

AUGUST 1925

THIRTY CENTS

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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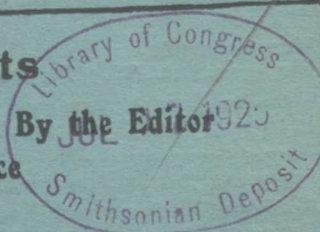
AT THE HOT WELLS OF KONNIAR

By P. H. Fawcett

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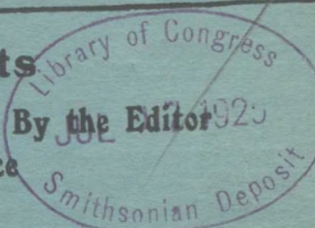
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NOTES OF THE MONTH

APOLLONIUS of Tyana, it is stated, inquired of the Brahmins what they held to be the constitution of the cosmos, to which they replied that it was composed of the five elements. Thereupon Apollonius demanded of them how there could be a fifth element besides water, air, earth and fire. The reply to this interrogatory was that there was also the ether which must be regarded as the element of which the gods were made; for "just as all mortal creatures inhale the air, so do immortal and divine natures inhale the ether."

The ether, though postulated by the Brahmins of those days, and regarded as a reality in the teaching of mediæval mystics such as Böhme, for instance, in his mystical philosophy, has not been accepted and recognized in the scientific world generally until the commencement of the present century, and even now it is regarded by some merely as a plausible hypothesis. Recent discoveries, however, which have a very practical bearing on everyday life, such, for instance, as wireless telegraphy, seem absolutely to demand its recognition; for, apart from the assumption of its existence, the *modus operandi* on which the whole system is based appears to be inconceivable. If it be argued that our sense impressions do not acquaint us with its existence, it is probably

equally true that a deep-sea fish does not apprehend the existence of water, owing to the fact that it is too uniformly immersed in it. Our own relation to the ether is in truth very similar to the relation of the deep-sea fish to the ocean in which it lives.

If the phenomena connected with wireless telegraphy brought home to many who had hitherto been sceptical the fact of the universal presence of the ether, many other much less recent discoveries emphatically suggested it, even if we could argue that it was not implied by the whole constitution of the cosmos, and indeed by the law of gravitation. We are coming, in fact, to realize that it is ether and ether alone, which links up the entire

SPACE NOT
A VACUUM
BUT A
PLENUM.

physical universe. It is, in short, the substratum out of which all matter is formed; but whereas matter exists as separate particles which never come directly into contact with each other, the ether which is their substratum, is continuous and all-pervasive.

In other words, space is not a vacuum but a plenum. "All pieces of matter," says Sir Oliver Lodge,* "and all particles are connected together by the ether, and by nothing else. In it they move freely and of it they may be composed." These particles are not like grains of sand suspended in water, but rather, according to a parallel suggested by Sir Oliver, "like crystals formed in a mother liquor." These particles cannot move without disturbing the medium in which they are; that is to say, a particle cannot vibrate without sending out waves, waves in the ether in which it is immersed. Such waves are the waves of light, and the velocity at which light travels is our gauge of the rate at which these ether waves travel, which are the means of its conveyance.

VELOCITY
OF ETHER
WAVES.

In short, we may say that all ether waves, however different in their nature, travel at the same rate whether these waves are used for the conveyance of light or for the purposes of radio-telegraphy, or whether again they are the ether vibrations which are excited electrically in the form now known as X-rays. As Sir Oliver Lodge well says, "If ripples are travelling from distant objects there must be something which is rippling. You cannot imagine space being thrown into vibration. There must be something in space which vibrates, and that something extends to the furthest visible object."

As I have already indicated, the idea of the ether of space is

* See *Ether and Reality: a Series of Discourses on the Many Functions of the Ether of Space*. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

as old and older than the Brahmins of the time of Apollonius of Tyana, and it has been advanced again and again in one form or another by the most notable men of science, though it is only recently that it has met with general scientific acceptance. Sir Isaac Newton admitted his own conviction that to postulate something of the kind as a unifying and connecting medium by which our own solar system and all other parts of the universe were welded together was the only tenable hypothesis.

"That one body," he says, "may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking

BODIES
CANNOT
ACT ON
EACH OTHER
THROUGH A
VACUUM.

can ever fall into it." Though Sir Isaac Newton did not speak of the ether, but rather of gravitational fields of force, the underlying idea is obviously the same, *viz.* that matter cannot act upon matter except through some intervening and transmitting medium. Wherever we turn in the material universe we observe the action of one body upon another.

To quote Sir Oliver Lodge once more, "We see a horse pulling a cart, or a magnet pulling a bit of iron, or the earth pulling down an apple or a golf club or the boot of a football player acting upon a ball." These are all instances of the action of one body upon another. But whereas in some of the cases cited there appears to be contact between the bodies, as in the case of the football player and the ball, in others, as in the case of the magnet pulling a bit of iron, the action is action at a distance, and therefore seems to require more explanation. As a matter of fact, however, no two bodies are ever really in actual contact.

You see a book resting on a table. You see a locomotive propelling a truck or a nurse pushing a perambulator. Contact between these material bodies appears to be obvious, but when you contemplate the

ACTUAL
CONTACT
OF BODIES
AN ILLUSION.

matter closely and realize that matter is composed of atoms, and that each atom is composed of electrical charges, you will see that what you call contact is not so simple. If in an ordinary solid you have to admit that the ultimate particles of which it is composed are separate from each other in the same sort of fashion and by the same relative distances as the planets in the solar system are separate from each other, that is, with intervening spaces as great in proportion to their size, you naturally begin to doubt whether two different bodies can ever be more closely in touch than are the particles of the same body.

"There is in truth," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "always an elastic

cushion which keeps the bodies apart. They both modify the ether in their neighbourhood, and a book resting on a table is really reposing upon a cushion of ether."

There is one point about ether which should be particularly borne in mind. The earlier view of the ether of space was that it was exceedingly rare—rarer even than the residual air in the vacuum tube. The latest view, however, is that matter is built up of electric particles, and that these particles are composed of ether. If this is so, it is impossible to hold the view that ether is otherwise than exceedingly dense. It is, in fact, a continuum, and

DENSITY OF
THE ETHER. being a continuum it is incompressible. No one part of it can be denser than the rest. In the case of electrons, of which matter is now held to be composed,

these electrons are so small that the space between them must be enormously greater than the electrons themselves. That is to say, the density of ordinary matter must be immeasurably less than the density of the ether of space, in which there are no interstices. Sir Oliver Lodge takes the view that ether is far denser than any form of matter—perhaps a million million times the density of water.

The point has been raised that if space is a plenum, i.e. if it is completely full of the substance of ether, and if this substance is of very great density, its density would interfere with the possibilities of locomotion. Sir Oliver Lodge, however, points out that resistance to motion is due to viscosity and not to density; and that the ether is limpid and in no respect resembles such a substance as (for example) treacle. He also draws attention

RESISTANCE
TO MOTION
DUE TO
VISCOSITY,
NOT DEN-
SITY. sion to the fact that we find a parallel to bodies moving through a substance of which space is already full, in the free motion of fishes through the depths of the ocean. It has been estimated that the proton, the central electrical nucleus round which the electrons revolve, is 1,840 times as heavy as the electron. Why this is so is not clear. All

we can say is that the proton has mass over and above its electric charge, while electrically the protons and electrons are equal and opposite. It follows that the weight of matter depends not on the electrons but on the protons, i.e. on the positive units which form the nucleus of the atom, whereas the chemical properties of the atom depend on the electrons.

There are, then, as far as we know at present, two main functions of the ether of space, firstly the function which depends on its continuity, whereby it welds together the atoms by its

cohesive powers, and the planets and stars by gravitation. The second function is that by which it transmits vibrations from one piece of matter to another, i.e. its power of wave propagation,

THE TWO
FUNCTIONS
OF ETHER.

including in this all the phenomena of light and radiation. The ether of space in virtue of the first of these functions is the link between the worlds. It is co-extensive with the physical universe. It eludes the human senses, but at the same time it is a physical thing, i.e. it has definite physical properties. It is not matter in the proper sense of the term, although it is substance. It is, however, the vehicle of both matter and spirit. It is the universal connecting link and the transmitter of every kind of force. At the same time we must assume that it is the vehicle or substratum underlying alike electricity, magnetism, light, gravitation, and cohesion. Whereas, however, it is not matter, neither is it electricity, although we should be justified in assuming that electricity, like matter, is some modification of ether, and that the electric charge must be composed of ether, in what manner it is at present impossible to say.

Here and there is a modified portion of ether, so modified as to be the seat and subject of what we call gravity. We know the unity of this portion as a localized singularity capable of position and locomotion.

Can it be a special kind of whirl or is it a knot or strain or a bubble, a hollow or an extra condensation or what?

HOW MATTER COMES INTO BEING. This is a question which we cannot fully answer. In one form we call such an individualized unit an electron, and

we know that of such units the atoms of matter are made. We know that all the bodies we see and handle are but elaborate and beautifully organized congeries of positive and negative electrons, held together and connected by the medium of which they themselves consist. The world, the stars, the heavens are nothing else. . . . Probably we do not act directly upon matter at all. Our will, our mind, our psychic life probably act directly on the ether, and only indirectly through it on matter. Ether is our real primary and permanent instrument.

I have dealt with the inferences to be drawn from this in my issue before last, in discussing a lecture of Sir Oliver Lodge's which appeared in the *Radio Times*, and which now forms Chapter X of the book alluded to in this month's observations, *Ether and Reality*. The point, my readers will remember, is that it is our etheric body which is primarily animated by life, and therefore the loss of the physical form does not involve the loss of the consciousness which still remains in the etheric vehicle. As Mr. William Kingsland well says in *Rational Mysticism* : *

* London : George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 16s. net.

Physical matter is less solid than the substance of the ether, so that the thin wraith-like bodies which we commonly ascribe to spirits should really be ascribed to these same physical bodies, which we at present possess, and which we have been wont to account so substantially real. Ether is millions of times denser than physical matter. Any etheric body which we possess must be millions of times denser* than our physical bodies, however invisible and impalpable such bodies may be to our physical senses. . . . Why should we not possess such bodies? Apart from the fact that psychical research clearly points to their existence, is it conceivable that our physical body would materialize at all, or be held together in the marvellous co-ordination of all its parts and functions, without some such living substantial matrix or soul?

The scepticism of the rationalists is mainly based on the assumption that when we have lost our physical body our consciousness can have no vehicle whereby it can express itself. If the facts are as stated, this difficulty is obviously no difficulty at all. The ether is not matter, but it is substance—perhaps primordial substance or something akin to it. And though not material, it is the root or substratum of matter. It is, in short, as Mr. Kingsland shows, “that which becomes manifested in consciousness as matter when it assumes certain specific forms of motion.” Corpuscles, electrons, atoms, and molecules, are all derivatives of the ether. They have evolved gradually out of the etheric substance by a process which admittedly we do not understand, and it is to be assumed therefore that they will eventually again disintegrate into their original substance. If they did so, the whole physical universe might disappear, but the ether would still remain containing within itself the potentiality of the evolution of new worlds. To quote Mr. Kingsland again,

Thus we must clearly understand that our present physical body, being compounded of those forms of motion in and of Primordial Sub-

* It must not be assumed that greater density (in the scientific sense) of bodies on the etheric plane necessarily involves greater apparent solidity, or greater weight, an attribute due solely to the force of gravitation. Mr. Kingsland regards the etheric plane or, as he prefers to call it, the psychic plane, as a plane between the mental and the physical, and partaking of the nature of both. According to his theory, it is a higher state of the substance of the physical plane, a state beyond the solid, liquid and gaseous, of which we are objectively conscious. He also takes the view, in opposition to Sir Oliver Lodge, that its substance is not actually continuous. Perhaps he would hold that it is only relatively continuous, as compared with the physical plane. Our present knowledge is so slight that it is dangerous to dogmatize, and Sir Oliver Lodge in his fascinating work is careful to avoid the vice of dogmatic assertion, however definitely he puts his own views.

stance which constitute physical matter, is still Primordial Substance in essence; that all the subtle forces which play in and through our physical body are also modes of motion in and of the One Substance; that any form of subtle body, not physical, which we may possibly or conceivably possess, either now or hereafter, is similarly a form or mode of motion of this Substance; and that any powers or faculties which we may possess, such as thought, will, emotion, etc., are, in their last analysis, activities of and in this unchangeable Root Substance—unchangeable in itself, changeable in its forms—and, as such, must be, to whatever Plane they may belong, definite substantial forms, whether vibrations or otherwise.

It will be clear, I think, from the foregoing that what is material to us on one plane, will be immaterial to us on another, and *vice versa*, and this is the justification for what Mr. Kingsland gives as his definition of matter, namely, "That which is objective to consciousness on whatever plane consciousness at the time may be acting." Each plane, it will be understood, is a certain definite and limited mode of consciousness, and as the matter of one plane is immaterial in relation to another, it follows that one plane may intersect another without the intersecting planes being aware of the existence of each other. Hence the possibilities associated with the term, The Fourth Dimension, which has proved so bewildering to many students, but the idea underlying which is just this interpenetration by one plane of the matter of another plane of dissimilar substance. To quote Mr. Kingsland again, "Another world as real and solid and palpable to consciousness as our own could actually interpenetrate our physical world, and its inhabitants go about their affairs and move through our space without our being in the slightest degree aware of their presence, while our world of matter would be equally non-existent for them."

If the origin of matter is to be found in primordial substance, life and consciousness must inhere in this also, and it follows that the search of science for the origin of life in matter is a vain quest. "Life and consciousness cannot be manifested in and through dead matter unless they are postulated to be some other principle than that matter itself. Either all matter down to its very root, i.e. our space-filling or primordial substance, is dead, and life is another and independent principle, or root substance is itself life and consciousness." The materialist has argued that life originates in some complex of forms of motion or chemical combination, but it is surely obvious that no combination or complexity could give the power of self-

movement if this power did not inhere at least to some degree in the primitive corpuscles of which that complexity was composed. In the same way, assuming matter to be dead, no combination of such matter could possibly acquire consciousness even in its lowest form. "As a matter of fact, organic structure could not evolve at all without the pre-existent life, nor could any particular organ such as the eye, for example, evolve unless the faculty of eyesight, the power and desire to see, were there in the first instance. . . . Our evolution is only the fuller expression of what already exists transcendently and potentially."

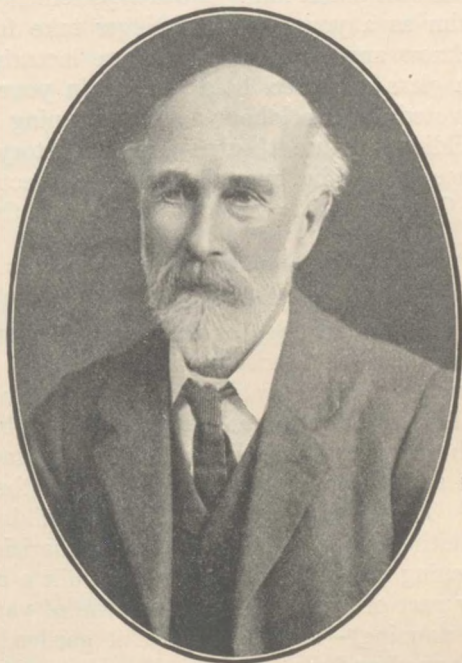
I am publishing in the present issue a short article by Mr. Theodore Besterman dealing with the life work of the late Sir William Barrett, who died suddenly on May 26 last. Sir William's services to the cause of psychical research from the foundation of the S. P. R. onwards will be well known to all my readers. The subjoined appreciation by a near relative, is of an altogether more personal character, and in this way will serve to supplement the information given in Mr. Besterman's article.

