

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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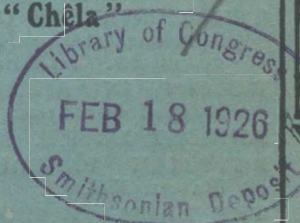
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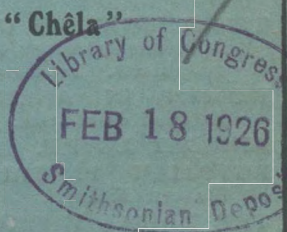
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# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."*

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to the Editor "THE OCCULT REVIEW," PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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

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VOL. XLIII

MARCH 1926

No. 3

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

MANY of my readers will be acquainted with *Kim*—that classic story of Indian life, by Rudyard Kipling—and remember the wholly delightful and lovable character of Kim's guru, upon whose lips was heard the ever-recurring chant-like phrase, *Om mani padme hum*. Sir Edwin Arnold, too, in lines of beauty, concludes his great poem, *The Light of Asia*, with an apostrophe to the Lord Buddha, in which occur the same words:—

Ah, Blessed Lord! Oh, High Deliverer!  
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,  
Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.  
Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!  
I take my refuge in thy name and thee!  
I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!  
I take my refuge in thy Order! OM!  
The Dew is on the lotus—Rise, Great Sun!  
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.  
*Om mani padme hum*, the Sunrise comes!  
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea!



The words, as a matter of fact, are regarded as sacred, and their repetition forms part and parcel of the very life of thousands of devout souls in India. Although visitors to the East look upon it for the most part as an example of heathen superstition, and as such dismiss it from their thoughts as unworthy of serious consideration, the open-minded student of occultism might find

MAGIC OR  
SUPERSTI-  
TION ?

it well worth while, before relegating it to the realm of witchcraft, spells and incantations, to give some attention to the question which arises as to whether the use of this *mantra*, as it is called, with the purificatory powers alleged to be attached to it, is indeed a mere matter of superstition, or whether it has its roots in some deeply hidden law of physical or super-physical nature. If a theoretically tenable case can be made out for the actual potency of this and similar sacred sentences, if it can be shown that they are not so much "heathen gibberish," in which light our Western prejudices may lead us instinctively to regard them, it may be that we shall find in them an instrument of great value in the purging of the personality of its impurities, and the bringing of the lower into closer *rapport* and harmony with the higher self.

Before approaching the obscure and difficult theories that occultism has to offer with regard to the nature and properties of the mantra, however, it may be as well to glance at the observed facts of physical science, especially in relation to music and sound, and their effects in the psychical, physiological, and inorganic worlds. In this manner we may hope to clear the way for a better appreciation of the subtle forces brought into operation when the requisite conditions arouse the potency of a mantra.

The vibratory powers of sound are too well known to need more than a passing reference. The necessity for the use of caution in the sounding of particular notes on powerful organs in churches, for fear of damage to the structure, is an instance that comes readily to the mind. There is also the popular experiment of the scientific text-books known as Chladni's figures, whereby geometrical forms are produced by fine powder sprinkled on a membrane, which is made to vibrate by sound. A notable instance of the power of the human voice is told of the late Signor Caruso, of whom it is recorded that he would frequently amuse his friends by shattering a glass by singing into it the proper note. The power of music to soothe and calm is also well known. The age-old instance of Saul and David is a case in point. Apart



from the prominent rôle played by association of ideas in particular cases, it is generally recognized that certain types of music, such as martial music, religious music, dance music, and so on—not to enumerate specific instances—each arouse definite emotional moods. It is desirable thus to realize fully the potency of actual physical vibration to bring about such results, because physical sound is regarded by Eastern occultism as only the outer and most material aspect of far more subtle powers.

We approach, indeed, the great mystery of human speech, the mystery of Vach, the Word, "through Whom all things were made, and without Whom was not anything made that was made." Vach, says the great Hindu esotericist, T. Subba Rao, is of four kinds. Vaikhari Vach is that which we actually utter; next in degree of subtlety we have Madhyana Vach, manifesting on the plane immediately above the physical; then comes the

THE  
MYSTERY  
OF SPEECH.

Pashyanti or spiritual, and finally the Para or divine stage. It should not be inferred from this that in every human utterance the finer forces are awakened. How is it possible to conceive of any spiritual potency in the empty chatter of the ballroom, or the blistering profanity of the meat-market? The part played by the motive of the utterance also needs to be remembered. The motive determines the plane. The phrase, "God bless my soul!" may become either a mild expletive, or the expression of spiritual aspiration. It is largely a matter of consecration, whether conscious or otherwise. But again, although the power of a mantra depends so much upon the sanctity with which it is regarded, it would not be correct to assume that all prayers are mantras. Prayer may be couched in any language or form of words, but a mantra, to be rendered operative, must be uttered in its original tongue. It cannot be translated into any other language without being made useless. Although it is certainly true that oft-repeated phrases, through auto-suggestion, may acquire great talismanic power, as witness the formula made so popular by Monsieur Coué, the efficacy of mantras does not depend in any way on auto-suggestion. The claim is made for genuine mantras as found in the Vedas, and uttered in the ancient Sanscrit tongue, that they have been constructed in such a manner that the rhythmic sequence of syllables generates certain vibrations which have a powerful effect on the inner and subtler planes. Take as an instance the famous pranava, or Om. Many schools of occultism following the Eastern tradition have realized the potency of this mystic syllable, and adopted it as a means of helping the



consciousness in meditation to reach the higher planes, as well as for the purification of the personality with a view to opening up a channel for communication with the spiritual world. When, therefore, with a consecrated phrase is combined a sequence of syllables definitely arranged with a view to producing such potent vibrations in the invisible realms, we have a formula which, on the lips of the earnest aspirant, may prove of inestimable advantage in removing obstructions on the part of the lower self, and in raising the consciousness to the highest level possible under the karmic laws of the present incarnation. The influence of past karma on our innate abilities is a factor which is too often overlooked when comparing the apparent successes and failures of others.

In the sacred syllable Om above all others, it is claimed, are the potencies of Vach enshrined, and its possibilities when rightly used are stated to be limitless. A whole system of philosophy is founded on this sacred word. Its transliteration as Om is, however, misleading. In essence it is triple, A-U-M. The A is pronounced from the throat, ah ; the U from the middle of the mouth, oo ; and the M, or "aṅṣwāra," is an independent nasal sound sometimes represented by ng, and pronounced on the lips. Although the syllable bears no surface meaning, it is looked upon in Hindu philosophy as being the name of Brahma. Each of the letters which compose it is taken as symbolizing one aspect of the Trinity, and in its entirety it is regarded as representing the whole scheme of manifestation—the creation, preservation, and dissolution of the universe. Analysis reveals the fact that all possible vowel sounds are included between the A, the U, and the M, and Eastern philosophy contends that these three elements contain the germ of all human speech. As Brahma is the source of the universe, so is Om regarded as the source of all speech. Figuratively speaking, the vowels stand in the same relation to the consonants as the soul does to the body. As the body is dependent for its existence on the soul, so are the consonants dependent for their pronunciation on the vowels. Inasmuch as they cannot be pronounced without the help of the vowels, the consonants are imperfect. The various correspondences of the three elements of the pranava, in fact, constitute a special branch of study in themselves.

Madame Blavatsky, in the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, makes some important remarks in regard to the effects of its pronunciation on the one who utters it. "If pronounced by

THE  
SACRED  
AUM.



a very holy and pure man," she writes, "it will draw out, or awaken, not only the less exalted potencies residing in the planetary spaces and elements, but even his Higher Self, or the Father within him. Pronounced by an averagely good man in the correct way, it will help to strengthen him morally, especially if between the Aums he meditates intently upon the Aum within him. . . . But woe to the man who pronounces it after the commission of some far-reaching sin : he will only thereby attract to his own impure photosphere invisible presences and forces which could not otherwise break through the Divine envelope."

All this, however, presupposes that the mantra has been "awakened," and more than correct pronunciation is required before a mantra can be rendered operative. Or perhaps it would

AWAKENING  
THE  
MANTRA.

be better to say that correct pronunciation implies much more than appears on the surface. Again Madame Blavatsky may be cited as stating that unless he is in thorough union with his Higher Ego, a person may repeat the sacred syllable parrot-like ten thousand times a day and it will not help him. It is more than a word ; it means good action, not merely lip sound. It must be worked out in deeds. "Our prayers and supplications are in vain, unless to potential words we add potent deeds, and make the aura which surrounds each one of us so pure and divine that the God within us may act outwardly, or in other words, become as it were an extraneous potency." Some Tantrists even go so far as to claim that no mantra will live unless it is passed on from teacher to pupil in a kind of "apostolic succession." This, however, may certainly be regarded as an exaggeration. Purity of motive and intensity of aspiration cannot fail to rouse into activity the latent powers of the word or phrase.

It may be as well at this juncture to call attention to the possibility of undesirable consequences in connection with the use of the pranava, or Om, and potent mantras generally. Since these are constructed with the definite intention of energizing powerful forces in the invisible worlds, their physical utterance will also find an echo on the material plane. Should one's aura not be as free from impurities as might be desired—and, alas, few of us are free from some sort of besetting weakness—and should it be necessary, as is generally the case, to go into densely populated areas, or crowded places, there is more than the usual risk of undesirable influences being "picked up" and going to reinforce the very tendencies which it is really our aim to eliminate. Such being the case, it is the course of wisdom to limit oneself to the mental



repetition of the mantra. In this way there will be no manifestation below the Madhyana stage above mentioned, while there need be no loss of efficiency as regards the higher planes.

Much useful information, both theoretical and practical, with regard to the sacred word, is given by Mrs. Alice Bailey in her *Letters on Occult Meditation*. She points out that the personality is linked to the spiritual Monad (the Higher Self) by a definite note. When after many lives of stress and search it at length finds its own spiritual note, it "vibrates in accord with its monadic note, it pulsates with the same colour, the line of least resistance is found," and the way is opened up for the liberation of the indwelling life and for its return to its own plane. "It is the law of attraction," she remarks, "demonstrating through sound."

After this consideration of general principles, let us return to the mantra instanced in the opening remarks of these Notes—*Om mani padme hum*. Exoterically, since mani means any kind of precious stone, and padme means "in the lotus," it would appear to warrant the interpretation, "the jewel in the lotus," in which way, as a matter of fact, the conventional orientalist usually translates it. It may be readily surmised, however, that it must be capable of bearing a far deeper meaning than this

THE JEWEL  
IN THE  
LOTUS. somewhat vague, even if poetical phrase. Madame Blavatsky, again, deals with the question at some length in her invaluable *Secret Doctrine*. The phrase, she claims, is the most sacred of all Eastern mantras, a mantra of vast potentialities, and "almost infinite potency in the mouth of the adept." Esoterically, instead of being a mere sequence of almost meaningless words, the mystic phrase, "from whatever aspect we examine it, means 'I am that I am; I am in Thee and Thou art in me.'" "The jewel in the lotus," in fact, has reference to the Divine spark within each one of us—whether we call it by the name of Buddha, Christ, or Krishna. It is an invocation of the Higher Self, an invocation which is not to be lightly undertaken. Students of H. P. B.'s esoteric school were enjoined most earnestly to beware of invoking the Divine witness, and she warned them that it could not be done with impunity. "From those to whom much is given, much is expected," she reminds her readers. Armed with purity of purpose and firmness of intention, however, the aspirant to the path of occultism may press forward without fear. By continuous and uninterrupted daily repetition of this mystical formula, or even of the sacred word alone, the student will gain much help in opening up a channel of communication, so that



spiritual power may pour down from above. The mental and emotional bodies will be purged of grosser particles so that finer material may be drawn into their composition. Perseverance is necessary if in the first instance no effect is perceptible. This indeed is fortunate, as an opportunity is thus afforded for discovering the correct procedure, and learning what may be expected from the proper use of the mantra. As the communicator of the *Letters on Occult Meditation* reminds Mrs. Bailey, "The dangers involved in the misuse of the word are so great that we dare not do more than indicate basic ideas and fundamental principles, and leave the aspirant to work out for himself the points necessary for his own development, and to carry out the needed experiments until he finds for himself that which he needs." It is then pointed out that only that which we know in our own consciousness is of any value, the statements of a teacher, however profound, being merely so much mental furniture until they become part of one's actual inner life.

