin's early novels—*The Milesian Chief*—had, also, the distinction of suggesting to Scott the plot of *The Bride of Lammermuir*. It has been said of Sir Walter that there was "too much daylight in his imagination for spectres to be quite at home in it"; and, certainly, the "White Lady of Avenel" is a very unconvincing ghost. But Scott's contribution to supernatural romance is, nevertheless immortal. We encounter again and again in the *Waverleys* the unearthly atmosphere of Gaelic lore; and, in addition to the quite incomparable little ghost story of "Wandering Willie" in *Redgauntlet*, we have the two short tales, respectively named "The Tapestry Chamber" and "Aunt Margaret's Mirror,"\* which both deal with the Occult, and will still repay reading—or re-reading.

\* In *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

As for the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, though not themselves to be reckoned among occult fiction, they have had a considerable influence on later writers of supernatural romances; for instance, on Dumas, who found in them suggestions for those *Tales of the Supernatural*,\* of which, in his later years, he wrote so many; none perhaps of the first excellence, but all interesting and suggestive of the brilliant Frenchman's attitude towards the Supernatural.

As the tide of his multifarious interests and activities began to recede, Dumas became increasingly occupied with speculations about the mysteries of life and death, man's destiny, and nature. On him, and on many others, at this time (the middle of the nineteenth century), there was growing the conviction that the Supernatural is only the less-known half of man's natural inheritance; and that intimations of its existence may reach us through many unexpected channels, and at many unforeseen moments.

It was an important time in the development of supernatural romance; for imaginative literature is always a kind of magic mirror to reflect contemporary thought and contemporary discoveries, however faint or distorted the reflections may sometimes be. In 1848, or thereabouts, Spiritualism began its "official" existence; and on the door, that seemed thus suddenly to have opened into the Occult World, many eyes had for long been eagerly fastened, many hands had been, as it were, striving with its bolts.

Lytton's occult romance, *Zanoni*, was published in 1842. Lytton himself spoke of the book as "a sort of poem"; and certainly it does not conform very gracefully to the rules of prose fiction. The canvas is too blurred and unwieldy; and the characters converse and soliloquize with an almost unbearable grandiloquence, and in a language which has no relation to the period and circumstances in which they are supposed to live. The interest lies in the ideas presented; the suggestion of the boundless and as yet unexplored powers of mind over matter.

"To live in defiance of time is to live in the whole." But to gain the knowledge of this further life it is necessary that a man should subdue all his senses; that not "the whisper of one passion" should be heard. The mysterious adept, Zanoni, has learnt the secrets of magic, including the secret of the prolongation of life and youth; but he yields to his love for Viola, the beautiful singer, lives with her for some time in an Ionian isle of heavenly

\* *Les Mille-et-Un Fantomes.*

## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 289

loveliness, and experiences the anxieties and delights of the ordinary mortal husband and father. Finally, in the cataclysm of the Reign of Terror, under Robespierre, he gives his life for Viola's sake, and, a victim of the guillotine, becomes "immortal only through the grave."

In *A Strange Story*, which appeared twenty years later than *Zanoni*, Lytton treated a similar theme, but with more human interest and credible incident. Margrave, the mysterious, ever-youthful stranger, who seeks initiation into occult secrets, and power over the spiritual world, makes his appearance among a group of more or less normal characters, and is therefore more effective by contrast. Unlike *Zanoni*, he is a sinister being, unscrupulously selfish; and when he perishes in a last supreme attempt to obtain the elixir of youth—"the Rose of the alchemist's dream!"—the most tender-hearted reader can scarcely regret his failure.

But though *his* method of working magic is so unholy and disastrous, the idea of the reality and possible benefit of the supernormal powers latent in man is not excluded from the story; and we are given to understand that there is another kind of magic, high and holy enough to form a link between God and the rational being, man, whom God has created in His own mortal image.

Undoubtedly, Lytton, who was deeply interested in the psychical and spiritualistic developments of his day, and an intelligent critic of séances, sincerely believed in the existence of this link; and realized that there is a ghostly nature in man himself, which claims kinship with the ghostly world outside and beyond him, and may, if rightly discerned and employed, provide him with a passport into that world.

It is obvious that the writer of a really convincing supernatural romance cannot rest content with accepted ideas about the Unseen. He himself must have his own vision, and give to the world his own spiritual view-point. Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, among American writers of this period, were, each in his own characteristic way, strikingly individualistic in their treatment of Borderland themes.

Poe's wonderful *macabre* imagination peopled the Unseen with grisly shapes, which were often more ghoulish than ghostly; but in his after-death colloquies between the "unclad souls" of Monos and Una, and Eiros and Charmian, he soared into higher spheres and seemed happily at home there.

The fantastic horrors on which he was so fond of dwelling belong, rather, to the physical processes of dissolution—to the death-bed, the coffin, the tomb. When he willed, he could pass beyond all these, and the ideas which they generated, into the contemplation of a bodiless freedom, vibrating with spiritual joys and energies—into what he himself happily called “the majestic novelty of the life eternal.” And then, by the force of his vision, he can carry the reader along with him, to breathe what was, in reality, his soul’s native air.

For Hawthorne, equally sensitive to his own or others’ suffering, but of a sunnier temperament and with a happier fate, the Supernatural was always near. The sense of its interpenetration of the natural influenced everything which he wrote; he could detect “the spiritual significance of a garden-hut”; and hear, in the vibrations of telegraph wires, “the wailings of former generations.” In especial, he could see the Supernatural, shining like a light through the long shadows cast by old sins and sorrows. Like his own Miss Hepzibah in *The House with the Seven Gables*, though with wider implications than she, he felt that there was “a sombre glory in an inherited curse.”

Hawthorne’s unforgettable masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter* (Boston, 1850), is, in the truest sense of the word, a *supernatural* romance; its setting not only in old Salem, but in the Other World. *The House with the Seven Gables* introduces a definite supernatural motive; and Hawthorne’s shorter stories bear witness to the intense fascination exercised on him by occult tradition. His two last tales, on which he worked just before his death—*The Dolliver Romance* and *Septimus Felton*—both deal with the subject of the *elixir vitæ*.

Comparisons are often drawn between Hawthorne’s work and the supernatural stories of Sheridan Le Fanu. The last years of this brilliant Irish-born journalist were saddened by the loss of his much-loved wife; he ceased to go into society, and led a secluded life, in which his thoughts seem to have turned, more and more, towards the Supernatural. But his tales of the Occult—published under the title of *In a Glass Darkly*—show little of Hawthorne’s wistful intuition; and depend, for their effect, mainly on sheer horrors. There is really more of Hawthorne’s spirit in the charming psychic stories of Mrs. Oliphant; particularly, perhaps, in *A Beleaguered City* (1879), a slight but most skilfully constructed tale of strange events in a little French provincial town, which suffers a peaceful invasion from the ghosts of its former inhabitants. Here is true eeriness



## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 291

but no horror ! The ghostly atmosphere is austere yet soothing ; and we feel the better for having breathed it.

The year 1886 saw the publication of two widely differing types of occult romance : Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and Marie Corelli's *Romance of Two Worlds*. The gulf between these is sufficiently wide ; but each of them reflects, in its own way, the contemporary attitude towards the Supernatural and the Supernormal.

Stevenson's eerie fantasia on a now familiar psychic theme—dual personality!—is still deservedly famous ; and the plot too well known to need recounting here. Miss Corelli's book never obtained favour with literary critics ; but it achieved an enormous popular success. Her purpose, as we know, was definitely didactic. She deplored what she regarded as the atheism of her time, and laboured to show unbelievers that her faith was capable of scientific proof.

A contemporary reviewer described the book as " the Apocalypse of Electric Christianity " ; and the phrase is certainly apt ! One of the chief characters of the book, the mysterious but virtuous adept, Casimir Heliobas, is made to say : " Every human being is provided, internally and externally, with a certain amount of electricity . . ." The internal is the germ of the soul ; the external is an invisible electric ring, " wide or narrow, according to our capabilities," and forming a link between us and the Divine Creative Principle of the Universe. In some of her later novels, Miss Corelli returned to supernatural themes ; but the naïve enthusiasm of the " Apocalypse " was never recaptured.

From the period of the 'Eighties onward, it becomes increasingly difficult to follow the development of the occult theme in the novel. For this theme is no longer confined to an occasional supernatural romance, or to a handful of ghost-stories in a Christmas number. The desire to explore the mysteries of the universe, and of the mind of man, has extended to all classes of readers ; and all classes of writers are, necessarily, trying to satisfy it. The output of occult novels is correspondingly large ; and, both in the subject-matter and the treatment, there is a well-nigh infinite variety.

It is inevitable that the element of horror—so powerful in the past, and so curiously blended with many people's vague ideas of the Other World—should continue to play its part in the modern occult story. For example, in Richard Marsh's *The Beetle* ; and still more in Bram Stoker's inimitable vampire-tale,

*Dracula*.\* Bram Stoker's weird romance attracted considerable attention on its appearance in the late 'Nineties, and it continues to find thousands of delighted readers.† No one, indeed, who loves the true ghostly thrill, can afford to leave it unread!

The opening chapters are managed with quite admirable skill. The lonely castle in Transylvania, where the mysterious Count Dracula lives, and where, at his own request, the young English lawyer, Jonathan Harker, is sent to discuss with him the purchase of an English estate, is an ideal setting for weird events; and the matter-of-fact, normal figure of Harker, who, at first, refuses to listen to the warnings of the superstitious villagers, and insists on regarding the Count as no more than an important, though perhaps eccentric, client, gives an air of reality to what might otherwise seem too fantastic for the reader's belief.

Slowly, Harker's uneasiness deepens into fear of his strange host, in whose house he feels himself to be rather a prisoner than a guest. The Count is never visible, except at night, and, with all his suavity and courtesy, there is something sinister about his appearance and his habits, something that chills Harker's blood. In short, Count Dracula is a vampire; leading the vampire's unnatural blood-nourished life; and many are the deeds of darkness for which he is responsible, before his final defeat at the hands of the skilled occultist, Van Helsing.

Sheer terror, too, bulks large in the earlier occult stories of Mr. Algernon Blackwood; and few who have read his *John Silence* are likely to forget the weird experiences of that "Physician Extraordinary" to whom various folk, in sore psychic distress or bewilderment, apply themselves for counsel or help. The doctor, drawing on his great stores of occult learning, and on his natural intuition, never fails to diagnose the case correctly, and to seek and find the appropriate remedies.

For the modern psychical researcher he felt the calm tolerance of the man who knows!

Unlike such experts, he never tried to classify results; but went straight to the source of each particular affliction. In one case, his patient is found to be under the malignant obsession of a discarnate personality; in another, a terrible subliminal uprush from the depths of the psychic self is responsible for what seemed

\* William Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. net.

† *Dracula* has been recently dramatized and staged, but the most thrilling portion of the novel is unfortunately entirely ignored in the stage reproduction.

## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 293

objective phenomena ; in another, again, an act of unheeded sacrilege has involved both the guilty and the innocent in an extraordinary supernormal vengeance. . . . And there are other complicated problems, uncanny mysteries. . . . In short, the serious student of Occultism, no less than the lover of a good ghost-story, will find satisfying fare in *John Silence*.

For many of us, this book, by which he first won fame, remains Mr. Blackwood's masterpiece. But he is at home in more than one psychic field, and has explored many divergent paths of occult lore. *The Centaur* and *A Human Chord* are wonderful phantasies of the supernormal ; while *Julius le Vallon* and *The Bright Messenger* are modern novels, weighty with the writer's occult knowledge and illumined by his faith in ancient doctrines, such as Re-incarnation. And these are but selections from a long list. Mr. Blackwood has made a very substantial and learned contribution to modern supernatural fiction.

The late J. Brodie Innes, in his romances of witchcraft and the second sight, in his native Scotland, followed a simpler line of occult tradition. Gaelic supernaturalism, wistful and eerie, pervades his three novels : *For the Soul of a Witch*, *Morag the Seal*, and *The Devil's Mistress*.\* The last-named is, unquestionably, his finest work ; and is, indeed, entitled to a high place among tales of the uncanny.

The heroine of *The Devil's Mistress* is an historical personage ; the ill-fated Isabel Goudie of Auldearn, who was convicted and burnt on a charge of witchcraft in the year 1662—leaving on record a curious detailed confession, which must have sounded strangely in the unsympathetic ears of her judges. Mr. Brodie Innes, her fellow-countryman, has entered into the very spirit of her tragical story.

She comes before us, in his book, as a real creature, a living human soul ; for whom our sympathies are enlisted from the first, and, what is more, retained till the last. Indeed, our pity only deepens with our increasing conviction of Isabel's guilt, and we follow her adventures, earthly and unearthly, with real human interest.

The climax of the story is no less notable for its terrible simplicity and dignity ; and we are able to recognize a dramatic fitness which is almost that of a Greek tragedy. *The Devil's Mistress*, in short, is a masterpiece of its kind ; and many of us will not hesitate to rank it among the finest stories of the supernatural ever written.

\* William Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. net. The two other volumes are still obtainable at 6s.

Monsignor Benson's well-known *Necromancers* represents the average ecclesiastical viewpoint of spiritualism, and is a well-written thrilling tale of unwise and wilful attempts to communicate with the dead, and of the terrible results therefrom. But some of Benson's shorter stories strike a more sympathetic note; and the saintly old priest in *The Light Invisible* possesses psychic perceptions, which are the reward of sanctity and the means of helping others. E. F. Benson has also written stories of the Occult; the best of them, perhaps, being that very clever novel of Eastern magic and clairvoyance—*The Image in the Sand*.

Arnold Bennett's imagination generally busies itself with mundane matters; but in *The Glimpse* we have an interesting flight of that imagination into the world beyond the grave. The hero, in his death-like trance, visits the Astral heavens, and penetrates also into a spiritual state above and beyond them, where all individual existence is lost in the Divine.