Sir William Barrett not unfrequently corresponded with me in connection with the OCCULT REVIEW, and on one or two occasions sent contributions to this magazine. He was frequently complimentary and appreciative, and also at times critical, and he never hesitated to express his opinion frankly and freely where his views differed from those of any writer in the magazine.

His most important monograph in connection with psychical research was that which he wrote for the S.P.R. on the so-called "Divining Rod." He had always planned a fuller volume on the subject, but the work was not destined to reach completion during his lifetime. It is to be hoped that the work he did in this connection may be edited and republished in a form more accessible to the general public than it is at present, as the value of it is undoubted, and it is the only really reliable scientific treatise on the subject extant.

To those most intimate with Sir William, his chief characteristics were perhaps his deeply loving, sensitive nature and his transparent sincerity. To his mother, early left a widow with a young family, he was ever the most devoted son conceivable. In all other family relations he was ever the same, loving, helpful, unselfish, ready at whatever cost to himself to serve others. It was often a marvel to them how he acquired the extraordinarily wide range of knowledge he possessed. This was never superficial, he seemed to get at the

essentials of the most diverse subjects almost miraculously. His first love of science was given him by his schoolmaster at the school in Manchester he attended, but he never had leisure SIR WILLIAM or means to go to college, for it was necessary for him F. BARRETT. to earn his living from his youth. This was of less consequence than the want of means and leisure for original research in which he would undoubtedly have done valuable scientific work. But with characteristic conscientiousness he felt that his holding of a professorial chair meant that his first duty was to his students, and that he must sacrifice anything likely to interfere with that. His love for knowledge and his infectious enthusiasm



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THE LATE SIR W. F. BARRETT.

in imparting it, led to many of his students becoming distinguished men in various parts of the world. Many of them in later years wrote to him in grateful acknowledgment and appreciation of these early services. He was not satisfied with the routine work of his chair as Professor of Physics at the Royal College of Science, Dublin, but was the first to introduce practical laboratory work. He also inaugurated scientific lectures and laboratories to women students in Ireland, so that the first women medical students in England, many of whom afterwards became well known in the world (as, for instance, Dr. Edith Peachey) came to Dublin to work under him. Among his first women students at the College were Miss Stopford, afterwards

Mrs. J. R. Green, and the late Miss La Touche, later on Principal of Alexandra College. He also introduced scientific teaching, practical and theoretical, to women students in England, for some years, coming regularly to Cheltenham to give lectures to the Ladies' College there, organizing practical work there as elsewhere.

For years he was also examiner in Physics at South Kensington. He originated evening science lectures in Dublin (without any payment), winter after winter giving courses of lectures to packed and enthusiastic audiences of mechanics, artisans and others. He was indeed one of the most brilliant of experimental lecturers. No pains were ever too great to ensure the success of some crucial experiment, nor did difficulties ever daunt him. He always remembered Faraday's injunction to him as a young man, "Never take for granted that your audience know anything, when you are lecturing. If you are talking about a glass of water, hold one up in your hand to show them." He devoted infinite labour to the planning and equipment of the new building, lecture theatre and laboratory of the Royal College of Science in Dublin, but, alas! he never lectured there, and the Free State Government have now taken over the buildings for other purposes.

Hardly any movement for the social wellbeing of the people but had his active support during the many years in which he lived in Dublin, as, for example, housing, temperance, baths, etc. for the poor, etc., etc. One of the most flourishing of institutions, the Workmen's Club, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, was entirely due to him; he initiated it as a non-political, unsectarian, but teetotal club and collected the funds for the present fine buildings. He felt that amusements, lectures, games and other counter attractions to the public house were essential. The Cottage Home for little Children founded by his sister was another great interest, and other charities too many to mention. Gardening was a great joy, and he built a charming house in a most lovely part of Co. Wicklow (the scene of various successful experiments in dowsing)—with a wonderful garden, everything in which he had planned and planted himself. His aptitude and knowledge in this, to him, novel department, must have been instinctive. The poor people about, who adored him, thought he made things grow by magic, so rocky and unkind was the soil and so barren had been the hillside hitherto.

He bubbled over with fun and humour, though, like all highly strung natures, he was sometimes much depressed, but never for long. His interest and keen zest in life and humanity were too great for this to last. For music he had no ear, but on almost every other subject he could write and talk illuminatingly, and his talk was remarkably brilliant and his memory unfailingly accurate to the very end. In writing, he spared no pains, doubtless as the result of long scientific training, to be absolutely accurate.

His was a singularly guileless, child-like and unsuspecting nature;

it often used to be a joke among us that he never could believe anyone was deceiving him, or wilfully bad. Indeed, he said: "The longer I live the more I am surprised at the goodness of people and the more I find to admire and love in them."

Had his nature been more worldly, he would no doubt have been a wealthy man, for the result of his researches and discoveries, more especially on the magnetic and electric properties of the silicon-iron alloys now universally known as stalloy and permalloy, has led to their being integral parts in the construction of transformers, dynamos, and many modern electrical instruments.

He might have written far more, for great demands were made upon his pen from many countries far and near, but he was always bent on as great accuracy and perfection as possible; in consequence his writings on various subjects, notably those on psychical research, are standard works and have been translated into many languages.

Another notable figure has recently passed away in the person of Camille Flammarion, best known through his astronomical labours, but also as one who for many years in his life took the deepest interest in the problems of psychical research and published during recent years a number of volumes dealing with the evidences in connection with psychical phenomena.

He was born on February 26, 1842, at Montigny-le-Roi, and originally intended for the Church. Owing to family circumstances he had, however, to leave school at fourteen and was apprenticed to an engraver. He showed exceptional ability in mathematics and astronomy, took his degrees, and was in due course appointed assistant in the Paris Observatory. In 1882 an admirer presented him with the site on which he built a fine observatory at Juvisy; in 1887 he founded the Société Astronomique de France. His popular scientific, principally astronomical, works had enormous circulations, going into scores of editions; the best of them was his *Astronomie populaire*, which was crowned by the Academy and sold over 100,000 copies (1880). Others are *Les Merveilles célestes* (1866) and of a more fanciful nature *La Pluralité des mondes habités* (1862, his first book), *Les Mondes imaginaires et les mondes réels* (1865). He also wrote astronomical romances: *Lumen* (1872), *Uranie* (1889), *Stella* (1897). His more serious works include *Études et lectures sur l'astronomie* (1867-80, 9 vols.); *Atlas céleste* (1877); *La Planète Mars* (1893). He had long been interested in spiritualistic matters, his first book on this subject being *L'Inconnu* (1900). Others are *La Mort et son mystère* (1920-2, 3 vols.) and *Les Maisons hantées* (1923).

English translations of *La Mort et son Mystère* and *Les Maisons hantées* are published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

In reference to the article on *Occultism and Medicine* which appeared in my last issue, I am asked to draw attention to the fact that Miss Pethick, whose name was mentioned in connection with Dr. Steiner's clinic at Arlesheim, is no longer officially associated with that enterprise. The control in this country of the remedies associated with the name of Dr. Steiner is in the hands of the British Weleda Co., Ltd., a letter from the Secretary of which appears in the correspondence columns of the present number.

"EVEN UNTO THE END . . ."

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

(FOR THOMAS HARDY).

THE world is what we think it ; but I know,
 When Doubt has turned the prospect spectral-gray,
 God made the world from something more than clay ;
 And Hope can light all vistas with its glow,
 Till earth and sky, above, around, below,
 Become Love's Realm of Dream both night and day !
 Octogenarian, we would have you weigh
 Christ's regal promise, " I am with you, lo. . . ! "

For God *is* in His heav'n, be well assured,
 And Man is not the dust of Destiny,
 While Love survives to stimulate and bless !
 May those bleak winds of pain, so long endured,
 Bear you in peace across the soundless Sea :
 We give you Hope, as once you gave us *Tess* !

IN MEMORIAM SIR WILLIAM FLETCHER BARRETT

By THEODORE BESTERMAN

I

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT, who died from heart failure on the afternoon of May 26, will be best remembered in psychical circles for his volumes on the dowsing-rod, and in scientific circles for the discovery of stalloy, without which the telephone would not have become a commercial proposition. A couple of hours before his death he had presided at a meeting of a group in the Society for Psychical Research which is investigating the geographical and racial distribution of spiritualistic phenomena. A couple of weeks before that he had read a lengthy and closely reasoned paper before a meeting of the same Society on *Cryptesthesia v. Survival*. It will thus be seen that notwithstanding his advanced age—he was in his eighty-second year—he retained all his faculties to the end. Indeed, he was putting the final touches to a book on *Visions of the Dying*, and for the last few months I had the pleasure and privilege of working with him on a large work in which are to be expressed his final conclusions on a subject which he had done so much to establish on a scientific basis—the problem of the dowsing-rod.

II

Sir William was born in Jamaica in 1844, the son of the Rev. W. G. Barrett. He was educated at the Old Trafford Grammar School, Manchester, and at an early age became assistant to Tyndall. It is significant of contemporary trends in scientific thought that a man who began his career in connection with one of the chief materialists of the past age should have attained his greatest achievement as the founder of psychical research. Barrett held various professorial posts, and in 1873 became Professor of Physics at the Royal College of Science, Dublin. This post he held for nearly forty years. For his important scientific researches, principally his discoveries concerning certain properties of sensitive flames and his discovery of the iron alloy known as stalloy (which has proved invaluable

to the electrical engineer), he was elected to the Royal Societies of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and to other learned bodies. It is to be noted, however, that his election to the Royal Society of London was certainly due in part to his work on the dowsing-rod, for he circulated copies of his volumes on that subject among those who nominated him. Barrett was knighted in 1912, and in 1916 married Dr. Florence Willey, the distinguished gynecologist and obstetrician. He was not only a distinguished scientist but a man of very great personal charm and kindness, whose wide interests and attractive personality had brought him into contact with many of the outstanding men of his time.

III

We are here chiefly concerned with Barrett's work in psychical research. If he had lived into 1926, he could have celebrated the close of the first half-century of that science. For the history of scientific psychical research dates from 1876: in that year Barrett read a paper on Thought-transference before the meeting of the British Association, in which he declared his belief in its possibility. Further experiments ensued, but the attitude of the scientific world was such that he, with a group of such men as Myers, Gurney, and Sidgwick, founded the Society for Psychical Research. He was ex-President of that Society, and edited its *Journal* from 1884 to 1899. He contributed many papers and records of cases both to the *Journal* and *Proceedings* (one of the latest of which comprised *Some Reminiscences of Fifty Years' Psychical Research*). His experiments in telepathy, recorded in the first pages of the first volume of the *Proceedings*, have become classics in their kind. Barrett's work was notable for a rare combination of qualities: he was at the same time bold in experiment and cautious in arriving at conclusions; willing, even anxious, to accept the extreme position of the spiritualist, but refusing to do so until he had been convinced as well by philosophical reasoning as by evidence; above all, he was patient, remarkably so for one of his quick and impulsive temperament. He did in due course arrive at a full belief in survival after death.

IV

Barrett's works on psychical research include *On the Threshold of a New World of Thought*, *On the Threshold of the Unseen*, and the volume on *Psychical Research* in the Home University Library. He fully realized the important position of Swedenborg

as marking the historical birth of the spiritualistic doctrines, and his little book *On Swedenborg* is one of the best on that subject. One of the most valuable works dealing with the more abstract side of psychical research is undoubtedly Barrett's *Creative Thought*. This little book is packed so full of suggestive matter that most men would have made a heavy tome of it. That Barrett had a discriminating taste for what was valuable in these fields is shown by the books for which he wrote prefaces. Among these are Miss Dallas's *Mors Janua Vitæ?*; Beckles Willson's *Occultism and Common Sense*; Father Hole's *Love and Death*; C. C. Massey's *Thoughts of a Modern Mystic*, and H. S. Redgrove's *The Magic of Experience*.

V

I have left for last what was undoubtedly his most important work: his monographs *On the So-called Divining Rod*.* His researches in this subject involved labours that cannot be realized by those who have not seen the immense correspondence and heaps of papers of all kinds that he accumulated and digested. Space does not permit of any extended survey of his work in this direction. It must suffice to say that his investigations, personal, comparative and historical, extending over some thirty years, had brought him to conclusions which he held unaltered to his death. These conclusions, briefly, were that chance-coincidence cannot explain the facts observed; that the dowser is not as a rule fraudulent; that the movements of the rod when the dowser is over water, etc., are due to a muscular reaction; that this reaction is not due to any electrical, radio-active or other physical cause; that the finding of water, etc., by the dowser is due to his possession of some unknown faculty that Barrett originally called clairvoyance but later agreed to label with the purely descriptive term of cryptesthesia. In this way he at last rescued a much-maligned individual and art from the limbo into which they had been relegated by ignorance and superstition. If he had done nothing else, his contribution to the common fund of knowledge and wisdom would have been considerable. But he did much else, and so our sense of the loss we have suffered is proportionately greater.

* *Proceedings S.P.R.*, xiii, 2-282; xv, 130-383. See also his articles in the *OCCULT REVIEW* for November and December, 1910.

EXPLORERS' GHOST STORIES

Being True Ghost Stories from Labrador, Borneo, New Guinea, the Himalayas, the Alps, and the Pacific Ocean.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

GENUINELY true ghost stories are hard to come by, as anyone who takes the trouble to track them to their origin may know. They have a way of becoming less convincing, less impressive, the nearer one draws to their source. Often enough they evaporate completely. A true ghost story, honestly told, always thrills; and some of the best I have found in books of travel and exploration, where the traveller, bent upon quite other matters and probably not even interested in other-worldly things, has come across a queer happening and set it down honestly and faithfully. Having read several such experiences in books of this kind, I have jotted them down. They may interest others as they did me.

The narrators, as a rule, are hard-headed men, who have warmed both hands at the fires of life. Most of them have looked bright-eyed danger in the face without blinking. They have been "up against it" in a thousand ways. They hold life cheap. Their books, respectively, prove them men of courage and resource. And when men of this stamp tell a queer story and vouch for its veracity, the story is usually impressive. Not all of the tales I shall quote from are, strictly speaking, ghost-stories, but all are interesting, suggestive, and, to say the least, mighty queer. They happened both on sea and land. To take a sea experience first:

It is described in *A Gypsy of the Horn*, where Rex Clements tells of his voyage in a windjammer round the world some twenty years ago. The queer incident may be found on page 129 *et seq.*, and it occurred in the Pacific, soon after leaving Chatham Island. The weather for days had been severe, even terrible, but the ship at last had run into calmer water.

"One dark, moonless night," says the author, "just before we got clear of the 'Forties,' with a fresh breeze blowing, and

the ship running quietly along under t'gallant'sls, there occurred a most uncanny experience.

"It was about four bells in the middle watch, the 'churchyard watch,' as the four hours after midnight is called, that it happened. We, of the mate's watch, were on deck, the men for'ard, Burton and I under the break, and Mr. Thomas pacing the poop above our heads. Suddenly, apparently close aboard on the port hand, there came howling out of the darkness a most frightful, wailing cry, ghastly in its agony and intensity. Not of overpowering volume—a score of men shouting together could have raised as loud a hail—it was the indescribable calibre and agony of the shriek that almost froze the blood in our veins."

All rushed to the rail, mate and men too, and stared into the blackness to windward. "The starboardlines, tired men asleep in their bunks below, poured up on deck. If ever men were horror-struck, we were. Even the Old Man was awakened by it, and came up on deck to see. All listened, eyes strained. A moment or two passed—then the appalling scream rang out again, rising to the point of almost unbearable torture and dying crazily away in broken whimperings. . . . No one said a word. All stood like stones, peering into the gloom. The sound was not repeated. . . . Slowly, at length, like men emerging from a trance, we moved and spoke. . . . The men sat up all night, unable to sleep. . . ."