As regards practical details, the conditions surrounding yoga practice generally are applicable. Solitude and freedom from interference are essential, and an easy posture should be adopted, so that the consciousness of the physical body may be easily dropped. Keen attention, an alert listening attitude should prevail throughout the period of meditation, and laxity be avoided at all costs. Passivity may lead to mediumship, a different line of progress altogether, to follow which it is far better to sit for development in a "circle." The ideal to be aimed at is repose of the lower vehicles, and alertness of the higher. As intensity of meditation may at some time eventuate in the awakening of the spiritual fire, it is as well to grow accustomed to sitting with the spine erect, but unsupported. The true spiritual aspirant will begin his sitting by deliberately "placing himself in the presence of God," as the mystics put

PRACTICAL it, mentally invoking a blessing upon his efforts.  
 DETAILS. Although the mystic Om may be intoned perhaps once at the commencement of a sitting, it is better to confine the repetition of "the jewel in the lotus" to the mind. If the student is fortunate enough to sense the drawing power of the Spirit above, he will be wise, after a few mental invocations, to hold the mind in steady silence, in one-pointed aspiration. The mind should be held firmly to the purpose of realizing the hidden divinity, and not be allowed to be drawn into any excited regard of whatever curious phenomena may be incidental to the moment. Persevere, as the *Cloud of Unknowing* in its quaint



phraseology enjoins, in "lifting up thine heart unto God with a meek stirring of love ; and mean himself and none of his goods. And thereto look that thou loathe to think on aught but himself, so that naught work in thy mind nor in thy will but only himself. And do that in thee is to forget all the creatures that ever God made and the works of them, so that thy thought or thy desire be not directed or stretched to any of them, but let them be, with a seemly recklessness, and take no heed of them." Only those who enter upon this work for the love of the thing may hope to succeed.

Pure mantra yoga is a recognized path of attainment in the East. The Westerner, however, will probably find it necessary to bring all the forces of his nature to bear on the struggle upward, rather than to rely on the mantra alone. The use of the mantra may be advantageously combined with the practice of various forms of yoga. We have indicated above its application to Bhakti yoga, or attainment through worship. To each temperament one method will appeal above all others, so no hard-and-fast rule is possible. The goal is to realize super-consciousness, and as Swami Vivekananda briefly puts it, this may be done either by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy—by one or more, or all of these. The use of the mantra mentally is a tremendous help, no matter what special method proves for the aspirant to be the line of least resistance.

It is not the intention of these brief Notes to go into the question of the various systems of yoga. It will be sufficient if interest is awakened in this valuable aid to meditation. Should only one or two earnest souls find material for practical application, their purpose will have been served. Should the theory of mantrasadhâna be dismissed as being mere superstition, little harm will have been done. For the benefit, however, of those who feel drawn to give the mantra a practical trial, it may be as well to echo the solemn counsel of Madame Blavatsky in this connection. Both "the jewel in the lotus" and the sacred word are in the nature of invocations, and in proportion to the sincerity and fervour of the aspiration will be the effect. Once having invoked the Holy Presence, however, the responsibility is not to be evaded. No such responsibility is incurred by the spiritually unawakened. No moral karma, but physical karma only attaches to sins of ignorance. Far different is the case of the person who is "awake." H. P. B. has left it on record that "once you have put yourselves under the tutelage (of the Higher Self) you have asked the radiant

MORAL  
RESPONSIBILITY.



Light to shine and search through all the dark corners of your being ; consciously you have invoked the law of Karma to take note of your motive, to scrutinize your actions, and to enter everything in your account." Once dedicated to the Highest, the step that has been taken is irrevocable. Once the hand has been put to the plough there is no turning back. We may fail, we may grow faint, we may doubt, we may tarry ; but never more will satisfaction be found in " things that do not matter," never more shall we rest until we have passed beyond the veil which clouds the Sanctuary, and in the Holy of Holies have entered and found the Self.

Readers who are interested in the psychic aspect of art will, I feel sure, be glad to have particulars of an exhibition which is to be held at the Macrae Gallery, 16 Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, for one week commencing February 20. The artist, Mrs. Heber Percy, is entirely self-taught—or rather, finds in painting a most satisfactory medium for giving expression to a creative talent of which she remained entirely unconscious until about three years ago. While there is a peculiar psychic quality about her work, Mrs. Heber Percy is not mediumistic. That is to say, her paintings, which are in water-colour, are not done " under control."

PSYCHIC  
PICTURES. Rather is her work of an inspirational nature, and characterized by remarkable speed. In a few short hours, work which would occupy a considerable period in the ordinary course, is executed with a masterly precision which can only come from a sub-conscious realization of exactly what is required. The artist, to all appearances in a perfectly normal state of consciousness, will stand before a blank board, with no idea of what she is going to paint, when perhaps a single word, received clairaudiently, will set the ball rolling swiftly, until the sub-conscious purpose takes complete form beneath her brush. Conventional technique is thrust aside. When " common sense " bids the artist deviate from the course laid down by the sub-conscious urge, the inner voice, with a brief injunction, will correct her.

The scenes painted under these conditions—and it is a fact which is not without significance that in most of them water figures prominently—are strongly reminiscent of the astral realms made so familiar to us by numerous clairvoyant descriptions of the Summerland of spiritualism. Islands of pearl ; wind-swept skies in which vague deva forms at times may be perceived ; trees from within the solid trunks of which the ensouling life, in



the form of a nature-spirit, is seen to be peeping out—such are a few of the characteristics of these intensely original dream-pictures. Some, indeed, are of exceptional charm.

One especially of the many studies in the artist's portfolio, which I had the privilege of privately viewing, offers an interesting psychical problem. It is a luxuriant tropical scene, in the foreground of which is delineated a curious variety of lily. Mrs. Heber Percy, as is the case with most of these "impressions," had never to the best of her recollection beheld such flowers in actual waking life, and it was therefore with no little wonderment that she subsequently discovered that all unconsciously she had painted a typical West African landscape, which proved to be accurate to the smallest detail.

The assumption is that Mrs. Heber Percy "travels" during sleep, and that the sub-conscious self impresses the physical brain whilst she is working at her easel. Clairvoyants have been unable to discern the presence of any spirit-guide in her aura. Many questions, in fact, with regard to the rationale of "psychic art" still remain unanswered, and I fear that time alone can furnish the necessary data from which may be constructed a theory adequate to cover the whole ground.

Two points of considerable interest arise in connection with a letter signed "A," which will be found on another page of this issue. It should, however, be remembered that "criticism" may spring as much from a spirit of love as from one of antagonism. The statement, "Never again can another man be regarded as a person to be criticized," surely has reference to the necessity for eliminating the personal element from the "criticism," and it is not to be taken as enjoining a policy of cowardly silence in the face of injustice and oppression of the weak by the strong.

With regard to the second point, it will be noted that the verse in question occurs in the "Comments" on *Light on the Path*. It is generally known that the actual aphorisms of the little book were observed by the seer (Mabel Collins) "LIGHT ON THE PATH," as actually written on the walls of a temple in the invisible realm. Having fixed these in her memory, she then wrote them down on returning to the physical plane. In what form the "Comments" were received I am not aware, and it would perhaps be a matter of interest to learn whether these were obtained clairaudiently, telepathically, or in a similar manner to the aphorisms.

THE EDITOR.



## SOME EVIDENTIAL CLAIRVOYANCE

By J. ARTHUR HILL

I HAVE described in several of my books the stages by which I was driven from the sceptic's first supposition (normal knowledge on the part of the medium) to "telepathy from the sitter," then to "telepathy from some one not present but known to the sitter," then to a perception of the humour of the situation, and to an acceptance of the hypothesis that seemed on the whole to fit the facts best, instead of telepathic hypotheses which strained my credulity more than did the face-value interpretation. But though the idea of telepathy from some absent person known to me seemed a very wild hypothesis, it was desirable that it should be negatived by actual facts. I required facts not known to the medium or to me or to anyone known to me, yet characteristic of the ostensible communicator.

As if those on the other side were aware of my requirements, this desired kind of evidence began to be given. The "Lund" case, given in full in my book *From Agnosticism to Belief*, is one of the cases in point. Raymond Lodge brought several of his soldier friends to my sittings, over a period of some months. They gave their names, ages, regiment, and other details; brought a brother and their father, telling where he came from originally—a place in the North of Scotland—and so on. I had never heard of these young men. Sir Oliver Lodge did not remember that he had ever heard their names or anything about them, though they were slightly connected with his family through the marriage of one of his relatives; anyhow, it seems pretty certain that his mind—even including hypothetical subliminal knowledge—could not have supplied all the details. I had never met anyone who could have supplied all the facts. Accordingly the telepathic link believed in by Mr. Hubert Wales and others, in this case was not there. There is nothing for it, if telepathy is to be the explanation, but to assume that the medium can ransack the minds of distant and unknown people, selecting from those minds the right facts wherewith to simulate the personalities of people he had never known or heard of. I say again that I am of too critical a temperament to be able to believe that. It may be true, but I shall need much evidence



to convince me that it is ; at present there is no evidence in its support.

This "Lund" case was specially good, and since its occurrence I have had other peculiar experiences which I have not yet described in print. I propose to describe two of these cases in the present article.

As a preliminary I had perhaps better explain that the medium, Mr. Aaron Wilkinson, has the gift of what is called normal clairvoyance, and under suitable conditions can see forms which are not visible to the ordinary person. He describes these forms, and generally gets names by some sort of inner hearing, also other identifying details. Sometimes he goes into trance and there is a "control" sitting, but I do not think that the evidential quality of such sittings is any better than that of the "normal" ones ; the thing is more realistic, and to some people may be more impressive, but I prefer the normal clairvoyance. For one thing, it is easier to report, for there is no control-verbiage. These controls usually talk a good deal, on their own, without adding to the evidential matter. Now to the details.