Worthy of note, also, are the psychic stories of Lucas Malet. *The Gateless Barrier* (which appeared, some five and twenty years ago, with a preface by Lafcadio Hearn, explaining the origin of the title from the occult lore of Japan) is a book which few thoughtful readers can fail to appreciate; and its delicate pensive story of an unquiet, yet most gentle, ghost, whom love and longing well-nigh conjured back across the Gateless Barrier between the material and the immaterial, lingers in the memory. *The Tall Villa* is a later experiment, with a somewhat similar theme and with much of the old wistful charm.

As everybody knows, Mr. Walter de la Mare's short stories and poems are full of the eerie element. But, so far as we know, *The Return* is his only full-length novel which can be strictly called occult. *The Return* is one of those tales of terror which appeal to the scholarly and fastidious reader; and it narrates, in inimitable fashion, the psychic results of a visit to an old churchyard, and a certain grave.

Even while we write, of course, the tide of occult novels flows on! Two very recent ones—Margaret Irwin's *Still She wished for Company*, and F. Brett Young's *Cold Harbour*—are notable, both for their literary craftsmanship, and for the extreme modernism with which they treat psychic themes.

Miss Irwin tells, in the cleverest modern style, of the meeting of certain personalities—some long dead, some as yet unborn—who are brought together by force of will, and manifest as ghosts to one another, treating space and time in a fashion as truly "relative" as Einstein's; while Mr. Brett Young contrives

## THE OCCULT ELEMENT IN THE NOVEL 295

to make something striking and unusual out of the time-worn materials of a haunted house and a sinister adept.

These are but a few examples, where many are worthy of note ; and, indeed, it would be strange if supernormal and supernatural themes did not, in these days, attract the most gifted and thoughtful writers. The field of legitimate enquiry has been so immeasurably enlarged ! In a new and more vivid way we are interested now in so many aspects of the Spiritual World ; in the supernormal faculties of man, and the practical possibilities of developing them ; in the destination of the soul after it leaves the body ; in the meaning of the life-principle ; in the psychical sciences. . . . And we expect our recreative fiction to take a sane and intelligent view of these things. Undoubtedly there should be a great future before the Occult Novel.

### THE ROSICRUCIAN

By MEREDITH STARR

HE journeys on the giant waves that wander at his will's behest,  
Now rolling in the dizzy depths, now riding on the crowning crest.  
Balanced between the light and dark, extremes meet and subside  
in him ;

His is the knowledge of the Deep, the wisdom of the Cherubim.  
He blows the hidden stars to flame and stamps the sigil of his  
might

Upon creation's crystal rock in characters of living light.  
He knoweth what the End will be ; on him life's sun shall never  
set ;

In the Beginning there was he, and at the End he will be yet.  
And from his vantage-post on high he guides the pilgrim far below,  
His counterpart in matter's night, projected from the central  
glow ;

His shadow on the walls of space, his engine in the fields of time,  
Through whom he ploughs and reaps and sows, the channel of his  
force sublime.

He is the Master-Builder, he hath knowledge of the perfect plan  
Of the great Temple to be raised on the foundations which are  
Man.

## THE SPIRIT CHILD

By MARGARET W. SPILHAUS

A CHILD lives like a bird: twittering through the day; up with the sun and to bed with the sun. He plans his activities from moment to moment, and like the lilies of the field takes no thought of the morrow.

How then should he understand hidden and perplexing philosophies; how find the way through unknown and terrifying infinities? His tiny wings were made for flitting only. If he should die, unless some special beneficence guided him, he could but fly a little way and alight on this world again.

I have heard of a long-lost child, evidently still among us, who, clad in the pretty primness of brocade, tripped from the wardrobe of the room where lay my friend.

Poor little wanderer, whose mazed spirit, unrecognized by the living, and forgotten by the dead, still clings to the environment of once familiar things. Why may not such a child be given to us again? It never exhausted the love that was prepared for it. May it not substantiate and finish its childhood in the arms of one of those who see it?

There was another child even more wistful, more remote even than this. I myself found her. She lived in a house which had neither number nor locality, for it was in dream. Yet she was very real in my dream; a visitation vivid and convincing.

In the manner of fearful humanity people shunned the house. A child came, they said, who played little early Victorian tunes on the piano. She waited till the world was hushed, when such a timid tiny spirit as herself might venture forth from hiding; then in the following of some familiar round she announced her little tune. And the hearts of those who heard her beat louder in fear than the lightly shaken notes.

I, too, like the rest of the fearful world, fear ghosts. I have dreamed of ghosts and wakened with rising hair. Yet when I heard this tale I became on a sudden valiant. By some grace of vision especially bestowed upon me for this occasion, no thought of fear stained my mind. I would go and see. Surely some one must investigate the forlorn condition of this little one.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is evening, and I am putting my nieces to bed. We are

in the haunted house. The girls are both afraid ; one with quiet dread, silent and unhappy ; the other characteristically clamorous. I am depressed by their blindness but realize the futility of trying to explain it away. If they cannot see for themselves the stupidity of fearing this lost and friendless creature they have no imagination to which I can appeal. Besides, when everybody is stupid how should one expect wisdom of schoolgirls ?

I am waiting now. I have no wonder ; only a knowledge that I shall take this child ghost to myself. They said I should hear the tune at twelve o'clock. I am full of eager expectation, but the time does not drag ; I hardly perceive the interval. Presently I hear the clock strike. . . .

It has come. Through the hushed house the little tune, melancholy-sweet as the still call of a bird, breaks on the waiting silence. Its tiny tinkle drops note by note upon my ear.

Swiftly I move towards the sound.

\* \* \* \* \*

The child is with me and I move about my ordinary avocations with its shadow close at my side. A quiet happiness holds my mind, as of a pleasant duty accomplished.

Only one thing troubles me : I fear to blunder into the child, so closely her shadow clings ; and I cannot see her. I have never seen her. Her constant presence is a presence felt, not seen : so clearly felt I always know her exact locality, but not the measure of her being in space.

A happy device presents itself. I drop over her head a powder-blue overall belonging to a child of my own. The overall I can always see, and my little ghost is safe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet it was only a night she stayed with me. Not even that ; an infinitesimal fraction, I suppose, of early-morning hours. Only her memory has never faded.

She has never come again. Where is the child ? Did that one caress comfort her wildered wits and, calmer eyed, has she found some path to her long-missed destination ?

The veil between the worlds is but a cobweb. My straying hand broke into it, and through the rent the precious spirit has fled. The web is mended ; and my sweet experience will not return again.

## OCCULTISM AND ACHIEVEMENT

By BUCKLAND-PLUMMER, Author of "The Inner Laws of Health and Beauty," etc.

AMONGST the varied types to be found on the occult path, two in particular stand out : (1) those who aspire to a fuller, freer, more active and abundant life ; (2) those who are dissatisfied with material existence, and either desire to escape from it, or who are imbued with the Buddhistic ideal of attaining utter and complete extinction, whatever that may be.

To a close observer of these types it would seem that neither have a particularly happy time in the course of their preliminary adventures. The majority of those who start with what we conceive to be the very worthy purpose of attaining greater freedom and usefulness, more often than not soon lose sight of their main purpose, and become lost in a labyrinth of illusionary visions which carry them off into dreamland and render them incapable of any constructive work in the world.

The second class, who start with the negative attitude of dissatisfaction with life and proceed to carry this to the logical conclusion of all negation—absolute death, invariably find themselves in worse trouble than ever, for the simple reason that their "Will to die" is opposed to the Will of the Universe, which happens to be concerned with *living*.

Obviously, the difficulties in both cases proceed not from the occult path itself, but have their origin in the unstable attitude of the aspirants. May we therefore submit a few considerations, based upon experience, which may help aspirants to the inner wisdom to escape many of the so-called pitfalls and "trials" generally considered as inseparable from the "path" leading to the heights.

If we start with the idea that Life equals trouble, suffering, sorrow and illusion, we necessarily commence from a state of consciousness, which is directly inimical to the attainment of joy, freedom and reality, for the very good psychological reason that we are only capable of manifesting in accordance with our inner nature. Those who commence with the hypothesis that this world is a "vale of tears," possess a consciousness saturated with negativeness, and if they happen to be so unfortunate as



to open up their "inner eyes," they will assuredly find a word revealed to their vision, in which these negative qualities predominate. This fact will be made abundantly plain by a study of the meditation and attainments of the Buddha, who, starting from the thesis that life was filled with sorrow, pain, etc., found that every veil he tore down revealed exactly the same conditions, more or less intensified, with the result that he finally concluded that life in all its forms, on every plane of being, was illusory, that even Heaven was a state to be eliminated in favour of "utter and complete extinction" about which he prated much, though he never defined it.

When the Buddha was asked: "What is the reason for existence?" he maintained an unbroken silence, which his slavish apologists cite as evidence of his wisdom, on the grounds that the vulgar would not understand. We can recall many modern "Mahatmas" and occult humbugs, who disguise their ignorance and put off their dupes in similar fashion. Either Buddha knew that there was a very definite reason for existence, and realized that the statement of that reason would defeat the whole of his teachings anent life being filled with suffering, illusion, etc.; or he did not know the reason and played the old confidence trick of looking wise when he was far from being wise. We are inclined to the first view and venture the opinion that Buddha was actuated by considerations of expediency in teaching his disciples that life equalled pain and sorrow, as he probably felt that in no other way could he wean them away from the material world sufficiently to get them to take an interest in the superphysical realms.

Whether this is a correct view or not, the paralysing effect on his followers is abundantly evident, and also upon all who take the fatal view that life is bereft of joy, and without purpose. If one is not too far gone to discount the colossal "tosh" that is written and talked about the spirituality of the East, it is self-evident that the East is populated by a horde of credulous dreamers, that it is decadent and decaying, whilst the West shows distinct signs of progress and a certainly more vigorous form of spirituality. To speak of spirituality being co-existent with widespread ignorance, caste, famine, the absence of elementary hygiene and sanitation, mental and physical slavery and unrestrained credulity, is a form of pure balderdash only possible to neurotic idealists who have become entirely obsessed by oriental charlatans masquerading as "Masters."

We suggest that considerations such as the above keep many true, sane and sincere aspirants from the occult path, and that

the false attitude indicated has been, and is, directly responsible for a great deal of the trouble which those who have tried to climb the silvery mountain experience.

We submit that there is a knowable, provable reason for material existence, which, once understood, provides a sound working hypothesis for all activity and aspiration, and at the same time gives a clue to the reason of existence on other planes of being. Anyone who cares to examine their own actions and reactions, physical or mental, will find it impossible to escape the conclusion that every cause proceeds from a state of consciousness and every effect also finds its ultimate expression in a state of consciousness, that life is simply an unfoldment and expansion of consciousness, and that every experience, physical or superphysical, on every plane of nature, either intensifies or diminishes the development of consciousness. This applies, whether one is engaged in making a pin cushion, building a house, or working for union with the higher self. The process and the result are the same in every phase of manifested or unmanifested life. In the lower life forms, such as the minerals, etc., consciousness is least evident; in the higher forms, such as, say, the type of practical idealist, it is very plainly evident, until it reaches its highest ordinarily known form in the Master of life, who is able, through the use of his trained will and imagination, perfectly to control his physical organism and consciously create an environment suitable to his requirements.

Thus, we see primitive man is almost entirely swayed by his instincts, whilst the Master-Man has his instincts, desires, emotions, thoughts, under his control and orders his life and destiny under his will. With the development of self-control, we observe the unfoldment of power and a progressive expansion of consciousness, proceeding alongside an increase of individualization. When this process reaches a certain point, the individual conceives himself rightly as a UNIT of consciousness and energy, existing amidst an ocean of consciousness and energy, which he is able to attract, generate and use for the purpose of moulding forms corresponding to his desires. Surely the whole of experience endorses this view and reveals the object of life as being the development of self-consciousness, through self-control.

But what is more important than any speculations regarding the reason of existence, is that the attitude associated with the above view is one that makes for attainment and achievement, and invests life with perpetual interest and pure joy. Ninety per cent. of life's failures are to be found amongst those who have

no definite purpose, or who fail to perceive or imagine a purpose in Life itself.

Viewed in a broad way, the universe may be said to be the perfect work of a Perfect Being, manifesting in a myriad forms of diversity, governed by an underlying unity. It follows that the so-called imperfections, anomalies, sufferings, etc., are more apparent than real, and in some way contribute to the perfection of the whole. But true as this view may be, it is only possible to one who has to some extent transcended the pairs of opposites, and acquired something of a transcendental view-point; therefore, the ordinary aspirant must ever be on his guard, and continually ask himself the eternal question, "DO THE IDEAS I AT PRESENT HOLD DEFINITELY CONTRIBUTE TO MY OWN PERFECTION?"

It is quite obvious that for all practical purposes, unless one's state of consciousness contributes to one's own perfection, it cannot possibly aid the perfection of the universe. Further, it is hardly reasonable to assume that one may be relatively useless and imperfect on the physical plane and anything else on any higher planes.

Therefore we submit that the natural test of one's fitness to tread the occult path must be determined by the degree of one's SELF-CONTROL and USEFULNESS in the material world, and that any attitude or practices which have the effect of diminishing either, lead away from the path and make for degeneration.

In a word, true occultism is inextricably associated with achievement. Once the aspirant has this view firmly set in his consciousness, his whole outlook on life becomes healthy and optimistic and his experiences on the "path" are entirely pleasant. Immediately he comes to understand himself as a unit of consciousness and energy, able to attract whatever he needs from an inexhaustible storehouse, he not only becomes imbued with a healthy confidence and power, but with a burning desire to DARE and DO. He no longer regards himself as a "miserable sinner," or as a worm crawling to the portals of wisdom and whining for admission, but as a free unit, capable of earning the *right* to the highest knowledge and attainments.

He does not think of the superphysical realms as a refuge from the realities and obligations of physical life, but as a part of the infinite storehouse of force, energy and power, which may be pressed into his service for his ever progressive achievements. He has what the psychologists call a "constructive consciousness"; he is positive, dynamic and magnetic. He dreams "without

making dreams his master, thinks without making thoughts his aim." Because he has learned that all matter, energy and force have some use in the universe, he sees the Good, Beautiful and True in everything, even in the so-called evil. He knows that the shadow depends for its existence upon the light which produces it, and therefore he does not waste his time contemplating the shadows, called sorrow, suffering, evil, etc., but seeks the LIGHT in all things, and therefore makes himself a centre of Light, thereby adding to the luminosity of the whole.