Many guesses, the author goes on to say, were hazarded as to the explanation of the awful, terrifying cry, but none of them seemed satisfactory to anybody. The cry of a whale was suggested, "but I never heard a whale utter any sounds with its throat," is the writer's comment. Some sea-monster that only rarely comes to the surface? "More unlikely still." The scream of seals, or of sea-lions, on an island beach? Yet the nearest land was Easter Island, 600 miles to the north! The shriek, moreover, as all who heard it agreed, was "so human." Was it a shipwrecked boat's crew?

The uncanny sound was never explained. Its effect upon all concerned, from the captain downwards, lasted for days. "In bare words," adds the author finally, "it doesn't sound very terrible, but it made that night a night of terror, and even now it sends a shiver through me to think of it."

A sound that keeps the crew of a windjammer out of their beds all night and put the fear of God into the ship's officers as well, to say nothing of the Old Man, may well have been of a

fairly convincing nature! The incident, taken out of its full context, and apart from the atmosphere of an enthralling book, loses, of course, something of its impressiveness. It has, however, the true ring about it. That cry was heard by a large number of hard-headed men; it scared them badly; and explanation there was none.

While on the subject of queer noises, whether auditory hallucinations or otherwise, two other cases are worth mentioning, both of them in high mountains:

The first is told by the famous rock-climber, George D. Abraham, the author of many thrilling books of mountain adventure, and the hero of more than one escape. He was in a hut on the Dôm, 9,400 feet up, with a couple of porters. "Just at twilight," he writes, "a curious thing happened. We were all sitting round the cold stove, wrapped in blankets, when a terribly human yell, as of pain, sounded outside quite close to the hut, and just for the moment it caused the bravest of us to shudder. Two of us wrenched open the snowed-up door, fully expecting to revive someone in distress. However, nothing was visible but dense snow clouds, and no human traces could be seen near the hut. . . . The two porters were in a state of collapse and did little but mutter 'Geister! Geister!' with other expressions in *patois* signifying that the whole party was doomed. Nothing would suffice but that they must descend to the valley at once and leave me (with my guide) to finish the climb, which they felt now would be our last." The porters were seen down into safety, while the author and his guide spent a cold and sleepless night in the hut, but did not hear the yell again, nor ascertain what caused it. No disaster followed, at any rate, beyond the minor one that the porters' heavy loads had to be borne by others.

The story has its interest. Mountains guides and porters are not, as a rule, superstitious in the ghostly sense, although certain mountains, certain peaks rather, may enjoy an atmosphere that is malignant in their minds. The Matterhorn, until conquered, most certainly was haunted for the local peasants, this being due partly to its believed inaccessibility and terrifying rock-falls, and partly, no doubt, to its dangerous and menacing aspect. It is no longer haunted now, Whynter having, if at an awful price, laid its evil spirit. In the case just described, it is significant that more than one man heard the strange cry, the same remark applying also to the shriek heard by the wind-jammer's crew. What one man hears may easily be set down

as hallucination, but a collective hallucination is more difficult to accept. Mountains, on the other hand, are notorious for strange noises: wind, ice splitting off, rocks falling, snow settling (the dull boom of a snow-field settling is an unpleasant sound), to say nothing of the tricks that echo may play. Experienced climbers, on the other hand, are familiar with these odd sounds and could hardly ascribe them to a human yell.

Captain Gault Macgowan, F.R.G.S. and his wife, climbing in the Western Himalayas, have a similar tale to tell, though in this case it was a mysterious rifle shot that undoubtedly saved their lives. The account must be condensed, although such condensation robs it of much interesting and exciting detail. Macgowan and his wife, for certain reasons, left their main party and undertook a very hare-brained (his own word!) climb on their own account. As the day was closing in they found themselves amid a waste of these immense and desolate mountains, in freezing cold, without provisions or shelter, lost at a great height. For hours they had adventured recklessly among gaping crevasses, along knife-edge crests, and across steep couloirs ending in a sheer drop into empty space. Both were exhausted, cold, hungry, when, having descended at grave risk a dangerous gradient, they reached a mighty crevasse impossible to cross. Turning to reascend the awful slope, the smooth rocks they had slithered down, proved unnegotiable. Unable to get up or down, they found themselves stuck. "Nearby was a hollow in the rocks. We crept into it and gazed at each other helplessly. It looked as if this was the end."

Their predicament seemed hopeless, and a night at such an elevation, without food or dry clothing, must have ended in death.

"Suddenly across the snowy spaces, came the sharp crack of a rifle-shot! Imagine our relief! We realized at once that the *shikari* was somewhere near us, and blessed him for his wisdom in firing the gun—our only means of communication. My wife turned the glasses in the direction of the shot, and in two moments we had picked up the main party—four tiny black dots away across the glacier, high up on the opposite side of the valley. She took off her coat and waved it frantically, and we shouted our loudest in chorus. Had they seen us . . . ?"

Several hours later, after some perilous scrambling in the deepening twilight, the two parties met and danger was over. "We congratulated the *shikari* on his forethought in firing the gun, for it had undoubtedly been the means of saving our lives.

To our amazement, however, the man indignantly denied having fired his rifle. He seemed hurt that we should accuse him of doing so without permission, and declared that he had heard no shot, the porters verifying his statement. Thereupon I counted the ammunition. It was untouched; the rifle was clean! There was no alternative but to believe that Providence had taken a hand on our behalf, and the porters assured us emphatically that God had saved our lives."

The story invites none but rather obvious comment perhaps. Of the three incidents described, that of the windjammer is the most convincing. A characteristic belonging to them all is noticeable, and perhaps significant: that the strange sounds were heard by men in a state of physical exhaustion. The ship's crew, after weeks of battling with terrific weather, were worn out, and climbers, at the end of a long day which has started probably before dawn, are in a condition of severe bodily fatigue. Nerves and muscles are both weary.

The other cases of queer or ghostly happenings I have jotted down from my reading are, I think, of a more interesting and significant kind, more convincing, at any rate. Two of them combine visual with audible experiences; the tangible being, however, not included, touch being, perhaps, the rarest of qualities met with in a ghost story, or the sense most difficult to affect. When all three senses are impressed, to say nothing of smell and taste, the result may be considered highly interesting, though not necessarily more evidential.

Commander H. G. Stoker, D.S.O., R.N., gives a curious account of a visible appearance in his book *Straws in the Wind*, when he describes his escape with two companions from the Turkish Prison Camp at Hissar, in the centre of Asia Minor and 130 miles from the nearest sea. The characteristic of physical exhaustion and intense nervous strain is again noticeable, as will be seen. Captain Stoker, of course, was in charge of the famous submarine *AE2* during the war, whose exploits were well known—a man of great daring and resource. Two officer friends of his on the submarine had lost their lives some eighteen months before the uncanny experience to be described: during the escape, as he frankly tells us, he mistook his two companions in flight for these two dead men, addressing them as such even in daylight, "while realizing the absurdity of the obsession and recognizing it was an hallucination." The over-wrought condition of mind and nerves is frankly admitted, yet the visible appearance, the ghost, which was seen by him when in this state, was seen by his

two escaping pals as well. Here is the point of interest in this curious account. We hear much about "extended telepathy" nowadays. Did Commander Stoker's strong personality transfer a visual hallucination of his own to the receptive minds of his two companions? He goes into little detail concerning it, merely giving a straightforward description of what occurred. He mentions, however, that the whole time the ghostly figure was visible—several hours—he kept the fact to himself. It was later that he discovered from a spontaneous remark of his companions that they both had seen the figure too. The appearance, he declares, differed wholly from the obsession of his dead officer friends of the submarine. This latter he recognized as a pure hallucination.

To come, then, to his "queer" tale:

With two companions they escaped from the Prison Camp and got a fair start before their absence could be noticed, and in due course, after breathless experiences and hairbreadth risks, they reached the Taurus Mountains on their way to the sea. Only one Pass was feasible, it was strictly guarded, sentries armed to the teeth prowled over its narrow neck, watch fires gleamed. One of their party would reconnoitre, and then the three of them would crawl past just out of reach of the dangerous fires. It was very dark, a wild night, a gale of wind whistling through the crags. The sense of danger, prolonged over several hours, was intense; another step and they might be challenged, shot at sight; but the storm muffled the noise of their stumbling among the rough stones, and the sentries did not stray further than need be from their fires. Hunger, thirst, physical exhaustion, nervous and mental strain, all were severe. They moved in single file.

"In the middle of the night [p. 271] I felt—not suddenly nor surprisedly—that we were not three men struggling along in line, but *four*. There was a fourth man at the end of our line, in the correct position for a fourth man to be. When we stopped for a few moments' rest, he did not join us, but remained in the darkness, out of sight; yet as soon as we rose and resumed our march, he dropped into place forthwith. He never spoke, nor did he go ahead to lead us. His attitude seemed just that of the true and loyal friend who says: 'I cannot help, but when danger is at hand remember always that I am here, to stand—or fall—with you.'"

The face is not seen, it will be noticed; no sound of footsteps stumbling among the rocks is audible; there is no detailed

description of the figure, beyond that it is that of a man; nor is any attempt at speech recorded, either between the author and the ghostly appearance, nor between the author, again, and his two companions.

This mysterious fourth man stayed by them, following in line, until the worst was over and the dangerous pass had been successfully negotiated. The escaped prisoners reached the plain and breathed more freely. "I turned and looked behind," writes the author. "The fourth man had disappeared. I made no mention of him to the other two. . . . A couple of hours later, drinking hot cocoa in a safe hiding-place, one of my companions made a quiet remark about the fourth man. They had both seen him. We had all three been sensible of his presence throughout the most trying part of the night; we all three agreed that the moment he left us was when we felt we had put the danger behind. . . . I cannot exaggerate," he adds, "how *real* his presence was, how content one felt—despite the mystery of it—that he should be there, what a strength and comfort his presence seemed to be. . . . From the time he left us luck turned against us." Not long after, indeed, the whole party were recaptured and imprisoned again.

Having sent an account of the incident to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Commander Stoker received the following reply: "It is the same experience as Shackleton's sledge party, which had an extra man. One of you was probably mediumistic (without knowing it). Many are. Some friend took advantage of the fact."

In *The Lure of the Labrador Wild*, one of the most poignantly moving adventure books ever written, a very interesting case of other-worldly intervention in human affairs is given. The volume describes with intense vividness the Leonidas Hubbard Expedition (1905) across Labrador, ending in Hubbard, its leader, being starved to death in the most distressing circumstances. Had the ghostly intervention been obeyed his life would unquestionably have been saved.

The Expedition was on its way back, making as fast as their exhausted, half-starved condition would allow for Grand Lake, where a *cache* of food lay waiting for them. Winter was setting in with its awful cold. They had been living on soup made out of boots, decayed partridge, anything and everything that would yield the tiniest amount of sustenance in fact, for many days, and travelling over the roughest sort of country at the same time. Exhaustion had reduced them all to skeletons, and death

was close. To work the canoe at all was almost beyond their strength, and they had no idea what river they were on, nor where it led. Finally the question was faced: Should they desert the river and cut across country in the last hope of making Grand Lake and the buried food?

There was a long discussion. The chances across country were against them, for Hubbard could hardly walk by this time, and the other two were feeble and emaciated; yet the river was against them too, for a long stretch of dangerous rapids lay ahead, and the men had no strength to deal with difficult water. An upset meant certain death. Besides, where was the river leading them? The discussion, a very keen but very friendly one, led to no decision, but Hubbard himself was in favour of the cross-country venture, desperate though it was. And Hubbard was leader of the expedition. In the end they decided to sleep on it.

The third member of this desperate party was George Elson, a half-breed Cree Indian from James Bay, engaged for the expedition by the Hudson Bay Company Post at Missanambie, Ontario. He was a stalwart in every sense of the term; a fine fellow, calm, cheerful, companionable, faithful, a man of character. He was, in addition, a man of immense experience. It was through this Indian that the "other-worldly intervention" came—a dream.

The morning following the discussion the three men renewed the fateful talk, in the course of which George announced:

"I had a strange dream about it last night, fellus," he said quietly. He was asked to tell it.

"It was a strange dream," he repeated, and hesitated. Hubbard urged him to go on.

"Well," he said, "I dreamed the Lord stood before me, very beautiful and bright, and He had a mighty kind look on His face. And He said to me: 'George, don't leave this river. Just stick to it and it will take you out to Grand Lake, where you'll find the *cache* with lots of grub, and then you'll be all right and safe. I can't spare you any more fish, George, and if you leave this river you won't get any more. Just stick to this river and I'll take you out safe.' The Lord was all smilin' and bright, and He looked at me very pleasant. Then He went away, and I dreamed we went right down the river, and came out in Grand Lake, near where we had left it coming up. And we found the *cache* and all the grub we wanted, and had a fine time."

Dillon Wallace, member of the expedition and the author of the book describing it, adds: "It was quite evident that George was greatly impressed by his dream. I give it here simply for what it is worth. At the same time, I cannot help characterizing it as remarkable, not to say extraordinary; for none of us had the faintest suspicion that the river we were on emptied into Grand Lake at all, much less that its mouth was near the point where we left the lake on our way up. But I myself attached no importance to the dream at the time, whatever I may think now."

Hubbard himself, an intensely religious man, also disregarded the dream, which, if obeyed, would have saved his life. He admitted it was "unusual," but it did not turn him from his strong instinct to leave the river and cut across country. "It isn't possible, you know," he said to George, "for this river to empty into Grand Lake. We were talking about leaving the river last night, and you had it on your mind." Thus he explained the dream.

"Maybe," admitted the Indian, "but it was a mighty strange dream, and we'd better think about it before we leave the river. Stick to the canoe, Hubbard, that's what I say."

In the end Hubbard, too weak to move, sent Wallace and George across country, he himself remaining with what food there was in the little tent. The two men, after terrible privations, reached the *cache* of food, but when, later, they arrived with help at the tent, they found Hubbard dead beside his diary. *The river emptied into Grand Lake* after all. The few entries the dying Hubbard made in his diary during the last awful solitude are among the most moving and poignant imaginable.

Two other capital true ghost stories carry us from bleak and frozen Labrador to the genial heat of the Tropics—Borneo and New Guinea. Most of the European houses in Borneo, to take that first, are "berhantu" (haunted) according to the natives, and the following ghost story is told by Oscar Cook, late District Officer, North Borneo Civil Service, in his enchanting volume, *Borneo: Stealer of Hearts*. The Commissioner at a place called Tengilan met his death suddenly by drowning, and Cook was summoned to replace him temporarily as Acting District Officer. It was in 1917. Cook was invited to stay with another official in a comfortable little European house, which had been inhabited formerly by an Englishman named G. This man G., some years before, entangled by drink and a native woman, had died in the room, in the very bed indeed, Cook now occupied. Cook

himself knew nothing of this, and his host did not mention it.

After a long talk about the immediate business in hand, the two men separated for bed at 10.30. Cook heard his host moving about in his room; they called good night to each other through the thin wooden walls; then Cook put his lamp out. He heard the clock strike eleven.

"Then I fell asleep," he writes. "Suddenly, I was wide awake, but not with a start. No sound or presence had aroused me. I was simply wide awake. I was not strung up nor excited. I turned over and looked at my watch—it was after 1 a.m. (I have somewhat condensed the following account of what happened.—A.B.) I closed my eyes and was about to fall asleep again when I heard footsteps coming up the steps that led from the garden to the front door.

"I listened. Slowly the footsteps mounted the stairs. Then I heard the catch of the low wooden gate pulled back, and the creak of the doors being opened. Down the full length of the veranda came the footsteps, and passed into the dining-room. Whoever was walking kept straight on, for I heard the noise of the doors that shut off this room from the passage leading to the kitchen being opened, and the footsteps went along this passage. Then they halted.