At a sitting on May 7, 1924, after other matter concerning my own deceased relatives, the medium said :

There is a man with papers, a tall man, very tall. Something ailed him that he could not walk. As tall as you, or taller. [I am 6 ft.] The papers say "The Last Will and Testament." It is a will ; he used to make them ; he was a lawyer. He has left a bairn, not very old. He lived a long way from here, but he knows you, and you have seen him. Can you remember going a long way, in the country, where there is a tall man, sick ; a long way from here, some while ago ? And then you went to see some one who took photographs ; this man is holding out photographs. Flat country, trees, and a house. I can't hear him speak.

This made me think of a certain man, whom I will call Beverley, but I was fully employed in getting it all down verbatim, and I did not indicate recognition. After his remarks, and while I was just finishing the shorthand note, the medium came across and prodded my shoulder with a gesture of impatience, saying that I must have a bad memory. Sitting down again, the medium got further matter as below :

"Wich." Place with a "wich" in it. That man was very alert mentally, but he can't speak. Perhaps it is the first time he has tried. This man knew you, and you knew him. Some "wich," and pictures. He will come again another time. He had had two wives ; one is over with him, the other is behind in the body. Very tall. Could not walk. Not much over fifty. He lived away from here ; he is not familiar with



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these surroundings. You have had conversations and correspondence with this man. He has been over a wee while; not just gone. Now I see a piece of cheese. I seem to see a great big whole cheese. A Cheshire cheese. This man is a clever man, but clever folk do not always succeed in doing things.

The fact was that when I was in Nantwich in August, 1920, for the purpose of having a sitting with the spirit-photographer, Mr. Hope, of Crewe, I made the acquaintance of a lawyer whom I will call Mr. Beverley. The acquaintance was made through another man—a doctor—whom I knew slightly. Both are members of the Society for Psychical Research, and their attitude to the subject is scientific and altogether the correct one. Well, some little correspondence with this Mr. Beverley followed our meeting (I proposed him for membership of the S.P.R., I believe) but it was about psychical matters, and I knew nothing about his domestic affairs. At the time of the sitting I had not heard from him for some time, and I wrote to my medical friend (whom I will call Dr. Maxwell) sending him a copy of the report of the sitting. It seemed to me unlikely that the facts would apply to Mr. Beverley, for I did not think he was over fifty, and the chances were probably against his being married for the second time. Dr. Maxwell replied that Mr. Beverley was in good health, and his first wife still alive.

But before I received this letter, it occurred to me that though Mr. Beverley was the only Cheshire lawyer personally known to me—so far as I could remember—there was a Nantwich lawyer with whom I had had a great deal of correspondence some years before. I will call this man Pearson. I never met him, so the statements at the sitting are wrong in one respect, though the medium seemed to feel doubtful about the meeting, and more sure about the correspondence. And it is true that we very nearly met, for I passed his house in August, 1920, but knew from Dr. Maxwell that Mr. Pearson was away, so I did not call. At the time of the sitting in 1924 I had not heard from or of Mr. Pearson for some time, probably about three years. I did not know whether he was alive or dead. I had never known anything about his domestic affairs; I had no idea whether he had been married once or twice or not at all. I did not know anything about his height or his age; though I vaguely thought of him as elderly—say, in the sixties. Accordingly it seemed unlikely that he had left a young child. I did know that he had had a paralytic seizure, for he wrote badly, in pencil, and told me in explanation that he was partly paralysed.



Apart from this, I knew nothing about him personally; our correspondence was about psychological research, and particularly so-called spirit photography.

Well, it turned out—Dr. Maxwell supplying me with the information—that Mr. Pearson died two and a half years before the sitting, that he was fifty-seven, that he had been married twice, his second wife surviving him, and that he had left a child which was born just about the time of his death—whether just before or just after I do not know. Further, Dr. Maxwell remarks that Mr. Pearson was very tall—about six feet two; that for some years he had walked and talked with much difficulty, in consequence of a stroke, and that indeed he practically could not talk, though very alert mentally.

At a sitting on August 21, 1924, there was a further reference to the same man, but no increase in the evidence:

There is a very tall man here; taller than you. He has a lot of papers; he might be a lawyer. I feel that he could not walk; he had had a stroke, perhaps. But he was not old; a bit older than you (J. A. H.). He was connected with the law. Something was wrong with his leg or legs. He wants to get something through to you. Had he anybody called Billy belonging to him, perhaps a pet name for somebody? Very tall. There is a kind of sympathy between him and you. A close feeling; you had much in common. He wants to get nearer still to get something through.

There were further references at a later sitting, but the communicator did not get any further evidence through. The "Billy" does not appear to be recognized, though there may be something in it if we could inquire of all Mr. Pearson's friends. But we cannot do this.

It will be noted that the facts given went beyond my own conscious knowledge. I cannot *prove* that I had never known them, but I am quite satisfied that I had not. As to the things that I did know (Mr. Pearson's occupation and his paralysis), I am sure that I have never told the medium about them. I say with the greatest possible emphasis and certainty that I do not talk to the medium about my correspondents. The medium and Mr. Pearson had never met, and I have no reason to believe that Mr. Wilkinson had ever heard of Mr. Pearson either from me or from anyone else.

Consequently, this case seems to require some supernormal explanation. Further, it requires an explanation which goes beyond telepathy from the sitter. But I can think of no reasonable telepathic hypothesis that will cover the facts. The sceptic



may say that I knew Dr. Maxwell, and that his mind was read through mine. Such a statement would be mere assumption, not a scientific hypothesis, and accordingly may be ignored. But the next case is not explicable even with the help of such an assumption.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among my psychical correspondents is Miss E. M. Bubb, of Cheltenham, daughter of Henry Bubb, Esq., J.P. In this case I am allowed to give the real names. (In the other, surviving relatives might object to publicity.) Mr. and Miss Bubb are interested in psychical matters, and have the courage of their convictions; accordingly they allow the publication of their names. But they are not prominent in a psychical sense; they are not members of the Society for Psychical Research, and I think they are not members of any spiritualist society or in the habit of regularly attending spiritualist meetings. I have no reason to believe that they were known to mediums even by name. Well, Miss Bubb had written to me perhaps a dozen times, during a period of a few years; giving me information about psychic cases which she had heard of, or asking my opinion about this or that psychical question. I do not remember how the correspondence began, but probably it was after the publication of one of my books. At these times, and more or less at other times, writers always receive many letters from people who are interested enough to desire further information on some point or other. I have never met either Mr. or Miss Bubb, and I knew nothing about their family affairs; for instance, I did not know whether Miss Bubb had parents living, or not. I had no reason to expect any communication from her people on the other side, at my sittings with mediums, nor had any such idea occurred to me. But on August 21, 1924, at a sitting with Mr. A. Wilkinson (the same sitting as one of those just quoted, in connexion with Mr. Pearson), the control made the following statements, after other evidential matter concerning my own people and the Mr. Pearson just mentioned:

There is an old lady here, a very well dressed old woman. She lived a great way from here, and passed out near the water. A great age. Some one belonging to her was called Henry. This lady was a rather outstanding personality. She lived in affluent circumstances. Somebody belonging to her was called Henry Walker.

This meant nothing to me, except that I thought of a Mr. Walker, of Crewe, who kindly fixed up a sitting for me with Mr. Hope, some years ago. But I have never met Mr. Walker,



and have not known any of his deceased relatives, so far as I know. The point to be noticed is that I was thinking about the Crewe Walkers, and on a telepathic theory the communication should have continued on the Crewe line, so to speak. However, the control continued as follows :

There is something like " Bubbles." You can put " Bubble " down without the S. Three B.'s. Bubbles. Bubb. Not Bubbles. Bubbs. Some one has brought this old lady here. Quite a stranger. There is likely to be some sequence to this. She has passed away not far from the ocean.

*J. A. H.* In England or America? (There had been some matter which evidently concerned a friend of mine in America, and I wanted to know whether this old lady was similarly associated.)

*Control.* In England, I think. A rich dress on. You will hear something about her. Singular, not plural; not an S. A woman of strong mind. She wants a message giving to somebody. She has come here to get a message through to some one. . . .

I hope that old lady's curiosity will be satisfied. Did you get it down about Bubbles.

*J. A. H.* Yes.

*Control.* There is some one called Henry and something about the ocean. Got to the other side of the tide. A very old person, and very well cared for.

The name " Bubb " of course made me think of Miss Bubb, and I sent her a copy of the report. The following is a copy of her reply :

ULLENWOOD, CHELTENHAM.

August 25, 1924.

DEAR MR. HILL,—

Thank you for your letter of the 22nd inst. Yes, the description of the old lady is for us, and to me it seems a very valuable test, inasmuch as you and I have never met, and Mr. Wilkinson had never even heard of me.

The old lady is my stepmother who passed over on January 30, 1924. She was an *exceptionally* clever woman, with a scientific type of mind, and of late years her greatest interest has been in psychical research and spiritualism, in which latter she sincerely believed. She was much interested in my correspondence with you, and was much disappointed at the contretemps which prevented my meeting you and your sister at Harrogate last year. She was very much of an " outstanding personality," with a clear brain and great determination. It is just like her to try to get a test through in such a way that telepathy can hardly be invoked as an explanation; and a well-known scientist and spiritualist such as yourself would have been a very likely person for her to have chosen for the experiment.

My father and I are very grateful to you for sending us the account of the sitting.

He thinks it probable that my stepmother appeared to him a few



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days after her passing, and she has twice communicated with us, once to me through Vout Peters and once through Mrs. Lamb Fernie. In both cases she got such information through as quite to convince us of her presence.

On a separate sheet I have placed all the statements given by Mr. Wilkinson, followed by explanations and remarks within square brackets. As you will see, the name of "Henry" as the Christian name of "Walker" is the only error, and I think that she was so anxious to get her husband's name of Henry (which she had done a few moments before) that it was brought in again in conjunction with "Walker."

(Remainder of letter concerned with asking whether Mr. Wilkinson could visit Cheltenham to give a sitting. J. A. H.)

### COPY OF DOCUMENT FROM MISS BUBB.

Part of Mr. J. Arthur Hill's sitting with Mr. Wilkinson. Explanations and comments in brackets, by E. M. Bubb.

"There is an old lady here, a very well-dressed old woman."

[She did dress well, often in silk.]

"She lived a great way from here."

[Near Cheltenham in Gloucestershire.]

"and passed out near the water."

[She passed out at Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire, i.e. at the seaside, where she was in the habit of spending the winter.]

"A great age."

[She passed on the day following her ninetieth birthday.]

"Some one belonging to her was called Henry."

[Her husband's Christian name is Henry.]

"The lady was a rather outstanding personality."

[A very outstanding personality.]

"She lived in affluent circumstances."

[Quite true.]

"Some one belonging to her was called Henry Walker."

[Walker was the lady's second Christian name, and was the surname of her maternal grandfather and also the surname of a distant relation who up to the time of his death lived near her home, but Henry is not the name of either of these gentlemen.]

"There is something like 'Bubbles.' You can put 'Bubble' down without the S. Three B.'s. Bubbles. Bubb. Not Bubbles. Bubbs."

[The lady was Mrs. Bubb. At a sitting with Vout Peters which Miss E. M. Bubb had in London on June 18th, 1924, "Moonstone" spoke of a recent death and said there was a lady present showing a large letter B and that there was a name like "Blot" or "Bubble." Moonstone explained that names were very difficult to get through because they have no meaning and that it is therefore necessary to choose some concrete thing which resembles the sound of the surname. That "Bubble" sounded like the name she wished to get through, though it was not it. Moonstone then gave many tests to prove that the lady was Mrs. Bubb. This sitting with Vout Peters and one in the summer of 1923 had been arranged by the British College of Psychic Science, for "a lady member," no name of the sitter having been given.]