As distinguished from the negative dreamer, he determines to express himself in some practical, useful way, therefore he examines his own tendencies, qualifications, powers, etc., with the object of discovering the line of action for which he is best suited. Having determined upon this, he builds up his Will for the purpose of realizing his self-set purpose; those tendencies, emotions, desires, etc., which interfere with the attainment of such purpose, he discards; those which further it, he encourages; thus, he becomes conscious of his highest aspiration and equips himself to carry it out. Fortified with a definite aspiration, he approaches both material and occult knowledge in a sane and practical frame of mind. He deliberately seeks these things in order to further his highest purpose, not for the sake of idle curiosity, or in order to escape from the trials and obligations of life, but solely that he may contribute his maximum of usefulness and service to the world and experience the well-earned joy associated with all worth-while achievement.

Like the Great Creator, he takes pride in his creations; as he contemplates his work, he says, "Behold it is very good," and gives thanks continually to the Supreme Artist who made it possible. He has nothing in common with the anæmic mystic who magnifies self-denial into a virtue, but he enjoys all things, loves all things and worships all things, realizing that all are manifestations of the ONE, and that THE ONE is all in ALL.

Working under such an impetus, he cannot be seduced by money, fame, position, or any of the things which allure childish minds; he regards these as the tools with which he works, or as incidental kudos which result from his work, and he is thankful for whatever comes to him, but he never for an instant loses sight of his main purpose. And why? We have seen that he first sets about scientifically to discover what he is best fitted to do; having discovered this, his aspiration is fixed, and because it represents his highest ambition, or true will, it necessarily relates him to the highest will in the universe, which is the Will of God.

In proportion as he becomes attuned to the Will of the Universe or God, he realizes harmony, joy, love, beauty, goodness and every positive principle in his life and work, no other result is possible; just as in converse ratio, in proportion as he fails to do the Will of God, which equals his highest will, he experiences suffering, disappointment, misery and all the negative obstructions which come from worshipping "other gods but ME."

Of course, the foregoing is arguable, so is everything else, and the more one argues, the less one acts; but the great thing about it is, that it positively WORKS. Any aspirant, who is not quite satisfied with his own state of consciousness or progress, has only to do the mental stocktaking mentioned above, discover his true will, which equals the sum total of his physical, mental and spiritual qualifications, and then discipline himself to the point necessary to gain the requisite courage to carry it out, and he will very soon find that he will move along in his proper course quite nicely and harmoniously, without clashing with anyone else, or being disturbed by any bogies of his own mind.

But, some who read this will object, "There are many things I am qualified by nature to do, which present circumstances prevent, I am bound." This is just where the use of the occult path comes in, where it may be used to attain individual and social freedom. The answer to all who raise this objection must be, "Take the trouble to acquaint yourself with the nature and powers of your own being, investigate and understand that you are living in a universe of infinite power, which you can draw upon, once you understand the laws, to break all the flimsy shackles which bind you. The power of the mind is unlimited from a purely human standpoint; learn the right use of the will and imagination, free yourself from prejudice and slavish ideas, and there is not a domestic, social, economic or any other condition in the earth or heavens that you cannot completely master."

If your occult studies have not taught you that Man is the natural King of physical creation, you have learned nothing. If you have been adventuring with "spooks" in the séance-room, or dabbled in psychology or metaphysics, without turning your investigations to practical use, you have been criminally wasting your own substance and that of the universe. If you die without doing anything worth while, it would have been better had you not been born, you have only cluttered up the thoroughfare. If you have not learned that you have within you an eternal, indestructible principle, call it Nature, God, the Absolute, or what

you will, and that this principle is the life which controls and creates suns, moons, planets and brings universes into being, then you had better give the occult path a wide berth, until you discover something fundamental about your own nature, if you would keep out of the lunatic asylum, as a result of your first super-physical experience.

Surely the time is over-ripe for Man to realize and express his enormous power and free himself from the myriad illusions which are plaguing a long-suffering humanity. We live in times when political and economic ineptitude is the outstanding characteristic of every ruling class, including those of Soviet Russia, when the sacred truths of religion are obscured by a horde of ecclesiastical ignoramuses, when the health of nations is more or less in the hands of an ultra-conservative profession whose reputation rests upon confidence and guesswork, when the dearth of genius is so great and political honesty so low, that the least competent class in several countries have come to assume control of state affairs.

Is it not time that true occultists who have access to real practical wisdom came out of the shell of inertia which has enclosed them for ages, and gave to those who show the least degree of receptivity the formulæ which will lead the race forward to serenity, true progress and great achievements? You may answer: "This knowledge has always been available for those who are ready," but that is only a half truth; if a merchant handled his wares in the same desultory fashion the occultist has offered his knowledge, he would be bankrupt in a month. The writer suggests that the time has come for an AGGRESSIVE occult propaganda. Materialism, in spite of its wonderful inventions and discoveries, has dismally failed to provide the sustenance which humanity needs; the science of the mind, soul and spirit can alone show the way to further progress. The time for dreaming, whether in the séance-room with spooky astrals or in the cloister of the advanced school, has passed; the time has arrived for occultism to equal achievement, for knowledge to be translated into action.

## THE SARGASSO SEA ITS CONNECTION WITH ATLANTIS

BY LEWIS SPENCE, Author of "The Problem of  
Atlantis"

AN expedition of oceanographers on board the converted yacht *Arcturus* is at present exploring the mysterious Sargasso Sea area in the Atlantic. Its commander has dispatched a wireless message to the New York press reporting the discovery of glass, volcanic rock and sponge deposits from the bed of the Sargasso. The report, as outlined in the British press, is fragmentary, but the purpose of the expedition in exploring this little-known region of the Atlantic is to determine whether the weed which covers its surface is blown out from the land, or properly belongs to the area, and to photograph the strange forms of life which infest it.

THE Sargasso Sea is traditionally associated with the sunken continent of Atlantis. Many writers have asserted their belief that in its area the site of Plato's drowned island is to be found, and extraordinary reports are in circulation regarding the imprisonment in its vast masses of floating weed of flotillas of sea-going vessels ancient and modern, from the triremes of Tyre to the steamship. Modern, as well as ancient, fiction has, of course, had much to do with the dissemination of this extraordinary tradition. Mr. T. A. Janvier in his book *In the Sargasso Sea*, a novel which exhibits no little imaginative capacity, says for example: "And to that same place, he added, the stream carried all that was caught in its current—like the spar and plank floating near us, so that the sea was covered with a thick tangle of the weed in which were held fast fragments of wreckage and stuff washed overboard and logs adrift from far southern shores, until in its central part the mass was so dense that no ship could sail through it nor could a steamer traverse it because of the fouling of her screws." Later he refers to the "dense wreck-filled centre of the Sargasso Sea," and one of his characters looks with dismay upon "the host of wrecked ships, the dross of wave and tempest, which through four centuries has been gathering slowly, and still more slowly wasting in the central fastness of the Sargasso Sea." Mr. Elliot O'Donnell, too, has described the Sargasso Sea in a short story of such vivid

imaginative power that the reader might well be excused for accepting what is obviously intended as fiction for reality.

The notion that modern vessels are actually enmeshed in the tangled weed of the Sargasso Sea is, of course, an exaggeration, and has arisen out of the tradition of centuries, though there is some reason to believe that the lesser craft which plied across the Atlantic before the days of steamships might have experienced considerable difficulty in negotiating the Sargasso area.

Apart from this, there is some ground for the belief that the site of the Sargasso Sea is identical with that of the lost island-continent of Atlantis. The extraordinary thing is that so much dubiety should exist concerning the character of this sea in an age when almost every square mile of the earth's surface has been explored and mapped out by travellers and navigators. It is one of the permanent and conspicuous features of the earth's surface, a waste of weed, shifting its borders with the seasons, but in some parts constant in its characteristics. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* describes it as nearly equal to Europe in area, but this statement is certainly inaccurate. Otto Krümmel, in his *Die Nordatlantische Sargassosee*, suggests that the name should be applied only to that area which is limited by the occurrence of 5 per cent of weed. This area is 4,000,000 kilometres square, or somewhat less than half the content of Europe, and would enclose a tract extending from the 30th parallel of longitude to the Antilles, and from the 40th to the 20th parallels of latitude. Schott estimates the natural region of the Sargasso Sea at 8,635,000 square kilometres, and this estimate is based not only on the occurrence of gulf-weed, but also on the prevailing absence of currents and of the relatively high temperature of the water in all depths.

Regarding the weed which characterizes this part of the Atlantic, Sir John Murray, the famous oceanographer, writes: "The famous Gulf Weed characteristic of the Sargasso Sea in the North Atlantic belongs to the brown algæ. It is named *Sargassum bacciferum*, and is easily recognized by its small, berry-like bladders. This floating weed is always destitute of organs of reproduction, and it is believed that it grows vegetatively, although this has been disputed. It is supposed that the older patches gradually lose their power of floating, and perish by sinking in deep water. . . . The floating masses of Gulf Weed are believed to be continually replenished by additional supplies torn from the coasts by waves and carried by currents until they accumulate in the great Atlantic whirl which



surrounds the Sargasso Sea. They become covered with white patches of white polyzoa and serpulæ, and quite a large number of other animals (small fishes, crabs, prawns, molluscs) live in these masses of weed in the Sargasso Sea, all exhibiting remarkable adaptive colouring, *although none of them belong properly to the open ocean.*"

Lieutenant J. C. Soley, of the United States Navy, in his *Circulation of the North Atlantic*, states that the south-east branch of the Gulf Stream "runs in the direction of the Azores, where it is deflected by the cold, upwelling stream from the north, and runs into the centre of the Atlantic basin, where it is lost in the dead waters of the Sargasso Sea." Commenting on this the United States Hydrographic Office observes: "Through the dynamical forces arising from the earth's rotation which cause moving masses in the northern hemisphere to be deflected toward the right-hand side of their path, the algæ that are borne by the Gulf Stream from the tropical seas find their way toward the inner edge of the circulatory drift which moves in a clockwise direction around the central part of the North Atlantic Ocean. In this central part the flow of the surface waters is not steady in any direction, and hence the floating seaweed tends to accumulate there. This accumulation is perhaps most observable in the triangular region marked out by the Azores, the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, but much seaweed is also found to the westward of the middle part of this region in an elongated area extending to the seventh meridian. The abundance of seaweed in the Sargasso Sea fluctuates much with the variation of the agencies which account for its presence, but this Office does not possess any authentic records to show that it has ever materially impeded vessels."

With reference to this passage, Mr. W. H. Babcock remarks, in his fascinating little book *Legendary Islands of the Atlantic*: "Perhaps these statements are influenced by present or recent conditions. It is obvious that giant, rope-like sea-weeds in masses would more than materially impede the action of the galley oars which were the main reliance in time of calm of the ancient and mediæval navigators. Also it is hardly to be believed that small sailing vessels could freely drive through them with an ordinary wind. If the weeds were so unobstructive, why all these complaints and warnings out of remote centuries? In the days of powerful steamships and when the skippers of sailing vessels have learned what area of sea it is best to avoid, there may well be a lack of formal reports of impediment; but it

certainly looks as though there were some basis for the long established ill repute of the Sargasso Sea."

As Mr. Babcock remarks, there is a considerable body of testimony that in ancient times the Atlantic was unnavigable. The first hint of this is to be found in Plato's *Timæus*, which contains the original tradition of Atlantis. Consequent upon the foundering of Atlantis, says Plato, "the sea in these quarters is impassable and impenetrable, because there is such a quantity of shallow mud in the way, and this was caused by the subsidence of the island." In this passage the Greek philosopher is not alluding to past but to present conditions which any of his contemporaries could verify for themselves by applying to any of the numerous Greek or Phoenician mariners who had experience of these waters. "It must be evident," says Mr. Babcock, "that Plato would not have written thus unless he relied on the established general repute of that part of the ocean for difficulty of navigation."

But Plato's account is buttressed by those of other writers of antiquity. Syclax of Caryanda, who wrote prior to the time of Alexander the Great, and was approximately a contemporary of Plato, states in his *Periplus* that Cerne, an island of the African Atlantic coast, "is twelve days' coasting beyond the Pillars of Hercules, where the parts are no longer navigable because of shoals of mud and of seaweed. . . . The seaweed has the width of a palm, and is sharp towards the points, so as to prick."

When Himilco parted from Hanno in the course of that memorable dual voyage from Carthage about 500 B.C. in quest of lands unknown, he encountered, according to the grandiloquent Latin poet Festus Avienus, "weeds, shallows, calms and dangers" in the Atlantic. Avienus further says: "No breeze drives the ship forward, so dead is the sluggish wind of this idle sea. He [Himilco] also adds that there is much seaweed among the waves, and that it often holds the ship back like bushes. Nevertheless he says that the sea has no great depths, and that the surface of the earth is barely covered by a little water. The monsters of the sea move continually hither and thither, and the wild beasts swim among the sluggish and slowly creeping ships." Elsewhere he refers to the sea outside the Pillars of Hercules in the following terms: "Farther to the west from these Pillars there is boundless sea. Himilco relates that . . . none has sailed ships over these waters because propelling winds are lacking . . . likewise because darkness screens

the light of day with a sort of clothing, and because a fog always conceals the sea."

If any authenticity can be attached to this account—and I can see no good reason to doubt it—it implies that the Sargasso weed must, in the time of Himilco, or about 500 B.C., have extended to the close vicinity of the Straits of Gibraltar. Not only does this verify Plato's account, but it also militates against the theory that the Sargasso weed is a mere accumulation of coastal flotsam, a notion which, we shall see, there is other evidence to rebut.

