

THE OCCULT REVIEW

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CORRESPONDENCE

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS

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George Sheringham 1907.

tendency to automatism, so strong among the Hebrews, must be eliminated in modern illuminates; otherwise there will be a reversion to a more primitive type, instead of an advance. The faculties formerly hallowed in sleep must now be *consciously* consecrated by man. In this age, illumination in Europeans, if it is to be healthy, must result from a conscious development of the creative imagination together with an intensification of the power of concrete thinking. The subject of illumination, like everything else, must be brought up to date. As far as I know, Dr. Rudolf Steiner is the only man who has formulated modern requirements in this connection.

Dr. Hall takes Moses as the typical illuminate, and gives details of fifty canonical illuminati. Referring to Ezekiel, he writes: "To modern souls, his illumination seems as dazzling and as useless as the glare of lightnings in the night"; but it must not be forgotten that the greater the illuminate is, the more will he be misunderstood by the unilluminated. The pictures seen during illumination, though realities on another plane, are only suggestive symbols to man's ordinary consciousness. The contents of illumination are only fully revealed *in* illumination, though the *effects* of illumination (enhanced faculties and so forth) are apparent to all. Dr. Hall writes with the sincerity of conviction and I hope he will bring his studies into line with modern psychological requirements.

MEREDITH STARR.

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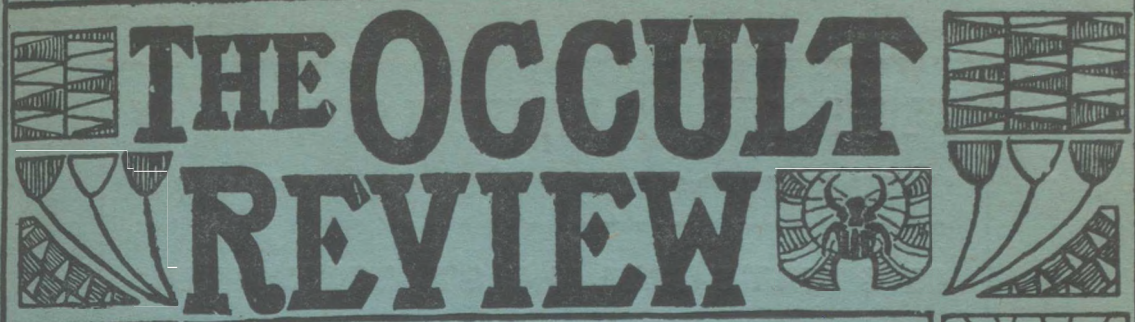
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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN the course of an interesting confession of his personal religious opinions—one of a series by well-known writers, contributed recently to the *Daily Express* (London, Eng.)—Hugh Walpole, the famous author, observes: "I became gradually suspicious that something of far greater import than the life of the body was involved in the history of each individual." He admits that to many of his own friends the possibility of anything but material life seems absurd, but that "at the last one can learn only through one's own experience." The significance of the latter remark is emphasized by the fact which he puts on record, that although he read a good deal on mystical subjects, he got but little help from books. A moment's thought will make it clear that this is no matter for surprise. Not even the best of books can take the place of personal experience in matters

concerning the inner life. No amount of reading of New Thought literature will bring about the desirable effects of well-directed thought power. The keenest academical interest in yoga philosophy will fail to advance the student one step towards personal experience of samadhi. The mystics may leave behind them the most detailed accounts of their inner experiences; the psychologist may analyse and classify them; the psycho-analyst may dissect them; one may exhaust all the works available on the subject, and yet be as far off as ever from a realization of that union with the Divine in which the mystical adventure culminates. For mysticism is not a matter of erudition, but of life. It is not a matter of creed, or formal belief. It is not confined to Christianity, or Buddhism, or Hinduism, but is found in all religions. It may, in fact, exist without any formulated religion at all; but this is rare.

It seems difficult for many souls to dispense with the aid of orthodox religion, and yet to retain the spirit of them all—to sense the immanent Life, the brooding presence of the Divine, “in whom we live and move, and have our being,” and, in the sanctuary of the heart, untrammelled by the trappings of dogma, to “worship Him in spirit and in truth.” It is perhaps in this failure to recognize the fundamental unity of all religions that the key is to be found to much of the unrest that characterizes life to-day. It is not that modern civilization is becoming more materialistic. Witness the eagerness with which the psychic evidence for human survival is seized upon by a public eager for an assurance that there is indeed “something of far greater import than the life of the body.” Rather is it that the formal creeds, as interpreted by orthodoxy, fail to satisfy the intellect, and thereby cease to influence the heart or life. Yet, hidden beneath the surface, the true spirit is there. How many parents, having ceased themselves to believe (as they think), yet hesitate to betray their scepticism to their little ones, and continue to encourage them in their childish prayers! They are wiser than they know. The religious impulse is merely being held in check by the inhibition of the mind. As universal as mankind itself, the impulse to worship is the one great witness to the kinship of man with God. In the mystic it finds its purest and most intense expression. “Mysticism is not a religion, but a method and a spirit common to all religions,” says the Rev. Charles Morris Addison, D.D., in his charming little introductory hand-

THE VALUE
OF EXPERI-
ENCE.

THE
NATURE OF
MYSTICISM.

book* to this great subject. Once the human soul has caught a whisper, however faint, from the land of its birth, its feet are set upon the Path of Return. The soul has become aware of a something greater, nobler, purer than itself. It has glimpsed the Divine Beauty and Perfection, and however long it may tarry on the way it may never more know perfect satisfaction in this world of maya.

The awakening of the soul may come about in many ways. Professor James in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and Dr.

THE SOUL'S
AWAKENING. Buck in *Cosmic Consciousness*, give many instances. Frequently it takes the form of religious "conversion." Sometimes a great love may be the means, as in the case of Dante and Beatrice. In still other cases the beauty of nature has been known to arouse the slumbering soul. But however it may come about, the yearning after God grows more and more compelling and insistent. It is the distinguishing mark of the mystic, and—to quote Dr. Addison again—"the obvious thing to be said about it is that it is what all of us know we ought to feel and to be. It is nothing esoteric, nothing mysterious. It is only what every 'professing Christian' professes to be his duty—to 'seek first the Kingdom of God.'"

Thereafter everything becomes subordinate to the one dominant motive. The whole life is re-attuned. In the first flush of his fervour the mystic is frequently carried away by an intensity of repudiation of everything that stands between himself and the Beloved—the selfishness, the sloth, the passions and pride of the personality—to extremes of self-mortification which shock the susceptibilities of normal folk. The very eagerness of the soul for God drives it to these exaggerations. It is not that the mystic sees any virtue in suffering for its own sake; still less does it arise from any wish to placate an angry Deity. He is only desperately in earnest, and in his eagerness liable to strip himself of more than is needful. It is, however, a very necessary step on the upward path, this subjection of the personality. It is part and parcel of the Way of Purgation, which every mystic must tread. As soon as the "snake of self" has been firmly grasped and conquered, peace once more will reign within.

But it must not be supposed that this peace will last for ever. This first wave of exultation will inevitably recede. Progress and pain go hand in hand. Having tasted the joys

* *What is Mysticism?* By the Rev. Charles Morris Addison, D.D. Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net.

of Divine companionship ; having learned to work in the glorious sunlight, the neophyte has next to learn to work with equal enthusiasm when the sky is overcast and the Light is withdrawn. The great ordeal of spiritual aridity, of which the mystics write so much, falls upon him. The greatest of the saints have passed through it ; none have escaped it entirely. The law of action and reaction holds good even upon the higher planes. We can only surmise that the longer or shorter period of duration of this period of trial is dependent on the karma of the individual.

In the meantime, the two great instruments in the hands of the mystic are Prayer and "The Practice of the Presence of God"—two means so obviously simple as to arouse the scorn of the sophisticated. How often is intellect the bar to spiritual illumination ! Ever the mind is the great barrier, the great separator, standing in the way of the soul's advancement. As Madame Blavatsky says in *The Voice of the Silence*, "The mind is the Slayer of the Real. Let the disciple slay the Slayer." We may find the same thought expressed in more familiar terms in the well-known precept : "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of God." Far from disdain-

INTELLECT *v.* the use of prayer, it is the mystic's most potent
SPIRITU- weapon. But then there are degrees of prayer,
ALITY. from the rudimentary petition of the untutored
savage to the contemplation of the saint. The
prayer of the mystic is closely akin to occult meditation. Take
the teaching of Madame Guyon on the subject :—

First, as soon as the soul by faith places itself in the Presence of God, and becomes recollected before Him, let it remain thus for a little time in profound and respectful silence.

But if, at the beginning, it feels some little pleasing sense of the Divine presence, let it remain there and proceed no further, but carefully cherish the sensation while it lasts. . . .

I would warmly recommend it to all, never to finish prayer without remaining some little time after in a respectful silence. It is also of the greatest importance for the soul to go to prayer with courage and such a pure and disinterested love as seeks nothing from God but the ability to do His will. . . .

Go then to prayer, not that ye may enjoy spiritual delights, but that ye may be either full or empty, just as it pleaseth God.

Note the injunction to silence both at the beginning and end of the time of prayer. The lower mind is to be stilled so that the deeper consciousness may find an opportunity of coming to the surface, while the upward-striving attention seeks to catch a reflection from the higher levels. The attitude of alert

attention, of "listening" as it were, marks the difference between the higher and lower mediumship. To still the mind without this positive upreaching is to lay oneself open to control by outside influences, which may more often than not be of an undesirable character. Even obsession may result from persistence in such a course. As a consequence of the occult tradition still to be found within the Roman Catholic Church, its leaders have always been aware of the dangers arising from ignorant efforts in this direction, and have definitely set themselves against the practice. This positive attitude of the soul towards everything but God is the mystic's safeguard. Once more, to quote from the little treatise by Dr. Addison:—

A NOTE OF
WARNING.

It is all in line with that intense initial and growing desire we have been harping on. Knowing, as we have seen, that God and they belong together, and that God may be found within, in that part of their nature which most resembles God, they sink into that inmost self in silent contemplation, concentrate all their powers within, and there wait for God to reveal Himself.

What the yogi accomplishes by effort of the will the mystic achieves by the power of love.

The practice of the Presence of God, by which the life of the mystic at times other than those of contemplation is brought into line with his all-absorbing purpose, is notably demonstrated by Brother Lawrence, a simple Carmelite (1611-1691), but a man of deep spirituality. It is said of him that:—

. . . he had no other care but faithfully to reject every other thought, that he might perform all his actions for the love of God.

That the most excellent method which he had found of going to God was that of doing our common business without any view of pleasing men, and as far as possible purely for the love of God.

That we were as strictly obliged to adhere to God by action in the time of action as by prayer in its season.

As a matter of fact, Brother Lawrence confesses that he often found that he was more closely united to God in his daily work than at the time of his devotions. The non-attachment which the karma-yogi sets before himself as his ideal is attained by the mystic in the practice of doing everything for God. To quote from the little volume of letters from extracts received by Mrs. Besant from Indian friends, published under the title of *The Doctrine of the Heart*:—

KARMA-
YOGA.

He who resigneth all sense of self, and maketh himself an instrument for the Divine Hands to work with, need have no fear about the trials

and difficulties of the hard world. "As Thou directest, so I work." This is the easiest way of passing outside the sphere of individual karma, for one who layeth down all his capacities at the Feet of the Lord creates no karma for himself.

The mystic and the occultist, the wisdom of the East and the religion of the West, after all speak the same language. If only we could realize that spirituality is not a function of the intellect, and that dogma has no place in the spiritual life, the path of mysticism is as open to us to-day, in the busy cities of the world, as it was to the cloistered monk of old. By all means let us accept whatever evidence psychic science has to offer on the subject of human survival after death. In so far as these facts make it easier for the mind to throw wide open its doors to the Light of the Spirit, they are helpful. Science and religion should go hand in hand, each helping the other; but in the final analysis the one is a matter of the intellect, while the other involves something higher, something transcending the limitations of the mind, something appertaining to the very heart of our being. Admitted that belief in human immortality on the strength of psychic evidence is better than sheer materialism, that in itself is no ground for spiritualism to be regarded in the light of a religion rather than as a science, as, according to current Press reports, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in his address before the International Congress of Spiritualism, recently described it.

In the present issue of this magazine appears an account by a member of the committee of investigation into the mediumship of "Margery," under the auspices of the *Scientific American*,
 SPIRITUA- proving to the satisfaction of Dr. Hereward Carrington, a psychical investigator of great experience and
 LISM A repute on both sides of the Atlantic, the existence
 RELIGION ? of remarkable psychic powers and the survival of
 human personality; but nothing is indicated in the nature of religion. Religion, the instinct to worship, is not a matter of evidence, other than that of the inner and unshakable conviction which characterizes the mystical knowledge of the Divinity within. Truly, to quote Hugh Walpole again, "at the last one can learn only through one's own experience"; and there is no experience more intimate, more vital, more unchallengeable than that of the mystic. "I live, yet not I, but God in me." Such is the burden of the mystic's song. He needs no further evidence. No argument can strengthen one's sense of identity. To quote from Récéjac, the brilliant French writer on mysticism: "In its earlier stages the mystic consciousness feels the Absolute in

opposition to the self. . . . When it reaches its term, the consciousness finds itself possessed by the sense of a Being at one and the same time greater than the self and identical with it : great enough to be God, intimate enough to be me." Substitute "Divine" for the debatable "Absolute," and we have a noteworthy description of the mystical consciousness. The real aim of religion is precisely the attainment of this higher consciousness, and the necessary inner unfoldment is only to be brought about by the prayer of aspiration. True, we are enjoined by the author

SPIRITUAL of *Light on the Path* both to "seek the way by
ASPIRATION. retreating within," and to "seek the way by advancing boldly without," and are reminded that all steps

are necessary to make up the ladder. But finally the Way is to be sought by "making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within," when, "steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know that you have found the beginning of the Way." Worship, religion then is the key to the sanctuary, and the inclusion of spiritualism in this category is, in our opinion, a regrettable confusion of terms. Spiritualism is a definite branch of psychic *science*, contributing valuable data in regard to the hidden laws of human being, but nevertheless a science, and not a religion. Even the yogi, whose goal is the attainment of cosmic consciousness, a goal practically identical with that of the mystic, is careful to describe his system as a science, a divine science. "Yoga is the science which teaches us how to get these (spiritual) perceptions" says Swami Vivekananda in his well-known treatise on *Raja Yoga*. The goal of religion, as of yoga, is to realize the divinity within. The goal of spiritualism is the establishment of an array of irrefutable evidence that death is not the end of life—a laudable object, but contributing in no way to the end for which apparently we incarnate on earth—to realize our own divinity.

To guide the attention of the masses along such channels is, of course, the province of the Church, but the dogma of the Church has lost its hold. Every attempt, therefore, to stimulate public interest in the spirit of religion as
A SPIRITUAL apart from the creeds of orthodoxy should be wel-
DRAMA. come by all thoughtful people. A notable effort in this direction is now being made, and the drama, perhaps the most powerful means of appeal, is being utilized for the purpose by the production at the Scala Theatre, London, of "*Fires Divine, a Play with a Message.*" The names of several prominent people are to be found among those actively interested in the venture, such as

Viscountess Grey of Falloden ; Lady Emily Lutyens ; the Ranee of Sarawak ; Miss Maude Royden ; Miss Lind-af-Hageby ; Lord and Lady Leigh ; and the Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth.

Not since the production of *The Miracle* some years ago have we come across a play maintaining such a high standard of spiritual appeal. *The Miracle*, however, was in the nature of a spectacle, while *Fires Divine* is simply though artistically staged, with the occasional introduction of effective lighting effects. Mrs. Rosalind Rossomer, the author, is not a dramatist, and confesses to being keenly conscious of having given inadequate expression to an inspired idea. The keynote of the play is distinctly feministic. We use the term in no derogatory sense.

THE DIVINE FEMININE. An integral part of the message which it is hoped to convey is that the salvation of the world depends upon its womanhood. Needless to say, the womanhood referred to is not the womanhood of cigarettes and jazz ! Critics in the Press have taken exception to the principal character, Lavinda Larvington, M.A., being a sort of feminine Christ. The conception of the Divine Feminine to some types of masculine mind, it would seem, is instinctively abhorrent. Many, however, will endorse the lines of Robert Browning—

There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure ;
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received
From God above her to mankind below !