"Some one has brought this old lady here. Quite a stranger."

[True.]



"There is likely to be some sequence to this. She has passed away not far from the ocean."

[The house is about half a mile from the Bristol Channel.]

"A rich dress on. You will hear something about her. Singular, not plural, not an S."

[Evidently refers to the name being Bubb, not Bubbs.]

"A woman of strong mind."

[Exceptionally so.]

"She wants a message giving to somebody, she has come here to get a message through to some one. I hope the old lady's curiosity will be satisfied. There is some one called Henry and something about the ocean. Got to the other side of the tide. A very old person and well cared for."

[The communicator is Mrs. Sarah Walker Bubb, wife of Henry Bubb, J.P., of Ullenwood, near Cheltenham, Glos., who passed over January 30th, 1924, aged ninety.]

My next sitting with Wilkinson was on December 12, 1924. After a few things which concerned my own relatives on the other side, the medium spoke as below. The clairvoyance in this case was normal, not trance.

There is an old woman in this corner (by the coal-box and gramophone, near the corner bookcase). She has a very nice face. She has very white hair and was proud of it. She is very old. Been pretty well off, by her dress; silk dress. She has her back to the bookcase and is looking at me. I don't think I have seen her here before. Sarah. She has something in her hands; a handkerchief. Age eighty-five or eighty-six. A strong personality. Have you known a Sarah Walker?

*M. H.* (J. A. H.'s sister). Yes. (Thinking of a local Sarah Walker, whom however she knew only slightly; I did not know her at all.)

*Medium.* That woman has lived at a nice house; I seem to get inside it. Beautiful house, and trees. It doesn't seem about here. She is very anxious to reach somebody. I think she had a dog. You don't know anything about anybody at Chorlton Kings?

("Chorlton Kings" was a new name to me; it suggested only Chorlton in Lancashire. But the "Sarah Walker" indicated Mrs. Bubb, so I said, "I know who it is, and will forward any message.")

There has been a Henry connected with her. This is a stranger. Very rich dress. A modern dress; not old-fashioned. I can't get detached from this old woman. You may hear from some one belonging to her. I feel that she wants Henry.

Put down Sarah Walker; it is significant. This woman has been well cared for. A nice woman. She has had her own way about things.

I can see some bubbles rising up by that bookcase. (Where the old lady has been said to be standing.) I have never seen anything like that before.

I sent a copy of this report to Miss Bubb, who replied as below:



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DEAR MR. HILL,—

Thank you so much for sending me the notes of your sitting. As you will see from my notes, all the new details are evidential: Charlton Kings, handkerchief, dog, having her own way about things, white hair, and all. As you mention, you know nothing about my people except what I have told you in confirming correct details; and I think you will agree that I "give away" nothing except what is necessary to elucidate these points, in the hope that at a future date other evidential details may come through. These sittings are most interesting and appear to me most convincing. . . .

(Remainder of letter is about other psychical matters, such as the difficulty of understanding conditions over there.)

### COPY OF MISS BUBB'S NOTES.

"There is an old woman in this corner. She has a very nice face. She has very white hair and was proud of it."

[I did not know that my step-mother was proud of it, but we were certainly proud of it. Though during the latter part of her life she had not a great quantity, it was the most beautiful white hair I have ever seen; so soft, fine, and silky as to be almost like spun silk, and of the purest and most silvery white imaginable, without a trace of cream colour. Her hair, she told us, began to change colour at seventeen, and by the time she was thirty she had pure white hair. It was naturally the most striking part of her appearance, and I have often wondered that in the various communications we have received from her, it had not, till now, been mentioned.]

"Been pretty well off."

[Yes.]

"by her dress; silk dress."

[She frequently wore silk, and preferred it, I think, to other materials.]

"She has her back to the bookcase and is looking at me. I don't think I have seen her here before. Sarah. She has something in her hands; a handkerchief."

[I don't understand the handkerchief.]

(Note by J. A. H. This comment about not understanding the handkerchief is crossed out by Miss Bubb, and above it she writes: "See note at end.")

"Age eighty-five or eighty-six."

[Age just ninety.]

"A strong personality."

[Extremely so.]

"Have you known a Sarah Walker?"

[My step-mother's Christian names.]

"That woman has lived at a nice house; I seem to get inside it. Beautiful house, and trees."

[This would apply either to Ullenwood or to our house here—Rapallo, Italy—for both are beautiful houses and are surrounded by trees.]

"It doesn't seem about here."

[Correct.]

"She is very anxious to reach somebody."

[Her husband.]



" I think she had a dog. Something about a dog."

[Very good. It might apply to either of two dogs to which at different times in her life she was passionately devoted. She had great power over animals, and I had been hoping she would be able to get through some reference to either of these two dogs.]

" You don't know anything about anybody at Charlton Kings ? "

[Charlton Kings is an adjoining parish to our parish at home, and is an outskirt of Cheltenham. There is another adjoining parish and outskirt of Cheltenham which it would have been more natural for her to mention, as we pass through it on our way home from town, whereas to go through Charlton Kings would be a *détour*. In years gone by, when visiting her parents, who lived not far away, she would have passed through Charlton Kings when going to Cheltenham, the station, etc., so it would have been most familiar to her. We are never said to live near Charlton Kings, while people often say : " Oh, you live at — " ; I don't wish to mention the name, in case it should come through at a later time.]

" There has been a Henry connected with her."

[Her husband.]

" This is a stranger."

[Correct ; a complete stranger to medium and sitters.]

" Very rich dress ; a modern dress, not old-fashioned."

[Correct.]

" I can't get detached from this old woman. You may hear from some one belonging to her. I feel that she wants Henry."

[Very true. During her last illness she was never happy when he was out of her sight.]

" Put down Sarah Walker. It is significant. This woman has been well cared for. A nice woman. She has had her own way about things."

[All very good. The latter very true.]

" I can see some bubbles rising up by that bookcase. I have never seen anything like that before."

[This is the third time she has used Bubble or Bubbles to represent the name of Bubb.]

[Note on handkerchief in hand. I mentioned this to an old servant who entered our service over thirty years ago. She exclaimed, " But, oh, Miss Maudie ! don't you remember that Mrs. Bubb was never without her handkerchief ? She always carried it." Then of course I remembered—how can one forget things one knows so well ?—that her constant and perhaps fancied need of a handkerchief was almost a family joke, and that when sea-bathing she always took a handkerchief with her, even in the water, about which she was much teased. Our old servant tells me that the maids used to notice that if she was worried the handkerchief would be much to the fore.]

Now I do not pretend that these cases are crucial. Knock-down proof in these matters is not possible. An alternative hypothesis can always be imagined. Psychological evidence must be examined in large quantities, not in little bits which can be explained more or less satisfactorily by several different hypotheses. As in other sciences, a large collection of material is the first requirement, and we ought to be slow to theorize until



we have this large collection ; then there will be some hope of being directed to one explanation which will cover all the facts, while other explanations will be seen to cover some, but not all. Then we shall know what to do. Well, I have been investigating for twenty years. I have taken verbatim reports of all sittings, noting down what the sitters said as well as what the medium said. Further, I have had the advantage of a long series of sittings with the same medium—Mr. Aaron Wilkinson—and this is an important point ; all investigators know that a series with one medium is better than one sitting each with many mediums. It is easier, for one thing, to decide about how much to allow for chance coincidence and other things. I have had fairly good sittings with other mediums, getting confirmatory evidence, but my series with Mr. Wilkinson has been the important thing, and I am deeply grateful to him for giving me these sittings and for his good-natured tolerance of my difficulty in achieving conviction, and of my various tricks in the way of introducing visitors under pseudonyms or no names at all, in order to get irrefragable evidence at least of some sort of supernormal power. Reports of this long series, details of which began to appear in my "New Evidences in Psychical Research," published in 1911, were continued in "Psychical Investigations" published in 1916, and were brought up to date in my book *From Agnosticism to Belief* published in 1924 ; and these sittings have satisfied me as to the most scientific explanation of the whole mass of evidence. In the present article I have given further evidence, but it must be considered along with what has gone before. The old faggot argument holds good in all inductive science. You may break the sticks if you take them one at a time, but you cannot break the faggot. You may "explain" one incident by fraud and another by telepathy from the sitter and another by telepathy from some one else, but you cannot explain *all* my facts by any one of these hypotheses—at least they do not seem explicable in a way that is reasonable and scientific. I have considered all these curious facts from all points of view, particularly from the sceptical point of view which I so long occupied myself—and I am satisfied that only one explanation covers the lot ; that is, the spiritualists' explanation. I believe it to be the true one.



# SORCERY IN FRANCE AND AFRICA

By HELEN MARY BOULNOIS, F.R.A.I.,

Author of "Into Little Thibet"

## I

### IN THE SOLOGNE

THE summer of 1925 found me in the heart of France, the Sologne, where quite unexpectedly I collected some weird tales still lingering in the memory of those old enough to remember strange occurrences. These were strikingly similar to those I encountered in the far-distant Bahr-el-Ghazal, which will form the subject of the concluding portion of my narrative. I was the more surprised at my discovery as I had long looked upon Africa as the last haunt or land of legacy of queer hidden powers, and believed that what we somewhat contemptuously dismiss as witchcraft had disappeared from Europe since mediæval times.

A wide view of mingled foliage and pasture lay before me, broken by handsome groups of trees, dotted with cattle watched by a bare-footed urchin. Long silver fingers of a lake stretched in the clear distance among heather and fir-trees, beneath an ever-changing sky. My hostess joined me on the terrace of her château and found occasion, in the silent charm of the late afternoon, to pour into my willing ears tales that had been promised when we touched on the subject at *déjeuner* that day. If they are recorded in language more French than English, it is because they remain in rough translation, jotted down in pencil as they left her lips. Lack of literary merit may be atoned for by the sense of reality and above all by the familiar touch of country life.

"It was here at our own dairy-farm," she said, waving a hand in its direction, "that the animals took to dancing. The farmers came to the Colonel and complained, 'But it is every night. *C'est épouvantable!* The sheep dance, the cows dance, they hit their heads against the walls, the poultry, everything that is there sets off dancing, even the dog.'

"'It is a fox that comes by night,' the Colonel replied, possibly with some contempt.

"'In any case, Monsieur, in the morning one finds the animals with broken legs and in a miserable condition.' He added with



lowered voice, 'Our animals see something. To-night I shall sleep in the stables and mark well what goes on myself.'

"Next day he said:

"That which I have seen I shall never tell. They might kill me, but no word of it shall I ever utter. One thing is very certain—I shall never return.'

"The farm-servant, hearing him, at once exclaimed:

"Ah! bah! if it is like that, I shall go. I shall sleep there.'

"In the early dawn he came out of the stables, crying:

"I will never tell what I have seen; but they can kill me rather than I return.'

"The farmer went off to fetch Monsieur le Curé—that aged man of God whose friendship in the days when he was yet with us was extended in fatherly liberality even to my heretic self. Monsieur le Curé came and hastened to the spot in the farmer's cart. He blessed the farm and threw holy water on the roofs. With that, all disturbance ceased. The matter was finished.

