

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

## Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor  
Spiritual Communism

THE SHOAL OF AGES  
By Regina Miriam Bloch

THE GREATER MYSTERY: PASSAGE OF  
MATTER THROUGH MATTER  
By William G. Gates

THE DEAD HAND By Chas. H. Rouse  
INVOCATION OF AIR  
By Meredith Starr

THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS  
By F. A. Lamprell

THE DEEPER ISSUES OF OCCULTISM  
By Dion Fortune

"TRYING THE SPIRITS"  
By Amy E. Spooner

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# THE OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

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COMMUNISM in its political sense, as the abolition of all separate and individual rights in property, is properly regarded at the present time as a dangerous subversive movement to be held sternly in check. Like all things in this world of shadows, however, the physical aspect of communism is a reflection of a great spiritual reality, a reality frequently distorted into sheer anarchy. In its highest aspect communism may be regarded as the expression of a spiritual impulse, having its source in the realization of the essential unity of humanity in those lofty realms where dwells that spark of divinity that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Danish philosopher, Viggo Cavling, a translation of whose work, *The Collective Spirit*,\* has recently been made available for English readers, is an enthusiastic exponent of the doctrine of what we may perhaps term "spiritual communism." Following the teaching of his fellow

\* *The Collective Spirit*, by Viggo Cavling. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

countryman, Ludwig Feilberg, he bases his system of philosophy on the theory of evolution. The great lesson that evolution teaches us, he contends, is that only as man realizes that he is here to serve greater powers than his little narrow self, is he worthy of life. Neither of the two great interpretations of the theory of evolution now current—the Darwinian, or mechanistic; and the Bergsonian, or vitalistic—entirely satisfy him. Modern biological research has given the death blow to the former, while the latter does not go far enough. To the great apostle of the vitalistic theory, Henri Bergson, says Cayling, is due the magnificent conception of *Creative Evolution*, "a plank of salvation for all who do not believe in a gloomy determinism or an equally gloomy finalism. He has fumbled at the keyhole of the idealistic shrine, but turned away at the critical moment without opening the door, simply because he feared to find within an altar to the spirit as the goal of evolution, and its noblest product; that spirit to which, from his theory of knowledge, he could not bow the knee." He cannot concede that life is an end in itself, and puts forward his own "idealistic theory." The usual two interpretations of evolution fail to account for the presence in man of those instincts which hamper rather than help the individual in the struggle for existence—those instincts of altruism and self-sacrifice which find their expression for the most part in religion of one form or another. These instincts are obviously designed, he claims, to serve "neither the individual alone nor the race. They have a still higher purpose; that of the whole."

He postulates, in short, a creative force of which mankind is the highest biological product, and "the collective spirit" as the end towards which that creative power is ceaselessly working.

Our doctrine seeks as far as possible to show that a perishable physical world is gradually creating, by a process of refinement, a spiritual—i.e. non-material—replica of itself.

In order to attain this result the physical world has by gradual evolution created a series of apparatus (brains and nerve systems) capable of transmuting physical into spiritual values. The process of evolution is now at the stage where the transformers are made and beginning to work. The spiritual world which is to take the place of the physical world is thus now in its first stage of formation. The solidarity of culture, the spiritual life of humanity, has its first foundations laid.

This new spiritual world is at present centred in the accumulator section of the human transformer system (memory), and thus is still associated with the bio-physical world. But there is much to suggest that this is only a temporary arrangement. In time to come, the spiritual world will break away from the bio-physical world and enter on an inde-

pendent existence as spirit alone. The Collective Spirit will be the quintessence of all that is the greatest and best in the mind of man.

It will be seen that despite the materialistic line of approach, Herr Cavling's view comes very near to that conception of life and evolution which characterizes occultism. Still more closely does he approximate to the standpoint of the occultist when he works out his theory in detail. After pointing out that "ethical principles, faith, hope and charity, ideals and idealistic effort" cannot be denied a place in evolution, and demand to be taken into account, he continues:

On consideration it soon becomes evident that just these higher instincts in man would be sadly out of place if they were only grafted on the individual to serve individual aims. Man could get along very well in the world without art or science or ethics; that is, from a purely material point of view, like that of the beasts. If, nevertheless, we find ourselves equipped with these instincts it seems evident that nature has some end in view for the individual which lies beyond the individual himself. When nature gives a bird the nesting instinct, it is not out of regard to the bird itself, but for the sake of the brood to come; that is, for the race. Similarly, we may say that when nature has given us artistic and scientific and ethical instincts, it is not out of regard for the individual or the human race alone, but with a view to the higher world that shall some day take the place of this, the world of the Collective Spirit.

The presence of higher instincts in the human breast explains the curious fact that humanity, despite all rationalism and practical sense, has adopted the mystic religions of the Asiatics, which are in several respects at variance with our ordinary views of life, but nevertheless form the spiritual food of many to this day. The so-called religious feeling which the Church exploits to the uttermost for its own ends is nothing but the feeling of our own instinctive tendency towards the Collective Spirit.

It is altogether erroneous to suppose that we think with our brains alone. We think, as a matter of fact, much more with the heart. "The heart" is our halting, clumsy term for the sum of feelings, our love and need of ennobling ourselves in a multitude of ways, a thing which cannot be explained by logic. If we seek to convince anyone, it is not enough to proceed by reason alone, we must speak to the heart, for the heart is the master, and reason the servant. . . .

The enormous power of religion is due to the fact that it goes directly to the heart. . . .

It is not religion, still less the religious feeling, that we are seeking to oppose, but the teaching of the Church, the hard inhuman shell in which religion has been enclosed.

In place of a Church man will in time build a temple to the Collective Spirit. For the thought of the Collective Spirit will be capable of giving man far more than the Church. . . .

The idealistic theory of evolution is no dry science. It seeks by the aid of reason to comprehend the great material of science, but at the

same time urges its adherents to think with their hearts as well. It is more idealistic, perhaps, than any doctrine, for it says: do your duty without reserve, without self-righteousness and without thought of any reward in another life. . . .

Herr Cavling is not consciously an occultist, and there are naturally many points of divergence from the esoteric tradition; but we would rather stress the points of agreement than quibble over details. For his book is pregnant with valuable ideas. Outside a few esoteric treatises addressed to the serious aspirant

SPIRITUAL  
BROTHER-  
HOOD.

to the Path of Initiation, we have come across no more inspiring description of the great spiritual reality known as the White Brotherhood—that repository of the garnered fruits of human evolution, which all who consistently seek the highest, without admixture of base personal motives, may contact if they will. In that community alone, the home of the divine essence of humanity, is there nothing that is not common to all; for “nothing that is conscious of separation” can enter there. “Not until the whole personality is dissolved and melted—not until it is held by the divine fragment which has created it” can a realization of this spiritual communism be attained.

Our author’s ideas on human immortality closely approximate those of occult science. “Our separate individualities,” he remarks, “are merely the ambassadors of the creative power on the spiritual plane, as separate bodies, whether of human beings, animals or plants, are ministers of the same power on the biological plane.”

We all of us feel the principle of immortality in ourselves; that is to say, we feel the creative power, and thus are apt to confuse this with ourselves, believing it is *our* soul, whereas we are in reality its body, physically as well as spiritually. On self-analysis we are forced to admit that we are, spiritually, in the hands of higher powers; that love and fear, adventurous longing and perseverance, righteousness and charity, are not things invented and patented by our own little soul, but are given us, like our bodies, by a higher principle. . . .

He concludes his paragraph with the observation that we see this same principle flowing through other individuals who, like ourselves, “are guardians of a lamp that burns eternally, but guardians appointed only for a time. Our sands run out and others take our place.” It is here that the occult view diverges most widely. The essence of individuality may persist, asserts the occultist, as part and parcel of the creative power itself. Side by side with the evolution of the form-side of nature, the

life-side has evolved. That Life is in essence one. Through long ages human individuality has been slowly built. Through long ages to come those individual units will reach out towards the life beyond individuality—to that Collective Spirit which inspires our author's present work. To break down the barriers of separateness which constitute individuality is the secret of what the Buddhists call "liberation." It does not mean annihilation. The testimony of the world's greatest spiritual illuminates is to the contrary. The Buddha knew!

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,  
Whose heart was broken by the whole world's woe,  
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!  
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,  
None other holds you that ye live and die,  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss  
Its spokes of agony.

It would be impossible, perhaps, to find a more beautiful embodiment of Herr Cavling's conception of the working of the Creative power than in those passages of Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, which tell of the Buddha's Great Law.

THE  
BUDDHA'S  
TESTIMONY.

Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,  
Only its laws endure.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;  
What it hath wrought is better than had been;  
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans  
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see:  
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,  
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,  
These, too, the great Law binds.

It will not be contemned of any one;  
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;  
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,  
The hidden ill with pains.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

With much that Herr Cavling has to say on God and Religion the occultist will find himself in disagreement ; with much other he will find himself in complete accord. Every earnest endeavour, however, such as the present, to find a common platform where the idealist and materialist alike may find a meeting-place, should earn the sympathetic appreciation of every thoughtful reader, whether clergyman, philosopher or scientist. For ourselves we can only hope that the day may not be far distant when our author may take the one step farther, and realize the truth of Occultism.

Even physical science is finding itself driven to supporting the philosophy of occultism. One of the most astounding statements of modern science is credited to Professor SCIENCE AND SURVIVAL. Charles Henry, a mathematician of the Sorbonne, according to a Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*. "Religion was right," he is quoted as saying. "The founders of religions were ahead of the scientists. They reached the same conclusion instinctively that we have at last reached slowly, painfully, by steps of infinite study and precision. None of us ever dies. That electrical radiation—call it personality, individual characteristics, soul, if you like, or 'biological vibration'—goes on and on. Set free by death, it seeks another envelope, because only so can it establish its equilibrium."

Careful consideration will reveal the far-reaching implications of this pronouncement.

This electrical radiation "not only can be, but has been measured and calculated. Every human being has such a radiation which is constant, unchanging, persistent, and indestructible."

Measuring these radiations [he continues] is a very delicate operation, but when they are calculated all kinds of other things can be deduced from them with unflinching exactness. . . . These constant and persistent radiations are common to both dead and to living masses, though they differ considerably from one another. But whether you are calculating them from a dead or living body, however carefully, laboriously, conscientiously you do that calculation, you always come up against the same thing—an unknown or unidentified force that is not accounted for under any of the old headings.

Repeat your experiment five, ten, a hundred times. Work on it day after day. You will always find it there—an unknown power that leaves its traces unmistakably, and yet can never be laid hold of. That is the "biological vibration," the soul if you like, which, by the fact of its existence both in living and dead masses, proves itself beyond the reach of the physico-chemical processes of death.

Death sets all kinds of biological elements free by upsetting the



equilibrium they had created life to obtain, leaving them independent of the laws that governed them while they were in equilibrium. And a complex psychic system set free by death may keep traces of consciousness. There you have an explanation of telepathy, and of the phenomenon of apparitions. It is also possible that a greater or less time may elapse before the elements succeed in finding another envelope, though they seek it instinctively. They have to in order to re-establish equilibrium. Call it reincarnation, for that is what it really is. . . .

Here is an interesting point [the Professor adds]. Personality, individual character, is of course simply another way of describing the quality of the biological vibrator or soul. And since that element in the compound we call man does not change in the course of its various combinations (or rebirths) it is possible that there may be a relative conservation of the personality throughout all of them.

The Professor concludes by remarking that he is not preaching a new religion, or even a new fad. Suppositions, especially spiritual ones, are out of his line. When he sees facts he states them. It happens, he declares, that he has seen, tried and proved a fact never admitted by Science before—the fact of eternal life.

If Professor Charles Henry is correctly reported, we shall doubtless in due course hear more about his investigations, and if his deductions can be verified by independent research, then the value of the service rendered both to religion and occult science by the vindication of the highest spiritual intuitions of mankind will be inestimable.

Meanwhile, one of the most reliable and widely-read papers of Budapest, *Az Est*, a journal unsympathetic to psychic and occult matters generally, is responsible for a remarkable record bearing directly on this subject.

It appears that a young lawyer of Budapest was quite recently married, and set out with his bride on a honeymoon trip up the Danube.

“ I have never been there yet,” she explained ;  
THE DÉJÀ VU. “ but I have already been to France and Italy.”

Everything went well until they reached Passau (Bavaria), where they changed steamers. As they proceeded up the river the young wife grew uneasy, muttering to herself : “ How familiar the landscape is.” Presently she surprised her husband by clutching his arm excitedly and exclaiming :

“ I must have spent years in this neighbourhood. I know it ! On the other side of that hill is a large pasture. A creek runs across it, and tall old lime-trees border the banks.”

When this proved to be correct the husband began to wonder what was the matter, especially as his wife felt suddenly indisposed.

"I can't stand it any longer," she declared. "I feel that if we don't get off this boat I shall die."

Anxious about his wife's condition, the husband decided to disembark at the next riverside village and take her to a doctor. This was done. On hearing the details the physician with a knowing smile predicted that a day or two's rest would be sufficient to put matters right. But the girl would not hear of it. She steadily grew more excited.

"I must see this place at once," she said. "I feel as if I had something to do with it, as if something had happened to me here."

Her husband tried to calm her, but in vain. She broke away from his arm and hurried forward eagerly until she met an old peasant woman whom she stopped, and asked :

"Isn't there an old castle on that mountain?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but it is unoccupied. If you like I will take you there."

"Thank you, but I know the way," came the startling reply, and, followed by her husband, the girl hastened up the narrow mountain path. Having arrived at a dilapidated castle, the couple sought admission, whereupon the caretaker, who saw few strangers, made them welcome. True to type, the old man began his description there and then. "The last owner built this wing, but for the last fifty or sixty years the castle has been empty," he explained.

"I know! I know!" the young lady interrupted irritably. "What I am interested in is the knight's room."

The old man was startled.

"I could swear you have never been here before. How do you know all this?" he asked the young wife.

Heedless of the question, however, the girl pressed forward and herself led the way to the room. She seemed to know her way about the place better than anyone else.

"There is a locked room here: show it to us," she demanded. The old caretaker began to grow frightened, and crossed himself.

"Quite right!" he admitted, "but it has never been opened since I can remember, and the key has been lost."

"Nevertheless I must get in," the girl insisted. "Underneath the old staircase hangs a big bunch of keys. Bring it here.

The missing key is among them." Curiosity getting the better of his fear, the old caretaker obeyed, and brought the bunch, from which the girl selected a very old key.

A TRAGIC  
REVELATION.

"This is the one," she declared, and together they went to the room in question.

"This door has been kept locked because there are two dead bodies in the room," the girl explained with growing agitation.

Fumbling in his excitement, the old man inserted the key and turned it in the lock. The door moved stiffly, the unused hinges grating harshly. Regardless of the fœtid atmosphere, the girl rushed in and drew back the heavy curtains from the window.

On the bed lay a skeleton, while on the floor, near a rusty dagger, lay a second corpse.

Pointing down with trembling finger, the girl exclaimed:

"This is the very room in which I was murdered," and collapsed in a faint on the floor.

A severe attack of brain-fever followed the shock, but, the report concludes, the doctors at the hospital to which the young wife was removed, believe she will recover, and may perhaps lose all memory of her terrible experience.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the medical men were "quite unable to account for the phenomenon."