Personally, with the establishment of womanhood on a higher basis, which we are witnessing to-day, we sense the possibility of the birth of a great spiritual renaissance. Only let woman be true to her higher self ; only let her become a channel for the Divine Wisdom, " mightily and sweetly ordering all things," and who shall set a limit to her redeeming influence ?

Marjorie Mars is to be congratulated on her portrayal of Lavinda, the spiritual leader, who is responsible for the conception of Unity Cathedral, a centre for the worship of God by all, without distinction of colour or religion. The sermon which she delivers from her pulpit becomes the medium for the conveyance of many points which could not otherwise find their way to the audience.

Another means of "getting the 'message' across" is the introduction of a bigoted materialist, whose biting sarcasm

and crude masculinity make a striking foil for the gentle presence of Lavinda. That the play appealed to emotions far different to those usually associated with the stage became apparent at the conclusion of a particularly effective scene, when the remark was heard that the act of applause under the circumstances seemed a sacrilege. Certainly the audience appeared to be at a loss to find an expression of their appreciation adequate to the occasion, and only after the lapse of some seconds had recourse to the usual clapping.

The plot centres round Lavinda and her lover. At the outset he sacrifices the woman he really loves to save his own skin, and disappears from view. Lavinda, emerging from her ordeal chastened and purified, goes about preaching and healing the sick. After living in hell with a woman he grows to hate, the lover at last finds himself free to marry again. He seeks out Lavinda, only to learn that she has "given herself to God." Concluding that she has taken the veil, he finds an outlet for his bitterness in attacking a woman known as "The Mystic Flame." In a fit of remorse on discovering her identity as Lavinda, he shoots himself; but Lavinda brings him back to life to work off his evil karma in the service of humanity. While he is wearing himself out in ceaseless political activity, a bomb kills Lavinda. Her work is done. In the epilogue the lovers are seen reunited on a higher plane.

If we venture any criticism it is only in minor details. There appears to be a danger of the play with a message deteriorating into a message without a play, if the policy of toning down is continued. The producers appear to have set themselves resolutely against the introduction of sensationalism. We ourselves fail to see any harm in the introduction of the customary "punch" into the play. The success of the enterprise, apart from financial considerations—which we gather do not weigh with those responsible for the effort—is surely dependent on the number of people who hear the message. Then why not bear in mind the fact that those who merely come to seek a thrill may find an inspiration? The fear that the retention of striking "effects" may lay the message of the play open to criticism is, in our opinion, without foundation. The theatre-goer pays for entertainment, and it is not reasonable to suppose that he will be satisfied with it. Give him at least the sound of the fatal revolver shot, and the distant percussion of the murderous bomb. Mystify him by feats of levitation, and long after these are forgotten he will have the truths of the "message"

to think about. For what it is worth, we offer this counsel in all friendliness, and wish the venture every success.

The practice of conscious auto-suggestion, with which the name of Monsieur Coué is so intimately associated, is again to the fore, in view of the establishment of the Coué-Orton Institute of which Monsieur Coué is the President d'Honneur.

Emile Coué has done a great deal of good, but it is only possible for one man to meet a fraction of those interested. It is hoped that all that Coué has done in person for the comparative few may be achieved by the world-wide promulgation through the medium of the postal service of a new and original series of lessons dealing with various important aspects of life, which may be summarized under the general title of Couéism.

COUÉ
LESSONS.

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Readers will be interested to learn that the series of articles by well-known writers on their religious views, which have been attracting so much attention recently in the British press, and to which reference is made at the beginning of these Notes, will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., under the title *My Religion*. Besides the original articles, the volume will include the more important correspondence on the subject. The price will be 2s. net in paper, and 2s. 6d. cloth (postage 4d. extra).

HARRY J. STRUTTON.

THE "MARGERY" CASE

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CRANDON INVESTIGATED BY THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" COMMITTEE

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON, PH.D.

WHEN Eusapia Palladino left America, in 1909, I never thought that it would be my good fortune to observe another case of genuine physical mediumship! Mediums of this type are so rare, and disappointments so many, that it had become almost a foregone conclusion, in my own mind, that I should never again see a striking case of the kind. And this foreboding seemed to be borne out by the years of purely negative results, and by the complete failure of the earlier tests conducted by the "Scientific American" Committee—of which I was one. Several applicants appeared—all of them, in our estimation, very palpable frauds; and, despite the attacks of various writers upon our methods, we have, I believe, nothing to retract as to these earlier séances. With the advent of "Margery," however, things changed, and a more serious turn to the investigation took place.

It is now a fairly open secret that "Margery" is but a *pseudonym* for Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, the wife of Dr. Crandon, a well-known physician of Boston. The first unofficial sittings were held in the summer of 1923—only a small group of intimate friends being present. Dr. Crandon had been interested in the subject for some time, theoretically, having read a number of books, but he had no idea that his wife was a medium. I may add that Mrs. Crandon had no idea either, and that she thought her husband "crazy" for interesting himself in the subject at all. At first she was merely one of the sitters, extremely bored by the proceedings, and infinitely preferring to dance instead! An incident at one of the very first sittings, however, served to indicate that she was in fact the medium, and subsequent events proved this. The incident was the following:—

An altercation had taken place between two of the men seated at the table, and they had left it, and were standing at the other end of the room, arguing the point in dispute. Every one else had left the table also, with the exception of "Margery." Sud-

denly, one of the sitters exclaimed "Look at the table!" Sure enough, it was completely levitated, and remained so for some seconds, while they all rushed back to it—when it fell with a crash to the floor. From that moment, "Margery" was thought to be the medium of the party, and this was afterwards confirmed by a series of rappings.

Phenomena of all sorts soon developed—trance, automatic writing, table movements and levitations, raps, lights, movements of objects, etc. A variety of "controls" appeared during this stage of the development, but these were all eventually displaced by "Chester" (Walter), Mrs. Crandon's brother, who had been killed in an accident some years before. All these early sittings, with one or two exceptions, were held in red light—practically none of them being in complete darkness. In addition to the manifestations observed in the séance room, a number of semi-poltergeist phenomena also took place, all over the house, usually during a sitting, but also at other times. Clocks were stopped, articles of furniture moved about, the phonograph was started and stopped without apparent cause, musical sounds were heard in the halls, in the downstairs rooms, and so forth. A summary of these early manifestations has already been given in the July (1924) issue of the "Scientific American."

In December, 1923, Dr. and Mrs. Crandon visited England and France, and gave a few informal sittings to members of the S.P.R., and to Dr. Geley, at the Metapsychic Institute. At these sittings a few striking manifestations occurred, including some table levitations, under unusually good conditions, and in good light. Dr. Crandon returned to America with the firm conviction that, if they would sit in darkness, materializations and ectoplasm would be forthcoming. The sittings were accordingly continued, in January, 1924, in complete darkness, and these conditions prevailed, in spite of all opposition, until a few weeks ago, when red light again began to be used. As a matter of fact, materializations and ectoplasm were *not* obtained, and few more striking phenomena were observed in the dark than had been obtained in the red light. In many respects, it is a great pity that darkness was ever permitted—even though it apparently stimulated other phenomena, such as the "direct voice" (whisper) in which long conversations were carried on. The same intimate circle of friends sat during these months of slow development, and until May, 1924, when the first sittings were held for the "Scientific American" Committee—which have continued, on and off, ever since.

The composition of this Committee was as follows: Dr. William McDougall; Dr. Daniel F. Comstock, Dr. Walter F. Prince, Houdini, and myself. We thus had on the Committee a psychologist, a physicist, a conjurer, and two psychical researchers. Mr. J. Malcolm Bird, associate editor of the "Scientific American," acted as secretary to the Committee, and many of the details fell to him. He participated actively throughout the entire series of sittings.

Most of the séances have been held in Dr. Crandon's home—in the library on the third floor. But equally successful sittings have also been held elsewhere—in Dr. Comstock's apartment, in the Laboratory of Harvard University, as well as in France and England, as before mentioned. We are all agreed that the locality makes no difference—any more than it did in the case of Eusapia, who gave sittings all over the world, with equally good results.

The procedure at one of our sittings would be about as follows: The medium would be searched in the next room, while other members of the Committee were looking over the séance room, apparatus, etc. She would then take her place in the cabinet, and give both her hands and feet to be held. Dr. Crandon usually occupied a position to her immediate right—holding her right hand in his. For scientific purposes, therefore, we had to assume that there was *no* control on that side, and one of the Committee members accordingly took up his position between Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, and controlled the hand and foot link between them—so that there was a double control on that side. (Dr. Crandon's right hand and foot were of course controlled by the sitter to *his* right.) The medium's left hand and foot were controlled by the sitter to her left. The circle was then completed, and the lights extinguished.

It would be extremely difficult to give a description of a typical séance, in the present case, because no single séance can be considered "typical." New phenomena of a totally unexpected character were constantly cropping up—usually when least expected. Developments were rapid, and at nearly every sitting some new manifestation took place which had not been observed before. Now it would be some luminous phenomenon; now an unexpected movement of the cabinet; now a series of lights, coincidental with the stopping of the phonograph in the corner of the room; now a series of movements of the scales, placed on the table in the centre of the circle, etc. Nevertheless, a sort of composite picture of a typical séance may be of interest.

The medium, after being searched, takes her place in the cabinet, and her feet and hands are controlled. The lights are then turned out, and the room plunged in darkness. The medium and the sitters converse in ordinary tones, and "Margery" joins in this conversation, since she never goes into trance throughout the séance. After a few minutes—sometimes almost immediately—a low whistle is heard, signalling the presence of her control, "Walter." A chorus greets him, and a whispered conversation ensues. The whisper is very low, and can only be heard by leaning far into the cabinet and listening attentively. Dr. Crandon does so, and repeats the conversation aloud. This is often very lively and full of fun. Certainly no one can accuse "Walter" of lacking a sense of humour! This whisper is usually in the immediate proximity of the medium's head, and, for scientific purposes, we have to assume that it issues from her lips. Occasionally, however, it may be some distance from her head—as located in the cabinet; and, on a few historic occasions, it has been heard in a distant corner of the room—at least eight feet away—when her mouth has been carefully covered by the hand of one of the investigators, all other mouths also being covered by the hands of other sitters. Under these conditions we have on several occasions heard a whisper in the corner of the room, saying "Hello, hello!" which certainly did not issue from the mouth of the medium, and which we all located in approximately the same place—in the corner of the séance room.

One very curious and characteristic thing repeatedly happened during many of our sittings, and that was the constant stopping of the phonograph—under excellent conditions of control. The machine was electrically driven, so that winding was never necessary; it was, moreover, provided with an automatic repeater, so that the same record was played over and over again without a moment's intermission. The medium was controlled, as usual, in the cabinet, held hand and foot, and every member of the circle was controlled by two other members, forming the chain. No one was at large in the room, and the machine stood at least eight feet from the cabinet. Yet it would repeatedly stop, slowly or abruptly, and would have to be started again by some member of the circle. Several times we had the machine overhauled by an expert; he pronounced it to be running perfectly. An expert electrician likewise examined the motor—also perfect! We would run the phonograph for two or three hours in the afternoon without a hitch. And yet, as soon as the séance commenced, it would stop—stop—as before. This has happened as

many as fifteen times during a single sitting, and was a very puzzling phenomenon indeed.

The lights which we observed varied greatly as to size, duration and brilliancy. Sometimes they would be tiny, fire-fly lights, which would last but a second or two. At other times, lights as big as saucers would be seen, and would remain visible for many minutes. These would move about, or remain stationary. They seemed to emit no light, and yet were quite brilliant at times. These lights sometimes appeared on the medium's clothing, or on her skin, and on at least one occasion the luminosity was transferred to *my* hand, after I had been controlling the left hand of the medium for some time. This died away after a few moments. The luminosity does not behave like luminous paint, for the reason that such paint glows with its greatest brilliance immediately the lights are extinguished, and gradually dies away. These psychic lights, however, do not begin to glow until some time *after* the lights are extinguished, and then become brilliant and die away again of their own accord, and move about of their own volition—when, of course, the medium is securely held hand and foot as before.

The violent movements of the cabinet were at times very extraordinary. I remember one particular occasion very vividly. No one was in the séance room with the exception of Committee members. The door had been blocked by pulling a heavy sofa across it, upon which sat Dr. Comstock's private secretary, who was tied to one of its legs by means of tape, the knots being sealed. Dr. McDougall was controlling the medium's left side, her right being under the double control of Dr. Crandon and Mr. Bird. Both the medium's legs were gripped tightly between Dr. McDougall's calves; her left hand was held securely, and, when the movements began, the left hand and arm were pulled across her chest, effectually preventing any elbow or head movement on that side. Her right hand and arm were likewise held rigid under the double control on the right side.

Under these conditions, the left wing of the cabinet was pushed out, away from the medium, to a distance of at least five feet from her; the wing, which was held in place by means of stout angle irons and screws, was then torn completely off, the wood being splintered, the screws torn out, and the angle of the cabinet smashed. The wing then fell with a crash to the floor, where it was discovered a few moments later, when an examination was made in red light. This was, to my mind, one of the most striking and convincing phenomena in the whole series of sittings—

evidencing the presence of a force capable of exerting a tremendous degree of pressure.

When first I visited Boston (in May, 1924) a series of experiments were in progress with some chemical balances which Dr. Comstock had brought from his laboratory. At first, ordinary balances were used, but these were soon afterwards replaced by some built especially for the occasion, and made entirely of wood and brass, so as to be non-magnetic. (This was at "Walter's" suggestion, to preclude the possibility of any fraud on the part of the medium.) A number of small weights were utilized. A few of these would be placed in one scale-pan, weighing it down. Then, in red light, "Walter" would apparently manipulate these scales, so that the light and heavy pans balanced—*i.e.*, the pan with no weights in it and the weighted pan exactly counter-balanced one another. Or, the weightless pan would be held down, in the red light, for several seconds—the weighted pan remaining in the air. We examined all round the scales during these experiments, searching for threads, hairs, etc., but none were ever found. On numerous occasions, I passed my hand between the scales and the medium's body, while the scale-pans were being manipulated, without appreciable result. Later on, these scales were replaced by still others, isolated from the séance table by glass tumblers, and completely covered by a celluloid hood, which was screwed down on to the wooden base. Numerous trials were made with these balances. While all the above phenomena were said to have taken place, under the cover, at informal séances, these experiments failed when only the Committee was present.

During the later sittings which I attended, we carried on a long series of experiments with a simple piece of apparatus which we called "the bell box." This was a wooden box, approximately 15 inches long, 8 inches broad, and 6 inches high. (I have not the exact measurements to hand.) Inside this box we placed an electric bell and a battery. The two wires were passed out through small holes at the ends of the box. The box was then padlocked, and the key remained in our possession. On the top of this box was attached another small piece of apparatus, consisting of two thin boards, about 8 inches square, held apart at a small angle by means of a spring. Metal contacts were fastened to these boards, and the wires were attached to them. The result was that, if the boards were pressed together, so as to touch one another, the electric circuit was completed and the bell would ring. As soon as the pressure upon the upper board was re-

moved, it would spring upwards again and break the contact.

A number of very striking and convincing tests were made with this piece of apparatus. It was first of all placed on the séance table, and the bell was rung repeatedly when both hands and both feet of the medium were controlled, and when her head was likewise prevented from reaching the board. Then it was placed on the floor, by the side of the medium's chair, and rung any number of times upon request. I have repeatedly heard the bell rung when both the medium's feet rested across my knees (being held there by one elbow), while I held both her hands in mine, and her head was located by constant talking. This was later on repeated in red light. Dr. Prince obtained the same results when the bell-box rested on his own knees, and when he was holding both hands and both feet of the medium, in bright daylight, when he could see everything perfectly. The same results have also been obtained, in the red light, when the box has been lifted and carried seven or eight feet away from the medium—the holder of the box standing with his back to her, so that his entire body interposed itself between the box and the medium, still seated and held hand and foot, in the cabinet! Yet, in spite of all these phenomena, obtained under excellent conditions of control, and many more which I cannot even mention because of lack of space, the members of the Committee were unable to come to any definite decision; and, after more than a hundred sittings, were unable to bring themselves to admit that they had seen genuine supernormal phenomena!