"It was at Pierrefitte that a farmer's wife was making cakes (*galettes*). A woman, passing, remarked:

"Eh, bien, you are making *galettes*?"

"Yes, but you will not eat them,' the farmer's wife replied.

"Eh, bien, then neither will you, you others! You will never eat them. All your *galettes* will dance.'

"Immediately all the contents of the oven began to dance. Instead of being cooked, they were broken to pieces."

"In another farm at Pierrefitte the cows died. They decided to consult a sorcerer who lived near.

"All my animals die,' the farmer's wife complained; 'there is a spell on them.'

"Yes, a spell is on them.'

"But who has cast the spell?"

"Take a pail of water and look in it,' he counselled her, and went his way.

"The woman peeped into the water lying at the bottom of a pail, and cried:

"Tiens, but it is the head of Père Untel, my neighbour. Oh! le vilain! le canaille! What then can I do against him?"

"She went to the sorcerer and consulted him.

"But what do you wish should happen to him?"

"That he should perish on his manure-heap.'

"Three months later he was found dead on his manure-heap in the middle of his yard.

"Annette, my little housemaid, told me the following story.



She had a sister who was a teacher near Blois ; she married and had a child. Every day at five o'clock the child was taken with frightful convulsions. He threw out his tongue, which turned black and elongated like a snake. He uttered the hideous hiss of a serpent. He twisted and twirled in the arms of his grandmother, and escaped right out of her embrace. It was impossible to hold him. He had eyes that frightened one to see. People ran at sight of him. As they knew there was a sorcerer in the neighbourhood they went to consult him. He told them to bring some hairs from the child. When he had examined them, he said :

“ ‘ *Eh, bien*, I know what it is ! Happily I have a force greater than the ugly one who cast the spell and ordained his fate. On the day of his baptism a woman must have touched him as he was carried from church ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, that is true. It is my neighbour. She envies and hates me because I have the house she wanted to have. She stroked him and said, “ Oh ! but he is pretty ; Oh ! but he is gentle ! ” I marked it well and withdrew him.’

“ ‘ Very well,’ the sorcerer said, ‘ the fate she is wishing for your child will fall upon herself.’

“ Thenceforward at five o'clock every day, instead of the child, this woman was taken with the same frightful crisis. She flung out a serpentine tongue. Her eyes were terrific. She whirled, and twisted, and finally died in these torments ; while from the moment she was siezed with convulsions the child was cured.

“ Yet another. Louise, a housemaid, had a most amusing way of recounting in village patois the tale of a neighbour, who was driving past a woman who disliked her. She called out : ‘ Ah ! but you are good and proud to be driving past me like that ; but, my faith, the ditch is near.’

“ A moment later the horse shied violently, fell, and threw her in the ditch.

“ A woman in a village near Pierrefitte had a stepson. He wanted to go out one Sunday and she would not let him do so ; but he went out, all the same.

“ ‘ *Bien*,’ she said, ‘ you go out ; but you will never come in.’

“ He did not return.

“ One night a great knocking was heard at the door. Her husband and she sat up in bed, crying :

“ ‘ Who is there ? ’

“ His voice answered :



“‘It is I.’

“They looked through the window and, in the thin ray of a cloud-covered moon, saw him, pale, trembling, garments torn and covered with blood. They ran to light the house and open the door; but he had disappeared, and was never seen again.”

“There are beside these,” continued the Comtesse, “two that I heard myself from our priests, to whom they happened. There was the Abbé Huet, who did his military service in the war of 1870. He was with a number of soldiers about a mill, where they said they would sleep. The country folk exclaimed:

“‘*Eh, bien*, if you can get in, you are lucky. No one can enter that mill.’

“All the same, they would go in. They broke the door, but an invisible force thrust them out—a force that they could not resist.

“‘*Eh, bien*, but that’s a bit strong,’ they said.

“They took an immense sack of corn and flung it into the mill.

“The sack came flying out again, perfectly flat like a plank.

“‘We have had enough,’ they said. ‘We will get out of this.’

“They went up a lane, but had not gone far before they found it was barred by an immense coffin, surrounded by lighted candles. This frightened them so much they turned about and took another road. The good Abbé added, ‘Needless to tell you, that when we returned there were plenty of impious who had become suddenly pious.’”

“In the presbytery of Poiseux extraordinary things came to pass. The curé related them to the owner of the château, a colonel of infantry. I have heard the story from them both.

“When Monsieur le Curé mounted the stairs he heard some one mount at the same moment beside him.

“‘Useless to tell you,’ he said, ‘that when I arrived on the landing I had not a dry thread on my back!’

“He heard some one washing his hands in his basin. No one was there. The chair by his side rocked at night as if some one seated there were rocking it. In bed he felt a heavy weight on his legs and feet. There were frightful noises at midnight; the cupboard doors flew open; the contents were strewn about. The carpenter next door began to hear the noise.

“His uncle, the curé of another village, came to visit him.

“‘Do not be surprised,’ he warned him, ‘if you hear a great noise at midnight. They are spirits.’

“‘*Bien!*’ the old gentleman replied severely. ‘By the spirits,



I understand some nonsense of one of my nephews, who would play a farce upon his uncle !’

“ At midnight a terrific noise crashed through the presbytery. Uncle and nephew found themselves nose to nose, each at the door of his room.

“ ‘ This is quite enough ! ’ the uncle exclaimed. ‘ You have wakened me up properly. Now go to bed and be finished with your stupid spirits and let me sleep.’

“ ‘ My uncle, listen to me,’ the young curé replied. ‘ Just remain here close beside me and notice if it is I who makes this row.’

“ At the same moment the house might have been tumbling to pieces for the frightful noises that occurred simultaneously.

“ ‘ *Tiens ! tiens ! tiens !* ’ the uncle exclaimed. ‘ But this is odd.’

“ Next morning he found occasion to remark to his nephew :

“ ‘ I ought to stay some days ; but I think after all I shall go and visit Monsieur le Curé of another parish, who is also expecting me.’

“ The manifestations still continuing, the curé of Poiseux sought his bishop and told him the facts.

“ ‘ My dear friend, you need not come to me,’ Monseigneur reminded him. ‘ You know perfectly well what you should do. You must repeat the liturgical prayers for the purifying of your house.’

“ The ceremony duly took place and nothing more was ever heard in the presbytery of Poiseux.”

A few days later I was invited into the kitchen to make friends with Mère Morniy, who, hearing I was interested in queer happenings of the past, offered to tell me one of her own girlhood.

We sat side by side, she in her simple black dress and snowy white net coif, hands folded on lap in true peasant dignity, the features of her wrinkled face cut finely. A lustrous fire, not yet extinguished, was reflected in her deep-set oval eyes.

Jeanne, the pretty little *bonne*, was cutting bread into small blocks, protecting them from the onslaughts of a ring-dove, who had left his wicker-cage beside the door for a saunter on the table. He attacked her little pile from time to time with neat blows of his beak.

Apple-trees stood beyond the open door. A wicket-gate crossed an up-throw of brilliant flowers, lining the grassy path of the kitchen garden.

“ This that I will tell you,” she began in her quiet voice



“happened to one of my uncles, here in the department of Loir-et-Cher. If it had not been so, if I had not known every one of them personally and heard every detail just when it happened, never would I believe that it occurred. My uncle and aunt were serious, hard-working people. They had their little economies to make and well deserved all the return for their labour that beasts or land could give them. Imagine, then, their dismay when odd things began to occur in the farm. The little pigs arrived, it is true, but each one was born with his head where his tail should be. They danced and leapt and sprang about; they pushed out cries till they fell dead. As for the calves—but none were born at all! In the end this dreadful thing fell also on my aunt. She thought she was going mad. At night she seized my uncle by the neck and instead of letting the poor man go to sleep, she forced him to dance round and round the bed.”

Jeanne's face expanded in a smile as she gave the ring-dove a push that sent him fluttering up on his wings. She was amused at the spectacle of this sober couple dancing.

“She would dance. She would dance. As for her husband, he betook himself to a neighbour, who lived a little way off, and had the name of being a sorcerer. He listened and then said:

“‘*Eh, bien*, it is no good making explanations. I must come myself.’

“At once he gave the man *rendez-vous* at his house.

“He came, visited all, saw all that was possible to see upon the farm. He had everything collected in the way of vessels that served the animals, and insisted that they must all be burnt; he even burnt them himself. When not one was left, he said:

“‘Now you can all sleep tranquilly. You must have faith in me to-day. In a few days you shall see if it is real or not; but you are to say nothing about it.’

“He made them wait two or three days, possibly more. It is long ago. I cannot now remember just how many days. Then he came again and said that if they wished to know how he had cured their animals, they must look out at night through the little window above the door, but, whatever happened, they must never tell. That night they went down noiselessly to the kitchen, stood on the table, so as to be able to see through the window above the door. Sure enough, hardly were they all placed than into the yard came dancing the people who had cast the wicked spell. They came and they danced all about the yard as if they were mad. The moon was beautifully clear that night; they saw them distinctly and knew well who they were.



“ ‘Leave them dancing as long as you like,’ the sorcerer said. ‘But say not one word to them, nor to anyone. While they dance they lose their force, for they are dancing instead of sleeping.’

“They never told who those persons were whom they saw dancing—never, even to me. It was necessary to guard the secret; but, little by little, each one of the four was found in the morning, dead in his bed.”

One more story I gleaned from the Countess and, if it is kept to the last, the reason is simple—the only clue to its explanation is to be found, not in anything they told me in the Sologne, but in tales to follow, gathered in the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

It again concerns a farmer in the near neighbourhood of the château, who lost all his beasts. One by one they died, in spite of anything he could do to save them.

He happened to be kind to a tramp passing along the road. In return the man said to him :

“You have only to put yourself on the wall beneath your house. At midnight a black cat will pass. Kill it. Your beasts will no longer die.”

Obediently he climbed the wall of his home. At midnight precisely a black cat came in view. Taking careful aim with his gun, he shot it dead and went back to bed.

From that hour such animals as were left to him recovered, and no more died.

*(To be continued.)*



## REINCARNATION IN ENGLISH POETRY

By EVA MARTIN

THE idea that we have all lived in the past, and will return to live many times again in this strange, sad, and yet beautiful world, is one which has led to endless speculation on the part of poets and philosophers throughout the ages. Some are perhaps inclined to dismiss it as a "crank" notion held only by a few eccentric freaks and members of weird societies, but, as a matter of fact, many deep thinkers have subscribed to this view of human evolution, finding in it the only rational solution of the innumerable puzzles and inequalities of human life. Apart from its inherent reasonableness, it is—as Professor Lowes Dickinson has pointed out in his most interesting little book, *Religion and Immortality*—"a really consoling idea that our present capacities are determined by our previous actions, and that our present actions again will determine our future characters. It seems to liberate us from the bonds of an external fate and make us the captains of our own destinies."