While it must be admitted that the evidential value of the report would be increased by the inclusion of the actual names of the persons concerned, the omission is quite comprehensible under the circumstances. "That this event actually occurred, and in the way narrated," the *Az Est* correspondent remarks, "is vouched for by the most trustworthy authorities, and the record is therefore made public without further comment, as the incidents are regarded as absolute facts by all who have been brought in contact with them."

The number of such records is steadily growing, and, apart from theoretical considerations, the mass of evidence scattered about in various periodicals would, if collected, make a strong case for the reincarnation hypothesis.

HARRY J. STRUTTON.

## THE SHOAL OF AGES

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

I DREAMT I stood within a great cathedral.

Its pillars soared unto the domed roof inlaid with a pattern of silver skulls and crosses. Its floors were paved with bones ; its stained windows emblazoned with slaves, their wrists brutally fettered, their feet chained by heavy rings. The columns were plastered with gold, the altar-cloth woven of human hair ; and, in its midst, burnt a brazier of blood.

This cathedral was filled with the mightiest congregation I have ever beheld. They seemed as a very sea of faces.

Before the altar a priest in a sombre robe officiated. His back was toward me as he preached.

He said : " God letteth not a single creature come to harm. He tempereth each wind and answereth each cry."

The congregation chanted : " Not a fly falleth unheard."

Again the priest said : " God sendeth pain. All anguish is God-given. We must accept it as His gift and not inquire."

They clamoured : " Pain is righteous."

He cried further : " There is naught wrong. It was so willed and is thus instituted. One must not alter creeds. There will always be poverty and war. Women must submit, the generations suffer, slaughter and slavery survive. Do not pry into the mysterious ; the conquest of the strongest was intended. All is well with the world."

They responded : " It is ordained. It is good."

Their breaths rose in a haze and the echoes tittered along that vast and ghostly nave.

I had stolen around to see the face of the priest.

Lo ! his head was covered and bowed above the reeking bowl on the altar.

Yet I knew him by his cloven hoof.

## THE GREATER MYSTERY: PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER

BY WILLIAM G. GATES

IN the early years of my acquaintance with the late Mrs. Stella Maggs I heard something of the mysterious phenomena which took place when she was entranced, but as the circle was rigidly confined to her husband and the late Major-General Drayson, I never in those days had the privilege of sitting with her. I was a bit of a sceptic then, and when her husband, a friend and colleague of mine, told me that flowers, fruit and other objects were brought into the séance room by spirit agency, I told him that I should require ocular demonstration before I could credit his story. I had to wait several years for it, and then it came in such abundance that I could no longer doubt what my friend had told me. Although I have already described in print some of my experiences in this connection, a brief recapitulation may reasonably precede references to other apport phenomena, the record of which I no longer regard as a fairy tale.

My first experience was not far removed from tragedy. During a sitting in moderate light, Stella was impressed to draw her chair nearer to an empty corner of the room. In a state of extreme agitation, and trembling violently, she stretched out her left hand towards me. This I held, while she stretched her right arm, with the palm of her hand turned upwards, at full length in front of her. Every moment the physical strain increased, and then, in a flash, there appeared in her right hand a small earthenware jar which I had not seen before, and which was certainly not in the corner of the room when the experiment began. "Joe," one of her regular spirit attendants, then took control and expressed gratification that with the help of "Johnny Chinaman," who had promised to "blingee me something," he had succeeded. He admitted, however, that "it was a tough job, Governor." Dr. C. Knott, the lady's medical attendant when on earth, and, at the time I refer to, one of her spirit guides, followed and roundly censured me, saying that the strain upon the medium was more than she could bear, and that I had endangered her life. I could only appease him by promis-

ing that no further experiment of the kind should be tried without the express permission of "Paul," her chief guardian spirit, who would be able to judge if the conditions were favourable. The reason this apport caused so much trouble was the light in the room. Materialization, to be safe and successful, should take place in complete darkness, although there are cases on record, notably those described by Sir William Crookes, in which full light was found to be no obstacle.

Passing over some minor phenomena, I come to a remarkable sitting on the 6th January, 1919. "John St. Henry," a spirit to whom further reference will be made, came early, and, after some trouble, persuaded "Paul" to allow him to take the medium away in her astral body on a little excursion of their own. "Paul," who was left in charge, became anxious at her prolonged absence. After some twenty minutes "John" returned to say that it was all right, but "Paul" must gather and hold all the power he could. This he did, and I felt it flowing from me, chiefly through my legs. In less than five minutes a large soft wrap dropped into my lap. Then the medium returned, and speaking with some excitement said: "I have something for you too," at the same time placing a small case in my hand. On lighting up we found that a very large cream-coloured Indian shawl had been brought, while the case was a pretty inlaid thing of Indian workmanship. Both articles were, so I was told, brought from an Indian circle that was sitting at the time, and to which Stella had been taken. "John St. Henry" was highly pleased at his success, and so, too, was the lady, this being the first time in which she had consciously assisted in bringing apports. She told me she remembered taking the case in her hand and requesting that a knife it contained should first be removed. This was done. She again held the case, thinking intently of what she wanted to do with it, and the next thing she was aware of was handing it to me in the séance room. She could not say how it was brought, her impression being that it had never left her hand.

In addition to the articles already mentioned, many others were brought to the séance room in my presence. They include a vase weighing about four pounds, which was dropped into the lap of the medium; a lucky dagger made by stringing Chinese "cash" together, and a statuette, all three, I was informed, having been brought from China; an alabaster vase, and a string of beautiful beads from Italy; a large ammonite fossil, a small box containing a very old copy of *The Times*, and a

curious plate from Egypt ; a neck chain with silver cross, a string of beads, and a vase of peculiar shape from Spain ; a lady's silver purse from Melbourne ; a piece of heather enclosed in glass from Glasgow, and an apport which must be more particularly described.

Before doing so, however, the heather incident merits more than passing notice. One of the spirits who came to our little circle gave her name as "Minnie Montgomerie," and said she belonged to Glasgow, where she had "died" when she was thirteen years of age. Then she startled me by asking : "Don't you think parents are a nuisance ?" I reproved her for uttering such unfilial sentiments, and she explained that they had made Sundays a misery to her by sending her to church three times during the day, and almost forbidding her to smile. After a time we became such good friends that she promised to bring me a piece of heather that she had left in a box at her home. A few days later, with the help of others, the heather was brought, and my wife still wears it for luck.

At one sitting, a spirit whom we knew only as "Victor," referred to the bringing of new-laid eggs to the séance room, a frequent occurrence at the earlier sittings, in which, however, I took no part. At that time a "Trinity Circle" was located at Brooklyn, N.Y., the medium there being a gentleman named John St. Henry, who possessed remarkable powers in what is known as dematerialization. He also had the power, like Mrs. Maggs, of travelling in his astral body. One evening when he came to Southsea and spoke through the medium there, it was laughingly suggested that he might bring some new-laid eggs, as the President's housekeeper had forgotten to provide any for the breakfast on the morrow. He said he would try, and the President was told to place his hat upside down in a corner of the room. The séance was then proceeded with, and at its close, to the astonishment of the sitters, it was seen that the hat of the President had been filled with eggs. At many sittings after this a fresh supply was brought, usually twenty-one, being seven for each of the sitters.

At the sitting to which I particularly refer nothing was said in reply to "Victor's" observation, and the ordinary work of the evening was continued. An hour later, just as we were about to close, there was a pause, and then John St. Henry (then on the spirit side), speaking through the medium said : "Handle it carefully, there is something wrapped in paper within." An object was then placed in my hand, and on lighting

up I found it to be a bag made from coloured seeds, and in it, separately wrapped in paper, were two eggs, on the shells of which, in pencil, were the signatures of Mrs. Old and her son, the two survivors of the Brooklyn Circle, but who then resided in Melbourne. The eggs had been brought from Melbourne that night, and as proof that they were no illusion the medium ate one and I the other, finding them very good.

One of the most interesting displays of this marvellous power took place quite spontaneously. I had heard that one of my sons, who was then in Canada, had met with a serious accident, necessitating his removal to hospital, and I asked my spirit friends if they could get into touch with him so as to ascertain his condition. It was thought to be possible, if I could provide some link. The only thing that occurred to me was a framed photograph of my son with his two brothers, which was on a shelf in my private room. "Very well," said "Paul," the leader of the spirit band, "we will go and look at it." He had scarcely spoken when the medium interposed with the remark, "You need not trouble, here it is." In her astral or spirit body she had gone to the room, and by the exercise of her mysterious powers, brought it, almost in a flash, through wall or closed door, into the room where I was sitting within two feet of her physical body. She was not aware beforehand of my son's accident.

After all that took place in my presence I have no reason whatever to doubt the accuracy of the stories told by General Drayson, the lady herself, and her spirit friends concerning the apports that showered upon her during the sittings of the earlier circle—sittings confined to the lady, her husband (Mr. Percy Maggs) and Major-General Drayson. At almost every sitting objects were brought into the room, and it is computed that in one year alone 1000 apports were received. There are a few incidents to which I would refer because of their convincing quality.

One night a long letter was deposited upon a table in the séance-room, which the spirits requested the General to copy. It was discovered to be an epistle from the Brooklyn medium. After copying it, a bit was torn from off the corner of the original in order to identify it; the letter was then signed by the medium's husband. It immediately disappeared, and the circle was told it had gone back to America. Ten days later the letter was returned by post with American stamps on it, and the New York postmark and date showing it had been posted there after the night of the séance. Moreover, the missive had the signature



of the sitter who had signed it, and the torn piece fitted exactly.

Another incident relates to a request that a spirit known as "Samuel" should convey a message to Dr. Monck, the well-known medium who was conducting a circle in London at that time. He immediately replied that he would do better than that.

"Give me," he said, "a piece of your medium's hair to take to Dr. Monck." As no scissors could be found, a lock was cut off "Stella's" head with a pocket-knife. The next day it was returned by post, accompanied by the testimony of the circle in London as to the spiritual manner of its arrival there. It was undoubtedly the same as that taken from "Stella's" hair the previous evening, being jagged and recently cut.

A minor, but significant incident, was related to me by the lady herself. With her husband she was on a visit to London, and after unpacking at their lodgings she exclaimed in a tone of vexation: "How foolish of me! I have forgotten to bring any note-paper, and it is now too late to purchase any." Scarcely had she ceased speaking than a shower of writing paper and envelopes fell upon the table.

Here is another curious story told to me, first by "Joe," one of her spirit protectors, and afterwards confirmed by the medium. At one sitting she was wearing a velvet dress which "Joe" did not like, as he preferred a tea-gown, in which she usually sat. During the sitting, unseen and unheard by any of the sitters, he contrived to remove her velvet dress, fold it neatly and place it on the back of her chair. The tea-gown he brought from a wardrobe in another room, and managed to place it on her. The door of the séance-room was locked during the performance of this astounding feat. The lady was much astonished when she came to, and also much annoyed, but "Joe" rather prided himself upon his performance.

I must make a digression here to describe something similar that happened in my own experience. At the house of Mrs. Buchanan Hamilton, at Southsea, I had some sittings with a young medium, named Pugh. One of his "controls," whom we knew as "Jimmy," without telling us what he was about to attempt, gave us certain directions. I was sitting close to the medium on his left, Mrs. Hamilton occupied a similar position on his right, while Dr. Hamilton sat immediately in front. First I was told to hold the medium's left hand, which I did; Mrs. Hamilton was then instructed to hold the right hand, and also to join the other free hand to the Doctor's left. This left his

right hand and my left hand free. I was then asked to secure the medium's left leg, but to still leave my left hand free. This I managed to do by securely fixing his leg between my knees, while the Doctor, being told to secure the other leg, did so very effectively by lifting it up and holding it firmly upon his knees. Those who know the Doctor can well believe that he would take no chances in a case of this kind. It will be seen from this rather tedious description that the medium was securely held by hands and feet. "Now," said "Jimmy" to me, "please unfasten the sensitive's coat." He was wearing a lounge suit, and as only one button was fastened, that was soon done. "Now unbutton his waistcoat." This also I did, working from the top downwards. Thirty seconds' silence may have followed, when "Jimmy" requested me to refasten the waistcoat. I put out my left hand to do so, but could find no trace of it on the medium, and said so. His coat, however, was still in its right place. "Jimmy" laughed at my expression of surprise, and told me I should find the waistcoat on the knees of the medium. I at once felt for it with my left hand, not releasing the other for a moment, and there it was. The spirit operators had thus succeeded, while the medium was firmly held by hands and legs, in removing his waistcoat without disturbing his coat. I may add that in helping the medium to replace his waistcoat, I carefully examined it to ascertain if it were a trick garment, but it had no such pretension, being a very ordinary article of its kind.

Returning now to my lady friend, there was another occasion when, during the progress of a sitting, a rod was fixed across a corner of the room, and a pair of heavy curtains hung upon it, without any of the sitters knowing anything about it or hearing any sound.

One more story must suffice, and to my mind it is the most interesting of all. In the columns of the newspaper edited by her husband, she conducted a special feature known as "The League of Love," one of its objects being to collect and distribute at Christmas, among the poorest children of the town, clothes and toys. One year, as the time of distribution drew near, the lady had, prior to a sitting, incidentally expressed her regret that so few toys had been sent in. This evidently was heard by and touched the hearts of her spirit friends, for at the close of the sitting a sofa was found to be laden with toys of every description. How or where they were obtained was not disclosed, the supposition being that they were collected through the agency of the good fellow at Brooklyn.

Many other investigators have had experience with apports. The late Mr. Sinnett narrates how, on one occasion, seated in a locked room, with boarded-up windows, and containing no furniture but a small table and a few light chairs, the following strange thing occurred. "In less than five minutes after turning out the gas," he writes, "I felt myself sprinkled with water. Every one present called out for a light. On the gas being re-lighted we found the room half filled with branches of trees 4 ft. and 5 ft. long, the leaves wet with the light rain falling outside, the moist sap at the end showing where they had been torn off from the stems to which they belonged."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, one of the most cautious and critical investigators, was present at a séance in Sydney, when strange live tortoises were brought, as alleged, from India. Also fifty-six Turkish pennies were dropped on the table. The medium was Charles Bailey, in whose presence 100 Babylonian tablets with inscriptions, Chinese schoolbooks, mandarin's buttons, tropical birds, and other strange objects were received.

The lady, Mrs. Buchanan Hamilton, to whom I have already referred, will, I hope, some day tell of the marvellous powers displayed by her brother during his youth and early manhood.

Mr. Gambier Bolton, of Southampton, who has written some valuable books on this and kindred subjects, mentions a case made under strict test conditions. A sensitive, who was thoroughly searched and tied up, was placed in a cage which was carefully screwed to the floor and sealed. Immediately afterwards, coming from no one knew where, a miscellany of twenty-one articles were found in the secluded cage, including clay-tablets, two live birds, a bird's nest, fourteen ancient coins, some of them of the Ptolemy reign, an Egyptian scarabæus, a plant 5 inches high, etc.

In an early number of the OCCULT REVIEW Mr. Inkster Gilbertson tells the following remarkable story :

A well known London medium wears a hot-welded iron ring on his wrist, which was not placed there by mortal hands, and fitting so tightly that no mortal hand can remove it without injury to the wearer. The late Dr. George Wyld once told me the story of how he got two rings made by a blacksmith, each hot-welded in a solid piece without crack or seam or flaw of any kind. "If," he said, "the spirits can link these two together without break or fusion I will believe that matter may be made to pass through matter." At a subsequent séance it was put to the test. He was told to hold one of the rings, while the medium held the other, and in an instant a clicking sound was heard and the rings were linked together. The rings were as easily separated as they were joined, and I understand

it is one of them, or a similar one, which now finds a resting place on the medium's wrist. It was placed there at his own request, as a memento of the incident, by the agencies who had performed the feat.