"A clear and decisive voice then called out: 'Boy!' It was a voice I did not recognize. No answer came. Again the voice rang out, but in a sharper, more impatient tone: 'Boy!' Again there was no reply. After a brief silence, the footsteps then descended the stairs that led from the passage to the kitchen. They halted on the bottom step. 'Boy!' the voice called out angrily. There was no answer. Another silence followed. Then the footsteps came back up the stairs, passed along the passage again, across the dining-room, and out into the veranda. The creak of the gate reached me and I heard the closing of the latch. Down the steps the footsteps clumped, and out into the garden. Then silence. . . I fell asleep, wondering who it was. . . ."

At breakfast next morning Cook asked his host what he was doing, walking all over the house during the night. "So you heard it too!" was the rejoinder, with relief. "I never moved all night long."

Cook stared at his host, an unimaginative man, a long-headed, shrewd planter, a man of facts and figures, and an utter scoffer at ghostly things. "Well," he asked, "what about it then?"

"It was G.," his host went on, "calling for a drink. I've

often been disturbed by him. G. was the man here before my predecessor. He died in your room—on your bed. The Doctor visited him one day, hearing he was ill. He gave him five minutes to live. Old G. just managed to sit up in bed, smiled, and asked for gin. He smoked a moment, chatted a bit, the gasper dropped from his lips—he was dead! He's buried in the garden, just on the slope of the hill below your window. My predecessor *saw* him, and one night even shot him. Well, there it is! My predecessor saw and shot him; I, too, have seen him; you've heard him. It's there, and it happens, and it's always the same. Now, get on with your tea, and we'll go and look at the grave. I always inspect it twice a month, and put a coolie to clean and tend it."

Captain A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., tells a first-rate and most circumstantial ghost story in his widely read volume, *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*. It is indexed as "Spooks in Samarai," and occurs on page 109. It is admirably told and as convincing as anything well can be. "I tell the story for what it is worth," he writes, sandwiching it in among other adventures of a most enthralling description. "I leave my readers who are interested in psychical research to form what opinion they choose. All I say is that the story, as related, is absolutely true." And, indeed, it has the ring of sincerity and truth all through it.

The author was staying alone in the house of a man named Moreton, at Samarai, Moreton living elsewhere at the time; he was Resident Magistrate of the Eastern Division.

"One night," runs the account, "in Moreton's house, I had a curious and uncanny experience. I was sitting at the table, writing a long dispatch which engaged all my attention; my table was in the middle of the room, and on my right and left hand respectively there were two doors, one opening on to the front and the other on to the back veranda of the house. Both doors were closed and fastened with ordinary wooden latches, which could not possibly open of their own accord as a spring lock might do. The floor of the room was made of heavy teak-wood boards, nailed down; the floor of the veranda being constructed of laths of palm, laced together with native string.

"As I wrote, I became conscious that both doors were wide open, and—hardly thinking what I was doing—I got up, closed them both, and went on writing. A few minutes later, I heard footsteps upon the coral path leading up to the house; they came across the squeaky palm veranda, my door opened, and

the footsteps went across the room and—as I raised my eyes from my dispatch—the other door opened, and the footsteps passed across the veranda and down again on to the coral. I paid very little attention to this at first, having my mind full of the subject of which I was writing, but half thought that either Poruma or Giorgi (trusted personal servants), both of whom were in the kitchen, had passed through the room. However, I again rose and absent-mindedly shut both doors for the second time.

“Some time later, once more the footsteps came, crash crash on the coral, squeak squeak on the veranda; again my door opened and the squeak changed to the tramp of booted feet on the boarded floor. As I looked to see who it was, the tramp passed close behind my chair and across the room to the door, which opened, and then again the tramp changed to the squeak and the squeak to the crash on the coral. I was, by this time, getting very puzzled, but after a little thought I decided my imagination was playing me tricks, and that I had not really closed the doors when I thought I had. I made certain, however, that I did close them this time, and went on with my work again. Once more, the whole thing was repeated, only this time I rose from the table, took my lamp in my hand, and gazed hard at the places on the floor from which the sound came, but could see nothing.”

Captain Monckton then describes how he went on to the veranda and bawled to the two servants in the kitchen, asking who was playing tricks, and, before they could answer, steps again sounded in his room behind him. Poruma, hearing the steps, was surprised. “I didn’t know you had anyone with you,” he observed, whereupon his master repeated what had happened. “Someone keeps opening my door,” he said, “and walking about. I want him caught.” Anyone who has read the book will know that Captain Monckton’s orders generally *were* obeyed, without delay too! But Poruma, the old servant, replied: “No one would dare to enter the Government compound and play tricks on the Resident Magistrate.” His master insisted angrily that the fellow, whoever he might be, must be caught. “I mean to get to the bottom of this fooling,” he said, repeating his order. He sent to the Guard House and got the gatekeeper, also the gaoler and all his warders, finally to the ship as well for her men. The gate-keeper, an honest fellow, swore that the gate had been locked as usual at 10 p.m., before which hour none but Government people had passed in.

A search under Captain Monckton's instructions was at once organized. There were only three rooms, furnished with Spartan simplicity. They were soon examined. Four men with lanterns were placed under the house, which was raised about four feet from the ground on piles. Other men were stationed back and front. Then the Captain searched the house once more himself. "It was impossible," he adds, "for a mouse to have passed unseen." This done, he shut the doors of his room, and sat inside with Poruma and Giorgi. They waited in silence a few minutes.

"Presently, exactly the same thing occurred once more. Through that line of men came the footsteps; through my room in precisely the same manner came the tread of a heavily-booted man, then went on to the palm veranda, where—in the now brilliant illumination—we could see *the depression at the spots from which the sound came*, as though a man were stepping there. [The italics are my own.—A.B.]

"'Well,' I asked my men, 'what do you make of it?'

"'No man living could have passed unseen,' was Poruma's reply. 'It's either the spirit of a dead man, or a devil.'

Whatever Captain Monckton may have thought, and he offers no opinion or explanation, he moved to the ship for the night and slept on board. Nothing of the sort ever happened again, and a year later the house was pulled down. Before this, however, the author had sat up in it on purpose with a man named Armit, Health Officer and Collector of Customs, but the investigation produced no results. Armit, on this occasion, mentioned that Moreton, the former occupant, had once or twice hinted at something queer having happened. Moreton himself was, therefore, interviewed on the subject. His reply was interesting: "One night," he admitted, "sleeping in the hammock on the veranda, I heard footsteps. They wakened me. I called out angrily, 'Who's making the racket?'" There was no reply, but my hammock was banged violently against the wall. I said nothing about it to anyone, for I was alone at the time, and I didn't want to be laughed at."

TABLE-TURNING UP-TO-DATE

By EVA MARTIN, Author of "The Brahman's Wisdom,"
"The White Road," "Giordano Bruno," etc., etc.

WELL known as composer and director of the music to "Sumurun," the oriental ballet which long delighted London audiences at the Coliseum, Mr. Victor Holländer is not so well known as an investigator of psychic matters, and it will probably be a surprise to most people to learn that he has published an interesting little book¹ describing his experiences of the phenomena of "table-turning and telepathy." He calls his book, *Jests of the Subconscious*, with for sub-title, *Experiences of a Layman, from Records of Communications received during the years 1919-1922*. As the Secretary to the German Society of Scientific Occultism points out in his Foreword, it is just this fact of the author's being a layman, an outsider without any axe to grind, or any preconceived theories to uphold, that gives the book its value; while, as to the title, though Mr. Holländer seems for a time to have held that the phenomena were produced entirely from the contents of the sitters' subconscious minds, he evidently abandoned this explanation later, and frankly confesses that "things were seen and experienced which could never have originated in either the conscious or subconscious minds of any of those present." He leaves us in doubt as to his final conclusions on the matter—feeling, perhaps, that further investigation is required before any definite pronouncement can be made.

The sittings began in January, 1919, with a three-legged stool placed upon a larger table. From the first attempt, immediately the experimenters placed their hands upon the stool it rocked from side to side, whirled round in circles, even sprang from the table and rushed madly from one room to another. By means of knocking it imitated the noises made by an engine or a steamboat, the barking of dogs and mewing of cats, and danced in perfect rhythm to the music of a gramophone. Later, an alphabetical system was devised, by means of which questions could be answered and words spelt out, and then began a series of

¹ *Spielereien des Unterbewusstseins*, by Victor Holländer. Reuss & Pollack, Berlin.

communications with what seemed like "a spirit world." To this day, declares Mr. Holländer, the origin of the intelligence with which they thus held intercourse remains unknown; but it composed verses and riddles, and answered questions with extraordinary rapidity, even unspoken ones formulated only in the mind of one of the sitters, often wording the answers so that they were comprehensible only to the "thinker" of the question. It also, of its own accord, instructed the sitters to mark out a pentagram in white on a dark oak table, and to insert the letters of the alphabet and the figures from 0 to 9 therein, and to draw outside it a staff of musical notation. Thus there was no further need for the slow process of tappings, the stool pointing rapidly to letters, notes, or numbers, as required.

On January 31, 1919, it announced: "Egin is the spirit of the Cheir."

Question. Is the last word a foreign one?

Answer. Yes, Greek; the hand.

Q. What language is Egin?

A. Spirit-language.

Q. What is Egin?

A. Hand-spirit.

The stool then leapt from side to side, drawing triangles, squares and spirals on the table, and finally spelt the name of "*O du lieber Augustin*" (a popular German song), and rapped out the rhythm of its tune. Later in the same evening came "Egin—chiffre—cheir—a fine joke, eh?" after which the stool danced its so-called "Egg-dance," carefully circling around objects placed upon the table—cigarette-cases, ash-trays, pencil-boxes, etc.—without touching any of them; and finally with great vehemence hurled them one and all to the floor.

One day a pencil was tied to one of its three legs, and a sheet of paper placed beneath, whereupon various strange arabesques, spirals and writings were produced. Then the stool knocked three times, and spelt: "I have had enough; that is fatiguing." Sometimes the rhythms of well-known pieces of operatic music were rapped out, and when not sufficiently quickly recognized by the audience, the stool itself supplied their names. On March 6 it spelt: "Turn round quickly." Question: "Who?" Answer: "Me." Question: "How are we to do it?" Answer: "Put me on the gramophone." It was then placed upon a gramophone-disc, which rotated, first slowly, and then with dizzy speed, for fifteen minutes, the usual time taken by such a disc being from two to three minutes. "Thanks," said the

stool; and when asked why the disc had continued to rotate for so long, it replied, "Pantarei!"

Question. Has that something to do with perpetual motion?

Answer. Yes.

Q. Why has perpetual motion not yet been discovered?

A. Atheists.

Q. Could you have kept it up longer?

A. If I weren't too tired I could keep it up for ever. Repeat at 12 o'clock!

At a quarter to twelve it ordered that a small pocket flash-lamp should be laid on the gramophone, with the light pointing outwards, and when this was done in a darkened room, it had the effect of a revolving light like those seen on pier-heads.

Sometimes the pronouncements were extremely concise, for instance:

"Prosperity perishes, but friendship unites. Death is an end without fear. All must die. *Lycopodium clavatum*."

Q. What is that?

A. Witches' plant. "A plant has grown to conquer death." (On consulting an encyclopædia, the name of this plant was found to be correct.)

Again: God-finger, Corpse-finger, Spirit-finger. Each foot of the stool represents one of these fingers.

a. I bring you a sword! (Inri.)

b. The head of the matter is lacking. (Holofernes.)

c. The bell is sunken. (*Rautendelein*). (A reference to Hauptmann's fairy opera, *The Sunken Bell*.)

At the end of March, it happened one evening that the well-known ballet-master, George Blanvalet, was present at one of the sittings. When asked for the stranger's name, the stool answered: "Schorsch."

Question. What is his profession?

Answer. Director of Legs!

Q. Can you say anything definite about him?

A. Apollo! (Blanvalet was then engaged at the Apollo Theatre.)

Q. Would you like to dance for him?

A. No, not before a fellow-professional.

M. Blanvalet then asked, "Who is my best pupil?" and on receiving the answer "Szurod," was greatly surprised, and explained that he had recently given a performance with a ballerina of this name.

Blanvalet. I was not thinking of her at all. But please do dance, just once!

Stool. Exercises! (and with all three legs performed exact ballet-exercises.)

B. And now perhaps you can give us a dance ?

S. Sleep-dance—Adagio ! (It then danced a slow, slumbrous measure, and at the end sank softly to the ground as the clock struck eleven. “Blanvalet—addio !”

On another occasion the stool gave without hesitation the exact number of pictures on the walls of a certain room, the number of books on a bookshelf, the correct time, to a moment, and the contents of the purse of one of the sitters. One Sunday, when Mr. Holländer and his wife had been visiting their son, at the time for departure the key of the room in which they had left their hats and coats could not be found. A half-hour's search had no result ; the key seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. At last Mr. Holländer suggested that a table should be consulted, and in spite of much scornful laughter this was done. The table knocked out : “Hanging in the arbour in the garden”—and there the key was found.

Sometimes riddles were produced, many of them containing a play upon words and their syllables which cannot well be translated. Here are some specimens :

“The two first never close,
The last through mountains flows,
The whole did operas compose.”

(Offenbach—literally open-brook.)

“The two first mean talking,
The third is ever woman-stalking,
The whole most gracefully upon the stage is walking.”
Silbermann—pronounced Sylbe-mann ; literally “syllable-man.”

This was the name of a popular dancer, whose betrothal had taken place that very day, though this fact was not known by anyone present until some time afterwards.

Another was headed, “*Classical*,” and ran somewhat as follows :

“A man in endless grief and pain,
One drop of water sought in vain ;
But only turn the letters round
And 'neath the water he is drowned.”

(Tantalus—Atlantus.)

In May, 1921, during the visit of a friend of whom we are told nothing but her name, the stool grew silent and morose, and would only emit short sentences in foreign tongues, with references to various religious festivals. When pressed, it answered crossly in Latin, “*Vae turbantibus, noli me tangere*,” and presently fell over with a loud crash. Then it began walking

in a peculiar swinging manner, and when asked what this portended, replied shortly: "Procession des âmes." Later it made soaring movements and rose above the surface of the table, floated sideways until it hung unsupported about three feet above the floor-level, flew back over the table and softly sank down upon it. We are assured that this was clearly seen, and testified to upon oath, by all who were present.

One evening the stool spelt out "I. B. P.," and when asked what it meant, replied: "Ich bin parat!" (I am ready!) It then proceeded:

"Why do the swallows fly away in winter? I. B. P.

"Why do the lions long for the desert and weep when they are removed from it? I. B. P.

"Fishes die on land—why? I. B. P.

"Eighteen-hundred and thirty-four. Twenty-sixth of May. Birth of I. B. P., Boxhill, England."

Question.—Who is I. B. P.?

Answer. Physiologist, very congenial to me. *The Migration of Animals.* A book of J. B. P.—James Bell Pettigrew. (This information was looked up and found to be correct.)

Other curious bits of information were given and verified by means of reference-books.

In April, 1921, a heavy oak table, with only *one* hand of the medium laid upon it, moved from the middle of a large room to an outer door and back again; then went up to the author's sister, an unbeliever, and spelt out her name, "Ida." Another sister, also an unbeliever, declared a few days later that if she with her own eyes could see the heavy table move from its place, she would believe everything. She was given the desired proof; the table went close up to her and spelt loudly and clearly, "Anti," and then "Belief." In full daylight unmistakable knockings were made, on request, by different articles of furniture in the room. A heavy table, with one hand of the medium laid on it, rose on two legs, went to the piano, and made as if to strike the keys; then, also on request, moved back to the middle of the room, exactly under the electric light.

One evening in May, the stool made springing movements, seemed to be imitating the purring of a cat, and spelt out, "Miraculum"—"Cat." Asked, "What kind of a cat?" it went up to the writer, tapped him three times on the body, and spelt, "In your bed." "Is that a joke, or can we put it to the test?" On being told "Yes," the four sitters went to Mr. Holländer's room, uncovered the bed, and found under the pillow a metal

knife-rest in the shape of a cat, which usually stood on the dining-room sideboard. In the dining-room one knife-rest was found to be missing; there was a track across the sideboard cover, which was pushed a little forward; and in the bed there was an indentation where the "cat" had lain. The four people concerned declared on their oath that no trick had been played, and that the facts were exactly as written down.