Most of us have had the experience at one time or another of meeting a stranger who yet is not a stranger, whom we feel convinced we must have "known before," and there is undeniable fascination, as well as comfort, in the thought that those whom we love and are intimately connected with in this life have been linked to us, in varying relationships, through many lives in bygone ages. It must be remembered that it is only the spirit, or ego, that reincarnates, not the personality. Consequently it is not reasonable to argue that if we have lived before we ought to remember all about it. Our present body and brain have not lived before, and considering that we have forgotten nearly everything that happened to us in infancy and early childhood, how should we expect to remember events that took place in a previous existence?

There are, of course, individuals who claim to be able to remember their own past lives, and to read those of others at will. In some few cases this claim may be a genuine one—we are growing chary, in these days, of saying that anything is "impossible"—but as a general rule it seems wise to take such pronouncements with a grain of salt. It has been pointed out



that if we were to believe all the statements made by these "seers," we should find that there are scores of reincarnated Cleopatras, Julius Cæsars, Helens of Troy, Alexanders and so on, alive in the world to-day, but very few representatives of the obscure and unimportant "man in the street"—or "woman in the house"—who must, after all, have existed in former periods of history even as they exist now.

It must, however, in fairness be said that not all believers in reincarnation are guilty of these extravagances. Eva Gore-Booth, one of our best modern women-poets, has expressed quite an opposite view in "The Vagrant's Romance," a poem relating the life-experiences of a reincarnating soul:

In the days of Atlantis, under the wave,  
I was a slave, the child of a slave. . . .

By the waters of Babylon I wept,  
My harp amongst the willows slept. . . .

When the great light shattered the world's closed bars,  
I was a shepherd who gazed at the stars.

For lives that were lonely, obscure, apart,  
I thank the Hidden One in my heart.

"Would you bid me mourn,"—the poem ends,—"that I was never an Emperor born?"—its whole message being that the "Light Divine" is often seen more clearly by the humble and obscure than by those who occupy the world's high places. Looked at from this point of view, the reincarnation theory seems much more convincing, and, in any case, the desire to rediscover past celebrities in one's self or one's friends is merely a weakness due to the innate vanity of human nature. It need not unduly prejudice an unbiased inquirer against the acceptance of the idea of soul-growth through repeated earth-experiences as reasonable and worth consideration.

As said before, this theory is one that has held a deep fascination for poets and philosophers of all climes and ages. We all know that it permeates the ancient literature of the East, but the remarkable frequency with which it recurs in our own English poetry of the last half or three-quarters of a century is a phenomenon of which even the most ardent lovers of modern poetry scarcely seem to be aware; and as the majority of us, in these "up-to-date" days, are more interested in recent and contemporary writers than in those of the remote past, the subject is one that will repay investigation.

Browning's "Evelyn Hope" is, of course, a well-known



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example, but not so hackneyed that we can afford to omit it altogether. In this elegy on the sixteen-year-old girl who died before her "time to love" had come, the poet gives a plain intimation of his belief that she and her lover in some future earth-life shall again find, and eventually possess, one another. He describes how in the intervening period, he will have "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," yet always missed the one thing most desired, and cries:

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse not a few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

In "Paracelsus," again, we find a retrospective soliloquy beginning:

At times I almost dream  
I too have spent a life the sages' way,  
And tread once more familiar paths. Perchance  
I perished, in an arrogant self-reliance  
An age ago—

while in another place the poet expresses passionate regret that he cannot paint pictures, or carve statues, or make great music for his love:

This of verse alone, one life allows me,  
Verse and nothing else have I to give you—

but declares hopefully:

Other heights in other lives, God willing!

Tennyson wrote several passages embodying the theory of reincarnation. For instance, this from one of his early sonnets:

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood  
And ebb into a former life. . . .  
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,  
Our thought gave answer each to each so true,  
That though I knew not in what time or place,  
Methought that I had often met with you—

and this from "De Profundis," addressed to a newly-born child:

. . . O dear spirit half lost  
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign  
That thou art thou,—who wailest being born. . . .  
Live thou . . .  
From death to death, thro' light and life, and find  
Nearer and ever nearer Him who wrought  
Not Matter nor the finite Infinite,  
But this main miracle that thou art thou  
With power on thine own act and on the world.



The inference of the spirit's continued existence "from death to death, thro' life and life" seems clear enough, and in "The Two Voices" the subject is again discussed at some length:

But if I lapsed from nobler place,  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace. . . .  
Or if thro' lower lives I came—  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—  
I might forget my weaker lot . . .

In nearly all poets who write on this fascinating theme the point of view taken is a hopeful one, envisaging successive earth-experiences as an opportunity for growth, for "more life and fuller." Matthew Arnold seems to be alone in suggesting the possibility of ultimate failure, as he does in a striking passage from "Empedocles on Etna":

And when we shall unwillingly return  
Back to this meadow of calamity,  
This uncongenial place, this human life;  
And in our individual human state  
Go through the sad probation all again. . . .  
And each succeeding age in which we are born  
Will have more peril for us than the last.

But even here a note of confidence is struck at the end, when Empedocles voices his passionate conviction that:

it hath been granted me  
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslav'd. . . .  
I feel it, I breathe free!

Emerson, in the "Threnody" on the death of his child, speaks of the boy who, finding the world:

not ripe yet to sustain  
A genius of so fine a strain. . . .  
Wandered backward as in scorn  
To wait an æon to be born.

Among more modern poets perhaps the most outstanding example is Mr. John Masefield, who in the fine verses entitled "A Creed," has expressed his belief with much forcefulness. Here is the first stanza:

I hold that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth,  
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the roads again.



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James Elroy Flecker has a beautiful reference to memories of past lives in "Oak and Olive":

Though I was born a Londoner,  
And lived in Gloucestershire,  
I walked in Hellas years ago  
With friends in white attire:  
And I remember how my soul  
Drank wine as pure as fire.

"A. E." tells us how memory took him back "to walk the ways of ancient Babylon":

Oh, light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,  
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal things—

and Clifford Bax, author of the libretto of the famous "Polly," describes in an early poem how, while admiring a fresco, *L'Ecole de Platon*, by the Belgian artist, Jean Delville:

The roaring cities and the mad unrest  
Wherein to-day we travail, do but seem  
Shadows, and this that now mine eyes behold  
So living, so intense, that while I gaze  
I seem to watch unfold  
Some long-forgotten life I lived of old  
In beauty-worshipping Athenian days.

Eva Gore-Booth pictures the soul being drawn "through twilight downward into night," until once more "the old Illusion" holds it, and asks, in a poem called "The Agate Lamp":

How is it doomed to end?  
Shall I, when I come again,  
Watch the old sun in a new eclipse,  
Breathe the same air with different lips,  
With a new heart love the same old friend?

And another Irish poet, James Stephens, in a passage of great imaginative power, cries:

Deep Womb of Promise! back to thee again  
And forth, revived, all living things  
Do come and go. . . . In thee. . . .  
The angel-man, the purity, the light,  
Whom we are working to has his abode;  
Until our back and forth, our life and death  
And life again, our going and return,  
Prepare the way.

Edward Carpenter, in "After Long Ages," has some equally striking passages on the same theme:



After long ages resuming the broken thread . . .  
 Seeing the sun rise new upon the world as lovers see it after their first  
 night  
 All changed and glorified. . . . Lo! we too go forth.  
 The great rondure of the earth invites us, the ocean-pools are laid out  
 in the sunlight for our feet.

Oscar Wilde addresses a sonnet to Sarah Bernhardt, in which he says :

Ah! surely once some urn of Attic clay  
 Held thy wan dust, and thou hast come again  
 Back to this common world . . .

and Lord Alfred Douglas expresses a similar idea in his sonnet beginning, "Long, long ago you lived in Italy," of which this is the sestet :

But Love that weaves the years on Time's slow loom  
 Found you again, reborn, fashioned and grown  
 To your old likeness in these harsher lands ;  
 And when life's day was shadowed in deep gloom  
 You found me wandering, heart-sick and alone,  
 And ran to me and gave me both your hands.

Finally Rudyard Kipling, at the end of those spirited verses, "The Sack of the Gods," puts very succinctly the question to which all these poets give, without hesitation, one and the same answer :

They will come back, come back again, as long as the red Earth rolls.  
 He never wasted a leaf or a tree. Do you think he would squander  
 souls ?



## THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY ON MEDIUMSHIP

By E. B. GIBBES

OVER a period of fifteen months or so Miss G. D. Cummins and I had been sitting together, several times a week, for automatic writing; but up to November, 1924, Oscar Wilde had not put in an appearance among the numerous entities, both known and unknown, who purported to speak through her. We had not, however, thought of, or asked for this personality. The following is an extract of what appears to emanate from him through the mediumship of Miss Cummins. It should be remembered that it was this lady who recorded the play purporting to come from Oscar Wilde which was communicated through Mrs. Dowden and the ouija board.

I must remark that Miss Cummins's mediumship now takes the form of almost complete trance. A year ago, when various entities were speaking through her, she became very drowsy. Now, a year later, she has developed the power of writing for one and a half to two hours without pause or break of any kind, and it is only with difficulty that she afterwards recalls a few items of the communications which pour through her.

One evening in November, 1924, "Astor," Miss Cummins's control, suddenly announced that the writer of the above-mentioned play wished to speak. We let him do so, and the writing changed to a style utterly unlike that of any previous communicator, almost every letter being separated, the i's dotted and the t's crossed. The script ran as follows:—

"Dear Madam, may I make my obeisance to you? It is hard to stir the dormant hand of this sleeper. May I ask a question? Is any play by a shade being played in London? The comedy of a writer whose wares are out of date, no doubt! A savoury that is cold! You know that a poor ghost has written a fantastic drama about this dim twilight place where I am now confined. It is a tapestry perhaps too delicately woven to suit the harsh craving of the modern mind."

"You should know the medium you are now using," I said.

"I see the little rustic," continued the control. "I am a shady ghost, and I have often endeavoured to speak, but have



only found one light that burns with such clearness—burns like a jewel changing from one colour to another—that I can again write my thoughts and send my greetings to a bitter world where no kindness of soul tempers the blast of society's scorn and indignation."

"You should be able to write easily through this medium. She should be familiar to you," I interposed.

"Yes, I am aware of that. Memory, dear lady, is only lost when we meet unpleasant relations. I recollect my conversation with a certain charming lady. Charming ladies always prefer to remain anonymous. The instrument I now use has not the spring from which I can draw those familiar airs with which I delighted society in my day."

We paused, and the medium and I discussed the possibility of getting Oscar Wilde to give more of his experiences through Mrs. Dowden. He took up the conversation as follows, when she prepared herself for writing again :

"Oscar Wilde, dear lady. You must pardon my intrusion. I heard your kind and well-intentioned thoughts. You wish, I understand, to disturb the public's sense of what is decorous and in good taste, by making further publications from the writings of a much regretted and lamented author. Shall I tell you the secret behind my return to earth? I was aware that the public felt I was decently and respectably buried. Those ladies and gentlemen who sin together in secret are in the eyes of the world paragons of virtue, and can the more easily disguise their own sins by inveighing against those of others. I felt that if I again made my existence known to the world, I should at least present these good people with masks which they might wear in the fancy-dress carnival of London, where no man or woman dares wear the garment that is the symbol of their own nature ; where they must put on the false and garish colours of insincerity, and, for fear their faces should betray them, these must be continually masked by the horror of another's sin.