Aristotle, too, says in his *Meteorologica*, that the sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules was muddy and shallow, and almost unstirred by the winds. Aristotle was at one time a pupil of Plato's, and this seems to afford good proof that the latter's statement was founded on the best available information, and was probably acquired from Phœnician or Greek mariners. It also demonstrates that Plato's *Timæus* and *Critias* were no mere idle tales invented for the amusement of a holiday audience, as so many commentators have suggested. Aristotle must have been apprised of the circumstances in which these works were written and the purpose they were intended to serve, and it is altogether improbable that a man of so severely scientific a cast of mind would have stooped to the employment of fantastic fiction wherewith to justify a geographical statement.

But we have other than classical evidence for the unnavigable character of the Atlantic, evidence dating from a considerably later period. Edrissi, the Arabian writer, says that the Magurin, certain Moorish sailors of Lisbon, who set sail thence in quest of an Atlantic island at some period variously estimated as from the eighth to the twelfth century, encountered an impassable tract of ocean, and were forced to alter their course, apparently reaching one of the Canaries. The Pizagani map of 1367, too, has a rubric containing a solemn protest against attempting to sail the unnavigable ocean tract beyond the Azores, in the neighbourhood of which the Sargasso Sea begins.

Maury, in his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, says: "Midway the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries and Cape Verde Islands, is the Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi Valley, it is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds (*Fucus natans*) that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it reached the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a

little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the centre of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream, and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery. There it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position like the calms of Cancer, according to the seasons, the storms and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time."

It falls to be remarked that the notion that the Sargasso weed is a collection of the floating debris of the Atlantic is a mere assumption, one of those suppositions which lead us nowhere, and behind which there is no definite body of proof or scientific observation. In the first place, Sir John Murray admits that the shell-fish and other animals which live among the weed in the Sargasso Sea "all exhibit adaptive colouring, although none of them belong properly to the open ocean." Adaptive colouring, as in the Arctic hare or the ptarmigan, takes countless ages to develop, and is an especial trait evolved out of long-continued adaptation to certain local conditions. This fact alone would seem to show that the Sargasso weed must have persisted for thousands of years, and that the animals it contains must have been there for a like period. Again, it is most unlikely that these forms of coastal life could have reached the Sargasso Sea by an open ocean route, and the very fact that they exhibit adaptive colouring proves conclusively that they have not been drifted there within recent times, but are indigenous to the area. Is it not more reasonable and more scientific to infer that they are the survivors of forms which once occupied a coastline in the locality where they now appear? Certain biologists recognize a distinct division of the marine area of the globe as consisting of the middle portion of the Atlantic, which is called by the Messrs. Sclater "Mesatlantic," and to this they refer much larger forms of life than those found in the Sargasso Sea, notably the monk seal and the Sirenian manatus, which now inhabit the Mediterranean and the West Indies, but which these savants believe formerly inhabited an ancient and now submerged coastline in the Atlantic. Lastly, weed of the same species as that

of the Sargasso occurs in the Pacific Ocean west of California, which is undoubtedly another area in which land was anciently submerged in the ocean.

But the main point is that this Sargasso accumulation occupies the self-same area as did the sunken mass of Atlantis. The argument in favour of the former existence of this submerged land-mass must now be familiar to every one at all interested in the subject. But since the publication of my book *The Problem of Atlantis*, I have encountered passages in authors of standing who give at least partial adherence to the theory. Sir John Murray, in his brochure *The Ocean*, writes: "Another remarkable feature of the North Atlantic is the series of submerged cones or oceanic shoals made known off the north-west coast of Africa between the Canary Islands and the Spanish Peninsula, of which we may mention the Coral Patch in lat.  $34^{\circ} 57' N.$ , long.  $11^{\circ} 57' W.$ , covered by 362 fathoms; the Dacia Bank in lat.  $31^{\circ} 9' N.$ , long.  $13^{\circ} 34' W.$ , covered by 47 fathoms; the Seine Bank, in lat.  $33^{\circ} 47' N.$ , long.  $14^{\circ} 1' W.$ , covered by 81 fathoms; the Concepcion Bank in lat.  $30^{\circ} N.$  and long.  $13^{\circ} W.$ , covered by 88 fathoms; the Josephine Bank, in lat.  $37^{\circ} N.$ , long.  $14^{\circ} W.$ , covered by 82 fathoms; the Gettysburg Bank in lat.  $36^{\circ} N.$ , long.  $12^{\circ} W.$ , covered by 34 fathoms. Precipitous slopes have been found round some of these banks: thus on the western edge of the Coral Patch the sinker distinctly struck bottom in 550 fathoms, again tumbled over, and finally found a resting-place in 835 fathoms. When it came up it had a large brownish-black streak where it had evidently struck obliquely on manganese peroxide. On the Dacia Bank a mark-buoy happened to let go just on the edge of the bank in 175 fathoms. On trying to lift the moorings the buoy-rope carried away, and it was found to have been chafed through about 100 fathoms from the surface. The currents had evidently been rubbing it against the cliff during the two days that it was down."

Mr. W. H. Babcock, too, in an interesting passage on this particular point, writes: "All of these subaqueous mountain-top lands or hidden elevated plateaus are conspicuously nearer the ocean surface than the real depths of the sea—so much nearer that they inevitably raise the suspicion of having been above that surface within the knowledge and memory of man. It is notorious that coasts rise and fall all over the world in what may be called the normal non-spasmodic action of the strata, and sometimes the movement in one direction—upward or downward—seems to have persisted through many centuries. If

we assume that Gettysburg Bank has been continuously descending at the not extravagant rate of two feet in a century, then it was a considerable island above water about the period dealt with by the priests of Säis. Apparently the rising of Labrador and Newfoundland since the last recession and dispersion of the great ice-sheet has been even more. Here the elements of exact comparison in time and conditions are lacking; nevertheless the reported uplift of 500 feet in one quarter and nearly 700 in another is impressive as showing what the old earth may do in steady endeavour. It must be borne in mind, too, that a sudden acceleration of the descent of Gettysburg Bank and its consorts may well have occurred at any stage in so feverishly seismic an area. All considered, it seems far from impossible that some of these banks may have been visible and even habitable at some time when men had attained a moderate degree of civilization. But they would not be of any vast extent."

But interesting as these statements are, they lack the exactitude essential to a grasp of the main issue. This I believe is associated with the great submerged land-masses which stretch almost continuously from the African to the American coast, and more particularly with the Gettysburg Bank, Dolphin Ridge, and the Antilles. It is precisely above the second and third of these areas, where the great submarine plateaus appear to converge, that is between the 30th and 80th parallels of longitude and the 20th and 40th parallels of latitude, that the Sargasso weed is thickest.

It will be admitted that reliable data exists upon which to found an assumption that the area of the Sargasso Sea coincides with that of sunken Atlantis. A greater amount of proof that the weed of which it is composed is in some manner connected with the detritus of the sunken continent is certainly desirable. The accounts of Plato and others suggest that it is so connected. Not only does the coincidence of areas between the Sargasso Sea and the probable site of Atlantis assist such a hypothesis. The antiquity of the classical allusions to the Sargasso accumulation and the obviously wider area it formerly occupied appear to strengthen the theory. But further research into the biological nature of the Sargasso algæ and its incidence elsewhere is essential before anything approaching a final decision as to its connection with Atlantis can be arrived at, and to the consideration of this question I hope to be able to devote myself in the near future.

## 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.*]

### A VISION OF EASTERN WARFARE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would kindly insert in your fascinating Review the experience described below, in regard to which I swear in the most solemn manner (1) my good faith; (2) that I was as much awake as a champing, stamping, pawing horse could make one, and not asleep and dreaming; (3) that I instantly set down a written account still preserved by me; (4) that I would submit to any pertinent questioning by any scientific occultist who sent me a typed questionnaire with blank spaces for reply and enclosed a stamped addressed envelope, and (5) that this experience of mine by no means stands alone. I invite your readers to discuss it fully, so trust that you will submit it to them in your Review.

#### THE VISION.

##### WHAT I SAW BY SECOND SIGHT.

Before I describe my experience I must ask the reader to observe (1) That it was seen when I was wide awake in circumstances rendering sleep impossible. (2) That I most distinctly observed myself thinking with two minds, acting with two bodies (one ethereal, the other my fleshly body), hearing and seeing things in a thought-world and material-world *simultaneously*. (3) That my motion (in the thought-world) in a given direction coincided with and was dependent NOT on physical exertion but the will in myself to move that way, e.g. the moment I willed to approach a point my thought-self sped thither with tremendous velocity. (4) That it was in 1916, and I have the dates, hour, and minute set down for reference, and I deny positively that I was thinking previously about anything in particular, and certainly not brooding or having the least personal interest. (5) That I found afterwards I was actually at the moment of the vision facing directly towards the region seen in the vision. Mark what follows.

I had gone to a stable in pitch darkness to attend to my bay mare, having "cat's eyes" that enable me to see clearly under conditions where ordinary eyesight does not serve, and it was in the late hours of a winter's day, but finding I could not on this particular night manage to do without a lamp I called out to another person to bring me a

hurricane lamp she had, which she called back she would bring at once, and started for the stable to bring it to me, which would take her just 180 seconds. While waiting for her I folded my arms and leaned against an oaken post, facing the back wall of the stable. The Vision resolved itself into five acts, like a play. Hardly had my back touched the oaken post than (in the undeniably total absence of light from any artificial or natural source) a vivid fleeting glow of light flooded the stable and revealed to me the opposite wall and died down almost as swiftly, whereupon the mare near me leaped the length of her chain, shied wildly, and shivering violently, commenced to paw, whinny, rattle her chain and make a terrific commotion, and I reached out and pacified her, when she stood more quietly. In the same moment and in the last sheen of the unearthly light I felt as if I was detaching in two independently thinking and separately acting selves, one occupied in quietening the mare (a fiery animal and very restive), the other expanding and gifted with super-senses and expectant of I knew not what. Now confining my description to the sensations of my Thought-Self or Spirit-Self—I saw in the last glow the wall before me change into a swirling black cloud and felt myself rushing up and away in the swirling darkness of the night and pausing. Through the swirling cloud formed a small gap that, as it expanded, rapidly revealed, flooded with dazzling white light, at an ever increasing distance below me, the continent of Europe and the shore of England vanishing on the horizon, and I rushing with tremendous and increasing velocity south-east till with a distinct sensation or feeling of hovering buoyantly in the empty air I found myself hovering where beneath me, scores of kilometres, lay the source of the Tsoungarie River, with Peking, Dalny, Harbin, Mukden, Tientsin, Seoul, and Tsitsichar plainly in view and an impenetrable cloud girdling the view.

Where I willed to see an object on the ground more closely I found myself hurtling down towards it; where I willed to see a wider view I immediately found myself soaring, and motion followed and coincided with the mere will to move in a given direction. Beneath me I could see the twinkle of light on moving waters, hear the throb of gunfire, see three if not four armies at death grips on a front of hundreds of kilometres, both Chinese, Manchus, Japanese, and Mongol irregulars. A moment during which all was engulfed in darkness that could be felt, again light, and I could see as if being written by an invisible hand, the names of the villages and towns below on the face of the land itself, and I read, "Waila, Toukou, Mukden, Ialou," etc.; then, appearing with cataclysmic suddenness and violence of onset out of the apparent void, a swarm of strangely-formed aircraft glistening with metal literally hurled itself out of nowhere, against the Japanese and some banditti, causing both parties of combatants to flee incontinently with the shock of the onrush. This attack could immediately be seen resolving itself into an incredibly ferocious assault on the Japanese conducted at incalculable speed, and then



into a united and general attack by the mysterious aerial army (which I will call from the colour of its men's complexion the Brunois) in concert with the Chinese and Manchus, against apparently renegade Chinese aiding the Japanese, and of course against the Japanese in particular. Soon the Japanese began to waver and hesitate as momentarily the awful venomousness and ferocity of the Brunois army continually intensified and (the Japanese line facing west from its position on the right bank of the Tsoungarie) presently the Japanese left flank rolled back towards the north-east while the entire Japanese army strove (thus cut off) to escape to the coast, persisting in this desperate but vain effort throughout what followed. It was, however, remorselessly driven pell-mell in wild disorder towards the Amur along both banks of the Tsoungarie, but especially the right bank, and gradually developed an orderly but exhausting and unresting retreat, dwindling rapidly as it fled Amur-wards, till but one army corps, fighting tooth and nail, crossed the Amur towards what was apparently a vast entrenched camp far to the north of the Amur immediately opposite the Tsoungarie estuary. Again followed intense darkness where I could see nothing, again vivid light illumining a tract around the entrenched camp just described as north of the Amur near places marked in the vision as Pongo, Tondo, Poud Tsiou, and Pedi (places of the existence of which I was then unaware), and savage guerrilla warfare among hills, hillocks, bushes, gullies and rocks between the exhausted Japanese and their Mongol, Manchu and Chinese pursuers, but now no Brunois. Again extreme darkness and the last named region flashed into view devoid of any sign of warfare but with the names Pongo, Tondo, Poud Tsiou and Pedi clearly written on the face of the land, indicating those places, but—in the very centre of a big natural arena, in aquamarine blue and written in a most novel but beautiful manuscript hand—appeared this inscription :

The Japanese Army,  
Destroyed here

By the Chinese Army and Bru- [here the word was indistinct] forces.  
July 23rd, 1927.

Again the same profound darkness, that cleared suddenly when I found myself standing on a slope of a hill of the Tondo group watching the death agonies of the last regiment of the Japanese Army that had fled to this natural arena, and all around, reappeared and now dismounted from their aircraft to fight on foot, were the turbaned and gas-masked Brunois. The earth shook to the tramp of their feet as they charged inwards from all sides, and there being no room to use artillery, it had devolved into a fight with bomb, bullet, gunstock, bayonet and knife. The last company of Japanese—given no quarter—stood back to back on a hillock thick with dead, and discharged one final volley, then with breath coming and going in sobbing gasps, stood up to wait the bayonets. Over the brook close to them dashed a young Brunois and his company, closed round the Japanese remnant and drove inwards. Over the crests, dropping almost with fatigue,

came the Chinese advanced guard, striving to run to be in at the death, but too weary to do more than drag their feet with painful slowness up the hillock to join the Brunois. Then a rush and it was over, and Chinese and Brunois fell back, revealing the last of the Japanese writhing in the agony of death; and on this I saw no more.