One must look to the scientists for an explanation. It has been established that there is no such thing as solid matter ; that the molecules, atoms and electrons of which matter is composed, are not in contact ; and it seems that there must be some law which appert mediums apply without knowledge of it, whereby they can cause a temporary reduction of the power of cohesion which holds objects together, the instant transference of the separated atoms to another place, and the restoration there of the cohesive power, bringing the atoms again into their former combination. My clairvoyant friend assured me that the dematerialization is marked by a play of lambent yellow flames, while similar blue flames are observed when rematerialization is effected. All that I can affirm of my own knowledge is that the objects are brought into the closed room, and a curious feature of the manifestation is that an uncanny silence usually precedes the materialization.

Mr. Gilbertson is of opinion that an inkling as to the solution of the mystery is to be found associated with what is known as the "Fourth Dimension." The theory is that "a change in the rate of atomic vibration causes the object to get beyond the range of normal vision. It is then said to enter the fourth dimension, and in this attenuated condition to be capable of passing through matter of greater density, and of being easily conveyed from one place to another by occult agencies. When the rate of vibration again becomes normal, the object reappears in its previous form."

## THE DEAD HAND

By CHAS. H. ROUSE

APART from the names employed, that which I am about to relate is no fiction but an account of that which actually happened to myself. The scene of the occurrence was an old country rectory in the South of England. The bishop had sent me there to take charge of the parish, as the rector—whom we will call Mr. Green—was a chronic invalid. The family consisted of the rector, his wife, three grown-up daughters and a son. The house was not a large one; and I had to be content with one room, upstairs. This was furnished as a study; and at night a small camp-bed—kept during the day in an adjoining box-room—was brought in and “made up” while we were at supper.

It will be necessary to give a brief description of this room. Suppose oneself standing with back to the fire, the door was in the left-hand corner of the opposite wall. On the right was the window; and against the wall facing this was a set of bookshelves—about six feet long and three feet six high. Underneath the top shelf were some large pigeon-holes. In the centre of the room stood a writing-table, and on the right of the fireplace, partly facing the shelves, an arm-chair.

The camp-bed was placed alongside the bookshelves, feet towards the door and the head a yard or so from the wall. When in bed I had the lamp on the top shelf, handy for reading, and kept the matches in the pigeon-hole beneath. I trust that this is all quite clear.

And now for that ghastly experience which after many years is still as fresh in my memory as though it happened but yesterday.

One Friday night, the 11th of December, 188—, we had finished supper, and I had returned to my room with the intention of getting a sermon into shape for the following Sunday. In the ordinary course I should have sat thinking this out in my easy chair. The wood fire, however, had burnt rather low; and, although there was a box full of logs, and the bellows handy, I decided not to make it up, but to turn in and do my thinking in bed. This I did and, as I was not then making notes, put out the lamp. I must mention that the fire, though low, was giving sufficient light to enable one to distinguish everything in the room.

I settled on my left side with that arm down the bed and my right hand resting on the pillow, near my shoulder. Then I began to collect my thoughts. Not more than five minutes had elapsed when I felt a curious sensation in my right hand. It was just as though my other one had stolen over it and then clasped it. But no! my left hand was still down the bed. Wondering what in the world it could be, but not yet looking up, I drew my hand gently away, to find it tightly clasped and pulled back. Then my instant conviction was that the son was playing me one of his wretched practical jokes. I remembered that he had left the dining-room some little time before I had returned to my room, and I supposed that he had secreted himself under my bed and, lying on his back, had put up his hand and taken hold of mine. Now, at the best of times, I detest practical jokes, and especially resented this one; consequently I felt very angry and springing up on my knees, I made as if to clutch his arm, saying as I did so, "How dare you! I consider this a great impertinence." To my utter amazement, however, I merely clutched the air. And then I saw—for the firelight enabled me to do so distinctly—saw in my own, a hand severed at the wrist. It was a lady's hand with long tapering fingers, and slightly discoloured on the one side. In a sort of frenzy I cried out, "Good heavens! It is a dead hand holding mine." I grasped the wrist and tried to wrench it away, but the grip of the ghastly thing tightened. When I succeeded, I threw it from me and—I am sure it was not my imagination—heard a slight thud as it fell in the pigeon-hole. Then, I am ashamed to say, I collapsed. The whole thing was so sudden and so horrible that it simply paralysed me.

On recovering, my first impression was that I had had a ghastly dream; but on collecting my thoughts I knew perfectly well that this was not the case, for I had not been to sleep—there was absolutely no doubt on that point.

The room was now dark, and I turned to light the lamp when I suddenly remembered that I had thrown the thing into the pigeon-hole where the matches were. To lie on in the dark, however, was impossible, so, risking fresh contact with that dead flesh, I obtained the matches, lit my lamp and got out of bed. Putting on a dressing-gown, the next thing was to pile on some logs, get the bellows and make a roaring fire. This done, I sat in my arm-chair and thought the whole thing out. This I could do quite calmly now, for all sense of fear had gone; I felt bewildered, that was all.

Was it indeed a materialized hand—a really objective thing—

or was it mere hallucination? If the latter, to what was it due? Just overstrain? I had certainly been somewhat overtaxing my strength lately. Well, I finally left it at that and decided to "go slow" for a time.

When I went down to breakfast I found the young ladies there—the son had gone off to his work. They at once remarked upon my appearance, asking if I was ill. I tried to put them off, saying that I had had rather a bad night. The reader will probably agree that this was not overstating the case.

They were not satisfied, however, and pressed me to tell them what was the matter. Reflecting that they were not children, and that they might possibly throw some light on the subject, I proceeded to relate my horrible experience. No sooner did I mention the Dead Hand, than the second daughter, Mary, sprang up and exclaimed, "Now, girls! What have you to say to this? What about my old ghost being 'all fancy' now?"

It was now my turn to ask questions; and for answer I was told the following:

The family had been in the rectory just over twelve years. The first year they were there, and on December 11, the rector had sent Mary, in the early afternoon, to fetch something from his table in the study. She ran back screaming, and said there was a hand moving about over the table. They naturally thought it a case of "nerves," and the girl was sent away for a little change. The following year, on December 11, some of the old villagers were being entertained at the rectory—with tea, of course. Mary was bringing in a tray of good things, singing and laughing, when she suddenly gave a shriek, dropped the tray and fainted. The Dead Hand was hovering over the plates. After this, for four or five consecutive years, on this same date, Mary had seen the Hand. It appeared in different parts of the house, and to her alone; but it never touched her. Since then, it had appeared to no one, until it marked me out for distinction.

This story, of course, put a different complexion on the matter. I could no longer feel that "hallucination" was the last word to be said. It was not to be explained by Myers' "third theory"—an intercourse with Mary which had aroused in me "unconscious expectancy."

The next night, Saturday, was not exactly one of peaceful slumber and repose; but though I seemed to feel the thing near me, as was quite natural, I saw nothing of the Hand.

Now for the Sunday night. I had gone straight up to my room after evensong and, reclining in my chair, was counting off on my

fingers those of the men who, in response to a special appeal, had turned up at church. "There was old Matthew, John, Hawkins, that's three, and——" then I stopped. There, hovering over the bookshelves, moving this way and that, was the Hand. Grasping the arms of my chair I fixed a fascinated gaze upon it. It seemed to be feeling about for something—or someone! Yes. It was feeling for me! Oh! Thank God I was not there. I felt quite unable to move. All I could do was to rivet my gaze on it. And then it turned; the fingers pointed towards me, and I knew that I was discovered. Steadily, quietly, it came gliding through the air—gliding, gliding straight towards me. And then I *did* move. With one bound I made for the door, and on to the landing. Here I half turned my head and saw it just behind me. Then it touched me; the horrid clammy fingers touched my cheek. How I got downstairs I do not know, except that I certainly did not go down one at a time. When I reached the dining-room some members of the family were there, and my mode of entry told them what had happened.

When the doctor came to see his patient on the morrow I told him my story. He urged me to get off at once to some town, mix with people, go to concerts, theatres, anywhere to help me to forget. It so happened, he said, that his brother—a cleric—was spending a short holiday with him, and would gladly take my Sunday duty. Gratefully accepting the offer, I took the next train, and was soon on my way to London.

When in town I called to see my old friend W. T. Stead and related my experience. He was, of course, intensely interested but said that his sympathies were entirely with the hand, and blamed me very much for being such a coward. He was sure that it wanted to lead me somewhere, and that, had I followed, some important secret might have been revealed, some mystery explained and a troubled soul have found repose. That was all very well. And though he made me feel a bit ashamed, I said that, after all, the hand was as much to blame as I was. It didn't go the right way to work at all. There was no sense in taking me unawares like that, especially as I was not feeling up to the mark. With all the spirit-writing we hear about, it might just as well have left a note on my table either making a proper appointment, or leaving instructions for me to do what it desired. Nevertheless, I have always regretted that I did not prove equal to the occasion.

And now for the truly remarkable sequel.

The old rector died shortly after my return from town, and



on the arrival of his successor I went to a country parish about forty miles distant. Here I had a small vicarage, and a youth as my servant. I had gone to bed early, one night, and got off into a sound sleep from which, however, I awoke quite suddenly. Looking at my watch I found it was nearly midnight, and then I remembered that the date was December 11. Naturally I thought at once of the Dead Hand. Determined not to lie there fancying all manner of things, I lit the lamp and went downstairs for a book. Now, I had just set apart one of my rooms for the lads to use as a club-room, and had been begging hard for books and games for them. On the table were some unopened parcels of books which had come in response to this appeal. Thinking that I might possibly find something interesting among them I opened the one nearest to hand and found a bundle of *Longman's Magazines*—a year's set complete. With these I marched back to bed, and taking the January number, opened it at the commencement of a serial which looked sufficiently interesting, and began to read. The story was entitled "Tannin's Choice."

When I came to the third chapter I found myself back in my old village. The name was thinly disguised, but the description left no room for doubt. Here, thought I, is an uncanny sort of coincidence! I go down to get a book that will turn my thoughts away from the ghastly memories of that place; open the first parcel I come across; take up the first volume and am at once transported back to the very place.

I went on reading, however, and soon came to a chapter which began with a weird description of a wild, tempestuous night. The old mother and her daughter were sitting up for the son who had not returned from work. They had long begun to feel that something had happened to him. The logs were hissing and spitting as the rain came down the chimney; the rushlight was flickering and guttering; outside, the storm was raging, wind howling, and the rain dashing against the window-panes. Presently the door bursts suddenly open and the son rushes in looking pale and terror-stricken.

"Why, Tannin lad, you're late. And what's the matter, son, you look scared to death?"

"Matter enough, mother. I've seen the Dead Hand!"

\* \* \* \* \*

This is perfectly true, though the description may not be word for word, as I quote from memory; and if anyone can tell me of a more remarkable coincidence than this, I should much like to hear it.

All I will add is that I gathered, from the story, that there was an old tradition to the effect that the Hand appeared at rare intervals, and that those who saw it were soon overtaken by some dire calamity. No such calamity, to my knowledge, overtook the rector's daughter; for myself, shortly after my terrible experience—I was married.

N.B.—If you knew my wife I think you would agree that there was not much of a calamity in this—at least not for myself.

## INVOCATION OF AIR

By MEREDITH STARR

THE lightness and transparency of Air  
 Uplift in prayer  
 My soul that seeks communion with the Breath  
 That laughs at death,  
 Being winged above all words, so strong, so pure,  
 It doth endure  
 For ever, bearing wisdom in its wings,  
 And love that brings  
 Healing and rapture of eternal life,  
 Freed from all strife.

O winged and wondrous Element of Air!  
 Help us to dare  
 The vast abysses in the soul of man,  
 Leviathan  
 Blind spaces of the unfathomable deep  
 Wherein they sleep,  
 The dread devourers, whom a man must wake  
 For freedom's sake,  
 And battle with and conquer, if he would  
 Win the One Good  
 All else above, the crown and summit of  
 Most infinite love,  
 Life, light, the final and consummate Deed,  
 Which God decreed  
 Should place his power into human hands.

## INVOCATION OF AIR

25

He understands  
 All things, in whom the Spirit of the All,  
     Beyond recall,  
 Lives its own life and works its sovereign will.  
     But ah, until  
 The last ordeal has been dared and won,  
     Man's feet must run  
 The gauntlet of most horrible despair,  
     Where all things fair  
 Are blotted in a hideous night of woe ;  
     Must undergo  
 All tortures and all trials ; for Love's sake  
     His heart must break,  
 And, breaking, bear a spiritual Child,  
     Sweet, pure and wild,  
 As beautiful as love, as pure as light,  
     Strong with the might  
 Of innocence, resilient as spring ;  
     Whose breath will bring  
 Illimitable rapture of pure bliss,  
     And from whose kiss  
 Worlds will be kindled with a holier fire ;  
     Dear as desire,  
 Ardent as flame, untrammelled as the air,  
     Divinely fair,  
 Willing like water, patient as the earth ;  
     Whose holy mirth  
 Thrills all creation, and whose sapphire eyes,  
     So calm and wise,  
 Subdue all demons with a single glance.  
     Around him dance  
 Æons and angels, genii of flowers,  
     Years, days, and hours,  
 Even as the planets, till their course is done,  
     Dance round the sun.

## THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By F. A. LAMPRELL

AN elementary illustration on the expansion of consciousness might be afforded by the following :—John Smith, of Shoreditch, London, could muse like this : “ I am John Smith—I am a Shoreditch man—I am a Londoner—I am an Englishman—I am a European—I am a white man—I am a man—I am of the human race—I am of the Earth—I am of this Solar System—I am of the Universe.” His thought widens from Shoreditch to the Universe, for as he is a resident of Shoreditch so he is also a resident of the Universe. In fact, he realizes that he is more Universal than Shoreditch, inasmuch as he cannot dissociate himself from the Universe, whereas Shoreditch is very circumscribed.

Consciousness, then, to John Smith is delimited by the purview of his environment.

With the widening of his purview, however, it will be seen that the “ I ” appears to grow less. The “ John Smith of Shoreditch ” is more easily identified than the “ John Smith of London,” and so he becomes less and less recognizable with each extension of his boundary, until self-identification becomes lost in the Universe. Each boundary represents a limitation, and while necessary for his progress, it only represents the recognition of a portion of the whole ; and until he can become a conscious part of the whole, his life is lived for only so much as he can recognize.

Expansion of consciousness, then, affording man the key to that knowledge which is delimited by his self-identification, is the direction in which the aspirant to Higher Knowledge turns his thoughts. The endeavour to gain some knowledge of this “ expansion ” leads to a study of the basic element, Consciousness.

Consciousness exists by its own faculty. What my consciousness is that I am, and by the attitude of my consciousness so is my life. It cannot be otherwise. Impacts upon my consciousness are not responsible in any degree for my attitude towards them—it is my consciousness alone that is responsible. I am my consciousness and all that it involves. But what is this consciousness which moulds and shapes my destiny ? Is it a changeless entity, or is it a factor of incessant change, presenting endless variations of response ? How far does it control me, or I it ?

I must know more of it if I am my consciousness and all that that involves. To know more of a positive one has sometimes to seek a negative, and *vice versa*. The nearest approach to the negative would be the withdrawal of consciousness. Let us imagine it!