"If these gentlemen would wear the garment of a lie, I would not quarrel with them. A lie is usually far prettier than the truth when truth is depicted by poor, mean natures. But our friends must be artists if they are to be liars. The lie must become a convention. It must be exquisite as the rarefied atmosphere above the clouds. So, in these mean impoverished days of yours, man wallows in the foulness of his insincerity. His mind is a poisonous cellar, in which he would collect all the odours of his own secret vices. He will inveigh against the



sinner, and at the same moment, cherish within his breast the other's sin in a less fantastic, a less daring shape.

"Dear lady,\* you will pardon me, no doubt, for saying that you mirror but feebly the image of my thought. You are not of my period or tradition, so I find your modern mind has but the half-shades, the blurred tones of an age singularly confused in thought and utterly devoid of fancy. Where is that lady whose thoughts, whose mind-images, are all painted in pure, strong colours, each distinct the one from the other? She has that mental harmony that dates from my age. I find in your mind mental confusion, or symbols that are strange to me. They convey to your page but a blurred impression of my rich and exotic style."

"You should find a great deal of useful material in the mind in which you are now working," I suggested.

"You do not quite understand my requirements," the control explained. "She was, I presume, educated in this modern age—at least it moulded the earlier impressions, which are the most lasting. The memory that lies in her mind of my writings is of no service to me. The fundamental structure is what is anti-pathetic, because it has been built in the ugly and prosaic villa proportions, conceived by poor Shaw and other modern apostles of mediocrity and uniformity."

"Will you come and talk to us again?" I asked.

"I shall come at your call. You open the gate of my prison for me," was the reply.

We had, however, no more communications from this entity, as we were interested in many others.

The phenomenon which surrounds automatism becomes of deeper interest every day. It is believed by many that automatic communications are the invention of the subconscious mind. If this is so, one can only marvel at the dramatizing habits of that elusive appendage.

If, however, the foregoing is subconscious invention, how is it that Oscar Wilde inquires about his play, when both consciously and subconsciously the medium knew that the play had not, so far, been produced? Also, how is it he did not find this information in the mind and brain he was using? I have observed in my many sittings with both Mrs. Dowden and Miss Cummins that the entity temporarily controlling the medium will often

\* Meaning to address Miss Cummins whose hand and brain he was using.



ask questions, the answers to which are available by searching the mind of both medium and sitter.

It is unfortunate that in considering communications purporting to emanate from other spheres one has always to remember the fact that the communicator seems largely to rely on the material and ideas found in the human brain with which he has to deal.

If a discarnate *soul* finds a mind and brain closely attuned to his own, it naturally follows he is able to reproduce himself more accurately than when endeavouring to work through an instrument with which he has nothing in common. Oscar Wilde seems to have been able to get on fairly well with the material he has had at his disposal hitherto.

It has been remarked how amazingly evidential are the communications received from Oscar Wilde through the educated and literary minds with which he has come in contact. In the foregoing script it is of interest to note his criticism, and the indication he gives of what helps him best to reproduce his style. Through Miss Cummins he affirms (presumably referring to Mrs. Dowden) that "she has the mental harmony which dates from his age," whereas, referring to Miss Cummins, he speaks of her mind as being of a more modern type and therefore not so useful to him. His criticism is of interest, because it perhaps casts light on the origin of the extraordinary facility with which he seems to have spoken through Mr. V. and Mrs. Dowden (Travers Smith) when he originally seized the pencil and spoke in June, 1923, and in the later communications received by that lady alone at the ouija board.

I should like, while writing on the subject of the colouring of communications by the medium's mind, to include in these remarks the exceedingly interesting scripts received through Mr. V. and Miss Helen MacGregor and published in the OCCULT REVIEW for December, 1923. They stand out in contrast to those received, in a lighter vein, through Mrs. Dowden. These communications, Miss MacGregor tells me, were received at a time when she had been reading literature of a type which seems to bear a resemblance to the automatic script received, and she is inclined to think this may have influenced the communications.

On the other hand, he may have found the material with which to describe his conditions available in this other mind, and promptly used it. I leave it to those better able than myself to judge.



# THE SUPER-MEMORY

By "CHELA"

IS it possible to recover memories of incidents, persons or places connected with our previous earth lives? This question never fails to arouse wide interest, and yet scarcely anyone seems to have given the matter real study.

The so-called "occult thought" of the Western world to-day is in a state of confusion—a mass of surmise, guesses and half truths, lacking a knowledge of even elementary principles. This question of memory of former lives is a case in point, and it serves to illustrate the need for clear thinking and the readjustment of basic ideas.

In a recently published book, the author confounds this power with clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, etc., and ends a very descriptive sentence with—"psychometry, remembrance of previous existences, and all the usual mediumistic faculties." This sentence is typical of nineteen-twentieths of the stuff that is published to-day—the "occultism" of the West.

The point is, that recovery of these memories has nothing whatever to do with "mediumistic faculties." It may be attained by persons who have never experienced the slightest symptoms of clairvoyance, the powers employed being manasic and not kamic. It is a question of will-power and a correct understanding of the nature of memory.

The reproductive powers of Nature are, in their essence and operation, simple, and the recovery of the super-normal memory is no exception to the general rule. It is within the power of every intelligent person who is willing to devote the necessary time and trouble to the process, and who knows how to apply that effort rightly.

The writer has preserved a record of personal experiences and of teachings received during a period of training that has extended over many years. Recently, while turning over some of these old pages, he found a note on a personal experience. It was dated several years ago, and was headed—*Throwing the Memory back*. It is a record of what was done during an early experiment, of how it was done, and of what resulted. As it



stands, it conveys information that will enable others to make the same experiment.

It is, however, necessary that we should understand the nature of memory according to the real occult teaching—not the Western variety—for without this knowledge as a basis, effort is misdirected. When we speak of “psychic powers” we usually mean the power by which we consciously contact the etheric and astral sub-planes, i.e., the “usual mediumistic faculties.” Some persons are able to do this consciously, and they possess the power in common with dogs, horses and many other animals; for this power pertains to the animal-soul (*psyche*) as distinguished from the reasonable, or spiritual soul of man.

Every beginner knows that the “Lower Quarternary,” which includes the etheric, astral, and lower mental bodies, perishes—it is impermanent, and these bodies are renewed with each fresh incarnation. It is therefore evident that the seat of memory is in none of these. The memory of past lives, which persists from age to age, is an attribute of the ego, and has its seat in the causal body. It belongs to the higher spiritual group, and to class it with the “mediumistic faculties” is both misleading and erroneous.

If we would understand what must take place in order to “recover” the memories connected with previous lives, we must know something of the interaction between (1) the causal body, (2) the etheric body, and (3) the physical brain. Using for a starting-point the fact that memory is an attribute of the ego, we will ask ourselves—what is the subconscious mind? This is a question of supreme importance to every psychologist and scientist to-day, but none will venture to give an answer to it. Nevertheless, the correct answer to this question has been known by the despised exponents of occult truth for thousands of years.

The subconscious mind is the knowledge of the ego impressed upon the etheric counterpart of the physical brain; it directs the automatic activities of the etheric body, just as the physical brain directs the conscious activities of the physical body. It is egoic activity expressing itself as inherent tendency in the etheric body. Note that it is present action, belonging to the present and not to the past. But the memory of the ego, its power of recalling all the incidents and circumstances connected with its many incarnations, is also impressed upon the etheric body, and can be passed on, via the proper etheric centres, to the physical brain. But they fail to awaken any response in



the waking mind of the ordinary man, because the corresponding centres in the physical brain are as yet dormant and inactive. They can only be vivified by properly directed effort.

This explanation is brief and incomplete, but it will make it clear to every thinker that, in order to bring over memories of our former lives, we must be able to use causal plane consciousness; something that is inconceivably higher than the psychism of the average medium.

At this point, some reader may ask—how is it that a trained seer can read the “memory of nature” the “akashic record”; and is he not clairvoyant? Yes, he is clairvoyant, in the sense of possessing clear vision of the higher order; but that is something quite different to ordinary clairvoyance. Reading the memory of nature (which exists on the causal plane, and nowhere lower) is possible only to those who have developed the ability to use the causal plane consciousness. What now follows is a transcription from the pages of the record referred to.

On the night of January 10, I succeeded in throwing back the memory to scenes connected with a former life. With the brain consciousness I first recalled the earliest recollection possible in this present life. I held this still in the consciousness, and by an effort of the will, stopped all activity of the lower mind. I held a picture, but did not think about it. I stilled the mind.

Into the stillness there were presently projected further details connected with the first image—shot up, as it were, from below, and projected into focus from an outside field. In the next step I seemed to encounter an element of resistance. It was as though I were pressing against a substance or state that yielded momentarily, but sprang back when pressure of the will was relaxed. Kept up a steady pressure of will, and at the same time continued to prevent the brain from thinking about the matter even in the slightest degree. This was very difficult.

Suddenly I was aware of a state of detachment and disconnection, as though I were floating in space. No sense of distance was involved, but simply detachment; also absolute brain-stillness. Then suddenly another and entirely different picture floated into the field of consciousness, something I had certainly had no experience of in this life. It seemed that something that was “I,” and yet not I, was lying on a small bed in a darkened room. A cowed monk stood at the bed-side and looked down on the form that was I, but was yet detached from me, the observer. The chasm was bridged, and I had made contact.



There followed many scenes, or parts of scenes, dim and blurred for the most part, occasionally sharp and clearly focused, but always fragmentary and disconnected. I could not hold them—they flashed into the consciousness and then dropped out again, leaving an interval of blankness, a void between each picture. Any attempt to hold or to fix the picture at once dissipated it. Once a picture was formed, the chief effort of the will was to hold the brain-mind still and not to permit it to think about what was projected.

The feeling was as though the minds were reversed, the under mind being uppermost, and the ordinary mind sunk out of sight. It seemed that all that was necessary was to prevent the brain-mind from exhibiting any sign of activity. I felt that I could repeat the experience at will, under favourable conditions—probably with greater clearness and detail. I had no idea of times or periods.

The writer may add that this little experiment was made as a test of will-power, and after a certain amount of conscientious training. Since the above was written, it has become a permanent acquisition and has extended in other directions. He is convinced that it is within the reach of others if they are sufficiently interested to make the necessary effort towards self-mastery.



## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### REINCARNATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Reincarnation explains in part, but does not wholly satisfy me. Some souls—those so predominately physical that they have almost no spiritual qualities—must surely re-live earth life. A sensual, gluttonous person acting only in terms of bodily experience, requiring a fleshy instrument for every deed, must inevitably lose whatever simple spiritual lessons earth-life affords. In a purely spiritual life he would find himself as lost as an aviator without arms, legs, or sight. He who never cared to read, think, or open the windows of his soul, will have little to function with, when deprived of bodily means of expression. Fortunately such types are not average. Most of the world is surprisingly alike, each in his or her own way experiencing the same things, no matter how or where they live. Good or bad fortune, social advantage, educational superiority, even fine health, or invalidism, does not change the fundamental fact that we all LIVE and do our living alike, feeling little difference, according to our individuality. There are, it is true, seemingly vast variations in our gifts: some are children of pampered idle luxury, apparently never knowing a care, while others struggle in deprivation and poverty all their days. Glowing health and pitiful invalidism appear side by side, and unthinkingly we call one happy, the other sad. But it really is not so. Sorrow and tragedy stalk in the castle as in the hovel. Backs are made to bear their burdens. Lack of one thing is compensated by abundance of something else. The most miserably poor find joy in the only life they have ever known. It is impossible to say who is, and who is not, really fortunate, among normal people. (And it is only of those I write.) Whether ignorant or refined, rich or poor, they are born, pass through childhood, youth, love, hate, fear, their children bring the same affection, and they all become old, sharing alike the same experience—they have LIVED. Save in a few unusual cases (doubtless following a special fate, for reasons we cannot know), there is very slight variation in human life. It is located differently, dressed better or otherwise, but that is all. Even a selfish daughter of wealth, and hard-working tenement woman, feel alike in their own hearts. And which is really happiest? I submit, very humbly, I cannot understand why even a sage could find anything complex enough in normal lives to require more than one.