Outside the stable I heard the footsteps of the person I had asked to bring the lamp. It had taken but three minutes to see it all! I shall never forget it!

Well, what do your readers think? Is this vision prophetic? I could certainly not invent such things as I had no earthly interest in the region seen nor armies seen. I am anything but a believer in the supernatural, but I believe there are undiscovered properties belonging to the human body I can only term super-senses apprehending things invisible and inaudible to the ordinary senses, and that convey to us the thoughts of another, the "feeling" of approach of another, and by unconscious reasoning the future consequences of present causes, i.e. "prophecy."

I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,

DAVID H. JONES.

#### A DREAM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have just read, with both interest and amazement the article in your February issue, under this heading, by Mr. W. Gornold; for therein he makes reference to certain matters which I have never before either read or heard of, save in the instance narrated below.

The following is an unvarnished account of the most remarkable and lucid dream which I have ever had, and moreover at the finish of this dream a voice commanded me to arise and write out the details (which I now give), and which I sent to two friends of mine the same week; these gentlemen, who are both alive to-day, are members of the medical profession with whom I had much in common, we three having expended considerable time in research among the mines of mathematical mysticism, in seeking out and tabulating along these lines many Cosmic correspondencies; our knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages and their symbolism being used as the basis of our search.

I merely mention these things to show the general trend of our interests, and might add that at the time of my dream we had, between us, compiled an exhaustive numerical dictionary of Hebrew and Greek words, names, and phrases along the lines of the "Sepher Sephiroth," but far more comprehensive. In connection with these mathematical correspondencies I had made a detailed study of the Pyramid, its measurements, external and internal, and had casually noted in my mind that the general correspondencies seemed to demand

the existence of a third chamber. This study had covered the last few months of 1915, and the matter had been dismissed from my mind while we continued with our other researches, for at least three months before the incident now referred to.

I am a normal sleeper, being rarely visited by anything in the nature of a vivid dream, though it has been my experience on one or two occasions to dream the solution of certain problems which have ordinarily seemed insoluble. On the night in question, in March, 1916, up to when I had not given the question of the Great Pyramid a thought for at least three months, I found myself, as it were, awakened from my sleep, and taken back to the Victorian period of about 1850, to a room in one of the colleges at Oxford, where I was introduced by my "guide" to a Parsee student and an English gentleman, as being the one who had been chosen for the task of entering the Great Pyramid and discovering to the world its ancient secret, it being pointed out that, apart from other qualifications, I was also an athlete and a strong swimmer, and as the time for the revelation had arrived it was agreed I should proceed.

I was instructed to take a little food in a waterproof wallet, and also a revolver, which (as always seems to happen in dreams) were at once furnished me. My "guide" then took me to Egypt, and as we went we also *went back in Time*, the peculiarity of this process being distinctly felt in the dream; we found ourselves standing on the bank of the Nile, on a hot summer morning, watching the smoke of the destruction of the ancient city of Memphis. As we watched there came out, through a concealed exit in a park, two priests of Egypt, carrying a manuscript of some kind, and divesting themselves of their clothes, they entered the Nile, carrying with them their small roll of secret writings to find it a safe deposit in the Pyramid.

My "guide" informed me that this city had been set on fire by the priests, and they had escaped by the exit I had seen; the view of the city was hidden by a well-wooded hill, and we could only see that a vast conflagration was in progress. I was ordered to follow these priests, when my quest would be rewarded by finding the old secret entrance to the ancient monument, and then I realized the necessity of my being a swimmer. At this juncture my "guide" left me; up till then I had been as apparently unsubstantial as he, and we both were invisible to those about, but immediately he left I became again a visible tangible body of flesh and blood, and therefore hastened to obey his instructions lest I should be seen.

Finding myself properly equipped for the swim, I dived in the river from its south-eastern bank, and followed the priests. The water was delightful and warm, and at this point there was a moderate current, which without much effort on our part carried us across to the other side of the river and under the bank, for there was a distinct curve in the stream as it swept round the north side of the city.

We had been swimming for possibly a mile when the priests disappeared ahead of me, passing into a small side stream, *down* which the waters of the Nile flowed, though the main river continued along its course. The entrance to this stream was almost invisible, and was covered with vegetation; as I approached it, however, I felt a decided turn in the current, and while floating face downwards with arms stretched forward I was able (by that little trick known to swimmers, of bending the body at the waist on the side where the current is felt) to allow myself to be swept toward and through the concealed entrance.

To my consternation the place was dark and narrow, and the waters rapidly became colder. I stood up to take my bearings and found the depth of the stream to be 5 feet. It was an underground passage and the waters were flowing downwards at about 4 miles per hour—judging by this and my own speed, I swam, or rather allowed myself to be carried along, for a distance of 7 miles, but as the route was somewhat circuitous I judged the distance to be about 5 miles in a direct line. All these points were carefully noted in my dream, and I also made a mental note of the fact that the return journey would take about three hours and would require considerable fortitude. Suddenly the stream ended in a large square artificial pool, and, standing up, I found the water to be about 3 feet deep, and slightly warmer; there was a dim peculiar light pervading this place, and I perceived it was a vast chamber hollowed out of the rock, buttressed here and there with strong masonry; that the pool itself was a perfect square and that the eastern side had been chiselled and finished like the side of a modern bathing pool.

Clambering out, I again took my bearings, and made a note of the fact that I had travelled underground almost due north, that also the air was good, and the coldness of the air of the passage had given way to a pleasant coolness in the chamber. The height of the chamber was about 100 feet, and domed in a perfect arch, but left rough hewn—it seemed to have stood for ages, and was unquestionably right underneath the Pyramid itself.

Instinctively I walked along the side to the north-east corner, where the light seemed stronger and more diffused. Here I paused, for out of a small domed entrance chamber in this corner there came forth a being I can hardly describe, like a man in type, taller, broader, and stronger, who demanded, in a fearsome voice, who I was, by what right I had come, and whence. He claimed to be the spirit guardian of the Pyramid, and ages, he said, had elapsed since any had ventured where I then was. My hand brushed by my revolver, and I distinctly remember wondering why I had been equipped with such a weapon, knowing full well it was useless against my present opponent. There was no sense of fear upon me, for I demanded entrance, pointing out that he was aware the time for the unveiling of this mystery had come, and that I was empowered to assert my right by pronouncing

certain of the Sacred Names. Finding, however, my progress still barred I called for help in the Trisyllabic Creative Name, whereat the whole foundations of the place reverberated and shook, and the malign guardian visibly trembled; this however was insufficient to dispossess him, and I warned him of the result of my use of the Biliteral Creative Word. At this point he sought to attack me, and instantly my lips framed The Sacred Word which seemed rather to be spoken from the heart—the result startled me in my dream, and the “guardian” violently disappeared in thunder and smoke.

With a fervent prayer for continued fortitude I entered the smaller chamber where the light was somewhat clearer, and perceived it was in reality a hewn archway facing due east, about 20 feet high and 5 feet broad, from whence ran a series of steep steps cut out of the solid rock; these steps were narrow and difficult, and turned slightly southward in their ascent, gradually describing three-quarters of a spiral and ending in a due northward direction. Each step was about 3 feet high and it was necessary to support oneself with the hand against the sides of the rock from whence the steps were cut. At the top was a short platform of a single solid stone, the threshold to a room from whence a strong, diffused, clear light shone—the atmosphere was pure and slightly warm, the light came from hidden grooves round the stone ceiling. The chamber was a perfect oblong, of about 20 feet high, of the same length and about half the width, and was apparently on a level with the King's Chamber, but to the eastern side of it, and contained in indescribable confusion the lost treasures of Egypt. Gems, amulets, bejewelled rings, breastplates, jewelled insignia, emerald scarabs, wonderful turquoise in the shape of the uræus, wands of aurichalcum, lay heaped in profusion along one side of the floor; some of the emblems lay in *a cloth* of spun glass, and it was apparent that at some time or other (in my dream it seemed ages ago, for by now I seemed to have gradually merged into my own era) the last one to enter this place had fled in haste and fear.

I was directed to search through the gems for the ancient signet ring of the high priest of Egypt, and finally came across this after some considerable search; it was a plain ring of pure gold, with a small oblong gem of pure amber, amber unlike anything I had ever previously seen, and thereon was inscribed in Hebrew the Sacred Name of Unity. Not until then had I taken any thought of myself or my bodily needs, though I was led to understand that nearly three weeks had passed since I stood in the great subterranean cavern; I ate what food I had brought and rested, and while so resting was astonished to hear human voices from inside the Pyramid itself; I perceived that visitors were entering the King's chamber, and in my dream distinctly recognized the voices of my two friends, to whom I referred at the commencement of my story. I called to them, and the whole place shook with the sound—though I could distinctly hear them and their every word, yet my own voice caused the place to reverberate as with a

distant thunder; I saw my friends with their Arab attendants standing confused and somewhat afraid; though it seemed to me that one of the Arab guides realized that some one had probed the secret of the lost chamber, and I was warned to beware of him.

The acoustics of the chamber which I had found were remarkable, one could hear all that was transpiring in the passage and other chambers of the Pyramid, and at the same time cause fear to fall upon anyone else—this I was told was the chamber of The Son.

Having completed my quest, and placing on my hand the sacred ring containing the inscribed double cube stone, I made my way out and down once more to the vaulted room below, round which were set the very foundations of the Pyramid. There was no longer any "guardian," and I therefore commenced my return swim along that underground passage; it was an extremely arduous task, for somehow or other decay and negligence had made the return journey most perilous; for nearly four hours I struggled along and was at last rewarded with a glimpse of sunshine through the narrow entrance. But somehow the entrance had altered, and I came out amongst some large stones in the desert itself, some little distance from the river, and back again in my own period. Human voices called at me, and I saw a small party of Arabs who had been lying in wait round and about this spot, coming toward me with murderous intent. Then I remembered my revolver and drove them off. At the noise of the report I swooned in my sleep, and awoke (still in the dream) to find myself in hospital in Cairo; but was unable to give any account of myself to the doctors—they had found me about five miles south of the Pyramid, in the desert, armed but almost naked; and my ring had gone.

The intense chagrin at the loss of this treasure awoke me from the dream, and at the same moment I heard a voice repeating to me the instructions to get up (for it was still dark) and write out the whole story. Needless to say I obeyed.

The most striking thing which impressed me *during* my dream, was the journey *through Time*, which seemed quite as simple a matter as an ordinary journey through space; particularly noticeable was this in the changed appearance of the entrance to the underground river. . . .

And so I give your readers this story. I cannot offer any explanation, but I can prove the date of the dream, and the fact that I had nowhere heard or read of the possible existence of any other chamber inside that mighty monument. The dream itself was clear, uninterrupted and orderly in sequence, and if I may be permitted the description—it seemed to be rather slow than otherwise. Distances, position and time were all clearly marked, but this may be a feature due to a mathematical turn of mind. . . .—Yours faithfully,

Z. A. S.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE DATE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondence relative to the Great Pyramid is of consuming interest, and Mr. Swainson's assumption of 20,000 B.C. as the approximate time of its erection seems to be more nearly the truth than that advanced by Sir John Herschel as 2400 B.C., in agreement with the pole-star passage.

Weird speculation may not be a felicitous habit to introduce into either mystical or scientific inquiry, though the least enticing suggestion often leads to a rational conclusion. And in view of the many epochal theories already advanced in connection with the building of this architectural prodigy, a further and more startling one may be permissible, even though it threaten to exceed the limits of calm conjecture.

Now, why the entry passage to the Great Pyramid should have been constructed at an angle so difficult to traverse as that of  $26^{\circ} 41'$  is an enigma that seems to have suggested no plausible solution other than an assumed polar elevation. The plane of descent does not appeal to the modern mind, with all its time-saving predilections, as a normal means of approaching a hospitable goal. But, obviously building for the ages if not for all time, may not a chronological *key* have thus been purposely devised and perpetuated? For if we only concede a probable relationship of this obliquity to the Pyramid base or equatorial line as compared with the angle of the solar ecliptic, an illuminating fact presents itself. The diminution of this latter is about  $50''$  in a century. Now, the disparity between the present obliquity ( $23^{\circ} 28'$ ) and that of the entrance corridor is  $3^{\circ} 13'$ , to effect which—granting their original agreement—would require 231 centuries plus ( $3^{\circ} 13' = 193' \times 60'' = 11,580'' \div 50''$ ), or 23,100 years ago. A very fractional difference or mistake in reckoning the true inclination of the corridor could easily bring the present world period to the close of the Grand Climacteric of 25,920 years, and the beginning of a new evolutionary régime.

This is only hypothesis, but may it not merit serious consideration? I was told psychically many years ago that the Pyramid contains many sealed chambers, but the time for their discovery, with the truths to be revealed, had not yet come.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

## TOLSTOY AND THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I should be grateful if any of your readers could give me the reference to a passage in Tolstoy's writings in which he lays down "Non-resistance to evil" as his own doctrine. Professor

Charles Sarolea in a recent number of the *English Review* speaks of "the Tolstoyan principle of Non-resistance to evil"—but I, though a student of Tolstoy's writings and part collaborateur in the translating of his book *On Life*, have never found it stated in that way. In *Letters and Essays* (published by the Oxford University Press) a letter on Non-resistance is included. The letter was written to Ernest H. Crosby of New York, and refers to the Declaration of Non-resistance drawn up by William Lloyd Garrison and adopted at a Peace Convention held in Boston in 1838. In this letter Tolstoy argues the matter to and fro, looking at it from both sides. He ends by declaring that non-resistance is absolutely right for those who follow the law of Love—in effect, the disciples of the higher law, the few who are the salt of the earth.