I withdraw my consciousness—what is left?

I cannot say all is left except myself, because how do I know?

Another's consciousness is left? But what do I know of another's consciousness if I have no consciousness myself? It is clear that consciousness for me exists only in what I am conscious of, for the whole Universe might collapse for aught I know, if I have no consciousness! It is apparent that nothing exists beyond consciousness, and all exists by it. By the same process of thought, I am I by my consciousness, and if my consciousness were totally withdrawn there would be no I. Consciousness, then, appears to establish itself as all-pervading. In essence it is Omniscience.

As units of consciousness it directs individual manifestation, because all energy is directed by consciousness.

It is my endeavour to know more of this consciousness which appears to us in so many varieties, but which I think we may take it are but modifications of the One Consciousness. The modifications, however, influence the actions—actions not only of a physical, but of a mental and moral character; the latter the more far-reaching and important.

Let us think it out in this way. The Universal Consciousness is immanent and exists everywhere, but is focused in units of various degrees of activity, which attract to themselves even greater foci as they respond to the inherent power of consciousness. We must, however, in endeavouring to localize, as it were, be careful not to get out of our depth, so that perhaps we had better confine ourselves to the Solar System and bring in the aid of a little Astrology. We will therefore take Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Earth, Moon, Venus, and Mercury as centres—servants, however, to the Sun. It is impossible to regard them otherwise than as great units of consciousness, because, as already shown, the withdrawal of consciousness would leave them in instant collapse. They are but a greater, as each one of us is a smaller, unit of consciousness, of necessity part of us, but a larger part, owing a duty to the Sun and to all else of which they are but a part.

The astronomer has mathematically proved that the physical emanation from the planets has a physical effect; the occultist says that there is also a much more subtle emanation—a Ray of

Consciousness. These rays of consciousness have a relation in their physical and psychical manifestation in the following sense. (I put forth this idea merely as a theory, in support of astrological belief.)

According to the position of one planet, so is its effect physically on another (by gravitation) and, *inter alia*, on the Earth. It is at least logical to suppose that what is true of the coarse is magnified very considerably when the highly subtle and sensitive come into play. Does it not follow, then, that various angles at which these subtle vibrations make contact, modify the direct ray of consciousness (*Prana*—Life) from the Sun?

What I may perhaps term the parent focus of consciousness (the Sun) has as its children the Planets, and they in turn those units or lesser foci which are a part of them, as we are lesser foci and a part of the Earth. And so, in what I might term a sea of Consciousness, we have endless foci, or centres of active consciousness. The inherent nature of consciousness does not differ in any of the innumerable foci, but these foci have, in what I will term their quasi-independence, asserted a particular line or rather development, of their inherent nature. While Saturn chooses cold, Mars chooses heat, and Mercury neither cold nor heat. Jupiter chooses expansiveness; Saturn, contraction; Venus, love; and Mercury, learning; Uranus, positivism; and Neptune, negativism. (These only represent one-word features of the planets' phases of consciousness, and are naturally not intended to be comprehensive of their characteristics.) As the more important foci of our solar system, they are developing or unfolding along particular lines. They are taking unto themselves self-identification in a wider but still similar manner to ourselves; the lesser foci. With all their might and majesty we can trace a similarity to our (at present) puny selves. As the units of the human, animal and vegetable worlds have their individual characteristics, so in a much greater purpose have the Planets.

Perhaps we are now beginning to see how it is that the multiple modifications of Consciousness which are manifested in human beings can be accounted for. Our very Earth manifests by the laws of gravitation, which are only the physical laws of planetary emanation. In consciousness we develop by the moral and mental laws of emanation. In one or more lives we absorb so much of Saturn, in others of Mars, Jupiter, etc.; and so, while one ray of consciousness may always be the principal one in an individual, yet a sub-ray may appear as the predominant one in a particular manifestation.

## THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS 29

Each Planetary Ray is really a combination of them all, but with a particular self-identification of certain attributes. Planetary rays of consciousness afford activity to the Great Consciousness, but as activity is the response of motion, the question of direction at once suggests itself. I am, say, a vehicle of consciousness receiving activity from various impacts, stimuli from planetary foci; because in my growth I should again be subject to latency if I were not developed by stimuli, and these vary by the predominance of certain rays and by the multiple phases that planetary rays exhibit on account of the great number of positions and relationships of one planet to another as affecting an individual. The One Life throbs through all, but latency and development are existent factors. Determining influences owe their effects to inherent causes, and until my consciousness is sufficiently developed to manifest independently of any focus I have not finished manifestation. I must be Mars cum Saturn cum Jupiter and cum every other Ray of Consciousness. I am but a miniature manifestation of Consciousness now, subject to the lower responses until I have surmounted them, but my future is infinite, as Consciousness can never cease to be, and must be all-pervading.

My parent ray—that which first focused me into active consciousness—is my strongest influence, although not always most apparent; and working within an immutable law I am, as it were, the pupil of that ray. Before my consciousness is limitless I must be subject to a higher. That underlies the whole process of growth. To grow means to yield to something higher, to attain to that higher. When that ceases growth ceases, and Consciousness assumes *pralaya*. We are therefore becoming, and were we to entirely cease becoming, consciousness would collapse. The process of becoming is only consciousness realizing itself—yielding to higher foci. We yield (or grow) by surmounting (becoming) and must admit that conflict is a necessary factor. Take, for instance, a well-known astrological fact. The Square of Mars with Mercury (generally called a bad aspect) would show much mental impulsiveness, irritability, quick temper, or perhaps fraudulent traits of character, “an artful dodger,” one who uses his mental faculties unscrupulously as regards others as long as his own selfish desires are gratified. These attributes at first sight appear very regrettable, but this conflict (Mars Square Mercury) is the first stage of the ultimate surmounting (becoming) in a character of the combined influence (foci) of these two planetary rays.

To again use egoistic language, I cannot say to myself that I

(my consciousness) am a fixed and unresponsive power, because every moment that I live denies it. My responsiveness, however, proves one thing : that I am a part of that to which I respond. All this response is only the law of action and interaction, and proves the ultimate of the All by this relationship. I cannot respond to that which has no link of affinity with me, and in the most comprehensive interpretation we can say that evil is but a phase of consciousness. If I gravitate towards a certain phase of consciousness I am putting forth vibrations which will put into motion a focus which will either collapse by the withdrawal of my vibrations or grow correspondingly with the nature of my energy. It becomes my creation and is nurtured by what are called my "thoughts." This focus then becomes a distinct entity for which I as its creator am responsible. Although a distinct entity, it is an indissoluble part of me, and for its effects I am responsible. The more I nurture it, the stronger it becomes. Its material effect is only a physical manifestation of my thought-power. Although invisible, this thought-form has become an active agent, of a much more subtle character than the physically visible. I have created something which, if nurtured and nourished by my consciousness, must become an instrument in effecting that for which I created it. If my thought (consciousness) did not prove its capability of becoming what I have focused upon, then consciousness would not be the very essence of what we call "creation." It is, of course, impossible for such "creations" to exist on the physical plane. The vibrations which constitute them exert their power on a suitable plane, but never lose their identification, and the link with the physical becomes actual when the thought is manifested in physical action.

To assert that what we think does not matter is, to my mind, tantamount to asserting that consciousness is not the foundation, the prime cause, of all that takes place. In the writer's opinion the occult axiom, "As above, so below," is here exemplified. Physically, scientists tell us, nothing is wasted ; in other words, ceases to be. Its form may change, but not its substance. I now advance the hypothesis that thought is the "form" of consciousness ; that it fulfils a purpose ; that it has the faculty of being transmuted ; and that until thought becomes consciousness itself and not the "form" of consciousness, man has to transmute and ever transmute his thought, until the consciousness which we term the Ultimate Consciousness is attained.

It is consciousness expressed in thought that is the real activity of physical life. I am my thought because my thought is my



consciousness, and what is not my consciousness is not me, because there is nothing for me beyond my consciousness.

We might say that physical manifestation takes place in three stages, consciousness—thought—activity. As long as thought is confined to the mental plane, its activity is confined to the mental man, and it is here that the process of transmutation should take place. It is easier because it is then not what I might term "ripe" for physical action. But if its "form" becomes too coarse, it forces itself on to the plane of physical action. Consummation in physical action has not destroyed this thought-form, it has given it additional power—viz. manifestation. It has, as it were, given it physical life in addition to its mental life, and we have made it amenable to other laws. This is most undesirable, and we should therefore endeavour to transmute evil thoughts and not nurture them until they can no longer be held on the mental plane, but force themselves into physical action. Our thought-atmosphere receives that to which it is attuned; but we have the power of control, and although we receive the thought-message, we need not send out an unworthy reply. A coarse reply to a coarse message only adds coarseness. Power is his who recognizes that Peace is the only thing which endures. Disturbance is a state in which there is no permanence, and until my thoughts are peaceful I cannot realize my consciousness in its Essence. The flower cannot bloom in an inharmonious atmosphere, and neither can man. Both may harden, may strengthen by contact with inharmonious surroundings, but the bloom can only come by tuneful vibration.

Consciousness is One, but the thought-forms which are the expression of consciousness are many, and until our expression is of the essence of our real selves consciousness is merely a veil of colour modifying the light which is Truth. In all phases of physical life we see that the mainspring of activity is purpose, and purpose means becoming. To accomplish purpose means that man must become one with that purpose. His consciousness must become focused in that purpose, must clothe itself, as it were, in the garb of that purpose. Hence the grander and more comprehensive his purpose the wider the range of activity of his consciousness. There can be no limits to that which is in essence universal. Consciousness is universal because all are inherently of the Universal, and our consciousness is now limited because we have not yet learned to express ourselves in other than limited ways. The less egoism is assumed the more expansive consciousness becomes. The less a man sees himself say, as John Smith of

Shoreditch, and the more as one of the great Smith family (to use my former simile) the wider becomes his range of consciousness. Expansion of consciousness is the keynote of Realization.

I am Consciousness, but my consciousness is not I—it is a modification represented by I.

*Recognition* is viewing something in passing; *Cognition* is a nearer approach towards that something; but actual *consciousness* is being that something. There can never be anything which I am not, because if I am not any particular thing that thing does not exist for me. Consciousness being permanent and immanent, is interpenetrating and knows no barrier. It is at present (with most of us) "looking for itself," and manifestation may be understood as consciousness seeking itself, and experiences in manifestation may be read as the sign-posts of direction. What I am conscious of that I am; and until I am conscious of All I have to read the signs of direction. From lowly levels to greater and greater heights must my consciousness realize itself. The illumination of one level is but the stepping-stone to a radiance still greater. Indeed, the glory of one is as darkness compared to the glory of a still higher realization. My consciousness even now has no limitation, but its active manifestation has to be effected by an instrument, and harmony can only be established by tuning the instrument in accord with the Real Note of Consciousness. Consciousness is one, vibrations are many. The vibrations are expressions of Consciousness, responding to the influences of the foci. What they are this moment they will not be the next. As long as I am this ever-varying pulsation, so long am I but a modification of myself, so long am I a creature of impact, responsive to modifications of consciousness from without.

In a citadel of Peace where all is calm, enduring and unchanging, where disturbance can never be, where time, space and motion are unknown, where the veil of illusion can never fall to obscure the boundless and the infinite, where Reality is the only existence, and where the many become the ONE, there dwells the Ultimate Consciousness, untrammelled by the impermanent, and conscious only of Itself.

## THE DEEPER ISSUES OF OCCULTISM

By DION FORTUNE, Author of "Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage"

WHAT is occultism? This is a question we may very well ask if we intend to devote time and trouble to its pursuit. Are we to content ourselves with tales of haunted houses, accounts of telepathy among primitive peoples, and research into the esoteric literature of the past? These things certainly have their value; all available occult phenomena should be carefully investigated, not only for the sake of obtaining knowledge, but also for the sake of unmasking charlatans; and the results obtained by investigators in the past are of the greatest value for counter-checking the results we are obtaining at the present day.

But is this enough? Is our attitude towards occult science to be the same as our attitude towards the classical languages, in which we admire the masterpieces of antiquity but ourselves produce no living literature in the present? We know that the Mysteries exercised a profound influence on the ancient civilizations, and that some of the noblest men of all races were inspired by them, and looked on them with reverence and awe. Are the phenomena we call "occult" merely those of the séance room on a larger scale, or, in addition to the little-known laws of nature whose operations we seek to understand, is there an energizing spiritual influence such as raised the consciousness of the initiates of old, and gave them a deeper understanding of their gods?

Let us consider the phenomena which may justly be described as occult, or hidden in their working and nature: ectoplasm; psychometry; clairvoyance in all its forms; telepathy; the various forms of divination, which are far from being altogether delusive; mystic experiences; conversion; trance and rapture; hypnotism, suggestion and auto-suggestion; the survival of bodily death; and last, but not least, certain forms of mental disease. All these things are hidden in their nature, not amenable to ordinary scientific methods of investigation with instruments of precision, and legitimately form the field of investigation of occult science.

There is, however, another aspect to occult science as well

as its scientific side, and that is the realm of inner experience which experimentation opens up. The gateway into the Unseen can be found by the practical application of its principles, and those who care to fulfil the conditions and take the risk may adventure therein. The powers that the ancient rituals invoked still remain, and are not very far to seek for those who combine knowledge, faith, and courage.

If, however, we desire to essay this adventure, we should remember that the ancient rituals were used as part of a religious system, and that no initiate of the ancient Mystery schools would ever have dreamed of experimenting with them to satisfy his curiosity or love of the marvellous. He approached them with reverence, after strict discipline of character and severe tests of fitness. It was when the lofty ideals fell into abeyance that phallicism and black magic began.

If we want to penetrate into the deeper issues of occultism, it is not enough that we should approach it out of intellectual curiosity. This will reveal us no more than its outer form. The Occult Path is not so much a subject of study as a way of life. Unless the element of devotion and sacrifice be present, the key will not turn in the lock that opens the door of the Mysteries. Unless we approach the Sacred Science as did the initiates of old, we shall not find in it what they found. It is not enough that we work for its secrets as men work for the prizes of their profession; we must live for it as men live for a spiritual ideal. There is only one motive that will take us safely through the labyrinth of astral experience—the desire for light on the path of spiritual development that ends in Divine union. This was the goal of the Mysteries in their noblest form, and it is only by seeking the same goal that we shall be able to enter into them in their higher aspect.

Occult science is a very potent thing, and many people are protected in their researches therein by their own ineptitude. Did they succeed in some of the operations they undertake, their natures, unpurified and undisciplined, would be shattered by the result. It is only because no power comes through that no disaster follows. If we desire safely to investigate the Mysteries, we must first approach them under their nobler aspect, as part of a system of spiritual regeneration, and only after we have submitted to their discipline and offered the dedication of the lower self to the purposes of the Higher, *and had that dedication accepted*, can we safely study the magical aspects of occultism which usually attract the unenlightened.

Our intellectual questionings can only find their resolution in spiritual illumination. Occult science, rightly understood, is the link between psychology and religion ; it gives the means of a spiritual approach to science, and a scientific approach to the spiritual life. The experiences to which it admits us, rightly understood, form a stairway from rational brain-consciousness, dependent on the five physical senses, to the direct apprehensions of spiritual intuition. Occultism can never be an end in itself. It does but open up a wider horizon, but a horizon that ever recedes as we approach it. We are still in the realm of appearance. It can, however, be an invaluable means to many ends. A knowledge of its philosophy can give a clue to the researches of the scientist, balance to ecstasies of the mystic, and it may very well be that in the possibilities of ritual magic we shall find an invaluable therapeutic agent for use in certain forms of mental disease which Psycho-analysis has demonstrated have no physiological cause, but of which it can very seldom effect a cure ; it is here that the occultist, with his knowledge of the hidden side of things, can teach the psychologist a very great deal.