The general upshot of our Committee investigation is now pretty well known. I myself was convinced of the genuine character of at least some of the phenomena, and frankly said so. Doctors Prince, Comstock and McDougall remained "on the fence," and refused to come off it. Mr. Houdini was violently opposed to their possible genuineness, contending that they were all fraud. I shall say a few words regarding Houdini's attitude in a moment; my own conclusion regarding the phenomena I stated in the following words—which represent, I may say, Mr. Bird's position as well as my own:—

"As the result of more than forty sittings with 'Margery,' I have arrived at the definite conclusion that genuine supernormal (physical) phenomena frequently occur at her séances. Many of the observed manifestations might well have been produced fraudulently—and possibly were so produced. Disregarding these, however, there remain a number of instances when phenomena were produced and observed, under practically perfect

control. . . . I am convinced that no snap judgment is of any value in a case such as this ; nor will preventing the phenomena demonstrate their non-existence. The present case is peculiarly difficult, for many reasons ; but I am convinced that genuine phenomena have occurred here, and that a prolonged series of sittings, undertaken in an impartial spirit, would demonstrate this."

And now a few words as to Mr. Houdini's attitude regarding this case. Some time before the present investigation began, Houdini had ceased to advertise himself as "The Hand-Cuff King," and had begun to tour the country, lecturing upon psychical subjects, and spreading the news that he was the great exposé of fraudulent mediums ! Although he always says that he is impartial and fair-minded, he is, as a matter of fact, violently and bitterly opposed to the subject, and it is practically certain that no amount of evidence of any kind could influence him in the least. He was determined to go to Boston and expose "Margery," thereby proving to his own satisfaction the incompetence of the other members of the Committee and his own unerring acumen. He attended about five sittings in all, the first two as a controller, under the usual conditions, the last three in Dr. Comstock's apartment, when "Margery" had been locked in the special box which Houdini had had made for the purpose. This was a solid wooden box, somewhat resembling one of the crates in which pianos are packed for shipment—having a hole for the medium's neck, and two small holes, at the sides, through which she could place her hands. The top of the box was securely fastened by means of hasps and padlocks, and her hands were held. At the last sitting, the two side holes were boarded up—her hands remaining inside.

When this box was employed, it is true that practically blank séances resulted. But this is only what might have been expected under the circumstances. No experienced psychical researcher believes that physical phenomena are produced by a "spirit" which runs around the room like a chicken, producing phenomena. These manifestations must depend upon some psychic *mechanism*—this mechanism being, in all probability, some form of nervous energy which is extruded from the medium's body into space, and which moves the objects in question. Now we have no evidence whatever that an energy of this character does, or can, produce effects through an inch of solid wood, so that it is palpable that Houdini's famous box would, in the very nature of the case, prevent any phenomena from occurring, and their

absence does not, by any means, prove their non-existence—merely their impossibility under the conditions imposed.

Furthermore, there are many indications that this box, constructed by Houdini, was not entirely free from suspicion. Mr. Houdini would never allow any one of the Committee to examine it. At the conclusion of the last sitting, Dr. Comstock said to him: "Now, look here, Houdini, you are always talking about this box as the 'Committee box,' whereas it is nothing of the sort. It is your own box, and I must insist upon one of two alternatives: either this is the Committee box, in which case it remains in my apartment all night for examination, or it is 'the Houdini box,' in which case you are free to take it away as you desire."

Mr. Houdini chose the latter alternative, agreeing that it should be known as the "Houdini box," and insisting that it should be packed up and removed at once. Although it was then two o'clock in the morning, the box was immediately taken to the basement and crated by Collins, Mr. Houdini's assistant.

Now, if there were nothing peculiar about this box, why should Mr. Houdini be so insistent upon its removal immediately after the séance, and why should he be so afraid of having it examined by other members of the Committee?

Mr. Houdini has attacked both Mr. Bird and myself for our endorsement of this case, and for our public assertion that genuine phenomena have occurred here. I shall not deign to reply to the personal attacks and abuse of Mr. Houdini, in this connection, since I do not consider it necessary. My record in the past is well-known, and my scepticism has in fact been considered so great, in certain quarters, that I have, in consequence, made myself very cordially disliked by the spiritualists and by many of the more "believing" psychical investigators. Nor shall I attempt to defend my own competence to deal with, and judge, the physical phenomena of spiritualism.

Having been an amateur conjurer all my life, and having specialized in the tricks and devices of fraudulent mediums (as I think may be seen from my book "The Physical Phenomenon of Spiritualism"), and being a fairly keen observer, I have, I believe, as just an estimate of these phenomena as anyone else. I shall not even attempt to defend, in this case, the reality of the phenomena occurring in "Margery's" presence—much less their spiritistic interpretation! I wish merely to emphasize the fact that, in my judgment, Mr. Houdini has been absolutely unfair in dealing with this case, and that many of the "explanations" he

gives in his booklet dealing with it are entirely fanciful or inaccurate, and exist only in Mr. Houdini's imagination.

Personally, I am quite convinced, as I stated in my former report, that genuine phenomena have occurred here, and that further investigation will demonstrate this beyond all question. The value of the present case consists largely in the fact that records of *all* sittings have been kept, so that its gradual evolution and development can be followed. The early history and development of most cases of the kind are lost in obscurity. In the present instance we have a fairly complete record of its genesis and development, and I feel assured that, partly because of this, and partly because of the astonishing developments which have since taken place, it will be considered one of the most interesting and important cases in the whole history of psychical research, and will serve to vindicate, not only my own estimate of "Margery's" mediumship, but also to validate past cases of the kind, such as those of Stainton Moses and Eusapia Palladino. Whatever their ultimate explanation may prove to be, I am to-day as convinced of the reality of supernormal physical phenomena as I am of any other facts in nature.

MEISTER ECKHART

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE publication of this book * marks an epoch in the literature of Christian Mysticism, so far as England and the English-speaking world is concerned. The great Strassburg mystic of the late thirteenth and early fourteenth century had Suso, Tauler and Ruysbroeck as his contemporaries of a younger generation ; but while their memorials remained in evidence for those who sought, Eckhart was not only withdrawn literally and historically into a cloud of unknowing regarding his personal fate, but his writings were taken into the hiddenness, and so far as they were available at all to the generations which succeeded his death it was in virtue of secret circulation. The Flemish of Ruysbroeck and the German of Tauler were turned by Surius into Latin, of which it may be said almost that he who runs can read ; Suso, if I remember rightly, wrote in that tongue ; but no one translated Eckhart from his Alemanic originals because of condemned propositions and the excommunication which befel their author. Prior to the present undertaking, he has been known in England by Mr. Claude Field's rendering of a very few sermons, by some three excerpts from the version here given which are found in a pamphlet series entitled *THE PORCH*, and by Miss N. Leeson's translation of certain instructions which appeared, *anno* 1917, in a minute volume called *AFTER SUPPER IN THE REFECTORY*. The object in this case seems to have been entirely devotional ; the selection is utterly colourless ; while the absence of bibliographical particulars makes it impossible to identify sources. For example, we do not know whether the version is made from Pfeiffer's text or from the modern German of Büttner.

I have taken some pains to collate and have failed. It remains only in these preliminary words to offer on behalf of many my appreciation of a great task fulfilled successfully on the part of Miss Evans, as the first real translator of the famous Dominican, and to Mr. J. M. Watkins, as publisher, for the production of a

* MEISTER ECKHART. By Franz Pfeiffer. Leipzig, 1857. Translation, with some Omissions and Additions, by C. de B. Evans. 8vo, pp. xx + 483. London : John M. Watkins. Price 20s.

noble volume, the manner of which reflects the worth of the matter. And now concerning these Sermons, Collations, Tractates, Philosophical and Theological Questions which are here drawn together, presenting the message at large of the Strassburg Master.

When Eckhart proceeds to debate he is the greatest analytical mind of his own age, and the peer of all in any. One is overwhelmed continually by his brilliant unexpectedness and his searching gift. But in this respect it is, I think, comparatively seldom that he begets any conviction. His real titles will be found in a multitude of lights which are brought forth apart from argument into dogmatic expression, and as such are to be taken or left. They will be left by those who are not of his spiritual consanguinity: they will be appropriated and will fructify in the deep heart of those who belong to God, in the sense and the spirit that he himself belonged. It must be remembered, however, that he adopted—which means something more and fuller than affected—an almost militant external conformity with current doctrine, to maintain his place and peace with the regnant orthodoxy of his day, which had the power and will to crush all distinctions which raised their voice against it and all variations which, soon or late, might make for living distinctions. But the theses of reality can be affixed to many doors, and I hold that Eckhart acted in sincerity with the end of his work in view, as I hold also that the hierarchic ruffianism at the Roman centre was sincere after its own manner, that which it taught and that also which it did being the logical outcome of its proper claims and the implicits of doctrine that had grown up through the centuries. When Eckhart says that it is "ours to be God by grace as God is God by nature," we know that this cannot be true in what Thomas Vaughan names the eternal foundation, but it was a sop for the ecclesiastical Cerberus of that nightmare time to express deep mystical intimations in these stultifying terms. In the eternal foundation, if the soul is God at the root—meaning spirit of soul—it is because life all the wide world over is life of the unbeginning, unending cosmos; while grace—so denominated—is the realization of that which we are and of that which is hidden from us normally because our ground is clouded among the play-scenes of the sense-life. In the realization of her pure being she comes to know, and then—as Eckhart says—she lives no more by grace but is grace itself. He says also that "we attain to actual Deity"—which can mean only that we know in realization that which we are in

essence—and that the soul becomes Deity “to every creature as well as to herself.”

Hereof is the Provincial of the Dominican Order in Saxony, Vicar-General of Bohemia and Prior of Frankfurt, when he utters the naked truth as he understood it; and the counter-statements are like foils to shield it, diverting attention at need. It came about that he who received his title of Meister from Pope Boniface VIII was far more nobly dignified by those who revered his memorials. “This is Meister Eckhart, from whom God nothing hid” appears on old parchments and papers; “this too is Meister Eckhart, who always taught the truth”; and for others who treasured his writings, full of incense fragrance, he was counted as one who was “in league with Deity.” By those who knew him he was well loved because of it; but those who knew were those who had eyes within them, having stood themselves between two pillars which are called the nowhere and the naught in Dionysian terminology. As one who “preached to the multitude in the German tongue,” he has been termed “father of the German language” and “father of German philosophic prose.” Miss Evans reminds us also of Dean Inge’s dictum, that Eckhart is, “next to Plotinus, the greatest philosopher-mystic.” But he who had “conceived the then novel idea” of instructing Beguines, Beghards and Friends of God—the “semi-religious communities and brotherhoods of that date”—in their own language, and on topics which have been described as “bristling with difficulties for the orthodox faith,” found that his reward was with him when he may have been approaching his seventieth year. The Inquisition of Venice began a process against him *circa* 1326, and if it be true that he died in 1327—and was not spirited away by the Holy Office—he was excommunicated *post mortem* by a Bull of Pope John XXII, to which was appended a list of seventeen heretical doctrines and eleven others characterized as “objectionable.” Now that the great bulk of his writings has become available in English, it seems to me that his collations and treatises might have provided substantial warrant for a baker’s dozen of Bulls done at Avignon; but the point of living interest is the kind of pope who pronounced against him who wrote “text-books of God-intoxicated piety.” For this same John XXII is he who left gold in millions and jewels to the value of millions, not indeed manufactured by alchemy, as a fraudulent story tells, but by the sale of indulgences. By such practices was dogma then exemplified.

THE PATIENCE OF THE GODS

By CHARLES WHITBY

A MASTER of the unexpected is Pemberthy! I am glad I looked him up last night, for, as always, he has given me much food for meditation. Something I said—I forget just how the subject arose—having implied that of course nobody now regarded polytheism seriously, he at once challenged the suggestion.

“I have always been a polytheist myself,” said Pemberthy. “A monotheist as well, you understand. The two are complementary. Surely that’s obvious enough.”

I was lounging on the window-seat as we talked, gazing out across the glimmering waste of waves below us, that morose uncompanionable sea of North Cornwall, that *haunted* sea, crooning over fierce memories of Arthurian tragedy. I turned and glanced sharply across to where Pemberthy sat in his carved oak chair by the hearth. Surely he was joking! But his lean face, his brooding eyes, lit by the glow of the log-fire, looked merely thoughtful: he was evidently unconscious of having said anything unusual or bizarre.

“The monotheist asserts that there is but one God; the polytheist that there are many,” I objected. “How can both be right?”

“They can be, and they are,” Pemberthy insisted. “You mustn’t be afraid of paradox if you are in earnest in the quest of truth. The principle of contradiction doesn’t fully apply at these altitudes: one of the few things we know about Spirit is that it defies the petty alternatives of human understanding, with its peremptory ‘either, or.’ Which, by the way, is correct, the man who calls the chessboard black or the man who vows it is white?”

“You mean that the monotheist and the polytheist are each blind to one aspect of truth?”

“Each is right in what he affirms and wrong in what he denies. For God is both one and many. That’s what I mean,” said Pemberthy.

“Please continue,” I said, as he seemed to pause for a reply. “I don’t want to argue, but to hear your views.”

“Have you,” he asked, “by any chance read Hume’s *Essay on the Natural History of Religion*?”

I shook my head. "No? I thought not. Who does read Hume to-day? Well, he shows there how mankind fluctuates between these two extremes, never settling permanently on either. That must be because each contains an element of truth which cannot in the long run be dispensed with. Polytheism comes first, he says, because the multiple aspect of Deity is the more immediately apparent, especially to the primitive mind."

"In the powers of Nature, you mean," I suggested, "and the mutable pageantry of earth, sea and sky?"

"Of course, yes. Think only of the wonder of the stars; innumerable, inaccessible, unaccountable. How natural to deify and adore them!"

"You were saying that polytheism came first," I reminded him.

"So Hume asserts, and I suppose rightly. Polytheism is easy to find, but not so easy to keep. Monotheism is found with difficulty, but, once found, tends to persist and to monopolize the religious consciousness. The pure monotheist, of whom Islam affords the type, is conservative and even fanatical."

"Yet monotheism has its advantages, I presume?"

"It has indeed," said Pemberthy. "All science depends upon its revelation of an ultimate unity underlying the kaleidoscope of nature. Accordingly, most philosophers—for science begins and ends in philosophy—have leaned strongly to the monotheist side. But the greatest of them all, Plato, did justice to both sides. For him, as for Socrates, belief in a supreme ineffable Principle—the *One* or the *Good*—far from excluding belief in lesser divinities, formed the basis for deduction of their necessary subsistence."

"Yes," I agreed, "and it was the same, was it not, with his Alexandrian successors?"

"The Neoplatonists? Of course, and more expressly. Proclus puts the case in a nutshell: 'If there is a multitude of Gods, the multitude is unical. But that there is, is evident. For every principal cause is the leader of an appropriate multitude which is similar and allied to the cause.'"

"What does Proclus mean by a 'unical' multitude?"

"A perfectly-conducted orchestra would," said Pemberthy, "be an instance of a unical multitude. The cells of any healthy organism constitute a better example, because here the unity which regulates without infringing their activities is immanent and occult. But all terrestrial similitudes fall far short of that absolute reconciliation of harmony and autonomy which Proclus

affirms of the Godhead and its Choir of attendant Deities." *

"If he is right," I said, "as he well may be for aught I see to the contrary, it is high time that some one did for him what Dean Inge and others have done for Plotinus."

"High time, indeed! Proclus was a very great genius, and has been shamefully neglected. In this connection, the revival of *pluralism* in recent philosophy, initiated by William James, is to my mind significant; for pluralism is in philosophy correlative with polytheism in religion. The only modern system which gives due recognition both to the unical and multiple characters of reality is the monadology of Leibniz, a thinker who deserves more attention than he has received."

"You think then," said I, "that we are nearing the transition-point between the two extremes?"

Pemberthy nodded assent: "Protestantism is too starkly monistic to satisfy for long the religious cravings of humanity. Catholicism—to which, however, there can be no general return—made, as you know, considerable concessions to pluralism, in its adoration of the saints. And by the way, utterly discredited as polytheism appears to be in academic and ecclesiastical thought, it is remarkable how persistently reference to 'the Gods' occurs in literature and colloquial usage. That Shakespeare frequently uses the term is, you may depend, no accident. And how often one hears it said that such or such an event is 'on the knees of the Gods!' No, *pace* Mrs. Browning, Pan is *not* dead: he and his fellows are only in (human) obscurity."

"But if the Godhead implies or includes the Gods," I objected, "of what advantage is it to take separate account of the latter? What matter whether we think of the Supreme as acting directly or through lesser Powers?"

"I expected that question," said Pemberthy. "The first advantage is theoretical. Since the Gods *are*, it is ample justification of a complementary polytheism that their subsistence demands acknowledgment and recognition. Of the many others I will mention only one—perhaps the most important—that, the Gods, being an unfolding of their ineffable Principle into intelligible manifestations of goodness, wisdom and power, are comparatively accessible to our weak human faculties. By separate study of these divine Agents and of their operations, as outlined by Plato and his successors, we can greatly deepen and broaden our sense of the providential government of the universe."