The real originator of the doctrine of Non-resistance, the Lord Jesus Christ, did not give it to the people, but to his disciples. This is the most important point in the whole discussion, to the occultist. Like Daniel in the lions' den and the Guru in *Kim* who has no fear of the cobra, he offers no resistance to danger to himself and may come through uninjured; if he is injured he will not complain because he will know this could only happen because of his not being strongly enough placed in the law of Love. Now this point arises which is generally quite overlooked. The Sermon on the Mount was not given (as its name denotes) to the multitude. To them the Lord ministered, healing the sick, palsied and epileptic, and preaching according to their understanding. When the people gathered in great multitudes he went from them to the mountain, as Matthew relates, and the disciples went to him. To them and to them only, the followers of the higher law, the salt of the earth, he gave the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and laid down the law of Non-resistance. This is the statement made in the New Testament; some occultists hold that "mountain" means a higher plane of consciousness and that the teaching was given out of the body. Another point often lost sight of is that the non-resistance enjoined is in respect to danger to the individual, as in the instances I have quoted, of Daniel and the Guru in *Kim*, that is perfectly plain. The disciple is not to resist *him that is evil* and who wishes to rob or injure. It is the disciple who is following the law of love who is to learn to love his enemy and pray for those who ill-use him. It has nothing to do with the multitude, or the nations, but is laid down as law to the one who is taking the high and difficult path of occult discipleship. By his love and non-resistance he may win yet another soul to turn from the world of war and robbery and enter the Path.

Yours sincerely,  
MABEL COLLINS.

CINTRA LAWN, CHELTENHAM.



## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE current issue of LA ROSE CROIX demands, on several considerations, something more than the usual word of welcome and appreciation. It has been produced by M. Jollivet Castelot in the face of extraordinary difficulties. Our readers have been acquainted already with the fact that his house was burnt down in December last and involved the destruction of his library, manuscripts, and also—as we learn now—the archives of the Alchemical Society of France. That its official organ should be able, under such circumstances, to appear much about its due date is a matter for congratulation to members, and is the first ground of its special appeal to ourselves. It is the beginning, moreover, of a new volume and of its twenty-fifth year of existence under one or another title. Finally, there are several respects in which it is a remarkable issue. An article on the Chemical Revolution deals with the constitution of atoms and with the transmutation of elements according to the latest theories. It is affirmed on such basis that modern science is recurring to antique Hermetic doctrine, however little the fact may be realized by its representatives and experts. There is, further, a communication, with full technical details, on the part of a contributor who has reproduced experiments recorded by M. Castelot, and has succeeded like him in the conversion of silver into gold. He declares that the method followed by his precursor and teacher is simple, practical and certain in results: it has shown him that old Alchemy is not, as it is now classed, a chimerical science. The President of the French Alchemical Society has worked at his subject for thirty years, denied all recognition outside his own circle: we do not know whether it is the first occasion on which he has received a tribute of this kind, but it will be welcome to all who know him, who share his zeal in quest, and not least to himself. It may be long before Sorbonne professors consent to accord him a hearing and opportunity of making demonstrations in their presence, but, as it is said elsewhere in LA ROSE CROIX, the future of chemistry is not confined within the walls of their laboratories. The present position of Alchemy in France is the subject of another paper. It speculates that there must be an unincorporated Brotherhood of Hermes amounting to something like three thousand persons in that country, and attempts to classify them, a process in which—as it seems to us—there emerges a great majority of those who are interested thinly, collectors of books on the subject who do not study them, and less or more casual readers who do not even buy. In a word, the debate is unserious, as is made evident abundantly when it is said that the Alchemical Society of France has only a nominal existence—*n'existe que virtuellement*—that it holds no cor-

porate meetings, that members do not know one another, that its records are a dead letter, and that its official organ is the sole bond of union. It is obvious that this state of suspension and paralysis means, and can mean only, that there is no living Brotherhood of Hermes in France, incorporated or not incorporated, and that the Alchemical Society ceased to call meetings because it found no one to attend them. We are only in complete agreement with the pseudonymous writer—*Le Solitaire*—when he says in his final words that the reign of Elias the Artist is still far away—as in France assuredly, so also elsewhere.

The transmutation of metals is one thing, and is that which concerns M. Jollivet Castelot in the pages of *LA ROSE CROIX*; but there is evidence elsewhere that he does more than tolerate the hypothesis of a spiritual side of Alchemy, though we do not suppose that he is acquainted with the attempts to present it which have been made in England and America. In a comparatively recent issue of *PSYCHIC MAGAZINE* we find him contributing an essay on the Triumph of Alchemy. It discusses the life of atoms, the life of crystals, the science of chemical reactions, and it contrasts modern laboratory methods with the slow and graduated processes of the old investigators. It affirms in concluding that the alchemists sought to construct a philosophical and religious science, that their Great Work was one of spiritual as well as material regeneration, and that in the former aspect it looked for the victory of spirit over chaos and an ascension towards eternal life. The intimation is pregnant, but unfortunately we are left to speculate.

*THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW* is fulfilling its proposition to embrace a wider field of interest than that of an official organ representing a particular society, though this does not of course mean that the concerns of the latter are overlooked. The present issue examines the electronic reactions of Abrams in the light of the hypothesis which affirms an etheric body. A considerable interest attaches to Mr. C. S. Best's record of recent experiments in psychical research, and Mr. T. Besterman's brief sketch of the life of D. D. Home is not only a serviceable summary but is of moment otherwise for its notable examples of precognitive cryptesthesia and for an excellent bibliographical note. . . . Our congratulations must be offered to Miss Isabelle M. Pagan for her excellent study of Queen Elizabeth in two issues of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, written with a view to present a better and truer understanding of her private character and to dispose of the ineffable nonsense and slander of pretended Baconian ciphers, more especially that of Mrs. Gallup. We appreciate also the sound judgment which affirms that the question of style alone "is a sufficient answer to all the Baconian theories that ever were written. . . ." *THE MESSENGER* has a note on Col. H. S. Olcott, whose passing from this life on February 17, 1907, has been commemorated recently by the American Theosophical Society. . . . We learn from *THE HERALD*

OF THE STAR that Groups of the World Federation for Animal Protection have been established in sixteen countries of Europe, including one which was started last year in Vienna. . . . THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST continues its series of articles on Occult Masonry, and deals on the present occasion with the symbolism of the ear of corn, developing some points of interest, though it cannot be said that much light is cast upon the fact of the sign and its purpose in Emblematic Freemasonry. . . . PAPHYRUS continues to represent officially the interests of the Theosophical Society in Egypt. It is a small periodical, and most of its pages are reserved for reports on activities, but we note an account of experiments with solar rays, following an old Indian method. The rays were collected through lenses, and are affirmed to have petrified soft wood, which became outwardly like red sandstone and heavier than wood in weight. The report is apparently borrowed matter, for an identical communication appears almost concurrently in THEOSOPHY IN INDIA. The demonstrations were made at Benares in the autumn of last year by a Yogi, who explained that there was a Science of Sun Knowledge among the ancient Hindu Rishis, and that things were transmuted one into another thereby. There is some talk of founding an Academy at Benares for the pursuit of this knowledge, and it is even said that buildings are in course of construction. . . . It would appear that the Independent Theosophical Society of America has suffered the loss of its Founder, Mrs. Celestia Root Lang, but the issue of DIVINE LIFE, which should have furnished particulars, has failed to reach us. The new President is Mr. Harry R. Lang, and the periodical continues in its old way, with perhaps a more blatant accent.

We presume that M. Léon Denis is reciting a story with a moral in LA REVUE SPIRITE when he presents the experiences of a saint who passed through the gates of death as a result of being buried alive. It is told in graphic terms, and the picture of the immediate-next-beyond corresponds to the doctrine of the Allan Kardec school. The account is called LIBERTY AND FATALITY, being almost obviously devised to enforce its lesson, namely, that the price of action is always paid in consequence, in this incarnation or another. The disembodied spirit in question goes back on its pasts in the intermediate state, and finds that the terrific ordeal of a living tomb was for the expiation of crime in a previous life of earth. The liberty and fatality of the title signify the act performed freely and its unescapable result. . . . The *Société Française d'Études Psycho-Physiques*, which we believe to be of recent foundation, has developed what appears to be a branch *Institut de Psycho-Physique Appliquée*. The one is for the study and verification—*tant expérimentale que rationnelle*—of the facts called psychical; the other is for instruction and practical applications, and is to have not only laboratories but a Popular Clinic of Mental Hygiene. The official representative of both in periodical literature is LA SCIENCE DE L'ÂME, which appears fortnightly under the same

auspices as LA REVUE SPIRITE, though no doctrinal teaching is found therein. It has been mentioned once in these pages, and it calls to be said that recent issues do more than maintain the promise of the first number. In the last so far to hand M. Louis Gastin, who is President of the Society, discusses the question of the soul, and what is to be understood thereby, in helpful and guarded terms. For the materialism of modern psychology it is the biopsychical complexus which animates and directs the corporeal machine, and is yet the product of the synthetic co-ordination of its elements; for which reason it is held that it does not and cannot survive the body. But for the school of spiritualism—in the catholic sense of that misapplied term—the soul is the cause of this synthesis and of the existence therefore of the physical body. It will be seen that there is no reconciliation possible between the two standpoints, and it is out of this that the most living purpose of psychical research arises—to determine, namely, the great question of fact on the one or the other side. There is no doubt as to which side is represented by M. Gastin and LA SCIENCE DE L'ÂME, but for purposes of proposed research neither is postulated, as the assumption which would in reality transfer the whole subject to the field of religion is not made. It is intended to avoid, in this as in other matters, the establishment of a priori theorems, which is a recurring disposition of most modern scientists.

We learn from PSYCHICA that a *Société d'Études Télépathiques* was founded at Paris in 1923 and has held a number of meetings for experimental purposes. The International Metapsychical Institute has recently placed at its disposal its own spacious premises and organized service, as well as the pages of its official organ, LA REVUE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE, in consequence of which the Telepathic Society has decided to incorporate with the larger Institute as a section thereof. It must be added that, in the same issue, an exceptional interest attaches to the account, by M. Raoul de Fleurière, of his clairvoyant and other psychical experiences, onward from early childhood to his present period, when he would seem to be some sixty years old. . . . For some undisclosed reason LE VOILE D'ISIS has suspended—for the time only, as we hope—its reprint of an old alchemical tract, and also Jean Bricaud's account of the thaumaturge Vacod. We are offered in place of them a long account of the symbolical significance attaching to Dr. Steiner's destroyed temple at Dornach and also of that which is now in course of building. The author is Edouard Schuré, but on this occasion he fails to impart conviction. If we accept his definition of a Gothic cathedral as a grand prayer, we must be disassociated wholly from his proposal to regard the mystical doctrines of Saint-Martin as either Kabalistic or Rosicrucian. . . . The REVISTA INTERNACIONEL DO ESPERITISMO is a new foundation, and makes a good beginning as a representative of psychical and spiritistic activities and concerns in Brazil. It is a substantial monthly, of varied contents, assisted by occasional illustrations.

## REVIEWS

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH  
for 1924. VOL. 18. 358 pages.

THE first part of this volume contains the verbatim record of the sittings of a person called Mr. Tamm with Mrs. Sanders: a stenographer faithfully recording all that went on during the sittings, hits and misses alike. Dr. Prince, as Editor, says that the accuracy with which a number of features in a group of statements fit into each other and match the facts is especially striking, while the inaccuracies are comparatively trivial. The second part of the volume records experiments in psychometry made by various persons with different mediums. One such (pages 204 to 220) appears to rule out telepathy, for the medium, Mrs. King, accurately described people and circumstances unknown to the sitter, Mr. Prince. Mrs. King held in her hand a letter to Mr. Prince from a clergyman; the writing was quite invisible to her. His church was correctly described and a curious feature in the graveyard outside it—that the stones were all horizontal: also a peculiar gesture made by the clergyman of raising his two fingers when speaking, and many other facts. Some of the facts may have been known to Mr. Prince, but many were not. Subsequently he had a careful calculation made by a mathematician to show that chance was absolutely ruled out. Indeed the last chapter of the book contains a brief record of 100 experiments specially conducted to show the results of chance or mere guessing on the part of eighteen ordinary, not psychic, persons. These showed that the "ability to get evidential impressions from unknown objects is not a common one," and that the results in the earlier experiments "could not have been brought about by chance coincidence." The records conclude with saying that in many of the psychical experiments the successes were repeatedly brilliant, and if to these are added those recorded by Richet, Pagenstecher and others "there can be no doubt that the psychometrical power exists in a few specially qualified persons and that this power . . . is a super-normal one. Of its source . . . we at present have no certain knowledge."

ROSA M. BARRETT.

IN THE HANDS OF MEN. A Romantic Tragedy in Five Acts. By  
Thomas Williams. London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Pp. 139.  
Price 5s. net.

ALL the elements of stage melodrama are to be found here—the depraved and wicked Count, the virtuous young physician, the equally virtuous maiden who loves him in secret, the wandering astrologer and his beautiful granddaughter—who, of course, turns out to be an heiress and of noble blood—the bloodthirsty peasants, and so on. The scene is laid in France in the eighteenth century, and the play opens with the Countess de Vaux seeing in a vision the murder of her son. It ends with the murder of this son's child—the astrologer's granddaughter—and with the suicide of her lover, the young physician. Other murders, and much violence of lesser kinds, have taken place in between, so that excitement, of a kind,

is not lacking. But the play is not at all suitable for stage presentation, if only on account of some unpleasant passages dealing with disease. It lacks grip and reality, and the blank verse is very uneven in quality. In fact, it often ceases to be blank verse at all, and one cannot tell whether this is intentional or not. There are one or two quite pretty little songs, and the scene in which Leonora reads the lines of her lover's hand is not without a certain charm —

“ Past these high mountains of ambition, love,  
The girdle-band of Venus, flows wide and deep :  
A river broad and limpid, in its streams  
The hills of aspiration imaged. See !  
Its course winds to the gulf of destiny ” . . .

This scene suggests that Mr. Williams might do better with a theme less hackneyed in its general atmosphere and setting—less sensational, and more truly dramatic.

E. M. M.

DEVON AND HEAVEN. By Beatrice Chase, Author of “ Through a Dartmoor Window,” etc. Only procurable from the Author: Venton House, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, Ashburton, Devon. Price 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 10d.