Occultism is a sacred science, and should be approached with reverence. " Strait is the gate and narrow the way " that leads to its holy places, and " few there be that find it." The Angel with the flaming sword still guards the gate of the Mysteries, and it is not wise to expose our souls to that force until we have purified them, and are sure that we can give the right password when it is demanded of us.

There comes a time in the experience of every student of occult subjects, provided he is sufficiently interested in them, when the ideas that occupy his mind begin to affect him, and the unseen world of which he has read is slowly rising above the horizon of consciousness, and the subtle is becoming tangible. He will find himself in a veritable No Man's Land of the mind, and he must do one of two things, and do it quickly. He must either bolt back into his body like a rabbit down its hole, or he must press on and open up the higher consciousness. But one thing he must not do, and that is, linger in the land of phantasms that is the frontier between subconsciousness and superconsciousness, for that way lies madness.

When he comes to the gate of the higher consciousness, however, he will be met by the Angel of the Threshold who will ask him the age-old question that he must answer before he can pass on, and the answer to this question is not any Shibboleth that admits to a secret society, but the very reasonable query to be addressed

to the stranger who knocks at any door, "What is it you want?" and the answer to that question will depend, not on the knowledge, but on the character of the applicant. If rightly answered, the way will be made plain for his advancement; if wrongly answered, he will be left to find his way back to the earth plane as best he may, and that is neither a very pleasant nor a very safe experience.

To study occultism is to connect oneself up with a great power-house in the Unseen. There may be no tangible results, because one's nature is made of non-conducting material; or because doubt of the reality of the phenomena investigated prevents the terminals of the psychic contact from being pushed home in their sockets. Knowledge and Force form the two poles of the circuit, and when these are conjoined the power flows through. A nature which contains no force can study the sacred science and no results will be brought about, and a nature which has no knowledge will be unable to utilize its force; but where there are both knowledge and force, it is only a matter of time until some illuminative idea gives a sudden glimpse of the significance of the inner life, which completes the contact, and that person, for good or ill, is in circuit with the unseen power-house. Occult science, in itself, is neither good nor evil, save as it is used, and that is why it is so necessary to approach it with clean hands, a pure heart, and a disciplined and dedicated will.

Occultism is not child's play, and it is very far from being fool-proof. For its pursuit strength is required, as well as purity; but all who have touched its deeper issues unite in declaring that it is no will o' the wisp, dancing over a bottomless bog, but a true path to the Light, though narrow as a razor's edge.

## “TRYING THE SPIRITS”

By AMY E. SPOONER

FOR the past seventeen years, that is, since I was about twelve years of age, I have been aware of the possession of a definitely psychic temperament. It was nine years ago, shortly after the passing over of my father, that the gift of clairaudience came swiftly to full flower, and up to six months ago I was prepared to accept without question the *bonâ fides* of any “spirit” who came to me with a specious “message.” But at this time my eyes were opened to the fact that the danger of impersonation on the part of entities on the other side was a very real one. When I realized that evil spirits could come and talk to me and even masquerade as the spirits of loved ones who had passed over, it occurred to me that many who are interested in psychic matters might like to know something about my experiences, and the lessons to be drawn from them.

It had begun to dawn on me that something was wrong somewhere, since I had frequently received “messages” of a lying character; and, further, I had begun to feel very ill physically, and to grow irritable and morbid. So run down did I become that I decided to resolutely put the whole thing from me. For nearly two years I did so, with a corresponding gain in health and buoyancy, when a woman acquaintance, also psychic, persuaded me to take it up once more. In a very short time all the undesirable symptoms recurred, and I was about to turn my back on psychic things for ever, when the impulse came over me to pray earnestly to God for light to show me what was wrong. It would take too long to recount exactly how I learnt to distinguish the good from the evil spirits, but the lesson was a severe one, and with the opening of my eyes came the realization that I had been on the road to hell—nothing less—and if a record of some of my experiences can save others from danger, I feel that they will have done some good.

Here is a terrifying experience of my first ghost.

I had taken a furnished house in Surrey with a friend for three months, with the option to renew. We had not been there long before I became aware that something was wrong. One room in particular made me shudder whenever I entered

it, although my friend sensed nothing amiss. After a time, however, even she began to notice how doors that we could swear that one or other of us had shut, were mysteriously opened. Even with all the windows and the door of the room in question wide open, a horrid smell as of decaying animal matter pervaded the air. For several weeks nothing remarkable happened, and then, on a bleak, cold January afternoon, I saw the ghost!

I was going upstairs about five o'clock in the evening to get something from my bedroom. On reaching the top of the stairs I had to pass this particular room, the door of which, as usual, was open. I went to shut it, when I became conscious of a presence behind me. I walked away quickly, a prey to the most intense feeling of fear that I have ever known. Reaching the door of my room, I summoned up courage enough to turn round. To my horror I saw a short fat negress, with the most evil-looking face imaginable, glaring at me with utter hatred in her eyes. She gave me the impression that she was about to strike me. Suddenly my fear gave place to anger. I turned upon her furiously, and as I advanced she retreated backwards until she reached the haunted room, when the door was suddenly slammed in my face! I quickly opened it again, and switched on the electric light. No one was there! There was no hiding place in that small room for any *human* being; so quite apart from my personal feelings and experience, it was obviously an evil spirit. Whether my bold attitude "frightened the ghost" away I don't know, but no further manifestation troubled us. Needless to say, the option was never exercised!

Another experience occurred quite recently, whilst I was staying with relatives. Ever since taking the house, "bad luck" had dogged them—money losses, accidents, operations, and finally the death of a very dearly beloved wife of only twenty-nine—all within a period of four years! Naturally I was prepared to find an air of gloom, but I quickly sensed more than that—a sinister atmosphere hung over the place. I immediately prayed that this might be removed, with immediate results, and in consequence nothing definite occurred for several weeks. I had, however, a distinct impression that "something was going to happen," and very cautiously hinted that the place was haunted, although my relatives did not appear to have observed anything out of the way. Apparently my presence disturbed the spirits, for we soon began to be troubled with the sound of ghostly footsteps about the house; mysterious knockings at the street door; and sometimes a horrible smell like decaying toad-



stools, which, however, passed away when I prayed for it to go. And then, one night, I was threatened by a vile spirit-voice. “How easy it would be to strangle you. No one would know,” it said. I prayed for help, the menace passed, and the experience was never repeated.

Finally came the most incredible occurrence of all. An outhouse became infested with rats. Rats had been occasionally seen before, but never in such numbers, or of such size and boldness. At first no notice was taken, until it was observed that my cousin’s bull-terriers *did not appear to see them!* Although personally I am frightened to death by ordinary rats, I had no fear whatever of these, and used frequently to chase them away. Then I noticed their long, thin, bearded faces, like depraved human beings, and suddenly realized that they were evil spirits. It transpired afterwards that my cousin had noticed this resemblance, although he had hesitated to remark upon it. I prayed earnestly for help, and *on the following day not a rat was seen.* As the result of such occurrences the property was sold, and the new owner, who is decidedly “of the earth earthy” will probably experience no trouble, and may not even have ill-luck.

The conclusions that have been forced upon me by my experiences are that many of the current ideas with regard to the spirit-world are entirely wrong. Take, for instance, the idea that every one has a “spirit guide” or “guides” to whom he should turn for help. This is most emphatically not so! There is only *one Guide.* To Him we should turn in our prayers for help and guidance, and if He thinks it wise our requests will be answered. To those who are psychic the response *may* perhaps come through a good spirit, but in my own case this seldom happens.

Again, in my humble opinion, psychic gifts should not be exercised for money, but to comfort people, and to bring the bereaved into touch with their loved ones on the other side. I never accept and never shall accept payment for any services I can render by the exercise of my clairaudient gift. I have been told definitely that it is *wrong*, and there, so far as I am concerned, the matter rests. This, I am afraid, will raise a storm of protest, but I can only repeat what I have been told.

Another statement which may be hotly disputed is that good spirits, when they *do* appear, manifest only one at a time; and then are not allowed to tell anything about the conditions prevailing on the higher planes. The basis of this assertion, again,

rests on my own experience. Table turning, spirit rapping, trumpet speaking, tambourine rattling, and so on, may be all very well for certain types of sceptics, but again I say that no really good spirit ever indulges in such child's-play. Neither is any good spirit even PRESENT on such occasions.

Personally, I definitely challenge every spirit, and refuse to go any further until I elicit the definite reply, "Yes, I come in God's Holy Name," and earnestly advise all mediums to take the same precaution before trafficking with unknown and powerful influences. The line of demarcation between good and evil forces cannot be too carefully maintained. For their own safety I would implore all investigators to approach the subject from no other than a religious basis. Ignorance of the dangers of the spirit-world has led to many promising mediums coming to grief, and to earnest seekers after truth turning away in disgust. Nor should it be forgotten that the more spiritual the influence, the less likely is it to manifest. I would go so far as to say that really spiritual influences practically never become visible. Before I learnt how to "try the spirits" I used to become absolutely worn out, had consistent "ill luck," and became thoroughly disgusted with spiritualism, and my own clairaudience in particular. But since I have realized the true nature of my gift and its purpose, I no longer suffer in this way, and my "luck" has entirely changed. It is, therefore, only in the hope of being of use to others that I sound this warning, and urge all who have dealings with the spirit-world to "try the spirits" on all occasions.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### A SPIRITUAL ADVENT?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—May I venture a word suggested by your Editorial on the subject of an imminent spiritual manifestation?

It seems a contradiction of the very idea of a Great Spiritual Power that it should be at the mercy of or dependent upon the attitude of mind assumed by "lesser lights." Has it not occurred to some minds that "the focus" may have been established already—quite apart from any of the advertisements of "*His*" coming?

Your reference to the possibility of the present manifestation taking place in a female form must awaken keen heart-searchings.

When or if it occurs, it would be utterly useless to attempt any public demonstration. She would have to do her work—possibly alone—certainly outcast and condemned. The least expression of her real self would be such a shock to masculine vanity that the penalties would probably be such as to render her work non-effective. The only possible recognition would come, could only come, from the male side (if it came), through the man who had reached the same spiritual stature. This, at least, seems the conclusion *forced* upon us by the prompt suppression even of ordinary claims to "have a mind of one's own."

In this connection the closing passage of Frances Swiney's "*Cosmic Procession*," is arresting: "Yet she comes—the transcendental one, joint offspring of earth and heaven, of the human and the divine. Before Her the shadows flee, and the twilight of the gods breaks into perfect day. For in Her is manifested the Oneness of the Cosmos, through Her is revealed the supremacy of the Divine Feminine—the living Spirit of God. With Her are ended the birth pangs of the ages, and the former things have passed away."

The work is well worthy of study at this hour, even though to many men the idea of the Mother taking co-equal place with the Father may be repugnant, since it has always been assumed that Woman is the inferior partner in the Dual Power—and among all the cults talking about "*His*" coming, one never hears the Feminine term used.

As Renan said about the French Revolution (a great event, yet less important), "Let us be careful not to apply our little reasonable bourgeois programmes to events of such amplitude." These "programmes" are not lacking.

Yours faithfully,

"A."

## THE TRUTH ABOUT CREMATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A friend has called my attention to the article entitled "Cremation or Burial" which appeared in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW. He thinks that article will have an unsettling effect upon many people who have hitherto pinned their faith upon cremation, and so has asked me to give out my own understanding of the matter.

I do not care to write upon this and similar subjects unless persuaded that some real benefit may accrue to others by so doing; in the present instance there is a distinct need for the clearing up of mental fog and misunderstanding.

Apparently Western "occultists" are still in the dark as to what the etheric body really is, and the half-truths that have been given out in this connection have caused general confusion of ideas, and left the whole subject in a stage of controversial speculation.

The writer is not a member of any existing branch of the Theosophical Society, nor is he known in those circles in Europe where the study of the "occult" is pursued: he is, however, a very humble member of the great trans-Himalayan School, and the explanations now offered are those given to pupils of that School in the elementary stages of instruction. They are neither theory nor speculation, but matters of first-hand knowledge, and as such are not open to controversy. Having offered the explanation, the writer retires from the field, and the individual reader must accept it or reject it as he will. Words are, at best, a make-shift medium for the interchange of thought: I shall try to convey to your minds the idea that is in my own. For some of these thoughts we have, as yet, no English equivalents, still I will make an honest effort to present the *idea*, choosing the words as best I can: in return, I ask the reader not to quibble over words, but to try and apprehend the idea behind them.

Physical matter exists in seven forms, or states of density; Theosophists call these the seven sub-divisions of the physical plane. Their correct sub-division and classification is of first importance—from the most ethereal to the most dense, or solid, it is as follows:

- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| 1) Higher   | Comprise the first sheath and are the vehicle of active consciousness and of Prana. Its properties are constructive and energizing.  |
| 2) Ethers.  |  |
| 3) Lower    | Comprise the etheric "mould" of the visible body—the second sheath. Its special property is cohesiveness.  |
| 4) Ethers.  |  |
| 5) Gases.   | The outward and visible physical body—the lowest sheath. Most of our misconceptions are due to persistently regarding it as <i>the</i> physical body—it is really only a part. |
| 6) Liquids. |  |
| 7) Solids.  |  |

We will later explain the short perpendicular line between state

2 and 3 : the connecting link between the higher and the lower ethers.

In the physical body, active consciousness, the "I" feeling, is centred in the first etheric sheath, and this sheath is also the vehicle of the life-principle—Prana. It is also the centre of the "Will" principle *in the lower personality*.

The second sheath, comprised of etheric matter in its third and fourth states, is the vehicle chiefly concerned with the moulding and upkeep of the outer (visible) form. To it belong the rebuilding and repairing processes, the renewal of waste tissues, and the "holding-togetherness" of the separate cells and physical atoms due to its inherent principle of cohesion. On this sheath we must depend for the faithful discharge of all the subconscious bodily activities. It is the centre of *Memory in the lower personality*, and its natural tendency is to automatically repeat anything it may have experienced.

The line between the first and second sheaths is a sort of communication cord of fine etheric matter between the two, and its functions are most important. It is the *via media* by which the man himself (the living Consciousness) keeps in touch with his lower sub-vehicles (to coin a phrase) during waking life. During sleep, consciousness withdraws from the second up into the first sheath, via the cord, and the subconscious bodily activities are carried on because of the tendency of the second sheath to automatic repetition. Here we would point out that the second sheath—the mould—when the active conscious principle is withdrawn, still possesses a sort of inherent residuum of consciousness; perhaps better described as a "memory of consciousness" due to its being the seat of memory (*not* memory itself) and its tendency towards repetition.

At the moment of "death" the conscious principle withdraws from the second sheath into the first, and the cord is broken, snapped, and any return to the lower vehicles is out of the question.

For a little while, the mould, the second sheath, continues some of its normal activities, due to initial momentum; very soon, however, even these slow down and stop, and disintegration commences in the second sheath.