"Do you then seriously advocate a revival of belief in the

* Proclus. *Elements of Theology*. Prop. cxiii. Tr. by Thos. Taylor.

Olympian deities—Chronos, Zeus, Hephaistos, Poseidon, Hermes, Apollo, Athene, Aphrodite, and the rest ? ”

“ Why not ? ” he asked. “ Better men than you or I made no bones about believing in them. Æschylus and Sophocles ; Plato ; Euripides, too ; for the author of the *Bacchanals* can have been no mere unbeliever. All the principal Powers of the Greek Pantheon are paralleled in other theogonies. Why, even the sceptical Hume remarks that the mythological system is so natural that it seems more than probable that somehow or other in the vast variety of worlds it is really carried into execution.”

“ Come now, Pemberthy, you don't really tell me that you yourself accept the scandalous fables which Euripides rejected ? ”

“ Not for a moment,” said he. “ I am of one mind with Euripides : ‘ If Gods do ill, surely no Gods they be ! ’ It is we men who are to blame, first for ascribing our own follies and sins to the Immortals ; then for affecting pious horror at our own infamous inventions.”

“ Assuming,” said I, “ the truth of your startling suggestion, that the Divine attributes are severally individuated in appropriately exalted Beings, is it not shocking to think of the obloquy which has been heaped upon them for ages by the most ‘ enlightened ’ races of mankind ? ”

“ It is indeed appalling,” said Pemberthy, “ but hardly surprising. Man was ever an ungrateful animal. Since he rewards his earthly benefactors, whose existence is unquestionable, with neglect and contumely, how should invisible ones hope to fare better ? Be sure They do not hope it ; at least, not yet. Fortunately for us, their benefits are lavished unconditionally ; in the main, that is ; for, although the patience and bounty of the Gods are inexhaustible, some benefits—and those the greatest of all—it is beyond even *Their* power to bestow.”

These, I think, were the chief points made by Pemberthy during our discussion of an unusual topic. I should have liked to hear more ; but the hour was late, and I had a long walk before me back to the combined farmhouse and inn where I was lodging. My path at first skirted the edge of the cliffs ; the roar of the incoming tide and the wailing of sea-mews were the only sounds which broke the stillness. The vast cope of night was begemmed with innumerable stars, and, pausing to gaze up at them, I recalled Pemberthy's words, and could not but agree that, to an unsophisticated soul, their aloof majesty might well seem to demand that awe and homage which are due from ephemeral to enduring beings, from earthly to celestial, from human to divine.

THE FOX SISTERS

By G. BASEDEN BUTT

MODERN Spiritualism may be said to have had two separate and distinct sources of origin, the magnetic trance and physical mediumship. In the former, powers of clairvoyance and thereby means of direct mental communication with the spirits of the departed were discovered; and by means of the latter, communicators from the spheres were enabled to penetrate the material world and to speak and act almost as though still living in the flesh. It is not without significance that in America these two sources of Spirit-communication sprang into activity simultaneously though independently. The clairvoyance of Andrew Jackson Davis was contemporary with the advent of the first physical mediums, the Fox Sisters of Hydesville and Rochester, New York. The philosophy of the former was to some extent expository of the phenomena recorded in the presence of the Foxes and the many physical mediums who followed in their train. Mutual corroboration was unexpectedly effected by the clairvoyant revelations of Davis and the facts of physical mediumship, showing the doctrines of Spiritualism to represent the truth, at least in part and so far as they go.

Margaret and Kate Fox, or, as Mrs. Hardinge calls them, Margareta and Catherine, were the youngest children of John D. Fox, their father being a farmer of Wayne County, New York State, an earnest Methodist, but apparently a man of no intellectual pretensions. At the time when their mediumship first became apparent, the sisters were aged respectively fifteen and twelve years. In December, 1847, the family moved into a small wooden house in the village of Hydesville. The village was at that time lonely and remote from civilization, no railway being directly accessible, and the house itself was at a short distance from the others in the hamlet. No sooner had the family moved into their new abode than they were disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. Mysterious raps and knockings were heard; footsteps passed up and down the stairs, and other sounds, even more unpleasant, some of which suggested the dragging of a heavy, bulky object across the floors, and others which appeared to originate in the cellar, disturbed their

peace. These noises steadily increased in frequency and intensity. At first they were heard only during the night, but soon they occurred at all hours of the day, and by the end of March, 1848, they had become so incessant and disturbing that the family found it impossible to obtain rest or sleep. Mrs. Fox was then compelled to summon the assistance of her son, David, a farmer who resided about three miles away. Her story, not unnaturally, was listened to with incredulity, but on Friday evening, March 31st, the great discovery was made to which, in reality, modern Spiritualism, though not modern seership, owes its origin. On the evening in question the family retired to bed earlier than usual, being completely worn out as the result of a succession of disturbed and sleepless nights. But the raps were louder and more pertinacious than ever, and although the children had been expressly told to take no notice of them but to go to sleep, they were kept in a continual state of excitement by the disturbances, exclaiming and sitting up in bed every few minutes. In despair Mr. Fox made a final desperate attempt to lay the ghost. He tested the doors and windows, thinking that somewhere a fitting might possibly have become loosened. But every time he rattled the doors or windows the raps answered him from a different part of the room, as though in derision, or to assure him that their cause was not such as he imagined. This prompted the youngest child, Kate, to snap her fingers and call out to the invisible rapper: "Here, Mr. Split-Foot, do as I do!" the result being that, to every one's amazement, the raps responded by repeating the number of sounds made by the child. She then moved her finger and thumb in the air without making a noise, and thereby made the discovery that the ghostly being could see as well as hear, for the raps then corresponded to the number of her movements.

After this discovery, as may well be imagined, the invisible rapper was immediately plied with questions, some of which were scarcely apposite. In response to requests from Mrs. Fox the raps "counted ten," stated the ages of the children, and the number of the children in the family. Moreover the raps claimed to emanate from a disembodied spirit. Neighbours were then called in and the spirit was again interrogated. For days the house was thronged with neighbours and visitors from farther away who had heard of the wonder. It was stated by the raps in response to leading questions that their author was the spirit of a pedlar who had been murdered in the house about four years previously for the sake of money which he had had

on his person, that "the body was dragged through the parlour, into the buttery, and thence down the cellar stairs, and buried ten feet deep in the cellar." The name of the pedlar was obtained later by David Fox, by means of the alphabet, a method of communication which did not occur to the investigators in the first wave of excitement. The spirit stated that his name had been "Charles B. Rosna" and that his murderer was Mr. Bell, who had lived in the house a few years previously. Investigations in the cellar revealed the fact that the ground had been disturbed by digging. Excavation was begun early in April but the attempt was baffled, at a distance of three feet down, by influx of water owing to the fact that the house was built on low ground near a stream. But later in the summer they were more successful. A plank, a vacant place or hole, some fragments of crockery, which seemed to have been part of a washbowl, charcoal, quicklime, some human hair, bones, which were declared on examination by a surgeon to be human, and a portion of a human skull, were brought to light. Subsequent inquiries revealed the fact that Rosna's widow was still living, and the man who had been indicated by the raps as the perpetrator of the murder came forward from the town of Lyon, N.Y., whither he had removed in 1846, and declared his innocence. Moreover, Mr. Michael Weekman, who had lived in the house for eighteen months immediately preceding the tenancy of the Foxes, had also noticed peculiar noises in the house and at one time his family had feared to let him go out lest some one intended to harm him. On one occasion quoted by Emma Hardinge, in *Modern American Spiritualism*, the Weekmans' little girl, then about eight years of age, "was heard to scream from fright, so that the family were alarmed by her cries and went to her assistance. This was about midnight. She told them that something like a hand had passed over her face and head; that she felt it on the bed and all over her, but did not become so much alarmed until it touched her face. It seemed cold, and so badly had she been frightened, that it was long before she could tell the cause of her alarm. It was several days before she could be induced to go into the same room to sleep."

The servant girl, Lucretia Pulver, who had lived with the Bells' during their tenancy in the winter of 1843-4, was also traced, and stated in a formal deposition that she clearly remembered a pedlar visiting the house at about that time. It was arranged for him to spend the night at the house, and Mrs. Bell took Lucretia, much to the surprise of the latter, to Lock

Berlin (presumably the girl's home) in the afternoon, after explaining that she could not afford to keep her any longer. After the lapse of three days Mrs. Bell sent for Lucretia Pulver, and requested her to return to her service. Lucretia did so, but the pedlar had disappeared. Nor did he ever return. The girl claimed that she had selected a piece of dress delaine and asked him to call with it at her father's house on the day following her journey to Lock Berlin, but although he had promised to do so, the pedlar had failed to put in an appearance.

At first the manifestations appeared more powerful in the presence of Kate, the youngest sister, than with anyone else, and as the continual thronging of the house by curious visitors was a source of considerable inconvenience, Kate was sent to live with an older sister, Mrs. Leah Fish, who was a teacher of music in Rochester, but no sooner had she departed than the manifestations broke out with renewed vigour in the presence of Margaret. Other and more astonishing phenomena occurred at Hydesville before the final removal of the family. Furniture was moved by invisible agency, doors were opened and shut, individuals were seized by unseen hands, bedclothes were dragged from them at night and beds were shaken so violently that they were compelled to sleep on the ground, and the house itself was sometimes made to rock as though in an earthquake. Night after night they would hear re-enacted the sounds of a death-struggle, the gurgling of the victim's throat, the dragging of a body through the house and down the cellar stairs, the digging of a grave, nailing of boards and filling up as of a new-made grave.

But in course of time the house at Hydesville was vacated and the family removed to Rochester. Here the manifestations persisted, and attracted such considerable attention that they became widely famous as the "Rochester knockings" and the Fox girls as the "Rochester knockers." The spirits soon recommended the assembling of the friends of the family in periodical meetings, or "spirit-circles," and, under the guidance of the raps, animal magnetism was applied to various individuals present with the object of developing mediumship or clairvoyance. The spirits early urged the mediums to permit public investigation and give demonstrations, and in November, 1848, they informed the family by raps that "they could not always strive with them," and would therefore withdraw their presence, a course similar to that adopted by "Imperator" at one stage of his argument with Stainton Moses. The family, however, were

undismayed by the threat, with the result that all manifestations did actually cease for about a fortnight. The account of this occurrence given by Emma Hardinge is particularly interesting. She states that at first the Foxes were overjoyed at the peace, freedom, and opportunity to regain their lost respectability afforded by the termination of their mediumship. Indeed, they had often prayed that this unasked-for gift might be taken from them. Yet no sooner were their wishes fulfilled than a steadily increasing sense of loneliness and desolation made them long for the return of the spirits whose departure had at first gladdened them. Intimate friends, who knew of the secession of the spirits, and who called from day to day and inquired concerning the frame of mind of the family, stated that indifference soon turned to regret, and that before the end of the fortnight inquiries as to whether the spirits had returned were met with tears and expressions of bitter self-reproach. However, the manifestations were resumed on the twelfth day in the presence of Mr. E. W. Capron, and as a result of this temporary desertion the family agreed to the requests of the spirits. Arrangements were made for a public demonstration in the Corinthian Hall, Rochester.

The first demonstration in the Corinthian Hall took place on the evening of November 14th, 1849, and as a result two committees were appointed to investigate the "rappings" under test conditions. One committee reported that the sounds were heard "on the floor, chairs, table, walls, door, and in fact, everywhere," and the other that "we all heard the rapping on the wall and floor distinctly,"—this under conditions that convinced them that the sounds were produced "neither by machinery nor ventriloquism, though what the agent was, they were unable to determine." The report of a third committee was also favourable, and then a second meeting was held in the Corinthian Hall at which occurred the first instance of active persecution. A number of hooligans were among the audience, shouting, jeering and exploding 'torpedos.' Two brothers named Jerome, said to have been on the staff of an American daily paper, and a Major Packard, mounted the platform on which Margaret Fox and her companions were seated, and after stating that the raps were produced by means of leaden balls fastened to the ladies' dresses, invited the hooligans to come up and make investigation. The police were compelled to interfere by dispersing the meeting and escorting the spiritualists to their homes.

Similar expressions of hostility occurred more than once.

The séances held by the Fox Sisters at this time were frequently interrupted by the rudeness and bigoted opposition of some of their visitors, and on the occasion of Margaret visiting Troy city in 1850, her life, no doubt as the result of persistent misrepresentation by the daily press, was attempted by a band of ruffians. They dogged the medium through the streets for several days, made several attempts to insinuate themselves at her séances, and ended by throwing stones through the windows of the house and even firing several shots. When Mrs. Fish, the older sister, arrived at Troy, she had to be smuggled into the house in disguise, and finally the entire party were conducted to Albany by a similar subterfuge.

Persecution, however, is only one detail of the story. Wherever Margaret and Kate Fox went—and they visited many of the towns and cities of America—physical mediums were developed or led to the discovery of their latent powers. Mediums for rapping, automatic writing, trance speaking, and, later, full materialization sprang up, literally in scores, and the movement soon numbered many thousands, and in course of time, millions, among its adherents in the United States. And this rapid growth was scarcely checked by the sensational “recantations” made by the sisters some years later.

In 1853 Margaret Fox married Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. Dr. Kane, however, died at Havana on February 16th, 1857, as the result of exposure suffered in the Arctic (he had joined a relief expedition which went in search of Sir John Franklin in 1850), and subsequently Margaret experienced considerable poverty. This, it is alleged by her enemies, was the necessity which drove her to the practice of mediumship, and later to her public recantation and “exposure” of Spiritualism. Be this as it may, it is certain that in or about the year 1888 she entered the Roman Catholic church and, either under financial or religious pressure, she published in the *New York World* for October 21st, 1888, her famous confession, from which the following are extracts:

My sister Katie and I were very young children when this horrible deception began. I was only eight, just a year and a half older than she. We were very mischievous children and sought merely to terrify our dear mother, who was a very good woman and very easily frightened.

When we went to bed at night we used to tie an apple to a string and move the string up and down, causing the apple to bump on the floor, making a strange noise every time it would rebound. . . .

Mrs. Underhill, my eldest sister, took Katie and me to Rochester. There it was that we discovered a new way to make the raps. My sister Katie was the first to observe that by swishing her fingers she could pro-

duce certain noises with her knuckles and joints, and that the same effect could be made with the toes. Finding that we could make raps with our feet—first with one foot and then with both—we practised until we could do this easily when the room was dark. . . . The rappings were simply the result of a perfect control of the muscles of the leg below the knee, which govern the tendons of the foot and allow action of the toe and ankle bones that is not commonly known. Such perfect control is only possible when a child is taken at an early age and continually taught to practise the muscles, which grow stiff in later years. A child of twelve is almost too old. . . .

Following the publication of this document Margaret Fox gave on the same evening a practical demonstration at the Academy of Music in New York, when she showed with her naked foot how the raps were produced. The demonstration, however, was a financial failure.

At this time recantations were also published by several other mediums, among others, by Margaret's sister, Kate, then Mrs. Jencken. But the latter withdrew her recantation shortly afterwards, declaring it to have been false, and Margaret is said to have done the same. She also forsook the Catholic Church and returned to mediumship, and at times, in the poverty and loneliness of her closing years, is believed to have resorted to drink. She died on March 8th, 1895.

Materialists and all who for any reason wish to deny the reality of the entire phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, root and branch, are overjoyed at these recantations and maintain that they provide conclusive evidence in support of their scepticism. It must be recognized, however, that there were many well-attested phenomena which the confessions failed to explain. They failed to explain the raps which had occurred at Hydesville in broad daylight; the footsteps on the stairs and other sounds; and the answers to mental questions, which were a frequent feature of the Fox Sisters' séances. It is also incredible that deception so puerile as that described would have deceived large numbers of people, have caused crowds to congregate, or would have been persisted in when arousing active persecution. Moreover, similar phenomena have been recorded again and again, both before and since the happenings at Hydesville. In the early eighteenth century a series of inexplicable rappings broke out in Epworth Parsonage, where Samuel Wesley, father of the famous John Wesley, was rector, and the sensational discovery made by Kate Fox that the raps were the work of intelligence and could respond to questioning was nearly anticipated by Samuel Wesley, when he cried to the mysterious sounds by which

his household was being tormented, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee rap three times." The only answer, however, was silence; and assuming, therefore, that the raps were of diabolical origin, he asked no further questions.