THIS is a small collection of intimate Letters from Miss Beatrice Chase to a friend, written last year, and now published by express desire of their recipient in order that others may possess them and be cheered and comforted by them as she has been. In these racy, whimsical, often pathetic, always unconventional, pages, there are echoes of life's music, both grave and gay, as well as glimpses of golden sunshine from Devon tors.

The story is told of the building of the Little White Sanctuary, the Chapel at Venton, as the result of a direct message along the Spiritual Wireless, which came to Miss Chase in a moment of dark uncertainty regarding the future, and altered the whole course of her life. It is an episode which, as the author truly says “ helps to show the freedom of the soul when released from the body, and it helps to illustrate our means of intercommunication, not to mention the joys of union between disembodied spirits.”

As Miss Chase's friend, “ Ida,” is evidently a non-catholic, occasions arise for sundry expository remarks concerning many popular misconceptions, in regard to Baptism, for instance, and on “ Hell-Fire,” which many people would be the better for reading. I do not quote Miss Chase's explanations, as I want people to buy her book, of which *autographed* copies are sixpence extra. This extra mite is devoted to the little House of Prayer at Venton, whence so many loving petitions have winged their way, like white birds, from the purple heart of the moor.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE. By Oswald Murray. London: Duckworth & Co. Pp. 295. 8s. 6d. net.

It is claimed for this remarkable book that it contains a cosmic philosophy based upon communications received from supernal beings. The actual recipient, who died some years ago and whose identity is concealed in accordance with the stipulation of his mysterious teachers that no personal element be associated with knowledge derived from a source where

personal being is transmuted and transcended, refrained from publishing what had been imparted to him because he felt that the public mind of his own day was unready for such knowledge ; but he passed the teachings on to a small group of his personal friends, including the author of the present work. In the Introduction to the book it is frankly admitted that some readers may have difficulty in believing, without confirmatory evidence of any kind, what is claimed in respect of the authoritative origin of this philosophic system ; and such readers are invited to waive the point and to judge the system on its intrinsic merits only. The work is undoubtedly a *tour de force* of metaphysical exposition and a striking contribution to speculative mysticism. But what is affirmed in a large part of the argument is not easier of acceptance or better sustained by evidence than the claim to supernal inspiration ; and one is moderately convinced that most readers who are unable to accept the alleged origin of the system will deem the system itself to be a mass of unproven and unprovable conjectures. Against such scepticism, which is not by any means unreasonable or intolerant, the author's skill in the art of presentation will be opposed in vain. Mr. Murray, of course, in so far as the philosophy commands approval and assent, will desire no credit for what he has admittedly acquired at second hand ; but he may be complimented unreservedly upon his very lucid treatment of an extraordinarily difficult subject.

The theme of the book is the cycle of incarnation. It describes how we originate as units of the Infinite Life, how we descend from our pristine state into the physical body, and how we return after death to ethereal form. In respect of its fundamental suppositions it conforms generally with every reputable theosophic system ; but the thesis is developed with a plenitude of descriptive detail for which there can be no valid warrant save in the source whence it is said to have been derived. The work must, therefore, stand or fall by the claim to infallible inspiration. On this point serious opinion will certainly be divided and probably to the author's disadvantage. There will be some who will accept all that the book professes to reveal. There will be many who will reject it entirely. But there may perhaps be a few who, like the present reviewer, will still be content to look to the world's great myths for all that man is ever likely to know of the cosmic cycle ; for the genuine myth, being an utterance of the universal mind, is the product of authentic inspiration, and as such it cannot err.

COLIN STILL.

FAITH, CHRIST AND TRUTH. By Callie Margaret Smith. The Christoph Publishing House, U.S.A. Price \$1.75 net.

THIS book contains what is understood to be automatic or inspirational writing as received by the author from several discarnate friends and relatives, and it appears to have afforded her much consolation and satisfaction. A few sentences will suffice to indicate the general style and purport of the messages :—

"Don't worry about our grammar, many scholars of high degree drop into a common way of expressing their ideas, so take our words exactly as given to you. . . . We have been here since yesterday morning, for we felt one trip safely made, and that we would lose much magnetism by running the gauntlet so often, we would like to say quite a bit this evening. . . . I must not jeopardize your health, so will not ask you to

B B

write much more, you are too spiritual at present ; you are strung high, so let this suffice for awhile. Go to some good movies, and rest more until we remove some of the little worries that are bothering you. . . . You are so anxious to message for us, and you are not sufficiently attuned, too high, come down a little."

The foregoing will doubtless suffice most readers "for awhile," and leave them wondering why such works are not reserved for private circulation among the author's own sympathetic friends. Of course, we cordially endorse "Grandmother McGowan's" excellent sentiments regarding "Hell-fire and brimstone," as preached by certain denominations, and we agree with her that it is a "mighty serious problem that the people of this world are facing." But in a general way this is just the kind of book that causes the enemy to blaspheme, and gives a certain amount of power to his elbow.

EDITH K. HARPER.

OM. By Talbot Mundy. London: Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS tale apparently centres round a piece of jade which possesses the power of concentrating the Astral Light so that the beholder's secret self is mirrored to his gaze. In reality, however, it deals with a tangled skein of destiny composed of the life-threads of three remarkable individuals and several minor characters. *Om* provides a better illustration of the law of Karma than dozens of Theosophical pamphlets, because it is a work of art flaming with creative energy. It is difficult to decide which of the three main characters is more excellently drawn: Cottswold Ommony of the Indian Secret Service, the aspirant; Tsiang Samdup, the adept; or Samding, the *chela*. Each is a masterpiece of its kind. Ommony begins by spying on Tsiang Samdup, accompanies him disguised as a Bhat Brahmin into the almost inaccessible Arbor Valley, and after many severe tests, ends by becoming a disciple, a pilgrim of the Middle Way. Tsiang Samdup the Lama, himself a pupil of the Masters, has the characteristics of a true teacher: he only speaks when necessary, he injures no one save himself, he is as calm as one who has conquered death, he exhibits tireless energy and imperturbable repose, humour allied to wisdom, love united to power. For such are the qualities a true teacher possesses—and a thousand others. Samding has the qualifications of a very advanced disciple united to an extraordinarily attractive personality. The minor characters have all the roguery, subtlety and simplicity, shrewdness and superstition which are characteristic of the East.

It is a book to read again and again. It is, in short, a masterpiece.

MEREDITH STARR.

TELEPATHY AND CLAIRVOYANCE. By Rudolf Tischner. Translated by W. D. Hutchinson. With an Introduction by E. J. Dingwall. 8½ × 5½ in., pp. xi. + 227. London: Kegan Paul. Price 7s. 6d. net.

I WILL say at once that this is an interesting and useful book, but as representing the subjects of telepathy and clairvoyance in "The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method," it is wholly unsatisfactory. The book lacks altogether the background of



history and of comparative research, containing only a number of new experiments and a little theory. The author invents yet another new term: psychoscopic for psychometric, which is hardly more satisfactory than M. Richet's pragmatic cryptesthesia. Considered on their own merit, however, these new experiments are very interesting. There are only five dealing with telepathy; there are 178 experiments in ordinary clairvoyance and in psychometry; of these 133 were held under satisfactory conditions and show 73 successes, the rest being either partially successful only, without result, or failures. These figures are a remarkable confirmation of the existence of some unknown method of perception.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

SELF-EXPRESSION: THE PERFECT REALIZATION. A Practical Book for those seeking Health and Happiness. By E. Geraldine Omen. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Price 5s. net.

THIS is a practical little work of exceptional merit. The author cleverly succeeds in presenting to the interested reader a clear interpretation of "New Thought" Philosophy in simple language that may easily be understood by every one, and though some of the ideals expressed may, at first sight, seem a little difficult of realization, each one of them is well worth striving for, and will be realized in the end.

The author has contrived, with much sweet reasonableness, to direct the way. Throughout the pages of this noteworthy book, enclosed in almost every one of the paragraphs, it is possible, without much trouble, to find some very precious gem of truth, much more of kindly counsel, and everywhere words of good cheer.

Having culled from the gardens of wisdom in widely various paths, she has selected only the finest and best among the flowers that bloom and disperse rare essence: the subtle perfume of the East mingling its fragrance with the flowers that are found in the West.

She has drawn from well-springs that have endured and ever been the source of Inspiration throughout the ages; in this helpful little book she expounds neither Creed nor Dogma, but with a masterly hand writes convincingly of much of the good that exists in all great Religions. Often, indeed, this gifted author seems to touch the very heights of thought and vision and one suspects that she is giving us something of her own spiritual experience, for there is a rare quality in her work which raises it beyond controversy—the arresting quality of Truth itself. It is a book of real value, for it comes with a special message to many a doubting heart. Happiness and Health should be within the reach of the many who will study this most instructive treatise on Self-Expression.

CHRISTIE T. YOUNG.

THE BLUE FAIRY. By Alice Gaze. London: The C. W. Daniel Co. Pp. 39. Price 1s. net.

"ONCE upon a time, when the world was much younger than it is to-day—in the Age of the Great Beyond—there lived a beautiful fairy in the heart of a tropical forest." So begins this "Fairy Story of the Ages," which tells how the fairy made repeated visits to the world of mortals ere she could penetrate to the heart of the king and induce him to attend

to her; how again and again she was repulsed and rejected, but finally the King listened to her message of love, and she was able to teach him of "the Great Reality, and how to rule by Love and not by hate and fear." The story is quite charmingly told, except for an occasional confusion in the use of "you's" and "thou's." "*That which you think is love is for thy learning—you needs must build thee halos round about!*" It is, of course, only a detail, but surely it would be better to stick to one pronoun or the other, rather than to mix them up in this way. The little book is most attractively produced.

E. M. M.

THE WAR MAKERS. By Edward Willmore. London: The C. W. Daniel Co., Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Price 6d. net.

THIS little book is defined by its author as "An Essay on the Unheeded Causes of War and the Way of Peace." It was originally submitted by him to "The British Peace Award Committee," a tribunal which had offered prizes amounting to £2,000 for suggestions and proposals for the bringing about of peace and prosperity "by international co-operation." The author candidly states that he knew beforehand that his proposals would not find favour with the said Committee—which included about a hundred men and women of eminence in many representative departments of modern life—he therefore offers to the public his rejected essay in this pamphlet form, and very interesting reading it is, Carlylean in its directness, Ruskinian in its ardent idealism. Mr. Willmore quotes with approval this characteristic passage from *Fors Clavigera*:

"The first reason for all wars, and for the necessity of national defences, is that the majority of persons, high and low, in all European countries, are thieves, and, in their hearts, greedy of their neighbours' goods, land, and fame. . ."

But the everlasting question remains, how to protect the helpless and the innocent against the rapacity of these human wolves!

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE LORDSHIP OF JESUS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Charles Albert Hall, F.R.M.S. 7¼ in. × 1¾ in., pp. 128. London: New Church Press, Ltd., 1 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little volume contains nine pleasingly written essays on religious topics looked at from a practical point of view. Mr. Hall is a Swedenborgian, and the spirit of rational mysticism, typical of Swedenborg, permeates the book. One of the essays is entitled "The Idle Word," and will perhaps be of especial interest to the occultist who believes in the magic power of words. Mr. Hall points out, what Freud has so ably demonstrated, that men and women indicate their true character—betray their underlying thoughts and affections—in the idle word, that is to say, in the word uttered spontaneously and without deliberate choice.

There is also a very charming essay dealing with "The Witchery of Music." The beauty of music is essentially a spiritual thing, and Mr. Hall is in agreement with the old-time mystics in likening to music those spiritual forces in the universe which make for harmony and at-one-ment. I fear, however, I am not in sympathy with him in asking that there should be a censorship of music. The music which he criticizes as sensual is, perhaps, one of the manifestations of the life-force, and thus answers some essential need in human nature. In any case, all forms of censorship

are to be deprecated, for what guarantee has the rest of humanity that those who are appointed censors will use their power aright. Art can only flourish in an atmosphere of freedom, and it is in this atmosphere, I suggest, that humanity will find its true salvation.

H. S. REDGROVE.

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY. By Elise Emmons, Author of "Summer Songs Among the Birds," etc. Obtainable from the Author, Mount Vernon, Leamington Spa. Price 1s.

IN the pleasant, easy fashion of a letter to friends at home, Miss Emmons recounts in this brochure, an eighteen-days' holiday in Holland, Denmark, and Sweden; sometimes leaving the beaten track of the sightseer for places less familiar.

Near Zwolle—where still stands the Monastery where Thomas-à-Kempis died in 1471, aged ninety-two,—the travellers noticed a steam-engine in the railway station bearing on its boiler, "in good-sized red letters," the name of that saintly monk and scholar whose *Imitation of Christ* has been translated into the language of almost every land. The Castles of Denmark excite the author's enthusiasm, especially Kronborg, with its formidable dungeons, in one of which "Holger Danske, the nation's hero, is supposed to be sitting with his white beard grown fast to a stone table, ready to awaken when the Danes shall some day stand in need of his services," a beautiful symbol this, for all who have been charmed by Hans Christian Andersen's lovely folk-tale!

So through these lands of romance where the genius of Rembrandt and Thorwaldsen have left their undying magic, we wander again in spirit as we see them through the author's eyes.

EDITH K. HARPER.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES. By G. Elliot Smith and Warren R. Dawson. With woodcuts by A. Horace Gerrard and K. Leigh-Pemberton, and other illustrations. 10½ in. × 8 in., pp. 190. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 1924. Price 25s. net.

THIS book is not so much a complete treatise on mummies, embalming, and so forth, as a collection of all available information from Egyptian, classical and modern sources about these matters. There is therefore a lack of unity in these chapters, but the various details have been put together in a masterly manner, Professor Elliot Smith providing principally the medical and anatomical details and Mr. Warren Dawson the literary sources. First an account is presented of a typical death and burial of an Egyptian, and then a complete survey is given of mummification in the several empires and dynasties, together with some account of the accessories of a mummy and of mummification in relation to medicine and pathology. An appendix is added giving an account of the robberies, ancient and modern, at the royal tombs.