As a direct result of this, and the removal of the restraining action of cohesion, the atoms of the outer visible form, now without a master, tend to dispersion, and decay of the body commences. Note here the aptness of the scriptural quotation which says—"The silver *cord* is loosed, and the golden *bowl* is broken."

After the connecting cord is severed, there is no actual consciousness of any kind left either in the second or third sheaths. There remains only the automatic residuum, the "memory" of consciousness, and that is confined to the second sheath.

To understand just what this is, we may compare it with the "pain" a man sometimes feels in an amputated limb. In the case of amputation, however, this feeling of discomfort persists for a long time—in fact until the etheric counterpart of the limb (which of

course was not amputated) is absorbed into the general body of the sheath.

At death, however, due to the withdrawal of consciousness permanently, *the whole sheath* becomes inert, its automatic activity slows down and stops, and its residual "memory" of consciousness fades out, as the matter of the second sheath commences to withdraw from the third. This process of etheric "evacuation" normally occupies about forty-eight hours, but varies with individuals—it could only exceed that time in the case of a person who possessed what we call a very strong "hold" upon life. When the first signs of decay become apparent in the dead physical form, it is evidence that withdrawal of the second sheath is complete. The suggestion of delaying cremation for a certain time exactly meets the case, and forty-eight hours should be the normal period.

To state that this etheric residue would—in the event of *immediate* cremation—experience "incredible torture," etc., etc., is an exaggeration that argues a complete ignorance of the real facts.

Remember that consciousness always acts from *above, downwards*, and there is no consciousness left in the second sheath. After withdrawal into the first the link is broken. If we imagine the fleecy remnants of a morning fog disentangling themselves from the upper branches of a forest, and then further imagine the forest suddenly destroyed by a fire, we shall get a better idea of the whole matter: the "pain" in both instances would be about equal—in other words, it exists only in the too vivid imaginations of some of our modern "occultists."

It is the hope of the writer that this explanation, brief and incomplete as it is, will yet serve to set at rest any uneasiness or doubts that may have arisen in connection with the question of cremation. A *nom-de-plume* is used for obvious reasons.

"CHÉLA."

#### SEXUAL CHARACTERISTICS AFTER DEATH.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I must enter the lists against the conclusions of Mr. Grahame Houblon, much as I have admired his recent provocative article upon "Memories of Other Lives." He scores an indisputable bull's-eye in the concluding paragraph—" . . . emphatically does *not* involve universal reincarnation." Half mankind are as yet not immortal,—they have only the potentialities of immortality.

It is on the matter of sex after death that I join issues. Mr. Houblon shows a somewhat reprehensively slight acquaintance with a subject—that of over-sensitive spirits tenanted male bodies, and over-confident spirits dwelling inside female bodies—which has engaged the attention of psychologists for several generations. Lombroso,

Kraft-Ebing, Moreau, Havelock Ellis (still with us, and still on the trail!) have devoted their lives to the study.

To be born a man, while retaining female instincts; or to be born a woman, while owning a man's impulses toward sexual possession: this might indeed be called Purgatory, if the spirit itself *felt* Sex to be an intrinsic part of its nature! That, however, is not the case. There is no thoughtful man or woman who does not, in higher or lower degree, sometimes become conscious of bi-sexuality. I am perfectly sure that a symposium of living Urnings (I use the word which was coined by the Austrian, Ulrichs, in his *Life Story*) would reveal the truth that the condition is *not* one of purgatorial punishment at all. Rather is it felt to be a perfectly happy evolutionary stage toward something higher than animality.

Will you pardon me if I break into unrhymed hexameters, as an impromptu exposition of sexual activity?—

The Body is a cistern, whence ascends  
In slow and gradual drops the teeming blood:  
Engendered by swift movements of the limbs,  
And garnered by th' impulses of the brain;  
Until at last the liquor at the rim  
Is fain to overflow its narrow walls.

'Tis thus that Lust, twin-sister of Desire,  
Makes slaves of men who riot all their wealth  
Of Power in sensuous acts—while Cowards keep  
The cistern foully full, and trust to Fate  
For overflow in Sleep—when thoughts are weak,  
Because of drowsy impulse, faint control!

But wisest of them both is he who finds  
In Friendship's Chain a means of happiness—  
Who always, with the liquor at the brim,  
May dally with Delight by gentle thoughts,  
By sweet caressings, acts of tenderness—  
Holding the one belov'd in dalliance;  
Even while the soul is harvesting its Heaven  
On earth below, for Mankind's betterment!—  
And rarely passing to that sad extreme  
Which links weak men to Beasts—the beasts who are  
Blind to their life, and void of all control!

So may we garner in our hearts each day  
That wondrous alchemy of Nature—Royal Blood:  
Ready to lightly spend when *she* compels,  
But ever with the dream of High Resolve  
To be as like God's Angels as we *can*:  
Courteous, considerate, cleanly, sweet and kind,  
Loving and loved—and living at Love's *best*!

For example (and without being irreligious), I think we may safely

postulate that Jesus, the confessed Companion of prostitutes and social outlaws, was entirely sinless on the sexual plane. He had that enviable combination of tenderness and manly self-reliance which made Him the Beloved of both sexes.

Let us not forget how very small a part the consummation of the sexual act plays in spiritual development. Oftener it retards than it helps. It is material—grossly material. Birth is equally of the earth, earthly, as death. Hence the sexual impulse demands a body for its expression. Is it conceivable that, after Death—after the assumption of a tenuous etheric or astral body—Sex is to be marked in so pointed a degree that “congress” will be needed—that we need retain the earthly interpretation of “Man” and “Woman”? The real Man, the Man who is on the way towards the Higher Planes of Spirit, is already half Woman; and the pure Woman is already half Man!

It was not my intention deeply to discuss this subject in a letter. I might do it better in an article, though the problem of Bi-sexuality is somewhat alien to real Occultism, and concerns psychology. But I do most strongly recommend Mr. Grahame Houblon to read Havelock Ellis's masterpiece, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, before he again speaks of the Urning enduring “hell upon earth.” If he will put his two subjects, G (born female though actually male) and P (born male, though really female), into touch with me, I believe that one hour's explanation, and the necessary guidance to the right authorities, will change their Purgatory to Paradise!

For of a truth, once he (or she) knows the correct impulses of the spirit, and *acts* upon them, there is no being so happy, so confident, so serene, so self-sure as the Urning! I could mention fifty names of contemporaries, prominent in Art, Literature, Music, Medicine, Science—but I must—obviously!—refrain. Yet in the past let me call attention only to Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Cellini, Bacon, Whitman, Symonds, and a host of *genii* too numerous to mention.

As Havelock Ellis wrote to me personally a little while back—“There is nothing abnormal, in the true meaning of that word, in bi-sexuality. ‘Whatever is realized is right!’ One is most natural, when one obeys the true dictates of the heart, remembering always the rights of Society.”

Shakespeare spoke of minds (spirits, souls, individualities) in his famous sonnet—not *bodies*—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments.

And the following words have their inner meaning for all earnest students of the Occult—

. . . Love is not love  
Which alters when it *alteration* finds!

That “alteration” of spirit from male to female, from female to



male, at which I have been pointing, probably occurs a score of times in humankind's re-visits to the glimpses of the moon!

Yours faithfully,

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

#### ASTROLOGY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Carter's letter, but, until our esoteric knowledge is considerably increased, it seems that the point at issue must remain a matter of opinion—i.e. as to whether the Sun or the Moon in a horoscope represents the Ego, the permanent individuality. Will not some more of your readers give us their views? All I can say is that from the study of large numbers of horoscopes I have come to the conclusion that the position of the Sun is a very useful key to the determination of the native's spiritual development. A well-placed Sun invariably seems to denote a well-balanced moral nature and the possession of high and impersonal ideals; but when the Moon dominates the horoscope it seems that the native lives in and for the personal self, the personal desires being extremely powerful—for good or evil, according to the aspects. I did not know Steiner, but should imagine that a good deal of his influence was due to a strong and magnetic personality—though it does not follow that the individuality was weak. (Each horoscope must be judged on its merits, and in his case the individuality was working through an occult house, the 4th, and in an occult sign, the 12th—which is just what one would expect.) Aspects seem to be of less importance than position, in this connection, but it seems natural that the Ego should not be affected by aspects to the same extent as the personality. It is quite true that afflictions to the Sun often do not show out as faults of character, while afflictions to the Moon generally do—and this again is what one would expect, for it is through and in the personality that faults of character are manifested.

With regard to Gemini and Libra, I was thinking more of natives with the Sun in these signs. One would not, as a rule, judge the emotional nature from the rising sign, but rather from the position and aspects of Venus and Mars. But people with the Sun in Gemini or Libra can be extremely passionate and capable of the most faithful and devoted affection—though they are seldom either sensual or outwardly demonstrative. The supreme type of great lovers, Dante Alighieri, had the Sun in Gemini! Richard Wagner, whose passionate love for Mathilde Wesendonck was the inspiration of his music-drama, *Tristan and Isolde*—(see *Woman—The Inspirer*, by Edouard Schuré, translated by F. Rothwell)—had Sun in Gemini! Queen Victoria, whose deep and faithful love for her husband scarcely needs emphasis, had both Sun and Moon rising in Gemini! There were, of course, other elements

at work also in all these horoscopes, but to dismiss Librans and Geminians wholesale as selfish, shallow, cold, etc., seems altogether too sweeping.

Yours truly,  
E. M. M.

#### THE DIVINING ROD.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW,*

SIR,—As a reader of the OCCULT REVIEW, the article *re* the late Sir W. F. Barrett's interest in the Divining Rod is of special interest to one who is gifted with or granted this knowledge.

From much practical experience in locating water, I find, without having had any suggestion from outside sources, that water, minerals and doubtless oil give off their individual vibrations, each separately having a magnetic compass bearing, so even should one lay above the other and cross each other obliquely, the human sensitive can detect and classify, and this no instrument so far can do.

Water being one of the first essentials of life, I make no charge for locating—the fact of being able to serve in this capacity is reward enough.

I do not intend giving to the Public the vibrations of other unseen substances, but will give this much to all who may be interested, and should they find they are successful in locating the veins, pass their gift on as in the service of God and Jesus Christ.

Water veins run throughout the world in a north-westerly and south-easterly direction. Cross such at right angles and you have them.

Unless one is gifted this information is by no means easy of attainment, but it may help at least some who are up against it for water.

It is only a matter of proving, "Ex uno disce Omnes," and I could locate the extent, volume and probable depth of the, as yet, unknown petroleum deposits throughout the world. We are undoubtedly nearing the END, so let us use our gifts, faculties, and our lives to help prepare this world for that Great Change, the coming of the Kingdom of God.

Thanking you, Sir,  
I am,  
ARTHUR JOHN A. BELL.

#### IMMORTALITY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have read your "Notes" with even more than my usual interest.

I am a humble specimen of the genus "layman," reared in the shadow of a Church for which I still feel reverence, but the shackles of whose dogma I have long since broken.

I feel constantly and increasingly the insistence of this question of "Immortality," and am reminded of the "Beleaguered City." Surely it is the throng on the "Other Side," who are pressing against the ramparts of materialism!

I honour and admire the work of our Spiritualists. They seek the chinks in the wall from this side, but for me the great force is purely immaterial. *I feel Immortality mainly through the affections.*

I think of all the souls whom I have loved, from Christ Himself, to the last of mine who passed over, and it seems to me that with each passing, the Gate is a moment ajar, so that some rays are reflected back on to our earthly path. With each of these departed ones I feel already a fuller sympathy than when they were incarnate. They are the greatest help to the unfolding of the Cosmic Consciousness.

*Intellectually*, I associate Immortality with the constructive power of Thought. Creatures of the great Creator, we all have the germ of the creative power, and if the "many mansions" are the work of our loving "Elder Brother," it may be, perhaps, that we are helping to furnish them by our yearning aspirations.

Faithfully yours,

EDITH PRATT.

[Further correspondence is unavoidably held over.—Ed].

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE question whether *LA REVUE SPIRITE* has published during the course of the last decade, or longer, a more important retrospective article than that which is contributed by M. Ernest Bozzano to a recent issue on the precursors of Spiritism. It presents in a full summary the experiences of Dr. J. Larkin, of Mass., U.S.A., during the years immediately preceding the Fox phenomena at Hydesville, or onward from 1844. On the Continent they are practically unknown and they have been forgotten long since here, where no one sees the *SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, an American periodical in the early days of the movement, and no one reads the *MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM* of Mrs. Hardinge Britten, which are the sources of M. Bozzano's striking narrative account. Dr. Larkin was a medical practitioner at Wrentham in the State mentioned, and he began to take a practical interest in Animal Magnetism about 1837, finding that he was possessed himself of mesmeric powers and believing in their therapeutic value. In 1844 a maidservant of his own household suffered from severe faintings and became one of his patients, when a course of magnetic treatment not only improved her health but developed an extraordinary clairvoyance. She diagnosed her own conditions, their causes and developments, as well as those of other patients in the doctor's hands. At a later period resounding raps were heard continually in her neighbourhood, and these were followed by remarkable evidences of so-called spirit-control, vision at a distance, subjective vision, abnormal pathological states, levitation of objects, apparent passage of matter through matter, and so forth. In a word, it was Hydesville forestalled, and too soon also an example in advance of inquisitorial persecution, ostracism and expulsion on the part of the church so-called, meaning in this case the district caucus of "Protestant pastors." To escape financial ruin, the unfortunate doctor had to forswear himself in the end, denying that which he had seen and heard and done; but all this notwithstanding, the manifestations continued and became more fully evidential, as the record says. Were there time to look back upon the past, in the sense of its serious and critical study, we believe that the Larkin phenomena are worth redeeming from the region of loose and inexact description: there are most probably ample contemporary materials for a survey in detail, it may be, not even excluding the depositions of eye-witnesses, like Thatcher, who began in rampant hostility but was convinced in the end. It is a satisfaction meanwhile that the subject has attracted attention on the part of so competent an investigator as M. Ernest Bozzano.

He is also a frequent contributor to *REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE*, in the new issue of which he presents a careful study of mediumistic

communications between living persons, being another excursion into notable records of the past, the PROCEEDINGS of the English Society for Psychical Research and the personal testimonies of Stead, among several others. They are selected to illustrate his classification of such experiences into (1) cases where agent and percipient are in proximity to one another and (2) cases in which they are far apart. The latter are subdivided into (1) messages transmitted to the subject by persons asleep at the time, and thus unconsciously; (2) by persons in the waking state; (3) those obtained by the express will of the medium; (4) those transmitted to the medium by the active will of people at a distance; (5) messages coming from the dying; and (6) mediumistic communications between living persons through the instrumentality of a medium. Dr. Eugène Osty examines at length the problems connected with alleged foreknowledge of the future and formulates a general programme of research, based on an experimental method, in complete isolation from all preconceived opinions, scientific prejudice, and so forth. The possibility of such prevision ranks evidently among the writer's provisional hypotheses and may be one of those new paths which are opening into the unknown: to leave the path unexplored is in such case detrimental to metapsychical science. M. Osty is therefore sounding a call to adequate research. Elsewhere in the issue a sympathetic memorial notice tells us that yet another investigator of things psychic has been called from among us, namely, Fritz Grunewald, author of RESEARCHES IN PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP (1920), a contributor to PSYCHISCHE STUDIEN and a not unfamiliar figure at Copenhagen and Warsaw Congresses.