The Fox Sisters had other powers beside that of producing raps. They had the power, for instance, of materialization. In January, 1861, Kate Fox commenced a famous series of sittings with a New York banker named Livermore. Nearly four hundred sittings, extending over a period of six years, were held with Mr. Livermore, when the figure of his recently deceased wife, clothed in garments of shining whiteness, appeared again and again. Sir William Crookes, too, in his *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, describes sittings with Kate Fox carried out under test conditions. He mentions several occasions on which the table was levitated from a few inches to as much as a foot and a half from the ground under circumstances which rendered trickery impossible, and sometimes when no one at all was touching it. He also describes a séance at which "a luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room, and after hovering near me for a few seconds, took a pencil from my hand, rapidly wrote on a sheet of paper, threw the pencil down, and then rose up over our heads, gradually fading into darkness."

These and many other records of séances compel the conviction that at least during a certain part of their lives the Fox Sisters possessed a genuine power of mediumship, and that this power was even transmitted to the infant child of one of them. And despite the asseverations of certain critics whose scepticism is scarcely equalled by their discrimination, it is impossible to concede that an enormous and still increasing movement could have been started by a baseless illusion or a childish trick. Every indication points to the reality of their power, though the enemies of progress and enlightenment, in this case as in others, have done everything in their power to bring facts into disrepute, and by means of shameful scandals to discredit truth.

AN ECHO OF THE INQUISITION

By "SPES"

I WAS educated partly in Belgium, where I made many friends amongst my schoolfellows, and in 1912 crossed over to pay a series of long-promised visits to Brussels, Ghent and Antwerp, leaving the latter town until my return to England, as I always travel via Harwich.

My friends in Antwerp had not quite finished the repainting of their house, as regarded the upper part, and my host and hostess, unwilling to postpone my long-awaited visit, were yet afraid for me to sleep in the atmosphere of paint. They therefore took a bedroom for me in a large hotel near them, and my host proposed to escort me thither, after the evening festivities, and to fetch me every morning, after *cafe complet*, to which I assented. On the first evening I spent with them it was very late before we separated, and nearly midnight when my host went up with me in the lift, and saw me in the right way to my room. I was terribly tired after the all-day travelling and the pleasurable excitement of seeing them again, and just managed to get into bed, when I was overcome with sleep. But I suddenly awoke with a recollection of an awful scream, and found my face damp with perspiration, and my eyes streaming with tears, while my heart was beating like a sledge hammer. I sat up in bed. Everything was quiet, and the great electric light in the Square showed me, through the blinds, that my room was exactly as it was before going to sleep. I was still too tired to think, and dropped off again, only awakening when the chambermaid came to call me; and I decided that (greatly as I had enjoyed my dinner) I would be very particular to avoid any chance of another "nightmare."

We spent another joyous day, and I told my hostess that I really must not be quite so late going to bed, with which she and her husband cordially agreed. I also had to refuse some of the delightfully dainty dishes offered me. It was therefore about 11 o'clock when I said "Good-night" to my host at the lift door, and I felt quite calm and peaceful when I got into bed—at midnight. I did not seem to have been asleep ten minutes, before I found myself in a dungeon with a circle of

figures in hoods and black masks standing round what I remembered having been shown in the Tower of London as the rack, on which was strapped a man, who was screaming in the most terrible and heartrending manner! I felt I was a spectator, and that I ought not to be there, and fought frantically with my thoughts and wishes to get away. Suddenly I seemed free, and found myself sitting up in bed, with the echoes of the awful screams in my ears, and trembling all over! I got out of bed and looked into the great Square—all calm, and quiet, and peaceful. I sat a long, long time by the window and at length got back into bed, having determined that not another night would I spend in the hotel, although I rather feared the chaff of my host, a very clever and extremely level-headed man, and a member of the Government.

When my friend came to fetch me next morning, he regarded me with alarm, and said: "Are you ill? You look awful." "No," I replied, "but I can't possibly spend another night in that hotel," and told him everything. Much to my surprise, he looked grave and upset, and as soon as we reached his house said: "Before we go into the dining-room, come in here to my study"—a large room full of maps, plans, designs and books, and tables with papers. He went to a bookcase in one corner, and brought out a very old large map, similar to the one of "Old London" in the British Museum, and spreading it open on a table, took a pencil. These old maps have pictures of the buildings. "See here," he said, and pointed to one in the middle of Antwerp, and I read, in French—*old* French—"Palace of the Holy Inquisition"! Then opening a modern map of Antwerp, he pointed to the same spot. The hotel from which I had just come was built exactly over it! We went in to his wife and told her everything, and after luncheon we all inspected a much smaller and quieter but more cheerful hotel, where they found me a charming room, and where I had no more alarms during the remainder of my visit.

[Naturally we are aware of the author's identity, and have evidence of the writer's bona fides.—ED.]

AN IRISH VAMPIRE ?

By R. S. BREENE

THE following story was told to me many years ago by persons who were supposed to be relatives of the priest who figures in it. As far as I have been able to find out, I see no reason for doubting that what I am setting down here is approximately a statement of fact. One consideration would have much weight with me in leading me to accept at least the intention of truth in the narrators. The incident happened in a county in Ireland where the vast majority of the inhabitants have always been ardent Roman Catholics. People of this sort would never dream of inventing such a story about an ecclesiastic. So strong is their veneration for the priesthood, and their belief in the sanctity of their parish clergy, that it is almost impossible to understand how such circumstances as I here narrate could be associated in the popular mind with the name and memory of one who had received Holy Orders. Yet it was from Roman Catholics who described themselves as eye-witnesses that the information was derived. Again I have read that vampirism only appears in countries which are spiritually in a backward condition, as in some areas of Eastern Europe. Now though, as I have said, the people amidst whom these events took place were Roman Catholics, yet they are not of a high type. The country is wild, isolated and mountainous. Even in recent years numerous terrible crimes of violence have been reported from the neighbourhood, some of them of a peculiarly senseless character. I was myself shown, some years ago, a spot marked with a white cross upon a stone by the roadside, where a lad of about twenty years of age had a few nights previously kicked his father's brains out, on no apparent provocation. One would almost have said, on examining the evidence in connection with the case, that there had been something very like demoniac possession. I have never since been in any part of Ireland where the inhabitants generally seemed to be so conscious of the interpenetration at all times of the things that are not seen with the things that do appear. One felt them to be in touch with a realm of being that we know nothing about in the outer world. They were crude, brave, and, as we would say, super-

stitious. The element of fear, the fear of the unknown, was always to be felt. The most of the inhabitants of the district were poor, but a number of farmers were able to live in a certain degree of plain comfort. The publicans and the farmers generally gave one son to the Church.

A member of the family of M——, a farming connection, had been ordained to the priesthood, and eventually was put in charge of a little hill parish by the local Bishop. He is reputed to have been a quiet, inoffensive man, not given much to the companionship of his flock, and rather addicted to reading and study. His parishioners listened with edification to his sermons, brought their children to him for the rite of baptism, made their confession to him at intervals, and took the sacred bread of the Holy Communion from his hands on Sundays and the greater festivals of the Church. He did not often conduct stations at their houses, as did some of his colleagues in other parishes, who were more gregariously inclined. He was hospitable to strangers, and had frequently placed beds in his little parochial house at the disposal of belated travellers and even tramps. Yet no one in his immediate neighbourhood would have thought of going to see him socially. They went to him on the Church's business, or they did not go at all. He was, in a word, respected, though not greatly liked.

When he had little more than passed his fiftieth birthday he suddenly fell ill and died, after a brief confinement to his chamber. He was buried with all the simple pomp that surrounds the obsequies of an Irish country priest. His body, I should have said, was removed before the funeral to his mother's house, which was several miles distant from his parish. It was from there that the funeral took place. It was a sad picture when the body came home to the aged mother, whose chief pride in her later years had been her "boy in the Church," the priest; and it was sadder still when the coffin set out once more from the whitewashed farmhouse, to carry its occupant upon his last journey to the rocky graveyard in the hills where all his kin had laid their bones for generations. According to custom, all the male and female members of the connection accompanied the corpse. The bereaved mother was left to her thoughts for the rest of the day in the house of death. In the afternoon she allowed the maid, who did the rough work about the place, to go across the fields to her own people for a few hours. Mrs. M—— was as brave as any other woman of her class, and in her trouble she wished to be alone.

Meanwhile the funeral cortège wended its slow way (a long procession of traps, jaunting-cars and spring-carts) towards its destination in the mountains. They did not waste much time in getting their sad task over and done, but they had a long road to traverse, and the sun was already declining in the heavens as they climbed the last succession of hills on the way to the homestead they had left in the morning. It was a priest's funeral, and, both going and coming, they had not cared to halt at the scattered public-houses they had passed on the wayside, as they would most certainly have done, and done frequently, in the case of anybody else's. They were all sober, but many of them, particularly the womenfolk, had fallen asleep. Night was already in the air. The shadows were lengthening below the hill-crests, but upon the white limestone highway everything was still in broad daylight. At the foot of a slope the mourners in the first cars suddenly became aware of a solitary figure coming down towards them walking rapidly. As the distance between them and the pedestrian lessened they were surprised to see that he was a priest. They knew of no priest who could be there at such a time. Those who had taken part in the ceremonies at the grave had not come so far with them on the return journey. They began to speculate as to who the man could be. Remarks were exchanged, and meanwhile the new-comer had met the foremost car. Two men were awake in it. There could be no mistake. *They saw at once, and quite clearly, that they were face to face with the man whom they had laid in his grave two or three hours before.* He passed them with his head slightly averted, but not sufficiently to prevent them from making absolutely certain of his identity, or from noting the intense, livid pallor of his skin, the hard glitter of his wide-open eyes, *and* the extraordinary length of his strong, white teeth, from which the full red lips seemed to be writhed back till the gums showed themselves. He was wearing, not the grave-clothes in which he had been attired for his burial, but the decent black frock-coat and garments to match in which they had last seen him alive. He passed down the long line of vehicles, and finally disappeared round the turn of the road. Some one in every loaded trap or car had seen him; in short, most of those who had been awake and on that side. A thrill of terror passed through the whole party. With hushed voices and blanched cheeks they pushed on quickly, now only anxious to get under some sheltering roof and round some blazing hearth before dread night should fall upon them.

Their first call was at the M—— farmhouse. In the front was a little porch built round the door, a small narrow window on either side. About this they gathered, and hurriedly decided to say no word of what had happened to the bereaved mother. Then some one knocked, but received no answer. They knocked again, and still being denied admittance, they began to be uneasy. At last some one thought of peeping in through one of the little side-windows, when he saw old Mrs. M—— lying face downward on the floor. They hesitated no longer, but literally broke in, and it was some little time before they were able to bring her round again to consciousness. This, briefly, is what she told them.

About half an hour earlier, she had heard footsteps on the flags outside, followed by a loud challenging knock. She was surprised that they should have returned so soon, and, besides, she had been expecting the sound of the cars approaching. She decided that it could not be any of the family, and so, before opening, she looked out at the side. There to her horror she saw her dead son standing in the broad daylight much as she had last seen him alive. He was not looking directly at her. But she, too, noted the extraordinary length of his teeth, the cold blaze of his eyes, I might say the wolfishness of his whole bearing, and the deathly pallor of his skin. Her first instinctive movement was to open the door. Then fear swept over her, swamping even her mother love. She felt her limbs giving way under her, and quickly sank into the oblivion in which she lay until they found her.

This is the story as it was told to me. If there was a sequel, I never heard it. Was this a case of vampirism? It has not been altogether unknown in Ireland. At any rate I have thought it worthy of record.

CONSCIOUSNESS : SOUL AND SPIRIT

By J. SCOTT BATTAMS

THE nearer we approach the problems appertaining to the higher life, the more bewildering they become. We find ourselves in a Babel of discordant voices, a chaos of conflicting opinions. I do not presume to judge, but, as a bewildered student, I venture to make a brief referenece to some of the factors that, in varying degree, contribute to our bewilderment, whilst offering such counsels for our guidance as, I think, a riper wisdom than my own might suggest.

When we consider how many and various are the schools of thought and different cults, it is small wonder that many a student finds himself in the mazes. It helps him little to be told that the white light of Truth is made up of many rays, if his spirit is too imperfect a prism to re-combine them into the unity of Truth.

Many have found in theosophy and occultism as complete and sufficing an answer to the problems here discussed as their nature permits. Others find these teachings more bewildering than those of dogmatic theology. At such a stage, they who look on man as a spirit destined to reach divine perfection, will at least be unlikely to seek for light in Materialism, which is wholly and for ever incompatible with any spiritual philosophy or religion.

We may now briefly refer to consciousness, which to theosophists, and I believe to most occult schools, is a unity, but threefold in manifestation. We have the waking consciousness, the subconscious, linked up with soul, and the super-conscious—that of the self-conscious Ego, functioning on that lofty plane whence come those impulses which show forth in the lower world as genius—the shuttlecock of the different schools.

In regard to the subconscious, I believe that a clearer knowledge of its nature, content and potentialities, is of great importance in regard to psychic phenomena. Such wider knowledge would also tend to lift the subject out of the realm of empiricism, and enlist it in a practical form for the spiritual, mental, and physical helping of man. That a profounder knowledge would greatly alter our interpretation of various phenomena and bring

about a drastic reassessment of values, seems certain. But here, also, experts differ widely, even on fundamentals, and it is a bewildering region for the inexperienced student.

Academic psychologists, though leaving soul and spirit outside their purview, have greatly extended our outlook. But if man be a spiritual intelligence—"a germ of Divinity encased in matter"—these patient workers may continue to quarry valuable stones, but they cannot rear an enduring edifice. But when the scientific spirit and methods are wedded to imagination—"that holy quality without which soul has no life," who can say to what new heights science may attain?

Theologians, though not for the most part psychologists, yet find in the subconscious a handy weapon against the claims of "Spiritists"; and many distinguished men, though equally lacking first-hand experience, use arguments and methods the reverse of those of science. Nor must we forget that the esoteric philosophy and occult science differ widely from spiritualism as to the "make-up" of the medium, his powers and limitations, and the many sources of error, and the little understood dangers surrounding this field of research. These teachings are often, but by no means entirely, ignored by spiritualists. The leaders of the Christian Churches deserve our sympathy, for they are under solemn vows; they guard a sacred trust; traditions shackle them; and a mass of contradictory opinions assails them. Small wonder they walk warily. Again, the question of survival is one thing; the possibility of spirit intercourse, and the evidential value of the proofs adduced, is quite a different matter; whilst the desirability of such communion is a question weighing heavily with many who accept the larger claims.

A remarkable article, "The Subconscious and the Conscious," by "Jacobus," appeared in *Light* (July 14th). The writer begins with the statement that, "The subconscious is a subject upon which little is known, and that little mostly wrong." With great skill and lucidity he proceeds to demolish many widely accepted teachings. It would be unfair, and also difficult, to lift his dicta from their context, even if space permitted.

When consciousness is examined in the light of reincarnation and karma, our problems become much more complex; for any study of the action and interaction of these laws of itself offers many difficulties to Western minds; but, when fully grasped, these laws illuminate many problems of life and consciousness. For example, the genesis and nature of genius, with its noble reach, its instability and moral lapses, take on a new meaning,

and we at once assign to the subconscious a larger content and vaster potentialities ; for it contains much from our long past. If we come into the world " trailing clouds of glory," we come not empty-handed. We bring much of the harvests garnered in many lives—germinal faculties, quick to unfold, tendencies, potentialities, and even remnants of savage lives. Although, according to these teachings, physical heredity brings no *soul qualities*, it yet adds a most important quota to the " make-up " of the personality.

The subconscious has been aptly compared to a vast lumber-room, containing endless compartments, and contents numerous and varied enough to satisfy the most voracious psychologist. Many, on the other hand, would seem to regard it as a vast cesspool, from which by careful dredging much offal and, perchance, a pearl of price may be landed. Again, this stratum of consciousness has become the happy hunting ground of all and sundry. The Bayswater seer is as keen on " suppressed complexes " as his exalted brother of Harley Street. How many of these practitioners and their clients realize that in this subconscious resides the imperishable memory, which constitutes the Book of the Recording Angels ; that its self-revealing records must one day pass before their departing spirits, again to meet them on that plane where man shall know himself, even as he will be known ? Truly, it is with a deep sense of responsibility that one should enter his brother's holy of holies, soiled and murky though it be.