Once it was asked: "Does the heavy table become lighter when it moves itself?"

Answer. Does a bird-cage with a bird flying inside it become lighter? No! Air-pressure!

Question. Who wrote about that?

Answer. George Christopher Lichtenberg, Physicist.

This again was verified by consulting a lexicon. In August, 1920, it presented Mr. Holländer with a melody (pointing out the notes on the musical staff) which he used in his operetta, "The Siamese Swan," and which had a great success on the first night. He declares that this melody could not have emanated from the subconscious mind of anyone present, for, contrary to the usual method of composition, the rhythm was given first and the actual notes afterwards.

In June, 1919, some extraordinary doggerel lines were produced, of which a rough translation follows:

ISMS.

When the wicked rheumatism
 In the organism sits,
 And the human mechanism
 Any magnetism lacks,
 When is seen idealism
 Firmly ruling minds and wits,
 And outspoken realism
 Makes, with cynicism, tracks,
 When is banished hypnotism,
 Yes, and spiritism, too,
 And the craze for mysticism
 Brings somnambulism through,
 Then there is no dualism
 That an euphemism needs,
 When men find that optimism
 Straight to pessimism leads!

Some one inquired the meaning of "dualism," and was told:
 "The science of the second 'I.'"

With one medium, the stool gave advice as to the buying of stocks and shares, but we are not told whether this was acted

upon. With another it broke into verse concerning the "nine demons" that roam through the world—Hate, Love, Sin, Poison, Sickness, Drunkenness, Gold, Pride, and Untruthfulness—and the "nine planets" that circle about the sun. It repeatedly besought Mr. Holländer to obtain an amulet for the medium M., and when this was done, assured him that he had averted a great calamity, and continued (using the medium's pet-name) :

Listen, Paloma! There is a strange old belief that anyone who possesses an Egyptian amulet is secure against all evil in this earthly sphere for ever. Paloma! Press the amulet firmly to your heart! The great philosopher Kant says—'Where knowledge ends, faith begins.' The unexplained has its charm. Cogito, ergo sum. I am a modern spirit, I live eternally.

One of the most remarkable things was the prompt information given about articles that had been lost or mislaid. Often, after the whole house had been searched, the stool would immediately tell where the missing object was. It also frequently diagnosed illnesses in humans and animals, sometimes named the means that would give relief, and could say in exactly how many days the cure would be completed. By request, early in 1921, sentences in Spanish and Hungarian were spelt out, these two languages being unknown to Mr. Holländer and the medium M., who together made the experiment. The sentences were translated later, and found to make sense. In February an explanation was requested of some masonic signs engraved on a silver ball, and the answer came in three different tongues :

1. Mundus, deus, sol, luna et stellæ. (Earth, God, sun, moon and stars.)
2. La mort des membres—casa mortalis—fleurs du printemps.
3. Ouales los perez sosperes diotiaz.

When asked what these last (Spanish) words meant, the stool replied in a kind of Low German, "I may not."

Many examples of humorous verses were reproduced, and the following versions may give some idea of their style :

I would I were a little pig
With rose-pink tummy-bag,
And a curly ringlet-tail
That I could wave and wag ;
I'd never, never wash, but lie
On rubbish-heaps all day,
And, finding dirt so tasty,
I'd gorge and gorge away.

On being requested to write a poem :

If I could poems write, it were famoso ;
 Affetuoso and impetuoso
 I'd write you poems con espressione
 Like to the Wedding March of Mendelssohne.
 I ever was the cleverest composer,
 But poems ?—'twere a tragedy, you know, sir !
 And so I wish con molto sentimento
 The future may to you bring no lamento . .
 May it in brightest sunshine be pomposo,
 And never for a moment doloroso,
 Rather at all times very giocoso,
 For were it not so, I'd be maestoso,
 As I herewith declare most rigoroso.

A good deal of spontaneous automatic writing was received also, the messages being written (presumably by the medium) in trance with closed eyes in full daylight. It was noticed that the pencil never went over the edge of the paper, but wrote the lines evenly one after the other. Sometimes little sketches were interspersed—one, of a woman's head, another of a coffee-cup with a spoon in it, and the words, "Zuntz coffee is the best." Here is one example of these messages :

On Vesuvius there stands a lonely cage. When the setting sun sinks into the sea, a man steps out of it, with glorious limbs and sunburnt countenance. He goes slowly down to the sea. Three times he turns towards the East, and his tall form is bowed with grief. Then he turns to the azure waters, and dives into the sparkling waves, which close over him. And it is his fate, ever at the change of the moon to rise once more. Know ye who is this accursed one ? His name is Ahasuerus, the eternal Jew !

On September 30, 1921, Mr. Holländer tried a new experiment with the medium M. in trance. He wrapped a small box in two sheets of paper, tied it up, and placed it in the medium's left hand. After a few minutes she began to speak :

I have been in many places, and have had many children, who were as like as one egg to another. They were all sons, slenderly built, and with beautiful red faces. But their face was their fate, in every case ; for I sheltered these children in my own body, and one day two great tongs were thrust into my body, and took one child after another away from me. The poor children were scraped upon my sides, until they became convulsed with pain and were for ever extinguished. I am now alone and forsaken, and only good for throwing into the waste-bucket !"

The medium, still in trance, was asked whether this had anything to do with the packet in her hand, and replied, "Match-box." She was then awakened, and the packet was opened,

revealing an empty box which had contained red-headed matches.

A large number of similar experiments were tried, often with very remarkable results. One or two of these may be quoted.

It is like a Janus-head, for it is double-faced. Smooth and iridescent outside (mother-of-pearl), but when it is opened, woe! Then two sharp points burst out into the world; one small and dainty, the other large and bloodthirsty. If you are tired of life, you can easily open a vein with it; but if you still find some value in life and its appearances, it is better to clean your nails, or, quietly in your own room, cut your corns. In summer you can use it for dividing oily sandwiches; in winter, for the purpose of opening nuts and peeling apples. And all this is done only because man is so æsthetic. It is also most useful for tearing out the bristles of an undesired beard. But if you would do a good deed, stab Paloma with it in the heart.

The object that had been wrapped up and placed in the medium's hand was a pocket-knife.

I see only pigeons and a white dress and a fountain and sunshine; and the pigeons are fearfully hungry, and there is a grinning face that I can't bear. The whole is Venice, but I think it is really all self-advertisement.

This was a snapshot of St. Mark's Square in Venice; with, in the centre, surrounded by numberless pigeons, a young lady, who was not exactly sympathetic towards the medium.

Another time, a cigarette-case with something inside it wrapped in paper was placed in her hand.

It is long and thin, with a little head and an upright figure. It is very proud, and would never deny its aristocratic blood; it always considers itself blameless. It is always in good form, and has a conceited expression, like a dethroned prince; and acts like one, too, for it always conceals its body and only allows its fat face to shine upon the masses. When its owner gets excited it slips unexpectedly to one side, but never loses its self-conceit, for even in this precarious position it remains stiff and stupid as before, just like a dethroned prince. Paloma could never be enthusiastic about such a stupid thing!

The object inside the cigarette-case was Mr. Holländer's pearl-headed gold tie-pin!

A further experience took a different form. Mr. Holländer was sitting one day in a public square with a lady of his acquaintance, when he saw the medium M. slowly cross the square, walking as if in a dream, and turn into a neighbouring street. The next day M. vehemently denied ever having entered the square, though she had been not far away, and had formed a strong wish *not* to meet Mr. Holländer and the lady in question. There-

upon the stool was called in council, and the following conversation took place :

M. Was I in the square yesterday ?

Stool. No !

V. H. Did I see *M.* cross the square ?

S. Yes !

M. Was I there ?

S. No !

V. H. Did I plainly see her cross over ?

S. Yes !

Question. How can that be explained ?

Answer. You both *made* her with your combined, unusually strong negative wills.

Question. How, *negative* wills ?

Answer. You were afraid of meeting the lady.

Question. But how did the phantom come to appear ?

Answer. Because for one instant your fears exactly met and reflected one another.

Question. How long was the phantom visible ?

Answer. Four minutes.

V. H. What would have happened if I had gone up to *M.* ?

Answer. Would have disappeared.

Question. What is the scientific explanation of this ?

Answer. A materialization due to negative telepathy.

The book closes with the reception of some quotations from Horace and Dante, Mr. Holländer being jocosely reproved by the stool for making mistakes in translating them. Altogether it is a most lively and entertaining record, and it is much to be hoped that the talented composer of "Sumurun" will carry his investigations further. If all records of "psychical research" were as diverting as this one, they would doubtless have many more readers !

THE LIVING WORK OF A FORGOTTEN MASTER

BY ROSE O'NEILL

DURING the greater part of the past century lived a man and artist whose name is almost forgotten now, but whose work should never be allowed to be lost to those who would know the truth.

This man was Francois Delsarte, born at Solesmes, in the north of France, on November 11, 1811, and who died in Paris in July, 1871. His father was a physician, and his mother a woman of great talents.

As a child he lived through troublous times, and knew great poverty and struggles. The horrors of war, and the terrible cruelties inflicted upon each other by men, made a deep impression upon his nature and, young as he was, he felt that a great misunderstanding of the Divine purpose could alone be the root cause of so much misery.

He was born with the artist's soul, and the vision of the Ideal permeated his childhood's life, but poverty, and the want of sympathy, made it impossible for him to cultivate his latent faculties, and having become separated from his family by the necessity of earning a living, it was not until about his twentieth year that he found himself domiciled in Paris, and able to develop his art nature.

He frequented the great Art Galleries, and studied deeply the works of painting and sculpture. He attended the Opera House and Concert Room, and gave himself up with delight to the glory and wonder of music.

But it was in the drama that he found the most complete satisfaction to his awakening faculties, and he determined to devote all the powers of his mind to understanding the laws that underlie the expression of emotion in nature and art.

Accordingly he entered as a student at the Conservatoire, expecting to find there the finest examples of development in dramatic expression. But he was soon disillusioned and bitterly disappointed by the purely arbitrary way the pupils were trained. He knew these faulty methods existed in less famous schools,

but here he expected to find a system which aimed at the encouragement of individual talent.

He did not find it, but learned instead that, contrary to the expression being the natural and spontaneous outcome of feeling and thought, the student was taught to do this and that like a machine, and all were drilled after one pattern, without any appeal to the soul force working within.

Being a deep thinker and very close observer, Delsarte came to the conclusion that this was not art, but artifice, and could lead only to sterility.

He studied expression in life, and from his studies a wonderful light began to dawn upon him, and by its radiance he was guided to formulate certain laws of the nature expressed.

He found that man has three sides to his nature :

The physical—which is vitality.

The mental—which is thought.

The moral—which is emotion.

He found that the physical nature is expressed through sensations ; the mental through will and ideas ; the moral through conduct and relation to others.

He studied the development in children, and found that sensations are expressed in voice or tone.

Then, as the need to express emotions, likes and dislikes were felt, the child began to use gestures.

Finally, with the growth of thought, and the need to express ideas, the child began to use words.

With the acquisition of words, the man began to drop tones and inflexions of voice, which he used only as a medium for words.

He dropped gestures, and used words to express his emotions as well as his ideas, so that his movements became more and more a reflection of his occupation in relation to things rather than an expression of his feelings, and by the habit of using only those muscles of the body required for his occupation, only these muscles would respond to the brain, and the rest of the body became inarticulate.

Also with the development of thought came mental effort and repression, as all mental effort tends to muscular tension and strained nervous force.

Such a condition long maintained must cripple the mind and drain the vital energy, as well as rendering it impossible to use the body as a free and perfect instrument for the expression of that universal emotion demanded by great art.

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Here then was a difficulty presented at the outset of his studies, and Delsarte pondered long and deeply on the means to overcome it.

He came to the conclusion there was but one way—and that was to begin at the beginning, and build the temple from its natural base. The great necessity was to find a solid and unassailable structure that could bear the weight of all additional knowledge that should be laid upon it, and should prove a fundamental law whose stamp pervades all organisms.

Delsarte found that law in the nature of man, and applied a key to it which reveals with unerring exactitude man to his fellow man.

This is the formula.

The sensitive, mental and moral states of man are rendered by the eccentric which is the expansive, the concentric which is the contracting, and the normal which is the balanced form of the organism.

The sensitive is also the vital, the mental the reflective, and the moral the emotional state.

The vital sustains, the mental guides, the moral impels.

The body being the instrument through which soul and mind work, it is necessary to keep it in smooth and elastic condition, so the first and most important thing to be done is to relax the hard and stiffened muscles, which an artificial strain has imposed upon "civilized" life.

Unless the body can be brought into an harmonious, reactive condition, it is impossible to restore and maintain health. And health is an essential to true beauty.

Everywhere in nature Delsarte found a gentle, rhythmic flow from the simple to the complex, and back to the simple again, with the added force and richness of the complex.

Spontaneous complex manifestation is rightly looked upon as abnormal.

The order of development that Delsarte found in nature was :

1. Circular—circular form is vital.
2. Straight—straight form is mental.
3. Spiral—spiral form is moral.

All organic life is developed along the line of use. The use of an organism determines its form.

From a certain contour, poise and expression of a person we have a right to expect the attributes of character belonging to that development.

Delsarte said: "When we meet a person who declares that

his physical degeneracy has no influence upon his intellect and his soul, that person is ignorant or speaks falsely. If sympathy has ceased to exist between the three essential attributes of his being, he is no longer a whole man. Such a state is worse than to suffer pain, for pain is evidence of the presence of sympathy, though not harmony, between the vital, mental, and moral natures."

The development of the study of human nature that Delsarte made proceeds along the following lines.

Man is revelatory. Consciously, or subconsciously, he is revealing himself all the time.

Even his efforts at concealment are revelatory to those who can read, and mark a state of mind out of harmony with the state of life, as when we are happy and at peace with ourselves we are always easy and unselfconscious.

Delsarte classed movement into three characteristics: the Static, the Dynamic, and the Semeiotic.

The Static is the life of the movement.

The Dynamic is the action of forces through the static.

The Semeiotic is the spirit and essence of movement.

Delsarte laid great stress on the necessity of remembering that form is only the garb of substance and sometimes reveals, sometimes conceals, the impression of substance.

There are three different sorts of form expressed through the human body.

There is the form conferred on the being at birth, which we call constitutional form.

There is the form modelled by the habits of everyday life, thought, occupations, and duties, which we call the habitual form.

And there are the forms which are accidental and transitory, produced under the sway of passion, and fleeting in their nature, which are called the fugitive forms.

For instance, very quiet people may be moved to passion and violence only once in a lifetime, when they may express themselves in a way utterly alien to their habitual natures, but true to their newly roused feelings.

In approaching the study of art and the drama from a serious and earnest standpoint, Delsarte soon found that he was studying the laws of Life itself, and he was at great pains to verify every observation he made and to separate the particular from the universal, so that he could build up a science founded on nature and not according to his own idea.

So he searched for the universal Language of Life, and he

found it in gesture. A hundred pages do not say what a simple movement may convey, because movement expresses our whole being. There is something mystic in this language, because it has relations with other spheres. It is the world of grace, and in order properly to understand the meaning of gesture, we must find the states expressed through the body.

The three grand divisions of the body Delsarte defined as follows :

The head—mental.

The limbs—vital or physical.

The torso—moral or emotional.

The fundamental principle of expression is strength at the centre, and freedom at the extremities.

Close mental concentration checks the flow of stimulus throughout the body, and however it may develop the brain, does so at the expense of vitality and health.

The eye is the most important of all the features for expression. Being the visible organ nearest the brain, every impression is first recorded there, and neither attitude nor gesture have any meaning unless the eye indicates the feeling or thought animating the expression.