After Mrs. Besant's revelations, "by command of the King," and their report at full length in THE HERALD OF THE STAR, as described in our last issue, there followed her talks in London and—if it be worth while to say so—a *soi-disant* exposure of Theosophy which occupied THE MORNING POST for four successive days, and did well enough—as it seems to us—in blunting its own points. After these events the organs representing the movement fall rather flat. The Vice-President of the Society has looked back upon fifty years of Theosophy and committed his impressions to writing. They are being reprinted everywhere, in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, THEOSOPHY IN INDIA, THEOSOPHY IN SOUTH AFRICA, and so forth; but albeit they end on a prospective note, giving brief expression to a programme, there is not one intimation, not one word, on the subject-matter of "command," though the whole theosophical world must be expectant thereupon. On the other hand, the editorial "outlook" deals with "the years before us" in the London THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, and mentions the President's visit to this country; but there is nothing on "the coming of the Great Teacher" and nothing on "the vehicle of the Lord." The Vice-President's retrospection is followed by personal reminiscences on the part of Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, who tells how he returned to Theosophy and incidentally speaks about several people

whom we also remember, now in the far past. Dr. Cousins relates how he became a Fellow of the Society, and Mr. Dion Fortune gives account of his occult experiences, from which it is evident at least that he is a person of manifold psychical experience. Finally, Dr. Coode Adams talks about the history of thought in connection with the Theosophical Society: he affirms a renaissance to come and "an unparalleled future" before us, if we can abandon old prejudices. Altogether it is an interesting number, if not especially convincing. . . . The THEOSOPHICAL PATH is edited by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, who is described as the "leader and official head of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world." Her headquarters at Point Loma, California, are specified also as international. To those who stand apart and watch, these representations are curious and perhaps diverting, since it happens that the only Theosophical Movement which counts for anything, and is indeed of universal diffusion, has its headquarters at Adyar, while its "official head" is Mrs. Besant, as the whole world knows. Meanwhile, the Secretary of the organization at Point Loma—dissident or independent, as one may prefer—has been concerning itself with M. Jules Bois and reprints a reply from the PATH to some of his remarks in the FORUM on Madame Blavatsky. We remember him very well in the past, and one at least of his highly fantastic books, which was entitled *LE SATANISME ET LA MAGIE*. Jules Bois was at that time a disciple of Huysmann and exaggerated his master's literary style. He is now termed, on PATH authority, a "scientist" and "psychologist," which qualifications notwithstanding he has been so unfortunate as to suggest that H. P. B. based her Theosophy on "human gods"—the alleged masters presumably. There is much ado about nothing through sixteen large pages on this pregnant question, and it ends where it begins, with a sage counsel that the French psychologist might improve his knowledge of the subject. We are in fairly cordial agreement; but, after all, are the views of M. Bois worth all this pageant of words? . . . There is also ANTHROPOSOLOGY, with the pages of which we have been intrigued more than usual, for it devotes a considerable article to the enchanting story of Prester John and surveys it through enchanted glasses. It reminds us in the first place of several old stories, for example: (1) That Otto von Freising, uncle of Frederic Barbarossa, was told by a bishop of the Eastern Church that the Crusaders in Asia should seek the Christian Empire governed by the Priest-King; (2) that the Knights Templar acknowledged a Supreme Master, whom they called John; (3) that On Khan, the adversary of Dschengis Khan, has been identified with Prester John; (4) that envoys of Edward II are said to have brought back rumours concerning the mysterious monarch; (5) that this exalted personage is supposed to have sent messages to Church Councils. It happens that these things are myths, the first—let us say—excepted, which is found in a Diary of Otto; but one has a shrewd suspicion that the Eastern Bishop was intimating the

quixotic nature of crusading experiments. To these matters of the past the article adds its own reveries: (1) That the Knights of the Round Temple and the Knights of the Holy Graal were "esoteric orders and communities" who guarded "the true understanding of the Mystery of Golgotha," as put forward by Dr. Steiner; (2) that on the authority of the deceased German occultist, John the Scot was inspired by John the Priest and maintained therefore a spiritual conception of the Eucharist; (3) that the legend of Prester John is best understood in the light of the Holy Graal, because it was transported to his kingdom, according to the German poet, Wolfram; (4) that it was a symbol of "the Christ-Impulse," whatever that happens to mean. Fortunately it emerges at the end that the so-called "Christian Empire," hidden in the far East, is like the Kingdom of Heaven, namely, not of this world: it belongs apparently to "those regions bordering the physical, in which lives the etheric Christ-Being." Those who, like Dr. Steiner, can enter it in their visions "meet first the truly royal figure of St. John." Hereof therefore is the legend of Prester John. It may be a counsel of perfection, but it would seem further that the writings which pass under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite are to be accepted as the work of the "personal pupil of St. Paul."

Among Masonic periodicals the most recent issue of THE BUILDER has two papers of considerable interest. The first is concerned with certain legends of the Lenni Lenape Indians, and especially with what is called their Painted Record, regarded as prior to the European discovery of America and giving account of the creation, deluge and emigration of the Algonkin stock, to which these Indians belonged. Outside this memorial, there is said to be evidence that after death the soul was believed to go South, where it had happiness for a certain period and could then be reborn on earth. The second paper discusses the question of modern Operative Masonry, which lays claim on an immemorial past but does not produce the records it pretends to possess. Such at least is the thesis.

Dr. F. G. Crookshank presents another of his acute and stimulating considerations to the readers of PSYCHE, and calls it "From the Comparative to the Positive." Men of science maintain strenuously that they proceed by way of induction, arriving at generalizations or laws from the study of facts. On the other hand, in Dr. Crookshank's view, they proceed not less commonly from data which are in no sense "objective presentations" but very complex "interpretative references," and they are coloured by our views, "in respect of metaphysical, logical and philosophical, if not theological problems." We rise from interpretation to interpretation at ever higher levels, but as we feel that it is proper to proceed from facts to laws, it is affirmed that we pursue this method and the assumptions of our starting-points come to be regarded as facts. It follows that our premises are often as *a priori* as anything in St. Thomas Aquinas.

## REVIEWS

THE ANATOMY OF THE BODY OF GOD. Being the Supreme Revelation of Cosmic Consciousness, explained and depicted in Graphic Form, by Frater Achad. With Designs showing the Formation, Multiplication and Projection of the Stone of the Wise, by Will Ransom. Chicago: Collegium ad Spiritum Sanctum, P.O. Box 141. London: J. G. Bayley, 37A Tressillian Road, S.E. Price Fifteen Dollars.

FRATER ACHAD has discovered that the Plan of the Quabalistic Tree is based on the Vesica Piscis, or, to be precise, on the proportions resulting from the intersection of two Vesicæ, and that, through using this discovery geometrically, the Plan of the Tree and Paths may be expanded towards the Infinitely Great or contracted towards the Infinitely Small. He also shows that the Plan may be viewed as a three-dimensional figure, likewise capable of indefinite increase or decrease.

Now all this is very interesting, but it has little connection with the true Quabalah, being only a materialistic interpretation of the purely formal element. The true Quabalistic Tree is a projection of thoughts and not of things. It was conceived as a ladder for thoughts to climb up and down on and to ultimately transcend what we call thought. It has three main points, like a ladder—the two supports and the step in between. The supports form the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and may be denoted by the signs + and - ; the step is 0. We start with what I will call positive thought. The ladder is positive, plus is actual (good), minus is actual (evil), and zero is actual (change). When we enter what I will call negative thought, plus and minus are balanced out and the step in between becomes zero, or equilibrium. Thought then stands on nothing thinkable (the Abyss).

Now all this is intellectual and not material; it is a process, not a thing. Frater Achad, however, who lives in the most materialistic city in the most materialistic country, sees the universe as a solid conglomeration of Sephiroth. This is interesting, but there it ends. Frater Achad seems to feel this, so, to give his system life, he gives the body of God a strong injection of Egyptian form by means of his pet hose-pipe—Liber Legis.

For these reasons I find it difficult to take his book seriously. The chief ingredient of cosmic consciousness is superabundant life; here we get a superabundance of form. To return to the forms of the past is ridiculous and largely a confession of failure to understand the present. The spirit is always new. Every age has its own forms. The man in advance of his age will create the forms of the future; he will not accept the forms of the past. We can learn much from the past, but not all. Spiritual progress is like a tree, not all roots; it must grow to live. To return to Egypt is to mummify the spirit. And this is what Frater Achad has done. But I do not mean to imply that he has done this consciously; there are many indications that he is a sincere Aspirant who has the welfare of humanity at heart. I think that he has absorbed undesirable elements



from the A.: A.: and has unconsciously reacted to the atmosphere of Chicago. However, now that he has severed his connection with Therion and the A.: A.:, we may look forward to future publications by Frater Achad written in the true Light of Knowledge.

MEREDITH STARR AND ANOTHER.

DREADS AND BESETTING FEARS, including States of Anxiety, their Cause and Cure. Tom A. Williams, M.B., C.M., Membre Correspondant Etranger de la Société de Neurologie de Paris. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

ALTHOUGH having no direct bearing on the occult sciences, and therefore of no special interest to occultists as such, this book is well worth reading for the light it throws on human nature and the help it gives in dealing with it. It is one of the ripe fruits of the New Psychology, in which experience and common sense have modified the dogmatism of the early windfalls of unripened conclusions.

It has sound scientific attainments and wide practical experience for its basis, and the presentation is so lucid and readable that the lay public can profit by it. Dr. Williams says that "Dread is aroused only when a person is faced by a circumstance which experience has taught him to fear," and then shows the part played by childhood's forgotten experiences in giving rise to this dread.

His method of dealing with morbid fear-states is by re-education in which the patient is helped to think out his position and alter his attitude: he says, "To effect a transformation of mental attitude with the object of changing affective reactions, hard conceptual labour must be performed by the patient." This distinguishes his system from that of Du Bois, who *persuades* his patients to alter their view-point instead of making them do it for themselves.

Dr. Williams has a poor opinion of the Coué system of auto-suggestion by repetition, and therein I think he does it an injustice, for it can be a most useful adjunct to re-education. The weaknesses observed in its action are often due to the fact that it is applied without adequate psychological diagnosis, and therefore may have no bearing on the real root of the trouble.

One cannot help feeling in reading such a book as this, excellent as it is, how much its scope would be increased were the findings of occultists taken into consideration. Psychology and occultism have a very great deal to teach each other.

DION FORTUNE.

FACES OF THE LIVING DEAD. Remembrance Day Messages and Photographs. A Straightforward Statement. By Estelle W. Stead. Manchester: "The Two Worlds" Publishing Co., Ltd., 18 Corporation Street. Price 1s. 6d.

W. T. STEAD used to say that you can never judge of the impact anything has made until you see the force of the reaction it has set up. And this characteristic sentiment of his is made pretty clear in the little volume by his daughter which appears very appropriately as near as may be to Armistice Day, 1925. Within its covers Miss Estelle Stead gives a clear, concise and fully-detailed account of the "Armistice Day Photograph"

of last year, the events leading up to it, and the hurly-burly that ensued. Every unbiased reader who will accord the matter the same fair consideration that would be given to any other subject (and which we Britons know as "fair play") must agree that a first-rate case has been made for the good faith of the medium, Mrs. Deane, whose mysterious gift has been to her a cause of something very like martyrdom.

The preliminary chapter of the book gives certain messages from Mr. Stead, of which to me the second, or 1921 message, is full of the vigour and glow of his unforgettable personality.

Then follows the story of the photographs of succeeding years and the unedifying behaviour of a section of the Press, from which one must infer that courtesy is not always one of the hallmarks of the New Journalism. Which is quite a mild way of putting it.

"Murder will out," they say, and so will Truth. Anything is better than stolid indifference and complacent materialism. Nothing was more dear to the heart of W. T. Stead than the full and open discussion such episodes as this of the Cenotaph picture provoke, and the opportunity they afford of keeping the Flag flying! EDITH K. HARPER.

THE AMBER MERCHANT. By Peggy Webling, Author of "Boundary House," etc., etc. London: Hutchinson and Co. Price 7s. 6d.

MISS PEGGY WEBLING is always happy in her choice of titles; *The Amber Merchant* tells us nothing; it conjures up a vague fantasy of oriental splendour, yet the grey of London streets, and the mirk of its "ash-coloured skies," the whirl and dust of Vauxhall Bridge Road, Hammersmith, and Kensington High Street, are the *mise en scène* in which Miss Webling's characters live, move, and have their being. But romance grips the reader from the first page to the last; from the opening chapter, when we find Wynnard Rook, the Amber Merchant, in his little curio shop in Vauxhall, where Florence, the beautiful artist's-model, is lured by the witchery of amber earrings to open the little shop door and, in so doing, her own page of destiny.

The maze of events leads us on, and we do not lose the thrill, for Miss Webling sketches real men and women of flesh and blood, true to type, with fidelity and sympathy. Her scenes and actors are well contrasted, so that while our pity is often stirred, we cannot but smile over some little human foible or weakness; as, for instance, Miss Pansy Hopkins's resolute determination to see in the happy middle-aged father of a romping family, her long-lost broken-hearted lover. A pathetic figure is Miss Monty, the Old Age Pensioner, who lives and passes on surrounded by spirit forms: "Lords and Ladies of Long Ago," invisible to all but herself.

The Amber Merchant is a fine character, though no Prince of Arabian Nights. He is a true and chivalrous Englishman who, despite an uphill battle, has kept his shield untarnished and his honour undimmed. In the long, agonizing day, when in vain he sought for work only to return home at nightfall with the same heart-sickness of hope deferred, we read the story of many a man to-day.

A scene of great intensity occurs at the climax of his fallen fortunes, when Wynnard Rook becomes aware of the presence of his dead foster-father, the old original Amber Merchant, who appears to him vividly as when on earth, talks to him, scolds him, cheers him, and bids him *Live in*

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*the Eternal Now*, not "to shrink from the future. The present hour is of greater value than all the past and all that is to come . . ."

So indeed come the bright Messengers to all who have ears to hear and eyes to see . . .

We leave him with his face turned toward the sun, and a hint of coming days, when he and his heart's-dearest will live again amid the mystery and glamour of amber.

EDITH K. HARPER.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE. Talks of a Dead Son with his Father. By J. H. D. Miller. With Illustrations, and a Foreword by Sir A. Conan Doyle. London: Williams & Norgate, Ltd., 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE author, Mr. Miller, in his Preface to this volume tells us that "The purpose of this little book is simply to place at the disposal of the public the experiences of one who did not believe in Spiritualism, and who knew nothing about it until requested to make the investigation by the spirit of his son who was killed in the late war." Like many another also, he shrank from publishing his experiences because of the personal element involved. But his kind and sympathetic consideration for others who had suffered a like bereavement at length overcame his scruples, and in these pages he has set forth the story from its beginning, including the tests, or proofs of identity, by which he first assured himself he was in undoubted communication with his son.

Mr. Miller devotes a chapter to the details of what he terms the "astral photograph" of his son, which was obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Hope and the Crewe Circle. His visit was impromptu and his identity unknown.

Not many, I imagine, could read unmoved the brief concluding chapter entitled, "A Vision," in which the father reveals something of the bitterness of his grief, and how what seemed hopeless anguish was transformed to a wondrous joy.

EDITH K. HARPER.