If the nature of the subconscious be difficult to grasp, for reasons already suggested, we do not escape similar difficulties when we seek to learn what soul is in relation to body and spirit. The materialist, of course, has no use for a spiritual body in his philosophy ; and even theologians, and religionists of different sects often use the terms soul and spirit as if they were identical realities. The Bible would seem fairly explicit, especially when studied with the occult key. In the light of " spiritual science," spiritualists have found the key to much that puzzled and offended the common sense of the plain man.

In a striking address : " The Larger Consciousness and its Value," Dr. Annie Besant has condensed the essence of the matter into a few terse and pregnant definitions, which fairly represent the occult teachings, even if they fail to satisfy the theological exegete. Soul she defines as " The temporary reflection in grosser matter of the eternal Spirit. Its attributes are mind with all its powers : Emotion—the root emotion being Love :

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Desire, the reflexion of the determining power in this lower world. The soul works in the subtler parts of the 'natural body' as the waking consciousness does in the desire body. The spirit in the spiritual body, is everlasting, whilst the soul in the temporary body changes." This is so plain, so free from bewildering technicalities, that comment would be presumptuous.

We are further told in the Rosicrucian teachings that on the other side all which is truly spiritual in the soul is incorporated with the Spirit, and shares its immortality. This is "the soul that is saved." All that belongs to the lower nature, its sins, its unholy lusts and desires, etc., after expurgation, however long the process, are cast off by the Spirit, and disintegrate. This is "the soul that sinneth and dies."

I realize that it is all too easy merely to enumerate the difficulties confronting the student, difficulties on which only ripe wisdom can advise. Some of these difficulties are fundamental; many problems can receive no satisfactory or final answer from philosophy or science. There are also truths that can only be reached through spiritual perception, and they remain a personal possession.

There is an evolution of truth, as of matter and of life; and we cannot hope to gain more than some aspects of Truth in one short term of mortal life. If death for ever takes us from the school of life here, to reach divine perfection in the ever-ascending life hereafter, we may marvel at the why and wherefore of our one short dip into matter, and must wait patiently for the fuller revelation which, even on higher planes, will doubtless be, in measure and in kind, according to our fitness to receive it.

But since the search for Truth is an eternal quest, we can at least cultivate the open mind, the receptive attitude of the child, not allowing blind faith to dominate the critical reason. We are told that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," and enough of light *within ourselves* to guide us on our way.

Writing as a bewildered student to others in like case, I may appropriately end with words addressed to a student by an inspired poet* :—

But foremost of all studies, let me not
Forget to bid thee learn Christ's faith by heart.
Study its truths and practise its behests :
They are the purest, sweetest, peacefullest
Of all immortal reason and records :
They will be with you when all else have gone.

* *Festus*, by Philip James Bailey.

THE INFLUENCE OF RUNNING WATER

By JOHN D. LECKIE

THERE are still many persons who look on the art of water divining as a mere superstition, only believed in by the ignorant and credulous. Such people have always reminded me of the old woman in the story, who was ready to believe the account of her sailor son that he had seen mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but refused to believe that he had seen such things as flying fish.

During the Gallipoli campaign, one of the greatest difficulties the troops had to contend with was the scarcity of water. When a certain Australian sapper who was reported to possess divining powers asserted that water was to be found underground and that he had already located the position of certain springs, the officers to whom he communicated the fact laughed incredulously. Nevertheless, they consented to let him make a trial. The sapper in question did not use a rod, he found his naked hands sufficient for divining purposes; but the best results were obtained by the use of a copper wire, with a copper band round his hand. The copper was procured from some exploded shells, and the diviner set out to prove the truth of his claims. In about a fortnight he had located thirty-two underground springs, which gave an abundant supply of water. Not only could he determine the position of the springs, but he could tell with tolerable certainty at what depth water would be found and the quantity available. Thus, the divining art played an important part in military operations. The officer in command thought the matter of sufficient importance to mention it in despatches.

This use of copper in the search for running water confirms the theory that there is an electric influence at work in the matter—for copper is one of the best conductors of electricity. Moreover, it is well known that water diviners are apt to be violently affected during thunderstorms, when the air is charged with electricity. Is there some electric influence in running water, which is only perceptible to certain sensitive persons? It is maintained by some that the water-divining faculty was originally innate in all human beings, but like so many instincts which primeval man shared with the lower animals, it has become dulled or atrophied

by disuse, for it is scarcely necessary under modern civilized conditions. When man can always obtain water there is no need to search for it. In the case of the human being, the water-finding faculty has only survived in a few privileged individuals. Certain it is that some animals have an instinct which unerringly directs them to water, and some primitive races, such as the Australian blacks, are almost if not quite as expert in the matter. It may be added that the Australian black also possesses the tracking instinct, being able to follow the footsteps of persons where no outward signs are visible to the white man. This shows that tracking is not merely dependent on the sense of smell (as it is supposed to be in the case of the dog), but is as it were a sort of sixth sense.

The influence of running water on certain sensitives is well known. The belief that it is dangerous for persons in a somnambulant condition to cross a stream is no mere superstition. A case was reported some time ago in the New Zealand papers of a lady who was observed by a policeman to be walking in the public park in Christchurch at an advanced hour of the night. She was clad only in her night-dress and it was evident that she was a somnambulist. This fact was recognized by the policeman, who also knew that it was dangerous to suddenly awaken persons while in that condition. He therefore kept her under observation, following her until she came to a bridge across a water-course, when she suddenly collapsed and awoke.

The influence of running water in witchcraft lore is well known. The poet Burns voices this opinion in his famous poem of Tam o' Shanter. Tam, after peering through a window in the ruined kirk of Alloway, saw a crowd of witches dancing, and being in no way afraid (for he was under the influence of a different kind of spirits) he cried out :

" Weel done, cutty Sark !"
And in an instant all was dark.

The witches sallied forth like bees whose hive has been molested, and Tam, mounted on his mare, rode for dear life. The river Doon was near at hand, and he made for it with all speed, for he knew that witches could not cross running water. His grey mare Meg also recognized the danger and instinctively headed for the stream.

" There thous at them thy tail may toss
A running stream they daurna cross."

When he had just reached the keystone of the bridge, he was overtaken by a witch, who arrived just in time to pull off the grey mare's tail. Apart from this loss, Tam and his mare escaped in safety. Burns evidently records a countryside legend, and it is noticeable that all the conditions were favourable for occult manifestations. It was a dark night and the hour was late, a violent thunderstorm was raging, and Tam was sorely under the influence of "John Barleycorn."

In olden times, a favourite test for witches was to throw them into running water; if they floated on the surface without sinking, it was accepted as a proof that they possessed occult powers. Even standing water may have the same result in very sensitive cases, for it is reported of the German seeress Frau Hauff (see Kerner's *The Seeress of Prevorst*), that when in a clairvoyant condition she could not sink in her bath, but had to be pushed down and kept in that position.

It is a curious fact that salt water does not seem to possess the same virtue as fresh. There are currents in the sea: tidal, seasonal and permanent, and some of them are quite rapid; but we have never heard of any case of sensitives being affected by sea water, either running or standing, though the number of persons who travel over the sea is considerable. One very remarkable fact, however, may be stated. Cases have been reported of water-diviners who have lost their divining powers after a long sea voyage. Among others, it may be sufficient to mention the case of a noted German diviner who had been very successful in his native country, but on being sent out to German South-West Africa (a notably arid region) for the purpose of locating springs, he was found to be a complete failure in that region.

The divining faculty also varies considerably in the same person at different times. Whether such differences are due to physical, psychical or climatic variations is not stated. After all, the nervous system of human beings or other animals appears to furnish the best electric medium for such tests, for although electric ore-finders and water-finders have been invented, and some of them claim to be successful, the fact that they are not more widely used seems to militate against their general practicability.

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.]

REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent William G. Gates in his article on the above remarks that a Control said, "What we sow in one life we must reap in the next." Granted, as axiomatically true; but what does he mean by the next life? Is it the life we enter into on the astral plane at physical decease, or our next earth life? If we reap what we have sown during our earth life on the astral plane after death, and work out our karma there, why reincarnate on earth? Does it not seem unfair to have to pay our karmic debts twice over, once on the astral, and then again on the physical?

Why cannot wrongs done in the physical body be repaid on the astral or inner planes? The physical body cannot sin, being simply the instrument used by the astral. The wrongdoer is the inner or real man, not his physical sheath.

I have given the subject of human reincarnation a considerable amount of attention during the past forty years, and still "fail to realize its wisdom and justice"; but then no two people agree as to what constitutes justice.

To me the doctrine of human reincarnation is not only unjust, but illogical, very materialistic, and heart-breakingly callous.

Yours faithfully,

UNITY.

ASTROLOGY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I venture to think that certain passages in your reviewer's remarks on my *Principles of Astrology* are of general astrological interest, and that I may therefore be allowed to say a few words in reply:

I have always considered it extremely doubtful whether the Sun "represents the spiritual and permanent self." This appears to me to be theoretically wrong, because, as modern psychology teaches, there is a male and a female aspect to each self, an outgoing and an indrawn side, and some form of trouble will manifest if either of these is over-emphasized at the expense of the other. Similarly many religions insist upon the dual aspects of Deity—a masculine and a

feminine—and, I believe, very correctly. Astrologically these two poles of the human spirit are represented by the two Luminaries and by the positive and negative signs.

Further, it seems to me that in practical Astrology the Sun is a much less reliable index of moral and spiritual development than the Moon, although, of course, no experienced astrologer would venture to draw conclusive deductions from either apart from the rest of the horoscope. Afflictions to the Sun often seem to affect character little, but work out in the outer life as health, obstacles, mistakes, attacks and so on. Lunar afflictions are more often related to the inner nature. In Dr. Steiner's nativity, for example, we have a badly afflicted Sun and a beautifully placed Moon. Examples could be multiplied.

As regards the emotional natures of Gemini and Libra, one may admit that all Air is sociable, companionable and unitive. Libra, furthermore, is undoubtedly affectionate. But that it has great powers of devotion I can hardly agree. V. E. Robson says it is "usually selfish and rather shallow," and of Gemini he writes that it is "coldly scientific and dispassionate." Both are, of course, sensitive signs, and certainly persons born with them rising are sometimes devotedly affectionate. But is it their ascendants which cause this?

Thanking you, I am,

Yours truly,

C. E. O. CARTER.

ROSICRUCIANISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The OCCULT REVIEW has always stood for fair play, so I am hoping this letter will find space in your correspondence columns.

In "Reviews" recently, Mr. Meredith Starr implies a very serious accusation against Mr. Max Heindel, the author of the *Gleanings of a Mystic*, which book Mr. Starr reviewed in your columns.

Mr. Starr says that "Mr. Max Heindel went to Germany and studied under Dr. Steiner for a period with the object of publishing a book on behalf of Dr. Steiner's views, embodying Dr. Steiner's teachings. *This he did.*"

Mr. Meredith Starr is under a misapprehension. The following are the facts.

In 1907 Mr. Heindel did go to Germany to study the teachings of Dr. Steiner, and while there he engaged in the preparation of a proposed book to be entitled *A Compendium of the Teachings of the East and the West*, which was to be dedicated to Dr. Steiner.

However, before Mr. Heindel went back to America, he was privileged to receive a vast quantity of occult information *direct* from the Rosicrucian Order.

In consequence of this, the original MS. of the proposed book was

destroyed and Mr. Heindel began to write an entirely *new* volume, which was later finished and published in November 1909, entitled *The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception*.

This book was dedicated to Dr. Steiner, who had attracted him to Germany, and given him much help in the first place.

The withdrawal of the dedication was necessary in order to correct the wrong impression that Mr. Heindel had received *all* his inspiration and material from Dr. Steiner, which was positively not the case.

The reason for the obvious similarity between the two philosophies is because both men received their inspiration and knowledge from Rosicrucian sources.

Dr. Steiner was the first to give out the teachings he had received. Mr. Heindel followed with the knowledge he had independently received direct from the Rosicrucian Order, and he was not indebted to Dr. Steiner for these independent teachings.

It is advisable that students read both works and note the differences and similarities between the writings of the two men.

Mr. Heindel's presentations of the Rosicrucian teachings are neither "spicy" nor "sensational"; on the contrary his writings stand out as among the most dignified and simple expositions of occult teachings that have ever been published, but Mr. Starr states a fact when he says they are "easily intelligible."

The Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings have always aimed to clear away the ancient brambles which have for so long hidden the entrance to the conscious Path of Initiation.

Rather than create obstacles to the ascent of the mountain, it is the privileged task of the true teacher to point out the way as plainly as possible; then, the pupil's effort to follow in Christ's footsteps on the Path will surely lead to initiation when the mountain top of love and service has been reached.

Yours truly,

CHRISTINE CROSLAND TAYLOR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have said all I wish to say on the subject of "Non-Resistance" and have called forth from your correspondent "A" one of the most abusive epistles it has been my lot to read in your magazine. Not content with hiding behind the shield of anonymity, he shows some inexplicable animus against me for having recommended him, in what was no more than a postscript, to study the "history and practice of the Society of Friends." In doing this I had in mind the experiences of Quakers right from the beginning of the Society, the experiment of Pennsylvania, their immunity from harm in Irish wars, etc. I made no claim for them to have solved a difficult problem.

Your correspondent sympathizes with those young Friends who went to war recently and with those who stood out for the traditional

testimony of the Society. There I agree with him. But the tortuous method by which in the three later paragraphs of his letter he seeks to bring discredit upon the Society by mysterious innuendoes must be dealt with sternly.

His argument, if it can be called such, is this: In war women have been the spoil of the victors, and sexual force perverted from its true function produces mental distortions which later lead to war. He then accuses the Society of Friends (on hearsay evidence of which he twice doubts the accuracy) of "publicly giving its sanction to that *perversion* on the ground that it is the lesser of two evils." The Society, we are told, "gives its sanction to the processes that create the vitiated brains, etc."

I should be justified at this point in giving a flat denial to this charge and to say that I do not know what "A" is referring to. But I can guess that he is attempting some oblique reference to "Birth Control" and wishes to refute my views on non-resistance by throwing in my teeth what he calls a teaching of "perversion."

The use of the word "perversion" in regard to birth control is shamefully unjust in the first place; but further, the Society has made no public or private declaration in favour of birth control. In 1924 the Yearly Meeting appointed a Committee to look into the subject; in 1925 it received and discussed at Scarborough, the Report entitled "Marriage and Parenthood," but expressly did not endorse its very mild conclusions. In the absence of an official minute I should venture my own opinion that the Society of Friends as a whole would discountenance the teaching and practice of contraceptives and would rest on self-control. But I have no authority to say this much.

If I am right in my guess I can only say how base your correspondent's attack appears. Let him reveal his identity and I will supply him with references to documents which will render him more careful in making charges against innocent people.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE EASTERN BUDDHIST is of singular interest, as usual, though sometimes of an exotic kind. We have done what is possible on the part of a western mind to grasp the doctrine of immortality according to Zen Buddhism, as it is supposed to be unfolded in a valued text of the Rinzai school, belonging to the tenth or eleventh century of the present era. It must be confessed that we have been baffled, for the most cryptic text of western alchemy seems almost clear by comparison. The question is whether one whose body lies in its coffin is living or dead, and the answer refuses to affirm on either side : in the normal understanding of things we should infer that the matter is left open, but it is otherwise according to "the truth of Zen." Those who understand the refusal shall know where they are bound for and will "shut out every tongue that wags in the whole world," because here is the key which releases from "the bondage of birth and death." It is obvious that these statements and their pregnant implications do not lie logically within the measures of the question and refusal, for which reason it has been said that the instruction baffles us ; but on the other hand there is an affirmative answer involved, namely, that there is life beyond the body ; otherwise we are bound for nowhere. There is also a way of escape from the circle of rebirth. In respect of other articles, Beatrice Lane Suzuki completes her account of ruined temples in Kamakura, to which we have referred previously. The English translation continues of the VIMALAKVITI SUTRA, a lucid and engrossing text, in which we seem to breathe the pure spirit of Buddhism. A study of the SHIN SHU, presumably the chief scripture of Shin Buddhism, helps us to a better understanding of the doctrine concerning Nirvana, which is defined to be "the Great Self," while its attainment transcends the dualism of "to be" and "not to be," and constitutes the identification with that Self of those who have entered into liberation from the bonds of the personal ego. Lastly, there is a consideration of moral world order from the standpoint of the great eastern religion, and it affirms that "recognition of absolute individual responsibility is the fundamental principle of Buddhism." At the end of this issue there are certain editorial notes which speak of a Buddhist revival going on at the present time all over China, and including among its active workers the President of the Republic, a former Prime Minister, and many persons in high political positions. We note in conclusion a word on institutional Buddhism which is extremely significant : it is said to breathe the spirit of feudalism and to be altogether antiquated ; it has been abandoned by the Mahayana school of Japan, though this is by no means fully emancipated from the "obsolete and yet overpowering spirit." Taken altogether, it

must be said that *THE EASTERN BUDDHIST* is a record of an unknown world, a world of mind, and that it opens before us unimagined vistas of metaphysical and religious thought, as numerous and complex as those which prevail in the West.