Woodcuts as illustrations to scientific works were first introduced by Professor Elliot Smith in his *Elephants and Ethnologists*, and are here used with great effect. So realistically are the gruesome details of the mummies reproduced by these woodcuts (some of the most unpleasant specimens of mummies have been illustrated), that this volume cannot be recommended, fascinating though it is, as a bedside book.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE LIFE RAY. By Maud S. Levett. London: The C. W. Daniel Co. Pp. 24. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE author of this booklet believes that in the doctrine of the Holy Sacrament lies the key to knowledge of the fundamental laws of being, and to the attainment of perfect health and eternal youth and beauty. Bread and Wine, he argues, are the fundamental constituents of the human body, and death is not a necessity, but only the result of "improper nourishment or the effect of toxic poisons." She refers to Dr. Kilner's investigation of the human aura by means of coloured screens, and to certain experiments on rats which seemed to show that a deficiency of Vitamin A in diet can be made up for by daily exposure to ultra-violet rays. These rays, she believes, can be transmitted through the mind—presumably, only in the case of those who are spiritually far advanced—and cancer and all other human ills thereby destroyed. The argument, it must be admitted, is a little complicated, and the theory, though interesting, needs more detailed and more scientific treatment before it is likely to gain serious consideration.

E. M. M.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE POET SHELLEY. By Edward Carpenter and George Barnefield. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 125. Price 4s. 6d. net.

To the already large body of literature dealing with the character and works of Shelley the authors of this little book have made a singularly suggestive addition. There are strong grounds for mistrusting, as a general rule, the psycho-pathological analysis of an artist of genius, especially when it rests to any considerable extent upon passages selected from his published work; but the case of Shelley is exceptional for many reasons. Both in his life and in his writings he showed peculiarities of thought and feeling of which none of his biographers have given a satisfactory explanation. In the present work the problem is dealt with very

*Just Published.*

## THE MYSTERIES OF SOUND & NUMBER.

By SHEIKH HABEEB AHMAD.

New and Abridged Edition.

Demy 8vo, cloth.

10/6 net.

In this celebrated work, which has now been long practically unprocurable, the author discloses a system of applying numerical values to various problems in life, claiming that events may be accurately predicted in this manner, and the element of chance in human affairs eliminated to a very considerable degree. The system rests on the numerical value of sounds which in their turn are governed by planetary influences. Numerous practical demonstrations of the application of his theory are given in detail.

LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

## PSYCHIC BOOKSHOP AND LIBRARY

Manager: R. G. MONIER-WILLIAMS.

Fine collection of Spiritualistic Works, new and old, kept always in stock. Lowest prices. Good Circulating Library. 2/6 a month. Books sent by post at extra charge.

ABBAY HOUSE, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

frankly and thoroughly in the light of a new theory. The elements of femininity in Shelley's physique and temperament are emphasized, and the circumstances of some of his friendships are carefully reviewed. Evidence (of which there is plenty in his writings) is adduced of the poet's interest in bisexual forms, and his curious reticences in the matter of the translation of Plato's *Symposium* are shrewdly commented upon. From these considerations it is argued that Shelley had homosexual instincts; and this conclusion is strongly confirmed by the fact that he was subject to those fits of paranoid hysteria which psycho-analysts ascribe to suppressed homosexual impulses. The theory, for which Mr. Barnefield seems to be mainly responsible, is stated very lucidly and with a wealth of circumstantial proof by both writers. It is, on the whole, very convincing; and although, like all new theories, it will probably be sharply contested, it will be exceedingly difficult to refute.

Occultists will find a special interest in the final chapter, which discusses the evidence of the higher psychic powers in Shelley's later genius, and which is notable for its clear comprehension of the nature of genuine mystical experience.

COLIN STILL.

**LIGHT FROM BEYOND: POEMS OF PATIENCE WORTH.** Selected and Compiled by Hermann Behr. New York: Patience Worth Publishing Co. Pp. 281.

READERS of "Patience Worth," "The Sorry Tale," or "Hope Trueblood," will not need to be told that the author of these poems purports to be a native of Dorset who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century,

## HEALTH AND COLOUR CENTRE

LONDON: Langham House, 308 Regent Street.  
BRIGHTON: 29 Old Steine.

**Principal: Mrs. FAIRCLOUGH SMITH**

Healer and Teacher of Colour, Aura, etc. Specialist in Manipulative, Mental and Colour Treatments. Health Diagnosis and Character Delineations from the Aura. Consultations by written appointment only. Absent treatment given.

**LECTURES** (*free, silver collections to defray expenses.*)

LONDON CENTRE—Wednesdays at 3-30 and 7.  
(Colour Healing Meeting 2-45,  
Private Study Class - 6.)

BRIGHTON CENTRE—Fridays - - 8 p.m.  
Sundays - 11-30 a.m.

**Books by  
FRATER  
ACHAD**

Q.B.L., or The Bride's Reception	- -	\$10.00
Crystal Vision through Crystal Gazing	- -	2.00
The Chalice of Ecstasy. Parzival	- -	2.00
Hymns to the Star Goddess	- - -	3.50
The Egyptian Revival. Light on the Tarot		5.00

C. STANSFELD JONES,  
Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, Publication Dept.,  
P.O. Box 141, CHICAGO, ILL.

"How to Read Tea-Cups," with illustrations of real cups and meanings of Occult Symbols, 1/7. **Mystic Fortune Telling Cards**, Symbols and Meanings on each card, 1/8. **Clairvoyant Colour Cards** and Book of Fate, 1/3.

"SIGNA," 12 Newton Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow.

and who has transmitted an enormous mass of literary material through the mediumship of Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis. The words are spelt out on the Ouija Board, and there exist fifteen volumes of records of about 200 pages each, including more than 3,000 poems, of which the present book contains a representative selection. The compiler remarks that the messages received prove convincingly "to what spiritual height a simple woman of the people, gifted with a fiery soul, can attain in the course of a few centuries," and says that the communicator is able "to answer all questions directed to her in a manner far beyond our human capacity." "The Sorry Tale," a book of 640 pages, was dictated in different places, at varying intervals of time, without the thread ever once being lost—a remarkable feat, it must be admitted—and there is no doubt that the poems now given to us show a command of language and a depth of thought that is quite unusual. "Patience" sometimes writes in what is claimed to be the Dorsetshire dialect—(we should like Mr. Thomas

### THE HOUSE OF STOCKWELL

**WITCHING WAYS.** GRAHAME HOUBLON. (Supernatural Stories.) Author of "The Crack in the Wall." Cloth, coloured wrapper. 6/- net.

**PAT AND HIS PROBLEMS.** T. E. HAM. A splendid story of Ireland. Cloth, coloured wrapper. 3/6 net.

**AN EASTERN ROMANCE.** JOHN CLARKE. A thoroughly interesting story. Cloth, pictorial wrapper. 2/6 net.

**THE PUSSY ON THE PUMP.** ALICE E. SKELDING. A delightful volume for the young folk. Pictorial brochure cover. 1/- net.

**THE LODESTAR.** F. E. B. A capital story with a religious tone. Cloth, pictorial wrapper. 2/6 net.

**THE YELLOW BRIDGE.** F. E. HODDER. A collection of short stories. Brochure. 3/6 net.

**AUTHORS** are invited to submit Novels, Stories, Poems, Tales for Children, Songs, Music, Plays, Films, Essays, etc., to Mr. Stockwell, who will immediately advise. No reading fees. New writers specially sought. Occult literature specially welcome. Prompt business. Established 1898

London: ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

## THE BLAVATSKY ASSOCIATION.

This ASSOCIATION has been formed to perpetuate the memory and work of H. P. Blavatsky and for the study of the Wisdom Religion, as given out by her in "The Secret Doctrine," and her other works, and is independent of any Theosophical organization. Information can be obtained regarding the Constitution and Rules, Study Classes, Library, etc., from the Hon. Sec. at the ASSOCIATION'S Headquarters—

22 CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.2

## ROSICRUCIAN TEACHINGS

That Guide to Self-Mastery, Health, Power and Success

Are now available on the correspondence plan. These Lessons begin with the fundamentals of occult science and give the student a complete course in the Rosicrucian, Hermetic and Mental Systems, with clear instructions for self-development and unfoldment, and the exercise of the Mental Powers towards success in any phase of life's activities. Enrol and learn how to attain success through your own inherent powers.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOKLET AND APPLICATION BLANK

SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN AMERICA

P.O. BOX 420, CITY HALL STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.

Hardy's opinion on this point!)—but the poems in ordinary English are more numerous and more interesting, being graced by many quaint and original turns of phrase. She is a passionate lover of nature and of her native country, and she not infrequently exhibits a pungent humour, as when she speaks of "Philosophy! The stairway to learning; and when attained—Man hath but a footstool 'pon which to reach for stars!"—or of "Time, the goose which I pluck, each day a feather." She puts a high value upon mirth and laughter—"Give youth a purse of laughter and he may, so long as he keeps it, buy the universe!" She has a natural descriptive gift, seeing the river as "a necklet hung upon the throat of the field," and the nightingale as "pouring from her silver urn the dews of song."

The poems are all written in free verse, sometimes rhythmical and effective, sometimes mere clumsy prose cut up into short lines; but the best of them are good enough to reward the reader for his search, and the whole book is a testimony to the survival of personality that should not be overlooked.

E. M. M.

**THE NEW CLAIRVOYANCE.**

Arthur Boudreau has devised the latest system of sensing the future. Coming events cast shadows on the surface of the body, producing a kind of titillation. Shakespeare hinted at it in the lines "By the pricking of the thumbs something evil this way comes." Amusing and instructive. 4s. 6d. post free.

THE TALISMAN PUBLISHING CO. (Dept. Z), HARROGATE.

**The OCCULT BOOKSHOP,** 21 Montpellier Walk,  
Cheltenham, England.

**Postal Lending Library**

Lends by Post both new books and rare books, some now out of print.  
List on application.

Subscription, 5/- for Three Months. Hire per Volume, 6d. a week and postage.

Librarians - - - MABEL COLLINS - - - C. M. METCALFE.

**THE FELLOWSHIP CLUB**  
51 & 52 LANCASTER GATE, W.2

An exclusively vegetarian Residential Club open to non-members at a small pro rata fee. Excellent catering, separate tables. Having extended its premises, now includes fine lecture, library and reading rooms in addition to drawing-room, lounge (wireless) and dining-room. Partial board, breakfast and dinner and full board Sundays. Single room from £2 15s. 6d.; double from £5 10s. Apply Manageress. (Tel: 7697 Paddington.) For information as to Club Membership, lectures and library, apply to the Organizing Secretary, 52 Lancaster Gate, W.2. (Tel.: 6856 Paddington.)

**A PROFESSIONAL CAREER AWAITS YOU!** Unlimited scope for suitable persons in public service.  
(Chartered and Incorporated under British and American Governments.) Principals: Prof. Dr. THOS. TIMSON, D.Sc., F.R.P.S., London, U.S.A., and Indian Academy of Science; Madam M. J. TIMSON, M.L.P.S., Regd., and staff of lecturers and examiners. Literature free, 2d. postage. Sec. I.P.P.L., Ltd., 8 Museum Square, Leicester, England.  
Copy "MEDIUMSHIP FOR THE MILLION," 1/3 post. You need this little book.

**BOOKS** A Private Collector is disposing of his Valuable Library of Occult Books (upwards of 10,000 volumes), on account of failing health.

Catalogues free on application. Prices moderate.

"AUTHOR," 14 Marlborough Rd., Gunnersbury, London, W.4.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND  
23 BEDFORD SQUARE, " " " LONDON, W.C.1.

If you are interested in Theosophy—  
If you feel that it will help you and enable you to help others—  
YOU ARE INVITED TO SUBSCRIBE TO

The  
Theosophical Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO BROTHERHOOD, RELIGION, OCCULTISM AND THE ARTS.

The Review will keep you in touch with The Theosophical Society's work, and with the effort to spread the teaching.

Yearly subscription 7s. 6d. }  
Half-yearly subscription 4s. } Post free. \* The New Volume started with  
Single copy 7½d. } the January 1925 issue.

**SEER Clairvoyant and Psychometrist.**  
Second Sight inherited.

Reading and Advice by post, 5s. Questions answered. Send small article worn or photo, sex, birth-date, to SEER,

c/o "OCCULT REVIEW," 8 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4.

**"MAGIC MYSTIC HAND OF FATIMA"** Reveals Character, Temperament, Fate in Love and Business. This ancient Oriental Oracle yours for 1/6.

GABRIEL DEE, 287 REGENT STREET, W.1.

**MADAME LIBRA** gives clairvoyant readings. Appointments by letter only. Send stamped addressed envelope. 7 Earl's Court Gardens, S.W.5 (opposite station).

**A VISIT TO BRIGHTON** is incomplete unless you give the  
Eminent Phrenologists a call.

**Professor and Mrs. J. MILLOTT SEVERN,**  
68 West Street and West Pier. Daily. 25 Years' Practical Experience.

**YOUR NAME INDICATES** your character, talents, general trend of life, and the reason why. Full name, birth date and time required. Chart and brief Judgment 5s. Extended Reading 7s. 6d.

**MADAM VIRGO,** c/o OCCULT REVIEW, 8 Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C.4

**COLOUR HEALING** Wonderful cures. Reasonable fees. Superintendent, Rev. Dr. Pool, assisted by Qualified Nurses. Consultations free. For further information write to above address, or 'phone Sydenham 3514, or call. The treatment is tonic and preventive as well as curative. For information about

at the  
**LONDON COLOUR-THERAPY CLINIC,**  
5 QUEEN'S GARTH,  
FOREST HILL, S.E.23.  
**THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE OF CHROMATICS,**  
and its Lectures, Treatises, and Academical Distinctions, write to DR. POOL, 3 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

**K. M. R.** c/o OCCULT REVIEW, 8 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4. Astrological Studies. Sound practical advice on personal and business matters. Test Reading 5/-. Fuller Delineation, 10/6, or £1 1 0. State:—Date, time and place of birth; married or single.