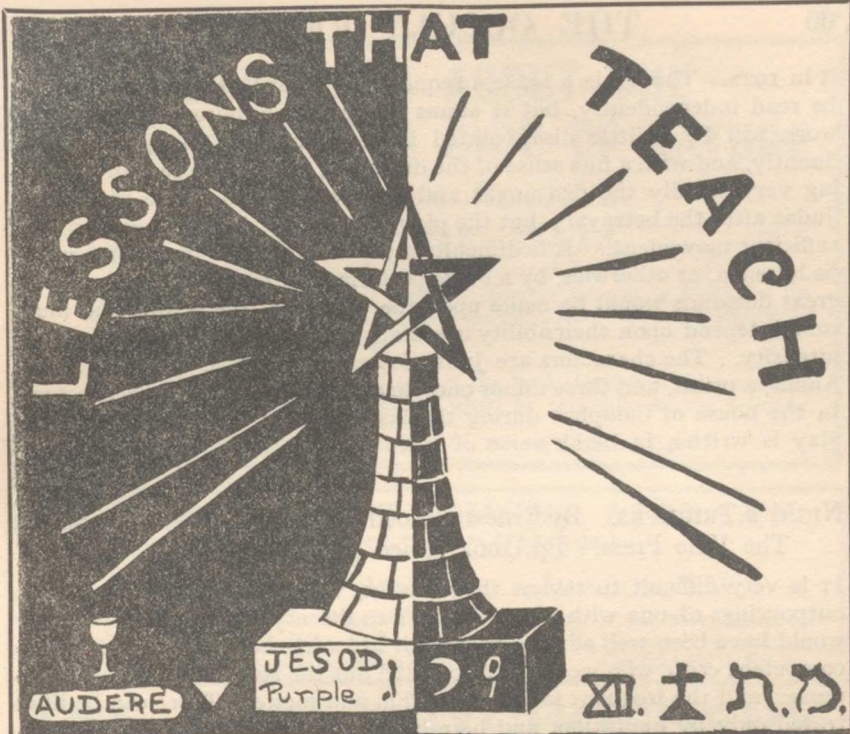
A DISTANT ISLAND. By M. E. J. Published by the C. W. Daniel Company, Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS is quite an interesting account of an enterprising soul who "sought experience and adventure by visiting the Island of Tristan da Cunha," and gives a description of "the happy natural lives of the Islanders under strong moral and spiritual guidance and powerful personal influences." The book, however, is somewhat like *The Blue Lagoon* boiled down into a tract. Everybody is so unnaturally good and, of course, Mary (not a contrary one, but a pet-lamb person) gazes at the heroic Hayes with such sweet simplicity that she finally marries him and manages to reach London as his wife, instead of remaining single on her lonely isle. No doubt it will please the sentimental to peruse this touching pastorate. Still, I prefer Virgil's, for Paganism is always poetic at least, whilst Tristan smacks strongly of Tooting.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE HIGH PRIEST. By Claude Houghton. London: The C. W. Daniel Company. Pp. 57. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS one-act drama is the twenty-third in a series of "Plays for a People's Theatre," the same author's three-act tragedy, "Judas," having preceded



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## TALISMANS THAT WORK

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**GABRIEL DEE**

11D

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it in 1922. Though in a sense a sequel to "Judas," the present play can be read independently, but it seems likely that admirers of the former work will be a little disappointed in this one. Mr. Houghton writes fluently, and with a fine sense of the dramatic, and he succeeds in portraying very vividly the distraught and remorse-stricken frame of mind of Judas after the betrayal; but the play, as a whole, does not seem to have sufficient movement. It is difficult to say whether this impression would be lessened, or otherwise, by a stage performance, but without doubt very great demands would be made upon the powers of the actors, and much would depend upon their ability to sustain the required pitch of emotional intensity. The characters are Judas Iscariot, Caiaphas, the High Priest, Annas, a priest, and three minor ones, and the action takes place in a room in the house of Caiaphas during the last hours of the Crucifixion. The play is written in blank verse of more than average merit.

E. M. M.

NIGHT'S TRIUMPHS. By Ernest Osgood Hanbury. Steyning, Sussex The Vine Press. Pp. 106. Price 4s. 6d. net.

It is very difficult to review these verses, which seem to be the artless outpourings of one with no pretensions to literary training. The author would have been well advised to submit his work, before publication, to a competent critic who would have pointed out the redundancies and weaknesses, and the frequent faults of rhythm and metre. These can be illustrated only by quotation, and here is a typical verse:

"Hark! a thrush there is carolling strong  
To mate as she sits in yon thick thorn,  
And from his lonely heart doth he long  
For that weary hatching-time to be gone."

Again:

"The glad fond glance, kindling to greeting good,  
Love begets desire, by the eye understood."

"Skies purple with spite," the "radiant glist" of sunbeams, the wind "moiling, moaning, toiling, groaning," the marguerite whose "graceful stalk teaches gentility," the "hapless ones" mourning their "provider dead"—all these things make us feel that Mr. Hanbury has mistaken his *métier*, and that though he obviously is a lover of Nature, a poet he equally obviously is not. His book is beautifully printed, and it would be a pleasure to be able to praise its contents as highly as its outward appearance.

E. M. M.

THE LAST MESSENGER BEFORE HIS FACE. By H. G. Hersey. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A. Price \$2.

MR. HERSEY informs us in his preface that he was led to write this book by a careful study of the doctrines of Christian Science and a growing conviction that those doctrines did not carry the believer far enough. Christian Science he compares to a messenger sent to prepare the world for truth and its manifestations of healing power to the budding of the trees, preceding the full foliage: "The full foliage will be the sons of man coming in the flesh, healing the sick and preaching the gospel to the poor so that they may no longer be poor." As Mrs. Eddy, in her writings declared that she "began where Paul left off," so Mr. Hersey declares

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that he himself begins where Mrs. Eddy, left off and that the New Church which is to be the result of his revelation and prophetic vision will finally free the human race from the effects of sin and error and establish a great world-state, wherein will dwell health and happiness.

His book is dedicated to "all the people of the world without regard to race or creed," and every one who desire to help forward the work of the New Church is earnestly invited to communicate with him at the address given on page 101. The book, we may add, has already gone into a second edition.

G. M. H.

ART AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By John M. Thorburn. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. xii., 242. London: Kegan Paul. 1925. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THAT the series of emotional and intellectual and intuitional facts concluding in the creation of a work of art, has its beginning in the subconscious is now generally agreed. Mr. Thorburn, the Lecturer in Philosophy at University College, Cardiff, discusses the question more as a problem in æsthetics than one in psychology, though his method of approach is psychological. He has a great respect for Freud's theories, but in the main he approaches closer to the teachings of Jung. His conclusions are too technical to be briefly restated, but he describes the process of artistic creation to proceed by a system of what he calls the "selective meditation of the artist." This is a sound book.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL AND MENTAL PRAYER. By Joseph Leonard, C.M. Pp. vii. + 286. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Price 10s. 6d. net.

FR. JOSEPH LEONARD has laid under a deep debt of gratitude all students of hagiology and of the interior life. His book demonstrates quite clearly the prominent, almost exclusive, place given by St. Vincent de Paul to mental prayer in the life and Rule of his two foundations—the Congregation of the Mission and the Daughters of Charity. Both were "active" Orders drawing their power and inspiration from the practice of mental prayer. Fr. Leonard's book begins with an exceedingly interesting and apposite introduction dealing with the life of the saint, the printed versions of his letters and conferences, and a summary of his spiritual teaching. The second and larger part of the book contains extracts from the saint's own writings and from the reports of the spiritual conferences he held for his religious.

St. Vincent de Paul's methods of prayer are closely akin to those associated with his friend and contemporary St. Francis de Sales. He stresses the paramount importance of affective prayer and its gradual passage towards a growing simplicity. He has wise counsels to give on the relations and mutual claims of prayer and good works. His teaching is direct, simple, and withal deeply spiritual.

JOHN NORTH.

ESSAI DE PSYCHOLOGIE ASTRALE. By Paul Choissnard. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. Pp. 190. Price 12 francs.

THE author of this essay on Astral Psychology seems to have written many books on similar subjects, his aim being to arrive at some kind of scientific basis for the application of astrological rules and aphorisms. He



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draws a definite distinction between fortuitous coincidence and law, and declares that most astrologers confound the two, and that beginners, particularly, are far too apt to generalize on insufficient data. To overcome this difficulty, M. Choisnard suggests that sufficient numbers of horoscopes must be obtained for a comparison of percentages. For instance, if it is thought that the conjunction of the Moon and Mercury indicates a gift for philosophy, several hundreds of horoscopes of philosophers must be compared with several hundreds of ordinary horoscopes, in order to find how many times per cent. this conjunction occurs in each collection. If it predominates largely among the philosophers, then coincidence may be abandoned, and it may be said that a "law" has been discovered. Even then, however, the law is not universal and immovable, for as M. Choisnard truly says, it is the totality of ingredients in a horoscope that has to be considered when forming a judgment, for the conjunction of the Moon with Mercury will not have the same effect in every nativity, any more than oxygen will always have the same effect when combined with a variety of other chemical substances.

M. Choisnard thinks that genius is often indicated by a multiplicity of major aspects, particularly trines, and mediocre intellect by few and weak aspects. He has something of interest to say about the hereditary factor, the horoscopes of twins, the indications of celebrity or of crime, and various other matters, and gives an instructive series of example horoscopes at the end of his book. The short astrological dictionary is interesting, too, although some of the definitions given seem too condensed to be really adequate.

E. M. M.

THE INNER DISCIPLINE. By Charles Baudouin and A. Lestchinsky. Translated from the French by Eden and Cedar Paul. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  ins.  $\times$  4 $\frac{3}{4}$  ins., pp. 229. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, W.C.1. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MORALISTS are very much given to uttering excellent precepts, but without giving any indication of how these are to be put into practice. Discussions of what man *ought* to do are no doubt of great theoretical interest, but it is of far more practical importance that man should be able to learn *how* to do that which he ought, and it is with this object in mind that the authors have compiled the present very valuable book. It consists of two parts. In the first part a rapid survey is given of those religious and philosophical systems which do—in the authors' opinion—attempt to guide man, not only as to what he ought to do, but also as to how he can do this, specially from the point of this very practical element in such systems. In this way Buddhism, Stoicism, Christianity, Christian Science and New Thought fall for treatment, and the authors show how each, in spite of omissions and exaggerations, has something useful to teach us.

In the second portion of their book MM. Bandouin and Lestchinsky, deal with Psychotherapeutic Methods, and after a necessary introductory chapter dealing with "The Conscious and the Subconscious," survey in turn Hypnotism and Suggestion, Rational Persuasion, Psycho-analysis and Auto-suggestion. As they well say, "The specialist who has worked out a system of his own is apt to regard it as a panacea. The hypnotists want to hypnotize every one; the rational persuasionists use their moralizing method upon all patients, and are foolish enough to declare that

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suggestive treatment is immoral; psycho-analysts fall into the same pit; and some of the advocates of auto-suggestion are no better."

In fact, however, all these varying modes of treatment are, as the authors point out, based upon psychological facts and are useful within their limits: "We first make the acquaintance of the *subconscious as an obstacle*, and the primary task of psycho-analysis is to enable us to overcome this obstacle by recognizing its nature, to get the better of its stubborn resistance. Soon we come to recognize that there is a good genius as well as an evil genius in the subconscious. Though it be true that the subconscious is responsible for many of our blunders, it is also the subconscious which instigates scientific discovery and artistic creation. This leads us to recognize *the subconscious as a force*, supplementary to the force of consciousness. We can learn to make a good use of this force. Suggestion turns it to account, and auto-suggestion puts it at every one's disposal. Finally, persons of religious temperament will incline to regard *the subconscious as a mystical force*, and for them, prayer will play the part which auto-suggestion plays for those who look at the matter by the light of science."

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE DIVINE SONGS OF ZARATHUSHTRA. By D. J. Irani. With an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. 7½ ins. × 5 ins., pp. 80. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 40 Museum Street, W.C.1. (New York: The Macmillan Company.) Price 5s. net.

THIS book contains a translation of the chief hymns of the Zoroastrian religion, which are to-day still in use in every Parsee household. The translation has been made to meet the needs of the ordinary reader and, in conjunction with Rabindranath Tagore's admirable Introduction, throws a new light on the importance of the teachings of Zarathushtra in the religious history of the world. As Tagore points out, Zarathushtra "was the first man we know who gave a definitely moral character and direction to religion," basing it no longer on the supposititious magical efficacy of ceremonial rites, but on the great twin concepts of Justice and Truth (or Truth in action and Truth in thought). Thus sings the author:

"I shall take the soul to the House of Songs, with the help of the Good Mind!  
Knowing the blissful rewards of Ahura Mazda for righteous deeds,  
As long as I have power and strength, I shall teach all to seek for Truth and Right."

The following verses are also very typical of Zarathushtra's teaching:

"In the beginning, there were two Primal Spirits, Twins spontaneously active;  
These are the Good and the Evil, in thought, and in word, and in deed;  
Between these two, let the wise choose aright;  
Be good, not base."

"Evil is the portion of the wicked,  
But the wished-for beatitude, the Best Mental State, is for the man who maintains for himself the Law of Truth'  
To announce this message to the wise is the joy of Thy Messenger."

Zarathushtra's *Divine Songs* are not without a message for us to-day, which is here presented in a form in every way attractive.

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By Géza Róheim. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.  $\times$  6 $\frac{1}{2}$  in., pp. 487. London: Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 35s. net.

THIS work was written by a learned Hungarian anthropologist and psycho-analyst directly in English, but is none the less quite clear and readable—readable, that is, to the reader who is versed in the language of psycho-analysis. The object of this book, in brief, is to take a specific custom of an uncivilized people and to submit it to psycho-analytical investigation in order to discover whether in this manner a racial subconscious, similar to the personal subconscious, might not be discovered. Dr. Róheim has selected for this purpose what is probably *the* most controversial subject in the whole field of anthropology. It may be readily understood, therefore, that it would be impossible to discuss his findings in the space at my disposal. I will say, however, that while recognizing the valuable light thrown on certain of the customs by this new mode of investigation, I must confess to being totally at variance with the author's interpretation of the purely religious and magical practices of these peoples. Psycho-analysis is a valuable method of investigation but it will never be successful until it recognizes the element of the supersensual in life. The book is well provided with notes, index and bibliography.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE SOURCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By the Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  in.  $\times$  4 $\frac{3}{4}$  in., pp. 183. Woking: The Basheer Moslem Library, Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE object of this book is to show that Moslems revere and follow the Christ more than do Christians. A large portion of the book is occupied by various quotations from Modernist writers on the question of the literal interpretation of the Bible and so forth; the author selects certain passages and expresses horror that Christians should speak so. A still larger part consists of yet another restatement of the facts showing that many elements of Christianity derive from older religions. The upshot of it all is an attempt to show that the Moslem faith is "the true Faith of Jesus." The reader will, of course, judge for himself, and we doubt whether the author will convince many.

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LOTUSES OF THE MAHĀYĀNA. Edited by Kenneth Saunders. London: John Murray. Pp. 63. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE ground covered by Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East Series" seems to be inexhaustible, not only in extent but in variety of interest. The object of the Editors, that the series shall provide "ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action"—is an admirable one, and this new addition should certainly help its realization. No reader can fail to be struck by the marked resemblance to Christian teachings in many of these extracts from Buddhist Scriptures, and this must be an encouragement, as Mr. Saunders points out, to all who believe in the brotherhood of man and in the Fatherhood of God. In his Introduction he explains very clearly the differences between the newer, more liberal, Buddhism, and the old austere and ascetic school, but remarks that, however they may

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