Professor Charles Richet has occupied for a space of fifty years an important position in the Paris Faculté de Médecine, and gave recently his valedictory lecture, choosing as his subject the work accomplished by the Laboratory of Physiology during that long period. Two days previously he delivered an address on Metapsychical Science, and Dr. Eugène Osty gives his impressions of both orations in the new issue of *REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE*. We are concerned only with that of the earlier date, in which metapsychical phenomena were described as occurrences which cannot be explained by "normal psychology, normal mechanics or normal physiology." It is divisible into subjective and objective, the former being purely psychological—e.g., the reading of a letter in a sealed opaque envelope—while the latter embraces obviously all that is understood by spiritists as physical phenomena. For the rest, Richet expressed his belief that to give metapsychics its full scope is one of the great tasks imposed on the twentieth century: it is a new science, now at its dawn only, but it is developing with startling rapidity and it opens up illimitable horizons. Dr. Osty's account of an historical occasion is followed by a remarkable paper of Prof. Ferdinando Cazzamalli, of Milan University, on telepsychical phenomena and cerebral radiations, accompanied by figures of apparatus used in the experiments, the most successful and remarkable of which were conducted with Mlle. Maggi, so far unknown to fame in England, though her apparently extraordinary psychical gifts have been under observation in Italy for something like three years. The results obtained are held to establish, among other points, that "electro-magnetic oscillations, of the type of radio-electric waves, radiate from the human subject in particular psychic conditions and especially during the development of telepsychical phenomena." M. René Warcollier will interest many with his elaborate illustrated description of an automatic telepsychical detector, called otherwise and more simply an electric "ouija." But we are indebted on our own part more especially to M. René Sudre for his utterly clear, impartial and comprehensive summary of the "Margery Enigma," which is actually a review of Mr. J. Malcolm Bird's *MARGERY THE MEDIUM*, Houdini's pamphlet exposing her alleged tricks, and Dr. McDougall's "further observations" on the same subject in the June *JOURNAL* of the American S.P.R.

The last issue of this valuable official organ is also before us, and one of its outstanding contributions is that of Mr. E. J. Dingwall in reply to Dr. McDougall and Mr. Bird on the Margery case. It is a strenuous attempt to maintain his scientific consistency in the face of his enthusiastic communication to Baron von Schrenck-Notzing on the genuine character of the phenomena and his subsequent change

of ground. There is no question that his communication has influenced in a marked manner the judgment of many serious readers and students, because of his position as research officer of the English Society for Psychical Research, and there is no question also of their agreement with the editor of the American JOURNAL when he affirms that Mr. Dingwall's private and public statements contradict one another. But we are promised his "report" in full, and meanwhile that which is vital is not the consistency of one or another witness, but—as we have intimated previously—the production of further evidence under other and improved circumstances. It should be added that the unending debate on Margery is for once overshadowed by other features of the JOURNAL. Mr. Bird has been at the pains of investigating the hollow pretensions to haunting on the part of a dilapidated house, described as "located on an open hilltop in New England": the investigations were made with great care, while the record of results is excellent. It is held to be worth telling because Mr. Bird knows of no other instance "where so many varieties of the familiar ghosts that are not ghosts have existed simultaneously in the same house." Mr. Harry Price, who is foreign research officer of the American S.P.R., gives account of some further experiments made recently by himself in Vienna with Willy Schneider, whose mediumship was made famous by the researches of Baron von Schrenck-Notzing. There is finally a most interesting editorial account of Mr. Price himself, including his portrait. The present editor of the JOURNAL is Mr. J. Malcolm Bird.

We are indebted to THE THEOSOPHIST for directing our attention to the poetry of Nathalia Crane, who was born in New York City on August 11, 1913, and for enabling us to form our own judgment on the basis of numerous quotations. They are selected from a little volume published in 1924 and containing verses written up to and presumably including 1923, when she was ten years old. They are termed aptly a "new literary phenomenon," by Dr. H. Cousins, in the article to which we refer, and we are in general agreement with his critical appreciations, setting aside of course as non-proven some inevitable theosophical inferences on "young old souls," the "spherical nature of truth" and "expansion of consciousness beyond the one-life experience of the ego." It is, moreover, much too early and an error of judgment to speak of the amazing child as placed at once among masters of the English language. The poems are remarkable indeed and antecedently incredible for the writer's tender years: if she is not spoiled by lionizing, it is possible that we have a modern Sappho before us about to prove her vocation, a more "unparalleled poetess" than Mrs. Browning—to quote William Michael Rossetti's phrase—and in this sense there may be added, as Dr. Cousins suggests, "a new glory to literature." Whether in such case she will help the human spirit towards "realization," leading it out of "darkness and inarticulateness," is a question which can be left in his hands till the days mature. Having little faith

in "the gods" and less use for them, we leave also the proposition that they have set up Nathalia Crane as a sign. The human spirit is not especially inarticulate, though it talks too often at random and to little purpose, and we doubt very much whether Dr. Cousins' imagined "utterance of the Great Life" will take place in words; but it is quite certain at the moment that there is a girl poet among us of no common calibre and that we are only beginning to hear of *THE JANITOR'S BOY AND OTHER POEMS*, published by Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Mrs. Bligh Bond continues in *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW* her pictorial account of psychical experiences personal to herself, and those who are drawn towards evidences of ancient civilization in Mongolia may read about recent discoveries of Colonel Kazlov, who has spent years in the exploration of that region and has published the results in Russian. . . . *THEOSOPHY IN SOUTH AFRICA* has a talk upon Cosmic Consciousness which claims to be written by a person—identity undisclosed—who uses "the wider consciousness" and produces verses in that state. They are unfortunately the reverse of convincing and much below the average even for the normal mode. We are introduced also to Madame Blavatsky and her *VOICE OF THE SILENCE* as containing descriptions of the so-called cosmic condition, prior apparently to the thesis of Dr. Bucke. We remember a distinguished literary man anathematizing those who have found our findings and said our great things before us; but Dr. Bucke may be at peace most probably over the alleged case in point, or may be reassured by remembering that cosmic consciousness is sure to be affirmed or implied in Vedas and Upanishads, the Zend Avesta or Popul-Vuh. We are fully in agreement when it is said that the state is one of importance to real theosophists: it is important also to us who stand outside all the "woven circles" and watch what is said and done. . . . *ANTHROPOSOLOGY* is of extraordinary interest as a memorial from first to last of its founder, Dr. Rudolph Steiner. Why it comes so late in the day is another matter and a question which is not likely to be answered. There is firstly an *in memoriam* by Mr. D. N. Dunlop, and it is followed by a biographical sketch, some notes on Steiner's educational work, an appreciation of his claims as an artist, and, last of all, as a man. Dr. Steiner passed from this life on March 30 of the present year, and was born on February 28, 1861. There is no intimation and perhaps no certainty as to how and whether his apparently unfinished work will proceed in his absence.

Some matter of considerable moment will be found in recent issues of *LA REVUE SPIRITE*, both within and without the particular field of its concern, and this—as every one knows—is the presentation of spiritistic philosophy from the reincarnationist standpoint of Allan Kardec. M. Léon Denis refers to communications from spirits his belief that "the good and beautiful are the supreme law of the universe, and that the evolution of beings through the ages has no other end than the slow and gradual conquest of both these forms of perfection."

REVIEWS

THE ADORERS OF DIONYSUS (Bakchai). Translated from the Greek of Euripides, with an Original Interpretation of the Myth of Kadmos. By James Morgan Pryse. Illus. by J. A. Knapp. Los Angeles: John M. Pryse. London: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, W.C.2. Pp. 164.

As a sequel to his version of Aischylos' *Prometheus Bound*, the well-known author of the *Apocalypse Unsealed* gives us a metrical translation of the last and greatest tragedy of Euripides, prefaced by three chapters in which the recondite meaning of the Myth of Kadmos is set forth. Mr. Pryse regards Euripides as an initiate, who in this play illustrates the evils which result from failure on the part of a disciple of the higher wisdom to distinguish the psychical from the spiritual. Pentheus, the son of Kadmos, personifies the self-righteousness born of this error, enthroned by Kadmos and destroyed by Dionysus, representative of the true or divine Self. The version is by no means lacking in dramatic vigour or poetic charm, but is confessedly written with a special view to the emphasizing of the esoteric intent, many of the lyrics in particular being expanded by way of interpretative paraphrase. Mr. Pryse contends that many passages of the text are incapable of literal translation, inasmuch as they contain technical terms relating to the mysteries, which only by interpretative expansion can be made intelligible to modern readers. Ordinary academic versions, such as Milman's—he does not mention Gilbert Murray's—falsify in his opinion the true meaning of the drama. In an appendix on the Perfective Work, Mr. Pryse gives brief and clear directions for a process of yoga-concentration for the purpose of "uniting the purified reasoning mind with the divine Mind in which is the true individuality of the man, his deathless Self." The "supreme object of adoration," we are told, is "the Self in its comprehensible aspect as the true Mind." This is a dangerous doctrine, in the absence of explicit warning that the Self to be "adored" is *not* that of the individual as such. Aspirants would be better advised to practise the humbler yet higher soaring method inculcated by the anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*.

CHARLES WHITBY.

LE CANTIQUES DES CANTIQUES. Par Paul Vulliaud. Les Presses Universitaires de France; Paris, 49 Boulevard Saint-Michel. Price 40 francs.

I HAIL this version of the Song of Songs with much delight as it is "D'Après La Traditions Juive" and strips the lovely canticle of all the later poetic but fantastic superstructures, symbols and meanings with which successive creeds and sectarians have embellished it. To the Jew M. Vulliaud renders a yeoman service in clearing the mind of the forgetful West of many hypotheses concerning the kingly *Hohelied*. The translator steers safely through a perfect sea of conflicting commentators, including Renan, who was also irregular concerning its allegory proper. M. Vulliaud reproduces the conceptions of Midrash and Talmud

with conspicuous success. As an illustration of his method I quote the following: Rab Katina dit: *Mon Bien Aimé est descendu au jardin, au parterre des plantes aromatiques, pour paître son troupeau dans les jardins* (vi. 2). Comment se fait-il qu'après avoir parlé d'un jardin il soit question de plusieurs?

Mon Bien Aimé c'est l'Eternel, est descendu au jardin, signifié l'univers, vers la parterre des aromates, c'est Israel; pour faire paître son troupeau dans les jardins, ce sont les nations du monde; et pour cueillir les roses, ce sont les Justes qu'il leur enlève (Berakhoth ii. 8). In this citation lies the entire key to the greatest and purest of love-songs ever written to God by a questing human lover.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY: STUDIES IN PERSONALITY AND VALUE.

By Radoslav A. Tsanoff, Ph.D. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C. Price 12s. 6d.

CONVINCED that the estimate of man's spiritual destiny is in great measure dependent on the results of analytical investigation of his nature, and that man's own thoughts on the subject are by no means to be neglected, Prof. Tsanoff has undertaken a study of the fortunes of the idea of immortality as depicted in the development of religious and philosophical speculation. To this end he gives expositions of such representative spiritual attitudes as the Dantean eschatology, materialism, the Nietzschean doctrine, positivism, Buddhism, ethical idealism, etc., in each case followed by a critical estimate of the philosophical implications, in their bearing on the special problem of immortality. In this way, while the positive elements of partial views are elicited and their defects exposed, the reader is gradually introduced to the author's own position.

Prof. Tsanoff regards the notion of personal worth as the central consideration in any fruitful discussion of immortality. In his view, the claim to immortal life is a corollary of the aspiration to moral perfection. In this he is at one with Socrates and Plato, but these masters did not share his contempt for metaphysical discussions on the soul regarded as an entity. For Prof. Tsanoff, all that sort of thing has been finally ruled out by Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. To my mind, however, this modern horror of "hypostasization" is being carried to absurd lengths. Who hypostasizes more than Plotinus? But he is constantly warning his pupils against a crudely literal interpretation of the sensuous imagery he uses to suggest supersensible things.

Prof. Tsanoff agrees with Bosanquet that although the self has a degree of individuality, its real character consists rather in the claim to than the possession of individuality. "I am substantive and subject . . . but only in so far as I recognize myself to be adjective and predicate," that is, of the Absolute. "If . . . I set up to be in myself a self-centred real, I become, *ipso facto* in the main a false appearance and all but worthless." But Prof. Tsanoff's final position is not strictly Absolutist: it postulates a *dynamic* conception of the Supreme. Perhaps, too, he holds, as I once urged, that it is an ethical postulate that human travail shall subserve cosmic ends, contribute something to *absolute* progress.

Prof. Tsanoff has written a most interesting book, and has made a permanent and valuable contribution to one of the supreme topics of human investigation.

CHARLES WHITBY.

LITTLE SONGS OF THE WEST. By Petronella O'Donnell. The Folk Press, Ltd., 15 Ranelagh Road, S.W.I.

It is only appropriate that the Somerset Folk Press should publish this last slender volume of Miss O'Donnell's poems, for both her chief inspirations begin with an "S"—Somersetshire and the Sea. Her present and latest output shows a great advance in craftsmanship. Her style is clearer, her images less obscure, without losing that love of poetic colour which previously caused her to paint her verbal pictures too thickly. Miss O'Donnell leans toward the rich and rare, as witness the Swinburnian "Like ruby wine the red rose calls," yet her mysticism frees her from Swinburne's sensuousness and gives her occasional touches of Blake as in "The Fiddler Loon." Yet she must guard against trite, prosaic lines, like the first in the third stanza of "The Storm." "A Dead Woman" contains the strongest theme:

" Why this smile? For desertion, disgrace,
And the thing hard to name?
Can sorrow and suffering efface
From this fallen and dissolute face
Like the light of a wonderful flame?
Marred by tears of mad passion and woe,
Tossed away like a shoe too much trod,
A thing of no value below,
Did she see through the fog and the snow,
A lovely new world and a God?"

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Published by the Psychic Bookshop and Library, Abbey House, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Price 3*d*.

THIS pamphlet expounds what its author regards as the salient points of similarity existing between the Christianity of the earliest Christians, and the Spiritualism of the present-day Spiritualists. Sir Arthur insists, and few will contradict him, on the great help to real religion given by the use of psychic powers in their various manifestations, such as clairaudience, clairvoyance, and the gift of what is called Mental or Spiritual Healing. He remarks that "Jesus the Christ set the example by strengthening the effect of His teaching by the use of His psychic powers." Let those who refuse a hearing to Spiritualism for theological reasons carefully think over this statement, and let common sense assert itself. Unfortunately in the case of so many worthy folk there is a distinct disinclination—may we say disability—to *think* at all.

As I write these words, Sir Arthur is presiding over the International Spiritualist Congress which is meeting in Paris, and he is reported as having announced that "one of its principal aims is to winnow from the Spiritualist movement anything that savours of charlatanism and imposture."

Sir Arthur is a doughty warrior, and may he long wield his good broadsword against hydra-headed Materialism, and against the blind prejudice of the ignorant "Who but I!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

B B

LAZARE. By Henri Berand. Translated by Mrs. Harold Sandwith.
Price 7s. 6d. net. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

THIS is a story of dual personality, around which the author has written a novel of considerable merit and occult interest.

It is not a bright book, however, and though there is in it much of unusual interest, it is hardly likely that it will appeal to a very wide section of English readers, but here, as in France, it will be welcomed among students of the occult.

Judged only as an ordinary novel, the book seems singularly wanting in humour; relief from the details of the grim records that crowd in quick succession throughout the narrative is scanty and rare, comes hardly a glimmer of hope to lighten the pages that seem all too heavily weighted with horror and seared with realistic description of the story of the seamy side of the once "gay city," visited after sixteen years of absence—surely not altogether a true picture of Paris after the Great War?

The last chapter of the book is surprisingly disappointing, yet, somehow, one feels that it is here the author has given us of his best. It is not the ending that one would have liked, but it is a fine piece of realism, most cleverly conceived.