The head is divided and subdivided, as a vehicle for expression, thus :—

The forehead is mental, the nose and cheeks moral, the lips and jaw physical.

The upper lip is mental, the lower lip physical, the corners of the mouth are moral.

From the tension or slackness of the corners of the mouth the whole of the emotional state of the nature can be read, and never errs.

The torso, like the head, is divided into three parts :

Mental—the chest, being the seat of honour and control.

Vital—the stomach, bowels, and sex organs—seat of the appetite.

Moral—the heart and solar plexus, the seat of affection and sympathy.

The limbs, arms, legs, hands and feet are again divided and subdivided in threes, to every agent being ascribed its own work, bound together in flowing movements by the rhythm that is in all life.

Delsarte asserted over and over again that we find life, soul and mind in each division of the body, and he substantiated it by his analysis.

There are three important laws to remember in expression, i.e. the laws of opposition, parallelism, and rhythm. Opposition of the limbs and body expresses great things, tragic effects and strong emotions.

Parallelism expresses small, dry and mental conditions.

Rhythm is the medium through which the movement gains life and depth.

Having found in the body and the laws governing its expression a perfect instrument for manifesting the working of the Cosmic forces in human life, Delsarte concentrated his powers upon evolving a suitable means of tuning up that instrument to give forth harmonious movement; and he succeeded in his self-imposed task beyond his most sanguine hopes.

He worked out a series of æsthetic gymnastics that for the development of the three sides of human nature simultaneously and harmoniously have never been approached in their perfection and can never be surpassed in their value and use.

Apart from their effect upon physical health they have an influence upon character and mind.

They bring the "state of grace" into one's consciousness at once.

All nervous tension is relaxed, the body is made supple and elastic by a series of soothing movements, flowing and liquid in nature, suggesting the elements of "air and water" of which our bodies are composed, as definitely as those of the "earth and fire" which predominate so largely in our objective life. For this reason, these exercises have a mystic influence which is felt even by those least given to mysticism.

They rid the mind of self-consciousness, and give a sense of confidence almost from the start.

Every joint and articulation of the body is exercised and liberated in turn, until the whole becomes light, easy and rhythmic, perfect health and control being the unending result. Imagination is quickened and expanded, sympathy deepened with an added understanding, and Love—the great cause—given its true place, as uniting power, co-ordinating body and limbs into a perfect whole—while still maintaining individual independence of movement.

The practical working of Delsarte's teaching shows that it has its root in life, and is limited only by the intelligence and understanding of the people who study it.

The exercises are very simple, consisting of bending and

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stretching movements which place every organ of the body in its right position, lifting strain and weight from the torso, and giving easy grace to the limbs, producing a feeling of harmony and balance both comforting and reinforcing.

A great musician who had seen a demonstration of the work was so impressed by it that he explained it at length to Richard Wagner, who saw its range and significance at once, and said "Every artist should have it, but only the greatest would understand it."

Delsarte always urged on his pupils never to be satisfied with anything but the best, and however unattainable that might be, to work and work on undaunted for that.

He believed in the Divine mission of Art for the regeneration of the world, and he had faith that a state of grace for the body was but the precursor to a state of grace for the soul.

He wrote on the walls of his studio that all his pupils might see :

Art is Emotion, passed through Thought, and expressed in Form.

Art should interest by the True to illumine the Intelligence.

Art should move by the Beautiful to regenerate the Life.

Art should persuade by the Good to perfect the Heart.

There is no true discipline but self-discipline—and as one who has studied and taught Delsarte's work for some time, I can affirm that it is the most illuminating process of knowledge that I have ever met or heard of. It prepares one to learn—and there is no subject of study to which its laws do not apply.

For keeping the body fit it has no equal.

For maintaining the mind open, active and sane, it is of priceless value.

And for inspiring the heart with warm, kind and generous understanding, it is supreme.

Another power the Delsarte work confers, is that men and women can read each other like open books.

Gesture, poise and expression are true guides to the nature within, and appreciation of good qualities united with toleration for bad is the spiritual outcome of this study. To judge harshly becomes impossible, when the reasons for actions are so clear.

A finer humanity and a happier world would inevitably result from practice of the work of this great master.

AT THE HOT WELLS OF KONNIAR

By P. H. FAWCETT

ONE evening during the doldrum season in 1888 I was at the Hot Wells of Konniar, a green oasis in the stick-dry jungle some six or seven miles from the once flourishing and still beautiful harbour of Trincomalie on the N.E. coast of Ceylon.

A spot of traditional holiness, whose origin is shrouded by a veil of Oriental mythology beneath which bristle hints of the giant races of Elanka and a vastly remote civilization, it is the Mecca of the local natives and many pilgrims from India. To the white man it is an agreeable place for an occasional picnic.

The motive of my visit was to investigate the truth of the native belief that on certain nights of the week beings beyond our normal intelligence gathered at the wells and held revel in its crystal waters. The penalty of the vision was, according to them, death.

The wells, of which there are seven, are surrounded by a low wall of stone. A few yards away is a small dagoba with the usual ornamental plaster-work. About a hundred yards farther away and just visible through the trees was, in those days, a tumble-down single-roomed bungalow, whose dilapidated roof, minus most of its tiles, provided some sort of shelter for pilgrims against the occasionally violent rains common to the tropics. The whole lies embowered in tropical vegetation, spontaneous and planted, palmyras, coconuts, banyans and mango trees, amongst which reared their silvery stems quantities of slender areca palms. The ground below was carpeted by a wealth of bracken and baby palms, through which a stream of warm water from the wells meandered through a soft black mould and lost itself finally in the dry soil of the brown forest beyond.

The sun was low down when I settled myself upon a corner of the wall enclosing the springs.

Darkness soon fell, and a chorus of insect life heralded the stars into the deep canopy of a cloudless heaven visible overhead. Moths, fireflies, and mosquitoes sallied out in abundance for their nightly adventures.

Weird forest cries and the shrill scream of the nightjar punctuated the rasping drone of the siccadee. Frogs croaked

solemnly and persistently to one another. Occasionally the cautious pad of some heavy denizen of the jungle drew near the wells suspiciously, and audible sniffs were followed by smothered grunts and a precipitate withdrawal.

Those who have experienced a tropical forest by night, and alone, know its intense fascination and something of its mysteries. The tree spirits are about. Now and then, as if at the passing of some ethereal being, a deathly hush would fall over nature; even the siccadee would cease his music, and the soft gurgling of the water alone broke the stillness of the night. Then at some peculiarly thrilling bell-like note the silence was broken and the hubbub would re-awaken from countless thousands of little throats and quivering wing cases.

After some two or three hours of this I was conscious of a growing tendency to doze. It was an effort to resist the inclination of the body, though mentally I was never more awake. Nothing so far had suggested anything unusual, but the feeling internally was one of tension. The jungle at night sings a subtle lullaby. I may have slept. Anyway, I can remember nothing very clearly from this point. The fireflies seemed to grow in number and brilliance. The little path from the dagoba through the bracken and tiny palms became a milky way of small dancing lamps. Little silver bells, infinitely clear and infinitely far away, seemed to tinkle. I was just conscious of lights flashing amongst the trees, of a delicious aroma of sandalwood, and of the faintest zephyrs of a heavenly music.

* * * * *

The next thing I remember was awaking in the golden light of the early morning, stiff and damp with dew. I was still upon the wall. Beneath me numbers of small birds were fluttering in the water amidst a shower of diamond drops. The air was full of song. In the branches of the trees close by a troop of brown monkeys had realized my presence and were expostulating vehemently. I slid down from the wall.

The birds vanished and the monkeys scuttled away amongst the tree-tops with fussy squeaks. Such is Man to the animal creation whose confidence he has lost.

I bathed and drank deeply of the crystal water.

Passing the dilapidated bungalow on my way out, I was astonished to observe, squatting at the broken doorway, a fakir. He was evidently a big man, not very old, with longish matted hair and a peculiarly benevolent face, the plainness of which one white eye unduly exaggerated. He wore the usual white cotton

waist-cloth, and to the best of my recollection a string of beads around his neck. He paid not the slightest attention to me. Around the corner two companions were preparing a fire.

I was at some loss to fathom how he could have arrived here, for the bungalow was certainly empty overnight. Pedestrians do not usually travel by moonless night, and whilst Trincomalie was some seven miles away on the one hand the nearest habitation was some fifteen miles away on the other. He was altogether uncommunicative to advances, and merely looked at me in a kindly sort of way.

A day or two later I returned. He was still there, and I managed to glean the information that he had come from India on a pilgrimage—nothing more.

During the following weeks I visited the wells a good many times. The fakir's reserve gradually thawed. He became amiable and even conversational. The range of his subjects were religion and morals. Nothing else appeared to interest him. I observed that he rarely spoke to his followers, who always kept a little apart.

Finally I invited him to come to Trincomalie and visit me in my bungalow. To tell the truth, I was anxious for him to show me something of the abnormal powers which many of these yogis possess, and particularly smoke pictures. I did not know then so well as I do now how futile is the desire impelled by mere curiosity; but I little anticipated that the invitation would be accepted.

However, one morning during the heat of the day I was in my bungalow writing. The rest of the sahib world was asleep, excepting a long-suffering guard at the entrance gate of the Fort, a sentry in the archway of the gate, and a very bored and perspiring flying sentry who wandered up and down in the shade of the suriya trees bordering the Fort green, around two sides of which the bungalows of the officers of the garrison were built. My own bungalow was an unpretentious affair farthest away from the entrance gate, about a quarter of a mile of green and roadway patrolled by the flying sentry. The front of the bungalow was veiled by a somewhat profuse growth of crotons in a congested little garden, wrested with difficulty from the Royal Engineers, a corner of it shaded by two spreading suriya trees.

The "woof" of a dog drew my attention to a salaaming native in the doorway and others standing outside. It was my friend of the Hot Wells. He wore a turban of white cotton this time, with a cloth thrown over one shoulder. He seated himself

upon the floor, his two attendants planting themselves respectfully a yard or so behind. The dogs withdrew to the farthest corners of the large room, where they curled themselves up and took no further notice.

I suppose he was with me about an hour, talking little, but listening to my struggles with the language. I remember that he viewed with some disapprobation the collection of native mats and local curiosities, which lent some appearance of luxury to the room. I pressed him to perform some Yogi feats, but beyond opening and shutting an inner door from where he sat about twenty feet away he would do nothing. He smiled at the request for smoke pictures, but invited me to be at the mosque at 7.30 that evening, when he would give me a powder, conditionally that I returned to the mosque at noon next day and told him my experiences. As he moved to the door, he salaamed and said slowly and distinctly: "My son, the time will come, but it is not yet." With that he and his chelas passed out amongst the crotons.

I was at the mosque punctually at 7.30, and knocked at the gate. An old priest opened it. He knew nothing of any fakir. He knew me, and seeing that I appeared incredulous, invited me to look inside the mosque. There was no one there. I returned to the gate and inquired of a passing native. He too had seen nothing of any fakir. I was on the point of returning disappointed to the Fort when the gate opened and the old fakir himself appeared. He held out his hand without a word, transferred a powder to mine, re-entered, and shut the gate. I swallowed the powder. It seemed mere tobacco ash.

That night I had a vivid dream. Something of the sort was inevitable, but its nature is not material to this story. At noon next day I returned to the mosque. The fakir was not there. He had never been there.

Not a man in the village, through which he must have passed to get to the Fort, had seen such a person. On my return to the Fort I examined the Guard Book. No mention of such natives was in it, as it should have been. The corporal of the guard and the sentry had never seen them. The flying sentry knew nothing,

At the Hot Wells was no sign of the fakir or his chelas.

It was over twenty-five years before I heard of him again; for this is a true story. It was in the room of a particularly spiritual and developed clairvoyante in this country—far from London.

I had not visited her myself ; indeed I was at the other end of the earth. But it was to my wife that the information came.

Various influential "guides" interested in the doings of the family were to foregather, one night in the room of the clairvoyante, at their own suggestion.

The clairvoyante was alone. She knew nothing of us. She was a woman of humble position whose range of education was limited.

Here is her own diary of events :—

10.30. Have not had anything for you, only my usual friends. They leave me always at this time.

10.50 Nothing—yet I feel I must wait.

11. I am conscious of a power present. I write as the vague misty shape forms up. A group of three—no, four—show and make low-bended movements, wishing to be polite. I try to rise, but a firm grasp is on my shoulder and I am bound to write quickly.

One Indian, clothed in white, advances, and I tremble half afraid—he says distinctly, in the name of the Master of the G— W— L— [the omission is mine, "F"] we greet thee and say fear not, the great work is commenced and the sahib will be well guarded by S— the wise one—and who have perfect command—the memsahib not grieve, she has need of all her strength and wisdom from the Highest is for her to be used in order ——— I cannot follow the flow.

They are all talking together.

The Chief or tallest guide is now coming into prominence, advancing. I see he is lovely yet ugly ; no, not ugly, the light shows up and forms a purple halo. He regards me steadily, keeping one eye only on me, one-half of his face in shadow. He is talking I know not what. It sounds like sweet music and I have a sharp pain in one eye that is almost blinding. He is benevolent, kindly, good, but not pretty.

He is performing miracles here turning my flowers, into lumps of gold, into a long white house—now there are crowns studded with gems, now a musical instrument, I know not the name, now a book, and he points away to a seaside place.

Oh, it is you.

* * * * *

My whole room is full of a lovely light and perfume.

I am told to write, write—I cannot—my senses are reeling

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A very gorgeous Chinaman, in state robes, I suppose, says,
"Tell clean page."

Oh, I know I must take a clean sheet of paper.

* * * * *

They are conversing softly and sweetly together, in a low undertone. It seems as if they draw my chairs round my table, for I am in company and I have lost my fear.

* * * * *

It is now 12.45, and I have lost my company. It has been very pleasant. I have been seeing many wonderful things and seen many people who are still alive. As the guides left they placed one hand outward and bowed low so solemn and grand. IN MY HAND I FOUND A SMALL SILVER COIN OF TWO ANNAS. ITS DATE IS 1888.

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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.*]

NON-RESISTANCE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The first of Miss Mabel Collins' questions is easily answered.

Soon after Jesus had chosen his chief disciples in Galilee he went about "preaching the gospel of the Kingdom . . . and there followed him great multitudes (Matt. iv. 23, 25). And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him" (v. 1). The alternative account is not essentially different. It reads: "He went into the mountain to pray . . . and when it was day he called his disciples . . . and he came down with them and stood on a level place, and a great multitude of his disciples, and a great number of the people from all Judea and Jerusalem."

More accurately translated (as by Weymouth) it was a hill, and the great Sermon was a formal, public proclamation of "the Gospel of the Kingdom." His audience consisted of his twelve chosen apostles, his larger number of disciples ("multitude") and a still larger number of the following people—a sympathetic, attentive audience. The phrase "sermon on the Mount" is not in the text, but was supplied by the Editors and translators of the gospels—and "the whole of Christendom" has adopted it as a convenient description. By changing it now no advantage can be gained.

I may add that at the end of Matthew's version (which is paralleled in Luke by an almost equal number of lines and teachings) it is written: "When Jesus ended these words the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes" (vii. 28, 29). Luke writes: "After he had ended all his sayings in the ears of the people he entered into Capernaum" (vii. 1).

I in my turn now ask Miss Mabel Collins how she can longer maintain that Jesus "retreated" from the multitude (on this occasion) and gave a secret teaching to a handful up there "on the Path"? I recognize this as a part of that utterly pernicious thing called "Esoteric Christianity" which Theosophists of this generation have placed before us.

The second question leaves me aghast. Has your correspondent read the New Testament without realizing that Christ entered upon an ultra-public mission ending up with the words "Go ye unto all nations"? Of course he would wish that his disciples would convey, as best they could, his teaching to the multitude. "I came not to

call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"—not to teach those on the Path but the multitude. Finally, I protest against the innuendo that the multitude are *dogs* and *swine* in the eyes of Jesus. He had compassion on the people and gave them his best teaching in a manner suited to their varied abilities. It was the "dogs and swine" who trampled his teaching underfoot and drove him to the cross.

I deny that the Scriptures are a sealed book and that "no attempt is made by Christendom to obey the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount." On the contrary, the moral teachings of Moses and Jesus have saturated and sweetened the lives of countless millions of imperfect people, and remain the ideals after which they strive, and will strive. All the help Miss Mabel Collins gives to the "dogs" is to tell them that the best is reserved for a handful of spiritual *élite* who are "on the Path." May I ask to be introduced to these wonderful people?

I need not argue the doctrine of non-resistance over again. It is difficult to practise—especially where it is most needed. I refer your correspondent "A" to the history and practice of the Society of Friends, where much good testimony has been accumulated.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to an article in your July issue, "Occultism and Medicine," by R. M. Sidgwick.

On page 26 the writer states:—

"Those who are interested in a remarkable effort to place medical science upon a new basis should communicate with Miss D. Pethick, International Laboratories Co., Ltd., 55 Dorset Street, Baker Street, W.1, who has charge of the medical propaganda work of the Anthroposophical Society in England."

This information was probably correct at the time Mr. Sidgwick prepared his article, but since January the affairs of the Clinical and Therapeutic Institute and International Laboratories Co. of Arlesheim, Switzerland, where the remedies associated with the name of Dr. Steiner are prepared, have been under the control (in this country) of the British Weleda Co., Ltd., 21 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

As this information may be of interest to your readers, we will be glad if you will insert this letter in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

THE BRITISH WELEDA CO., LTD.

(F. D. DUNSMUIR, *Secretary*).

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is fifty years since Eliphas Lévi, the famous French occultist, passed from this life, precisely speaking on May 31, 1875, and the latest issue of *LE VOILE D'ISIS* may be called a memorial number; but it is very much more than this as regards importance and interest, for the three articles dedicated to *le rénovateur de l'occultisme* are presented to acquaint the contemporary occultists of Paris with the fact that after years of promise and expectant waiting a biography of Lévi—Alphonse Louis Constant—has at last appeared. It was announced some thirty years since, and throughout the long interval recurring rumours—at times vague, at times apparently definite—encouraged the belief that its publication was an event on the threshold. Our recollection also, at its value, tells us that more than one name, well known in the esoteric circles of Paris, was connected with the writing of the life. The actual biographer is M. Paul Chacornac, who is one of the editors of *LE VOILE D'ISIS*, and, moreover, its publisher. We do not propose to anticipate the formal appreciation and criticism which will follow when the volume is actually in our hands, so it must be sufficient to say now that the articles to which we have referred are firstly a note on the life and a panegyric on Lévi, by M. Redonnel, secondly a reprint of the preface which M. Victor Michelet contributes to the work itself, and lastly a short study of the man and his record by M. Chacornac, who affirms that in his capacity as a Christian Eliphas Lévi penetrated the hidden sense of religion and as an occultist did not cease to be Christian. The story that he disavowed on his death-bed "the whole of his past life" is qualified as rash, but he received presumably those last ministrations which the Church of his childhood accords to those who have lived under its obedience or have made peace therewith.

LE MONDE NOUVEAU has been issuing from month to month a long series of letters on alchemical subjects written by August Strindberg and addressed for the most part, but not entirely, to our friend M. Jollivet Castelot. They are really curious reading, reminiscent of things and people belonging to those nineties of last century which seem now so far away. Tiffereau, Papus, Sédir, Chamuel are familiar among names cited, while Strindberg appears as a contributor to *L'HYPERCHIMIE*, *L'INITIATION*, etc., and becomes a member of the Alchemical Society of France. He is anxious for the foundation of an Institut Papus and for regular laboratory work. His alchemical hypothesis regards gold as a product of water, not of fire, and he refers to an Austrian professor then engaged in proving by mathematical and spectro-analysis that all the supposed elements represent degrees in the condensation of hydrogen. . . . The ARCHIVES

DU SPIRITISME MONDIAL, representing the *Fédération Spirite Internationale* of Paris, continues to appear in French, English and Spanish. It is an excellent record of things done and a register in advance of those laid down for the immediate coming time. But we regret the fact that its place of publication purports to be a *Maison des Spirites*. Labels of this kind are unserious and almost comic: we are reminded of a "penny dreadful romance" of our childhood which was called "The Ghost's House in the Lonely Road." The main concern and certainly the chief interest of the current number is the forthcoming International Spiritist Congress, in September next at Paris, under the presidency of Gabriel Delanne. The programme is apparently complete, and the appeal issued by the Executive Committee to "the spiritualists of the world at large" has received encouraging replies from all quarters; but it is obvious that financial help is required in view of the heavy expenses involved. This is now asked for and will, as we trust, be forthcoming.

M. Ernest Bazzano writes in defence of the soul in LA REVUE SPIRITE, by way of rejoinder to Richet, Dr. Jaworski and Dr. William Mackenzie, who express their disdain of our "miserable intellectuality," "our little I" and "the so-important ego of metapsychists," with a view to belittle and lampoon the suggestion that humanity has any claim on immortality, or even survival, in any personal sense. The great names of the past in all spheres of intellectual activity—philosophy, science, literature, pictorial art, and high spiritual sanctity—are cited on the other side, after which the convictions of Sir William Barrett and Sir Oliver Lodge are contrasted with those of Richet and the rest as their peers in research and experience in the domain of psychology. There is no call to adjudicate here on our own part, and indeed no special title, for no settlement of the subject will be ever reached by debate. In our own view it has been settled long since by the evidential science of spiritual and mystical life in all ages and among all religions, while psychical research itself is likely in our firm opinion to determine survival affirmatively before many decades have passed. We shall hear meanwhile these voices, and those in the spiritual camp will perhaps act wisely by not exaggerating their importance, while admitting their utter sincerity: they are the rattle in the throat of materialism, now on its bed of death and abandoned by its own doctors. LA REVUE SPIRITE has also an article by Camille Flammarion on manifestations of survival.

A new "international review" has been founded in France under the suggestive title of METANOIA and extends to eighty pages of unusually attractive appearance: it is illustrated, moreover, by vignette portraits of contributors and by full-page psychic pictures, two of which are coloured. Altogether it is an elaborate production, the more remarkable perhaps as it seems to be a private venture. The editor-in-chief is Mme. Abel Gattefossé, whose acquaintance we make for the first time, and as much may be said for the contributors, with

the exception of Léon Denis, who communicates an automatic script transmitted through a blind medium. It is entitled *l'union des savants matérialistes et spiritualistes* and deals with the clash of opinion on psychic subjects, but seems to reach no clear issue. The shorthand report of a talk on "Wisdom Faces" by Han Rayner seems to us mere verbiage, though he is described as "the great individual philosopher," having a "reputation that nothing can stifle," apparently as a "prince of tale-tellers." Another automatic communication is on the true sense of life, and there is an account of materializations at Mantes. Capt. Stéfan Christesco, a retired engineer in the Roumanian Military Marine, described as the author of twenty-four treatises and a defender of Euclidian geometry against Einstein and others, has the advantage of twenty pages for the first instalment of his new system, devoted to Scientific Cosmogony: it will be continued in future numbers and illustrated by plates. Finally, Miss Lillian Gilpin, an English lady, contributes a serial romance entitled RARA AVIS, translated anonymously into French and described as exhibiting occult science in action. METANOIA is a Greek word which signifies change of mind and repentance, but the programme of the new periodical—printed in French and English—explains that it is used to signify metamorphosis of intelligence and conversion. We question whether such a title promises the success which we wish the new venture, to future issues of which we shall look forward. It is to be hoped that eccentricities will be avoided: there are too many in the first number. Whether there is room in France for a new magazine devoted to spiritualism in the broader sense of the term, its philosophy and phenomena, we do not pretend to say; but it is certain to miss the mark by ignoring the clarity which characterizes French metaphysical thought.

Mrs. Bligh Bond continues in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW her account of things seen psychically in her childhood: they are told in picturesque language and with convincing sincerity. There is also a long analytical Study of the Horden Committee Report on the electronic reactions of Dr. Abrams. The researches continue, but the Report acknowledges that "certain substances, when placed in proper relation to the emanometer of Boyd, produce, beyond any reasonable doubt, changes in the abdominal wall of 'the subject' of a kind which may be detected by repercussion." The fact of these changes constitutes the discovery of Abrams, and the finding of this Committee reverses that of an investigating staff of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which declared that the reactions had no basis in fact. The Report is preliminary and does not go further than admit that something happens. . . . THE MESSAGE OF THEOSOPHY, representing the Society in its Burma section, commemorates the transition of Madame Blavatsky on May 8, 1891, and reproduces a sketch of her life which appeared in the THEOSOPHIST for April, 1909. . . . THE MESSENGER presents a picture of H.P.B. in her youth, but omits to mention the source, and we are left to speculate whether it is produced from an

extant portrait or is an imaginary design . . . THEOSOPHY IN SOUTH AFRICA has a study of cosmic consciousness, which quotes from many sources on the subject of normal consciousness, and of course at length from Bucke on that of the wider kind. . . . THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST continues its articles on Occult Masonry and identifies the Acacia with the Tree of Life.

THE EASTERN BUDDHIST of Kyoto, Japan, is once more full of instruction for us in the western world. Its first article divides the Buddhism of that country into two groups, a "Self-power School" which teaches individual salvation on the basis of moral purity and enlightenment, while the "Other-power School" imposes absolute reliance on the grace of Buddha. We are reminded obviously of the Catholic doctrine that "faith without works is dead" and its now almost obsolete antithesis, which used to decry works as the "rags of righteousness" and placed all its trust in the mediatorial office of the Son of God. We are given a series of sayings extracted from the writings of a "modern mystic" belonging to the second Japanese School or Sect. He died so recently as A.D. 1900, and is said to have had a large following. One of his instructions tells us that "according to the other schools of Buddhism, good is only practicable after the eradication of evil," but that "this is like trying to dispel darkness first in order to admit the light"—at least an apt comparison. A second article embodies an excellent appreciation of Professor Rudolf Otto's work on Zen Buddhism, which has been translated recently into English. There is, finally, an account of the ruined temples of Kamakura, an ancient city which suffered heavily in the earthquake of 1923.

Some of the Masonic periodicals are of more than usual interest. THE SQUARE has an informing article on the Order of Knights Templar in Canada and the United States, arising out of a new proposition to establish it in Australia, where as yet it has never taken root. . . . LE SYMBOLISME has something to tell us of Alexandre Dumas and his fictitious presentation of Masonic ceremonial in the MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN: the great French romancer did not happen to be a Freemason. . . . LA FENICE is a monthly review devoted to initiation in general and Masonry in particular. It represents the Order in Italy, appears at Rome, and is entering on its third year, in an enlarged form. It has grown also in importance, though we do not pretend to know how far it reflects the feelings and ideals of the Craft in that Latin country, under the watchful eye of Fascism. There are articles on regeneration, a study arising out of the Phœnix myth which gives its title to the review; on Masonry and Manichæan doctrine; on the tongue of the symbol; and on man considered as the microcosm. We note also a certain disposition towards the occult and hermetic order of ideas.

REVIEWS

POWER AND PURPOSE: Cameos of Life. By H. Ernest Hunt, Author of *Self-training; Nerve Control; A Book of Auto-suggestions*, etc. etc. Royal 16mo. Pp. 95. London: Rider & Co., 33-36, Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE fifteen little essays comprising this volume cover a wide range. All, however, have a direct and intimate bearing on the conduct of everyday life; all are replete with wise counsel, and breathe a spirit of cheery helpfulness. "Power and purpose"! The very title carries inspiration and encouragement, while the designation of the sub-title, "Cameos of Life," is justified without exception. Obviously much thought has gone into the writing of these essays, which should be appreciated for their quality rather than judged by their length. "There is a peculiar satisfaction," our author reminds us in his chapter on *Purpose*, "in a thing done perfectly, in the feeling that a task is mastered in flawless fashion; for then we have rendered the maximum service."

Throughout his work Mr. Hunt, perhaps unconsciously, stresses the fact that the secret of happiness lies in unselfish service, in courageous devotion to some high ideal. As he puts it in the concluding paragraph of his essay on *Courage*:

Life is not all heroics, and likely enough we shall find most of our tasks in the realm of the prosaic. But anywhere and everywhere the call is for the same spirit of courage. We are called upon to do our utmost, but we are never called upon to succeed. When we have done all that is possible for us, the issue lies in higher hands than ours. But no man dare do less than this and face the issue unafraid. More than this no man can do; he has risen to the height, he has fought the good fight, he has finished the course.

We trust we have indicated fairly the quality of Mr. Hunt's charming "Cameos." On every page of the little book may be found helpful advice for the better conduct of daily life, and inspiration to renewed effort in pursuit of the ideal.

H. J. S.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE UNSEEN. By Miss L. M. Bazett, with an Introduction by Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S. Pp. 122. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. Price 5s. net.

THIS small book is a continuation of Miss Bazett's book, *After Death Communications*, giving records of news she has endeavoured to obtain, mainly through automatic writing, for their relatives, from those who have passed to the other side. Miss Bazett is frank enough to include failures as well as successes. One remarkable case is mentioned of a boy who was drowned in Australia: many details as to names of relatives, the character of the boy, etc., were given, which could by no possibility have been known to Miss Bazett through any ordinary channels.

Sir William Barrett in his Introduction says that, making all allowance for the subconscious content of the mind of the automatist, there remains certain supernatural information which cannot be explained

away by any faculty so far recognized by psychologists. This transcendental power, whatever it may be called, telæsthesia or cryptæsthesia, is, he considers, as fully proved as telepathy or such rare phenomena as fire-balls. He truly says that just as it was thousands of years before much progress was made in our knowledge of the physical universe, so it is little wonder if it takes a long period before progress is made in our knowledge of the unseen. It is all the more necessary to record carefully and to examine critically, psychical experiences conducted in the same painstaking and self-sacrificing spirit as these of Miss Bazett's. She is herself convinced that much of the communications recorded in this book comes from discarnate minds.

R. M. B.

THE MYSTICISM OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By D. H. S. Nicholson. Pp. 394. London: Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6*d.* net.

MR. NICHOLSON has filled in a gap in Franciscan literature which has long called for a book. He has taken the mystical doctrine of St. Francis and has subjected it to a penetrating analysis. To some lovers of the Saint of Assisi this may seem a cold and heartless thing to do; but Mr. Nicholson has approached his subject so lovingly as well as so open-mindedly as to disarm criticism from every angle.

The outstanding marks in the character of St. Francis are simplicity, humility and joy. Upon this triple foundation he builds up his mystical life, and they are, in the case of the Order of Friars Minor, given expression in the Vows of Poverty, Obedience and Chastity. The Franciscan interpretation of life (called by Mr. Nicholson "the formula of St. Francis") is an extraordinarily attractive one. It is full of colour, romance and joy. He does not seek for strange austerities but reacts quite simply and naturally to every experience of life as it comes. Pain and sorrow have their place, but they are not stressed to the exclusion of happiness and joy.

Mr. Nicholson has done great service to all lovers of St. Francis; and indeed to all students of Catholic mysticism. His book is a joy to read (the publishers have made it exceedingly "pleasant to the eyes"), and the illustrations from etchings by Lorenzo Laurenzi add very considerably to the charm of the volume and the "atmosphere" of the whole. We can commend this book to all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

MICHAEL HARDY.

MASQUERADES: STUDIES IN THE MORBID. By Shane Leslie. London: John Long, Limited, 12, 13 and 14 Norris Street, Haymarket. Price 7s. 6*d.* net.