This part of the work is written with less bitterness and with a surer hand. Moreover it bears the conviction of truth.

It is in this final chapter that the reader is able to discern glimpses of greatness and to wonder if the writer, who is certainly capable of dramatic power, may not one day, if he is very careful, find himself well equipped to ascend the ladder of literary fame.

CHRISTIE T. YOUNG.

THE CRYSTAL SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Miss Elise Emmons,
Author of "The Surprise and Other Poems," etc. London:
Arthur H. Stockwell, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE graceful and versatile pen of Miss Lilian Whiting contributes to Miss Elise Emmons' latest volume a beautiful Introductory Poem, entitled "Unfaltering." As usual Miss Emmons herself finds material for her own cheery verses in most, if not all, "the changing scenes of life," and its everyday joys and sorrows. Sometimes she goes farther afield, as in "St. Francis and the Birds," which tells how the Blessed Saint cared especially for his little feathered brethren on Christmas mornings.

The present volume contains upwards of a hundred pages of this author's pleasant lays, including some lines of fervent homage to the late Miss Marie Corelli, of whom a life-like portrait is included among the several illustrations, which add to the interest of this prettily got-up book.

The following stanza is very representative of the gentle tranquillity that runs through all Miss Emmons writes:

"Out of the world in peace, and waiting
To learn the Heavenly Father's will—
Problems of Life, and Time, debating
Best just to listen and be still!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Author of "Facts of the Future Life," etc., etc. London: Hutchinson & Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE contents of this, the latest work of the Rev. G. Vale Owen, is thus indicated by its Editor—the Rev. G. Eustace Owen—in a short Preface: "Not all the book is 'inspirational.' But those who have read *The Highlands of Heaven* will easily recognize the influence of "Zabdiel" in certain chapters. . . . The author is suggestive rather than dogmatic. He turns our faces towards a door that will open if we knock. It rests with us to pass through and pursue our own way."

The problem is *what* shall we find on the other side of the door? In the seven chapters following the author dilates on his subject under these several suggestive headings: *The Ascent to God*; *The Science of God*; *The Ministers of God*; *The Triune God*; *The Unity of God and Man*; *Glory*; and *The Heavens of Glory*. Then follow two Appendices by the Editor: *The Ether Planes of Ezekiel's Vision*, and *Time and Place in the Spiritual World*. They are both deeply interesting and thought-compelling.

Some charming ideas find their way like gleaming dewdrops throughout the book; as, for instance, in Chapter Three, "The Ministers of God," where we are told: "Every flower is an angel's thought; its beauty of form and colour and perfume, and the wonder of its growth, well thought out and agreed upon in the Heavenly Councils of those to whom such creative work is assigned."

Archdeacon Wilberforce used to say: "Every flower is a Thought of God." I suppose it comes to the same thing in the end. Apropos, I am reminded of a delightful book, *The Amateur Archangel*, wherein the follies and foibles of mankind are ascribed to the amateurish bungling of an archangel not quite up to his work. In other words, the world's chaos to-day shows how far from the Thought of God wilful humanity has strayed.

In an attempt by the editor to elucidate the difficulties of communication between beings existing in two different states of consciousness, we are brought to the inevitable conclusion that it is all "One life in one world."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, edited in Three Volumes by Geoffrey Keynes. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. \times 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. xx + 364 + viii + 398 + viii + 430 + 59 plates. London: The Nonesuch Press, 16 Great James Street, W.C.1. Printed on Vidalon hand-made paper and bound in $\frac{1}{4}$ vellum, edition limited to 1,500 copies, price £5 17s. 6d. net. (Oxford India paper edition, limited to 75 copies. Price, bound in vellum, £9 9s. net, in morocco, £10 net.)

"At last"—that is what I exclaimed on opening the first volume of Dr. Geoffrey Keynes' *The Writings of William Blake*, which has just been issued from the Nonesuch Press in three sumptuous volumes. "At last we have a complete and accurate text of Blake." And that is what I think every Blake lover will exclaim in similar circumstances. For the writings of Blake are here to be found—apart from a number of letters and minor pieces now unfortunately untraceable—in their completeness, and the text has been edited with the most scrupulous and most praise-

worthy regard for accuracy. Blake, as Dr. Keynes remarks in his Preface, "many times during his life . . . had expressed the conviction that his works would live, and that nothing would ultimately dim the lustre of his fame"—a conviction which has proved true, though the world has had to wait until now for a complete and satisfactory text of his writings.

Dr. Keynes' edition, as I have intimated, contains everything traceable that Blake wrote. The hitherto unpublished matter includes a number of letters, annotations to works by Watson and Berkeley, and *Vala, or the Four Zoas*. I mention *Vala* because the two texts in which this poem has previously been published are so hopelessly corrupt as not to be deserving of the name at all.

Dr. Keynes has adopted a chronological arrangement of the contents, and the only criticism I have to offer on this is that I think it might have been a better plan to have separated those works which Blake issued in any way to the public, and which are therefore to be regarded as his finished literary productions, from private letters, MS. poems and other unpublished matter; for the interest attaching to these two classes of writings seems to me to be of a different character.

At any rate, however, here we can read everything that this astounding genius—this mystic visionary who believed Imagination to be the highest form of Reality and saw in Art the supreme manifestation of the human spirit—wrote. We can, if we will, enter into the workings of his thought, and with him see his wonderful visions of Eternity.

The volumes, I may add, are handsomely illustrated with fifty-eight plates in colotype reproducing designs by Blake (especially such designs as seem necessary to the full understanding of the text), and Volume I has as frontispiece a reproduction of Deville's life-mask of Blake.

All praise is due to Dr. Keynes for the work he has undertaken and so admirably achieved, and to the Nonesuch Press for the clothing in which the work has been arrayed. I would exchange these volumes for no others in the world.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF." A System of the Theoretical, Practical, and Religious Fictions of Mankind. By H. Vaihinger. Translated by C. K. Ogden. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. xviii + 370. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Price 25s. net.

HANS VAIHINGER'S book—impressive in its wealth of argument and illustration and of outstanding quality in the originality of its thought—is one of which an English translation is very welcome. The expression "the art of thinking" is common enough, yet seldom do we reflect that if thinking is an art then must it make use of artifices. "Freud," writes Havelock Ellis apropos of Vaihinger's philosophy, "regards Dreaming as Fiction that helps us to sleep: Thinking we may regard as Fiction that helps us to live. Man lives by Imagination."

The domains of Jurisprudence and Mathematics provide many instances of the use by thought of fictions—consciously recognized as such—with results of great practical utility. But Vaihinger traces the same process in other regions and shows how all our thinking does—and in fact must—use such artifices to gain its ends, ends which are practical, "the true and final purpose of thought" being "action and the facilitation of action." Indeed, it may be said, perhaps, that he carries his analyses too far, for

so obvious does he make it that reality must ever elude our grasp, that one is inclined to put the question: Is not reality a fiction? Vaihinger rejects Pragmatism; but he does not tell us what truth is or how it can be attained, and it is only in contrast with truth that fiction has any meaning. The pragmatist will agree with him that "the object of the world of ideas as a whole is . . . to provide us with an *instrument for finding our way about more easily in this world*"; but he will add: It is exactly this quality in certain ideas to which I call attention when I describe them as being true.

In certain directions, however, Vaihinger's search for fictions seems to be incomplete, as when, for example, he says "natural laws are *discovered* but machines *invented*." This distinction is entirely arbitrary; natural laws are merely equations invented by the mind for dealing with classes of experience, and are subject to the same process of gradual improvement as holds in the case of machines.

The book, I think, rather loses force by its length and by the author's tendency to repetition of ideas in altered phraseology; but it is one which cannot be ignored, and is a work assured of a permanent place in the history of logic and epistemology.

H. S. REDGROVE.

FAIRIES AT WORK AND PLAY. Observed by Geoffrey Hodson. Pp. 126.

London: Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

DESPITE its uninspired and inadequate title, this little book is one of the most interesting of its kind that has yet appeared. Mr. Hodson writes with the sure touch of personal experience, and his descriptions carry far more conviction than any "fairy photographs" that we have seen. He is, as Bishop Leadbeater remarks in his preface, "much to be congratulated in that he possesses by nature the faculties for which most of us have had to labour so long and so hard." Indeed, the majority of his readers will probably feel that such faculties could never be theirs, did they labour never so strenuously, but even the most sceptical must enjoy—whether or no they can bring themselves to "believe"—these fascinating accounts of brownies, gnomes, sea-fairies, sylphs and devas, as observed in their native haunts in various parts of the British Isles. Perhaps one of the loveliest descriptions is that of the spirit of a waterfall in the Lake District:—

"Her form is a beautiful pale rose-pink, and suggests a marble statue come to life. The hair is fair and shining, the brow broad, the features beautifully modelled, the eyes large and luminous, and, while their expression has something of the spirit of the wilds, their glance is not unkindly. The wings, too . . . are of a rosy pink. Even more striking than the form is the rainbow-like aureole which surrounds her. . . . The colours are too numerous, and in far too rapid movement, for me to detail them, but her aura would seem to contain all the colours of the spectrum in their palest shades, with perhaps rose, green and blue predominating. Some of the bands of colour are outlined with a golden fire, and beyond the outer edge a shimmering radiance of pearly white gives an added beauty. . . . The place is vibrant with her life."

No less entrancing are some of the descriptions of sea-fairies and sylphs, one particularly beautiful example of the latter being encountered near Lake Geneva. Wonderful, too, are the nature-devas, and most fascinating the brownies, gnomes and mannikins, with their quaintly imitative ways. Truly, Mr. Hodson is to be envied the possession of so unusual a

gift of "clear-seeing," and it is to be hoped that he will continue to share his experiences with the rest of mankind whose eyes are still unopened.
E. M. M.

IN A GLASS DARKLY. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. London: Eveleigh Nash & Grayson, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS reprint of some of Le Fanu's shorter stories, under the appropriate title chosen for them by their author, more than half a century ago, should prove of considerable interest to all those who study the development of Occult fiction.

Le Fanu was born in the year preceding Waterloo; but his attitude towards the supernatural and the supernormal, and his method of introducing them into imaginative literature, are quite notably modern.

In the present collection, his leisured fashion of telling an eerie tale, and bringing it, through a steady accumulation of significant detail, to its fearsome climax, is shown to good effect.

The story, entitled "Green Tea," and setting forth the terrible psychic experiences of a pious and learned clergyman, who had imprudently become a green tea drinker, is quite a little masterpiece of convincing ghostliness; while the weird vampire tale, "Carmilla," gains so much in power and verisimilitude from its well-chosen setting, and also from the character of the supposed narrator—an innocent and unsuspecting girl—that it easily holds its own with anything of the kind which has been attempted since.

The attraction so often exercised by the sinister and the uncanny over genial and gifted characters like Le Fanu is worthy of note, and has its significance for students of human nature.

But the book has also a decided concrete interest. No true lover of a good ghost-story can afford to leave it unread; and many who devoured it years ago will welcome this opportunity to re-read it.

G. M. H.

WITCHING WAYS. By Grahame Houblon. Pp. 207. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Price 6s. net.

IT would be a very queer world if practical jokers were able to use magic in the fashion of Mr. Houblon's hero. Who has not wished to see some pompous, self-sufficient fool forced to subdue his blatant materialism? But no. The septuagenarian money-grubber continues to make an idol of Trade ("free" or otherwise), and is not disturbed by officious thaumaturgy; and no one says, to the man who asserts he has no soul, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Maybe it is not required. Maybe there is more fun for the gods in the spectacle of self-sufficiency than in frightening it into reverence.

Mr. Houblon is like an uncommonly gifted child whose novel brims with something suspiciously like animal spirits. His hero, who is of fairy ancestry, is changed into the semblance of a remarkably ugly female by black witchcraft. He is, however (aided by a charming fairy aunt), more than a match for his adversaries. The novel is distinctly readable. It is anti-spiritualistic, farcical, and uses "glamour" in the occult meaning of the word very hard, while possessing little glamour of the poetic sort.

W. H. CHESSON.

WHAT HAPPENS AT DEATH, AND WHAT IS OUR CONDITION AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. Ernest R. Sill, F.R.G.S., Vicar of Linford, Bucks. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS cheering little book is published by the wish of many who have had the privilege of hearing its contents given as a Lecture by the author, and it has a Prefatory Note of goodwill from Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, from which it will be inferred that the Vicar of Linford deals with his subject from the point of view of orthodox theology. It will appeal to many who almost shrink from what is generally understood by the term "Spiritualism," although much of what the author says is in essence the highest, therefore the truest, form of Spiritualism—as it was preached, for instance, by the late Rev. Arthur Chambers—which also maintains that "Death" is only the dropping of the physical sheath, that we shall know each other in the Hereafter, and that we shall have cognisance of the affairs of earth, for "our souls will be untouched by death," and memory, reason, and affection are essentially attributes of the soul.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM. By James H. Leuba. 336 pp. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. 15s. net.

THE author of this book describes it as a psychological study of aspects of human nature conspicuous in mystical religion, and he defines his purpose as that of removing the facts of "inner life" from the domain of the occult, where (he says) they have too long been allowed to remain, in order to incorporate them in the general body of facts of which psychology takes cognisance. Examining the typical characteristics of mystical ecstasy and comparing them with those of other trance-states, Prof. Leuba affirms that there is no difference between religious and non-religious ecstasies other than that which is due to different interpretation. And what does he infer from this conclusion? Not the non-existence of God, but that mystical ecstasy gives insufficient grounds for belief in the God (or gods) of the religions. Nor does he attempt to say how we are to conceive the Ultimate Source of the new energies by which the mystic

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

is admittedly enriched. He is content to say that there are in the human being innate sources of energy, and that full health depends upon their adequate stimulation. The energy of the mystic, he declares, comes from the same innate reservoir. But, this said, he finds that questions as to the Ultimate Source of energy and as to the nature of God remain unanswered.

Prof. Leuba has a vast amount of knowledge; he handles evidence very skilfully; and he argues clearly and convincingly. He has, moreover, in his approach a spirit of sweet reasonableness that is singularly disarming. One may perhaps admit that he comes very near to proving his case, for what it is worth, and that as a scientific study of some of the more extravagant aspects of so-called mysticism his book is a very formidable work. But there we leave him to his inconclusive inferences. The fact (if it be a fact) that mystical experiences are dependent upon the functioning of a psycho-neural mechanism which, like any other mechanism, is liable to disorder, may be a good reason for scrutinizing very carefully all claims to mystical revelation; but it does not entirely exclude those experiences as a means to the knowledge of God; and, while paying high tribute to the matter and the manner of Prof. Leuba's book, one is moderately certain that it will produce little impression upon the minds of genuine mystics, whether speculative or empirical; for it does not affect the essential substance of their convictions.

COLIN STILL.

MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Robert Blatchford.
6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. \times 4 in., pp. 124. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36
Essex Street, W.C. 1924. Price 3s. 6d. net.

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before him. He studied some of the voluminous literature, showing sometimes a just but unorthodox taste, as when he praises more than any other book Hudson's *The Divine Pedigree of Man*; he attended spiritualistic sittings, where, though he obtained no sensational evidence, he did get evidence of sufficient force to convince him that he had spoken to the discarnate personality of his wife. All this he tells in this little book, which should be of great interest to those new to inquiries of this nature.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

PALAMON AND ARCITE. By F. Eirene Williams. Pp. 115. Price 5s. net.

SHADOWS OF MEN. Arthur Crew Inman. Pp. 68. Price 5s. net.

BOTH these books are issued by the firm of Erskine Macdonald, which has introduced so many new poets to the light of day during recent years. The first-named is a classical poetic drama, in one sense the easiest, in another, the most difficult, undertaking that any poet could attempt. Mr. Williams has a good sense of rhythm and a ready flow of words, added

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Gouge crimson fame-ciphers against the sky
Of age-old commonplace and trivial,
So that the universe and all may gaze
And not forget—ever ! ”

This poet is an American, and writes of “The Subway Motorman,” “The Elevator Man,” “A Certain Exclusive Department Store,” “The Pennsylvania Station,” and similar themes. His lines on “These United States” are a study in full-stops :—

“ Discovery. A continent, vast, north
And south. Conquest. Aztec. Inca. Gold. Gold.
Pope’s Bull. Spaniard and Portugal. Conquest.”

And so on. He is smart and observant and clever, and sometimes poignantly satirical, as in “The Widow,” but it cannot be denied that these pages contain more verse than poetry.

E. M. M.

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