MR. SHANE LESLIE is a master of the short story. And he is also a master of style. He educates the English language and reveals its immense possibilities. Under his magical touch mere words develop soul and unleash their evocative powers to an astonishing degree. He does not lay the word on the analytical operating table and dissect it like a skilled literary surgeon. Instead, he applies the burning-glass of concentration till the word, emulating the phoenix, bursts into the flame of a magical creation, vibrant, dynamic, and pulsing with a life that is peculiarly its own.

Each of the twenty-one stories in this volume is a complete work of art. Not a word too much. Not a word too little. Each tale is a magical carpet that rapidly translates the reader into a new imaginative world, a world that completely absorbs him. To get the full flavour, they should

be read as a good cigar is smoked,—slowly and with discrimination. They are so concentrated that, on finishing a tale, the reader will seem to have digested a long but absorbing novel. Some, like "The Necrophile" and "The Evil Eye" are occultly morbid; some are extravagant and fantastic, as the Arabian Nights, though more realistic; and others are creations of airy beauty, like "Midir and Etain" or "The Weird Gilly," which are equal to anything Yeats has written.

Mr. Shane Leslie has happily married in himself the man of the world and the mystic, the epicure and the ascetic, the philosopher and the artist, and their offspring, though containing them all, is unlike any of them. He is above all a Magician of Words.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE FACULTY OF COMMUNION. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, D.B.E. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.4; New York, Toronto, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THERE is a serenity and "sweet reasonableness" in Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton's book, which comes gently to the tired brain of the reviewer, wearied with controversial heat-waves, and the ponderous jargon of many would-be pundits.

That the awareness of an all-pervading spiritual world whose denizens have been even as we, and the "faculty of communion" with that world are latent, but essential to the scheme of existence—such is the author's standpoint. "Our perception of God," she suggests, "should develop with our own development." And, "The study of psychology has revealed, and is still revealing, undreamed-of possibilities in the nature of man, alarming to some imaginations, stimulating to others. . . . All growth in spiritual knowledge is a gradual process, and since the practice of communion with the dead has always existed in Christian Churches, there is no need to be afraid of the new developments."

The fact of survival once assured, gives materialism its death-blow. Mrs. Lyttleton pleads in effect that the Christian Churches should recognize this; and consider without bias the claims of *Psychical Research* which is striving to establish, however imperfectly, the practical and definite laws which govern this comparatively new field of scientific inquiry. Granted that intercommunion with beloved friends in the Unseen is a part of the Divine plan, the direct touch of soul with soul without the intervention of an outside intermediary, would be the crowning gift of our earth life. Here come the difficulties caused often enough by our own ignorance, sometimes "even by our eagerness."

In her very fine concluding chapter, the author puts forward the "deeper aspects" of Communion.

"If human love is part of the Divine love, if communion with the Divine love is not only enjoined by Him but explicit directions given as to the manner of it, is He, when at last human beings with bleeding hands have begun to pull out stones in the dividing wall of death, is He going to condemn them for signalling to those they have loved, and who they confidently believe are held in His love elsewhere?"

So let us go forth in faith and courage, nothing doubting!

EDITH K. HARPER.

WILL MEN BE LIKE GODS? By Owen Francis Dudley. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xii + 83. Price 2s.

FATHER DUDLEY writes quick, clear English, graceful in a muscular way; but he is liable to lapses in logic and, with a flame-like aspiration towards the Heaven of Jesus Christ and St. Peter, fails to appreciate the efficiency of mere bliss as an excuse for life. While the worship of humanity, represented by its contemporary specimens, would be scarcely more defensible than the apotheosis of Diocletian and Poppeia, an industrious reverence for a human perfection intelligently prophesied might be a very valuable force. "Religion treats me as a rational being. Humanitarianism treats me as an unthinking dupe," says Father Dudley. If that is true it must be because some vicious quack has given humanitarianism an arbitrary meaning repugnant to etymology. If drowsy mandragora gets called bromo-seltzer I also may write a chapter on "The Goodness of the Godless."

My objection to humanity-worship is mainly that the thought of the present existence of a being or beings accessible to the voice of my desire and tremendously greater than men stands in my mind almost with the firmness of a fact. My sense of this Power or these Powers would remain even if it were proved to me that the entire Bible was the work of careless novelists.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's introduction to Father Dudley's little work has some characteristic flashes. Perhaps the finest is this: "Man is maimed as well as limited by arresting those upward gestures that are so natural to him."

W. H. CHESSON.

THE HOME OF AN EASTERN CLAN. By Mrs. Leslie Milne, F.R.A.I., M.R.A.S. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Pp. viii + 428 + 20 plates. Price 16s. net.

To Mrs. Leslie Milne belongs the credit of pioneering in translation, for she found it necessary to acquire the Palaung tongue by direct association of sound with objects and actions. Only an unusually industrious and sociable traveller could have produced such a volume as this with so much excuse for superficiality. For we have here an intimate and elaborate study of a people, ceremonious and psychic, addicted to superstition as are the indolently imaginative in our own land.

One of the Palaung beliefs is that a person whom they call a "bre" and who may be male or female, has the power to project his or her spirit into another person's body. The "bre" receives things for nothing even when willing to pay, "as no one would take money from a bre for fear an evil influence should be transmitted with it."

In England a mascot may be a ridiculous trinket manufactured by the thousand by a commercial cynic with as little ritualistic preparation as if the object were a nail or a corkscrew; but Mrs. Milne describes a process of making a Palaung amulet which would horrify the average English murderer.

The Palaung cosmogony scarcely deserves to be termed a science, but those, increasingly numerous among freethinkers, to whom the monkey does not chatter Darwinism, will note with interest that the Palaung supposes that eight spirits, seduced by the pleasure of eating, lost their ethereality by innumerable meals, were unable to fly, and became men and women.

Here I take leave of a really fascinating volume which is worth piles of athletes' books, typically recounting ascents of this or that mountain.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D.
Oxford: The Clarendon Press. Price 12s. 6*d.* net.

THIS book is intended to be the first of a series to be published by the Clarendon Press, the aim of which is to provide wise and sober instruction on questions of Religion and Theology for the use of theological students and others.

Dr. Selbie has dealt with his subject thoroughly and calmly. He has looked psycho-analysis full in the face, and, while admitting its uses, has pointed out its exaggerations and pitfalls. He has marked out the distinction between the subconscious mind, with its instinctual qualities, and what may be called the superconscious mind, which is the receptacle of true religious enlightenment, a distinction which the ordinary psychologist is too apt to overlook. Rightly also does he observe that, from the religious point of view, too much attention has been paid to morbid and psychopathic states of mind to the exclusion of those which are normal and life-giving. His style is pleasing and his material well arranged and digested.

Yet, when all this is said, it must be admitted that the book leaves us with a sense of disappointment. The usual scientific method of approach, which this book takes, is inadequate in dealing with such a fundamental principle as the soul of man. Time after time Dr. Selbie is forced to limit his inquiry in order to avoid trespassing upon the domain of philosophy. But it is only by philosophy that we can arrive at the true nature of the soul itself, a matter about which Dr. Selbie has, at present, little to tell us.

G. H. BONNER.

THE QUEST OF LIFE. By J. C. Wright. A. M. Philpot, Ltd. Price 3s. 6*d.*

FRAGMENTARY essays often reveal a pleasing philosopher and in Mr. J. C. Wright's budget we sense a personality which has been strongly influenced by the most popular optimistic school of that ilk, Emerson, Trine and Crane. It is a kindly, thoughtful posy all the same, and I like Mr. Wright on less hackneyed themes such as "Trifles," "The commonplace" and "The Art of Being Still" exceedingly well.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE BORDERLAND: SOME OF THE PROBLEMS OF INSANITY. By Theo. Bulkeley Hyslop. 10 in. x 6 in., pp. viii. + 310. London: Philip Allan & Co. Price 32s. 6*d.*

THIS volume consists largely of unrelated essays, though all dealing more or less definitely with borderland problems. It is about the length of an average novel; but by the use of such expedients as wide margins, thick paper, and so forth, it is given the appearance of a big book, and on the strength of this a very big price is asked.

Not being a single piece of work, this book does not offer a consistent presentation of its subject. But the author's views are, in general, an attempt (as the publisher announces) to modernize Nordau. Dr. Hyslop thinks that most advanced writers, artists, thinkers and scientists

are borderland cases; that is, on the verge between sanity and insanity. All those who believe in psychical phenomena are particularly verging towards madness. In this case it is not to be expected that readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will be able to appreciate Dr. Hyslop's reasoning. I will note, however, that those essays of the author which do not directly bear on this subject are admirable; among the best are those on ear-strain, alcoholism, and especially a very fine paper on self-control.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AND THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD. By Sir J. G. Frazer. Vol. 3: The Belief among the Micronesians. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. \times 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Pp. ix + 326. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 18s. net.

SIR JAMES FRAZER'S industry and devotion continue unabated. In this latest volume we may feel perhaps that too much space is devoted to details not entirely relevant to the theme of the book; we may feel also that Sir James's summary way of dismissing the native priests and medicine-men as either fools or charlatans is getting a little monotonous; but his masterly handling and analysis of large numbers of diverse facts remains as remarkable as ever, as does his inimitable and poetic style.

Micronesia is that stretch of small islands which occupies the Western Pacific to the south of Japan and to the approximate north of New Guinea. Nearly all the peoples of these islands believe in personal immortality and among the more interesting of their beliefs may be mentioned that they think the soul has the shape of the body, that it cannot leave the latter until the body has decayed, that it then goes on long journeys to heaven and hell, and so on. The student will refer direct to Sir James Frazer.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

BE PEACEMAKERS. By L. Lind-af-Hageby. London: The A. K. Press, 35 Old Bond Street. Pp. 54. Price 6d. net.

THE author of this pamphlet is well known as a worker for humanitarian ideals, and her "Appeal to Women of the Twentieth Century to Remove the Causes of War" is sure to find many readers. She points out very forcibly that, without the help of women, war could not be carried on for any length of time, and thinks that women should refuse to bear children for war-purposes, or to undertake any work that sets men free for the fighting-line. She holds that women have in their hands the power to abolish war for ever, and that "the movement for the liberation of women from the oppression and mental restrictions of the past is identical with the movement to abolish war"; further, that the admittance of feminine thought-influence into social and international politics will bring into play the creative, as opposed to the destructive, tendencies of human nature. The militarist side of the otherwise so admirable Boy Scout Movement, as shown up in these pages, will probably be a shock to many people, and it is to be hoped that the passages quoted may be eliminated from future editions of Scout Maxims—especially as the leader of the movement himself disclaims militarism. Miss Lind-af-Hageby has much to say that is worthy of careful pondering, and her book should be studied by all thoughtful women who have the future of the human race at heart.

E. M. M.

ALL SORTS: A LITERARY REVUE. By Rathmell Wilson. London: S. Carlyle-Potter, 39 Wardour Street. Pp. 215. Price 5s. net.

THERE is nothing that is of special interest to the occultist as such in this collection of essays and fragments; but it is an eminently readable book that will be appreciated by all sorts and conditions of readers. Mr. Wilson is a true Bohemian, witty, vivacious, cultured, satirical, yet tender and kindly withal, and of an irrepressible gaiety of temperament. He describes himself as a rolling stone who has met all sorts of people in all sorts of places; and he tells of what he has seen with a lightness of touch and a grace and ease of literary style which make him a most pleasant and entertaining companion. In the shorter pieces, unpretentiously called "Episodes," because they are too slender to be called stories, his mood of wistful tenderness sometimes gets perilously close to tearful sentimentality; but the descriptive pieces, giving impressions gathered in many parts of Europe, could not be bettered. They are, in fact, perfect examples of their kind—sensitive, atmospheric, humorous, and wise. Of Paris, and in a lesser degree of Italy, Mr. Wilson writes with deep and affectionate understanding; but with the prevailing spirit of "post-war" London he has no temperamental affinity.

A word of praise is due to the publisher for the attractive manner in which the book has been produced.

COLIN STILL.

THE PSYCHOLOGY AND TRADITION OF COLOUR. By Hylda Rhodes, B.-es-Ls. With Foreword by Dr. Henri M. Léon. 7¼ ins. × 4¾ ins., pp. 128. London: The C. W. Daniel Company, Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MISS RHODES is evidently a colour enthusiast and she here writes very pleasingly on her favourite topic, her book, in addition to a long introductory chapter, consisting of seven essays dealing with Red, Blue, Yellow, Green, Purple, Black, and White respectively, their æsthetic and psychotherapeutic values and the traditions and symbolism attaching to each. Colour appeals to a deep-seated instinct in man and its appreciation is more primitive and calls for less highly developed intellectual powers than does the appreciation of form. "In the subconscious levels of our being," writes the authoress, "truths about colour potencies are intuitively known, but the conscious reasoning side of our natures oftentimes

TWO NEW BOOKS ABOUT THE EXTRA-HUMAN SIDE OF NATURE

By GRAHAME HOUBLON

THE CRACK IN THE WALL 2/6

"Twelve short stories, all dealing with some phase of the supernatural the fictitious element in the book is no more than the garment in which, for the sake of convention, the author has clothed the naked facts."—OCCULT REVIEW.

WITCHING WAYS 6/=

"A really amusing story, which tells of the battle between a devil-may-care officer and two very wicked old witches, whom he eventually defeats."—*Light*.

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

accepts these intuitions without knowing why." Colour and music not only beautify life, but they are absolutely essential for its full and complete development, and Miss Rhodes is naturally in favour of the reaction against Victorian drabness and of the present-day tendency to make freer use of colour, though as concerns the employment of coloured materials for personal adornment she thinks (and she is probably right) that men have still a good deal to learn from women, and perhaps still more to learn from flowers and birds. "Man," she writes, "who lives by reason as well as by instinct, has not yet learned that colour is a great and wonderful gift that can be consecrated to the noblest ends, and so bring a greater harmony, a more joyous completeness to life and its manifold expressions."

What she has to say concerning the symbolism and occult tradition of colours is always interesting; but she does not quote her authority for the allocation of colours to the astrological planets, and the accuracy of her scheme of astrological colour symbolism is open to question.

Dr. Léon contributes a very interesting Foreword to the book in which he touches on the important question of how the various colours came to have the names by which they are known attached to them.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HEALING FOR ALL. By "Octavia." London: The Panacea Society.
Pp. 128. Price 2s. 6d. net.

EXCEPT among the few, the Joanna Southcott Movement has always been more or less an object of ridicule, but readers of this publication will gather that its followers believe their faith to have been justified by "works," an account of which they now present to the world at large. The book claims to contain "the Story of the Greatest Discovery of Any Age"—the discovery being a new method of healing, "by water and the Spirit." It is said that large numbers of people have already benefited by this method—a statement which no reasonable person would venture to refute, having regard to the cures standing to the credit of so many other "faith" systems. But whether the cures and improvements can be attributed to the causes here assigned to them is another matter, and one on which each reader must judge for himself. We are told that not only men, but also animals and plants, respond to this "Divine Remedy," and that it will affect pecuniary circumstances and adjust difficult family relations! For the sake of any who may wish to investigate further, it may be said that all particulars can be obtained from C. S. S., 46 Ebury Street, S.W.1.

E. M. M.

THE MESSAGE. Received through Automatic Writing by Alfred Wainwright. London: Arthur H. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d.

THIS book records some of the experiences and impressions of several friends of the Author in the Beyond, and especially of one of these to

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whom before her passing he was on the eve of marriage. The Messages are reverent in tone and reiterate much that has variously been given before through other channels: "As we have sown here so do we reap there, and love and service are the Golden Keys."

Through automatic writing vivid pictures are given of the various conditions of life beyond the Veil which at times is so thin a barrier between the two worlds, and none can dispute the assurance of "Jamas," the lady in question, that: "If only the earth world knew the great truths of the after-life they would avoid all wickedness as they would a deadly plague."

To those readers interested in spirit photography the account of a sitting last year with the Crew Circle (p. 49), will be interesting and instructive, in particular the method of procedure on the part of the spirit friends

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