I must thank you for the number and excellence of the personal experiences published in this magazine. Mediumistic experiments at best are contradictory. In a recent number of the review, an ancient communicating spirit answered various questions in regard to reincarnation, but seemed to only remember his last earth life—that some hundreds of years ago. The rest, if any, had not profited him much. Certain teachers would have us believe our beloved dead reincarnate almost immediately, forgetting and lost to us. To me it is cruel—unjust—for some of us love others far more than self, living, striving, improving for them alone. Six years ago, part of my very heart was torn from me, and it comforts me to believe I really hear his voice sometimes in the mysterious process where sleep verges into something more. I like to think he is waiting, sympathetic and watchful—but if this dear one was already in the arms of some stranger, a squalling infant, if I would pass him by, in my own mad earthward dash—then I cowardly confess I shrink from knowledge! Deprived of all that makes life worth living, all future hope, an endless cycle of an unloved world. Oh death is bitter indeed!

Yours sincerely,

CATHARINE HARTLEY GRIGGS.

#### IMPERSONAL CRITICISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Your leading article is, as usual, deeply interesting. But, while appreciating the profound truth therein, difficulties arise in the application of those spiritual principles. It would help some of us to be clearer on some points than we are at present.

“Never again can another man be regarded as a person to be criticized or condemned.” Surely this cannot mean that we are to abandon the faculty of fine discrimination? Are we to allow things that harm our fellows—spiritual perils carried even into our own family—and never seek to protect the young, the blind, the ignorant? *Can* we utter the needed word of warning, of awakening to peril, without *seeming* to “criticize”?

It is not uncommon to find people who pose as “more advanced” than others “condemning” anyone who utters a word of kindly warning, regardless of the fact that they themselves are transgressing the law they profess to uphold! Are we, in fear of their unjust condemnation, to withhold the needed word of warning?

The “Vow of Poverty” says—“Amid a deep interior Peace, to go forth on outward planes for the defence of principles, the maintenance of justice. Without aggression, to defend most earnestly all that is weak, poor, forsaken and needing aid.” Can this be done without actual or implied “criticism” of the oppressor—the enslaver?

Again—When the sense of unity and the spiritual fact of identification in the one life has been attained, does it not mean that



some of the world's burden of "sin" is borne and the penalty paid, to relieve the weaker brother's karmic load? A mother bears the "sin" of the child—he being blind. Husband and wife may, often do, take over part of the "sin" of the partner. If that "sin" be cynicism, condemnation and sarcasm—how often will the one *innocent* of these errors be accused of them, their kindly warnings so misconstrued! The world's false standards applied! "To be born anew in the life of the spirit" means not alone unity on the higher planes, but also on the lower. What do the words mean, written of One who had passed all tests, "He *became* sin for us *who knew no sin*"?

"You will never be happy," says one, "until you give up this habit of criticism." Is "happiness" for oneself the supreme ideal? Is it not conceivable that the greatest of all "sacrifice" may be in the thing which others condemn? Is our craving for "happiness" to supersede the service of truth? Is no lie to be contradicted? Are no wrongs done to those we love to be defeated? In psychic matters, the opportunity for illusion and delusion are so great and manifold—are these illusions and delusions never to be exposed? Are we to see the soul of humanity warped, dwarfed, exploited to feed a vampire spirit—and lift no voice in defence?

These and similar questions arise when we are confronted with the demand that we shall be silent in the presence of great wrongs done to the "little ones" of the kingdom of God! Did Jesus never "criticize" the Pharisees and such "wrong-doers"?

Yours faithfully,

"A."

#### "ONE ANOTHER."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The issue of the OCCULT REVIEW which contains a review of my book *The Anatomy of the Body of God*, has just come to my attention. I wish to thank you and Mr. Meredith Starr for the first paragraph of the review: the remainder is so evidently distorted and unfair that I can only attribute it to "Another" who practically admits his shame by hiding behind Mr. Starr. Since the remainder of the article is, to say the least of it, misleading, I trust that you will allow me this opportunity of in some measure correcting the wrong impression which may have been given to your readers.

In paragraph two "Another" undertakes to explain the true Qabalah and Qabalistic Tree in a dozen lines. In this short space he succeeds in telling us that by his system of endeavour to *transcend* thought, one finds oneself thinking one has done so because one perceives the abyss below by a kind of spurious reasoning. He teaches us the "moral" lesson that we should first hold to "actual good," then try to step towards "actual evils" and thus discover that we are



in a state of change which is an "actual zero." In both these instances he has taken a step *away from* the Reality he set out to contact by *transcending thought*.

He then remarks that this is intellectual and not material: it is a process, not a thing. I can only reply that it appears to be a very regrettable sort of intellectual process.

One aspect of the Qabalah, as I understand it, is that we may be enabled to classify all our ideas of the universe in terms of thirty-two, and then gradually, by the Qabalistic process of abstraction, reduce these still further until Unity (or Zero) is reached. There is little justification for making quite such a simple postulation of the universe as Plus, Minus and Zero, and hoping (or pretending) that we can just step from Plus to Minus and attain to the ultimate mystery of Zero. And even if this were possible, what have we learned about the Formative Principle of the Universe which the earliest extant treatise on the Qabalah—The Sepher Yetzirah, or "Book of Formation" endeavoured to explain?

To say that my book has little connection with the true Qabalah, being only a materialistic interpretation of a purely formal element, is far from true. It would have been slightly nearer the truth to say it was a purely formal interpretation of the material element—or of the ultimate substratum of pure passive potentiality, from which the four elements arose. This "void" which is hardly real is that into which "Another" has stepped, and because of its "lack of form" he imagines that thought has been transcended. Not alone the whole elemental world, but also the mineral, vegetable, animal, human and celestial kingdoms, lie between this ultimate substratum of the void, and the Reality "Another" hopes to find at the top of his little mental ladder. The whole macrocosm lies between, and only by obtaining some sort of definite idea of the process whereby the Plenum fills the Void, can we hope to *transcend* thought rather than merely sink below reason.

The Sepher Yetzirah discloses some sort of philosophical conception of the Formative Process (or Yetziratic plane). My book carries this forward logically to a point not attained in the old treatise. It shows, as in the Sepher Yetzirah, that the conception of the Tree of Life is not a simple ladder whereby we may climb in one direction, but that there should be progress in all directions from a centre to the circumference, and a proper reaction of the circumference upon the Centre. It clearly points out that although the Formal is so fully dealt with—since the treatise is devoted to the Formative Plane—the transcendence of Spirit must not for a moment be lost sight of. For the first time the dead and static symbol of the Tree has been shown to be dynamic and living even in its material and formal aspects, and this without any loss of the ideal conception, but rather an enlargement and multiplication of it.

To point out that a consistent geometrical world-view has been one



of the puzzles since before the time of Plato, is not reverting to the past, since a reasonable solution is now given for the first time. When "Another" has brought even some semblance of Order out of his chaos, it will be time enough to consider whether Order mummifies the spirit, or whether—although an "ideal limitation"—it is not the only "ladder" to true Freedom.

Yours very sincerely,

P.O. BOX 141, CHICAGO, ILL.

FRATER ACHAD.

#### INTERSEXUALITY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With reference to the subject of Intersexuality with which Messrs. Stuart Young and Houblon have been dealing, both of them seem to me to be suffering from the after effects of that damnable and blasphemous old puritan heresy that the body and its needs are something to be denied, scouted and deprecated, with its preposterous and absurd antithesis of spirit and matter as though there were any dividing line between the two. Incidentally, people who talk of the "materialism" of modern science literally do not know what they are talking about—and a study of Professor Rougier's *Philosophy and the New Physics* is recommended to all such to dispel the mid-Victorian miasmas from their minds.

Mr. Stuart Young talks a deal about "Urnings," that unfortunate nomenclature of Karl Ulrichs, and both he and Mr. Houblon skate with great brio *round* the subject of human homo sexuality without having the courage to face boldly the physical implications and facts of this profound biologico-psychological phenomenon.

Mr. Stuart Young suggested that the whole of the emotional and erotic difficulties of the homosexual could be dissipated by a heart to heart talk. While the salutariness of open confession—as the Catholic Church with her immense wisdom has known from the beginning—is mighty good for the soul, to suggest that nothing more is needed is inept. As well show a starving man a banquet being spread before him, tell him there is plenty to eat and interpose between him and the banquet a railing that he can only climb over at the risk of breaking his neck!

Mr. Houblon tells us that neither of his friends are "troubled," as he puts it, with sexual desire, and later, that their lives are a purgatory. Apart from the, to virile, honest and frank natures, unpleasant necessity of playing to their unnatural part, and of concealing their deepest instincts, a necessity forced upon them by an ignorant, barbarous and mediæval public opinion, one can hardly conceive two people of some intellectual power as Mr. Houblon describes his friends, being so far disturbed by the ideology of the mob for it to produce *alone* the usual disharmony and misery of which he speaks.



One suggests, with all caution, that much deeper causes are at work, and that the trouble looks not perhaps like *suppression*, for that is the denial of a *conscious* desire, and Mr. Houblon has already told us that neither are troubled with sex desire, but like *repression*, i.e., the denial of a desire of whose existence both are for the moment *physically* unconscious. The records of psycho-analysis—in the writings of such authoritative exponents as Freud himself, Jung, Bousfield, and Brill, to mention but a few only, are full of the accounts of the havoc wrought with the happiness and peace of mind of the victim by unsatisfied—unconscious or “repressed” as they are technically called—desires.

Yours truly,

K.S.

#### MYSTICISM AND OCCULTISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have read with interest your Editorial Notes and Mr. Stewart's article on Mysticism and Occultism, and crave a little space for this letter.

Mr. Stewart puts two words at the head of his article which ordinarily would suggest two things. He seems to say that they are really one thing. It is, of course, quite possible that two words derived from different sources—Greek and Latin—may refer to one object.

Some years ago I had the honour to write an article in your pages in which I differentiated three things; (1) a knowledge and experience described as *psychism*, (2) another described as *mysticism*, and (3) another described as *occultism*.

These three things appear to me to be indubitably different, not merely by reason of the names we have given them, but from certain distinctive features in each. Each member of each of the three groups has affinities within the group and differences from members of the other groups.

The first is philosophically understood as a kind of atavism or return in special cases to states that were once normal but are now abnormal because of the evolutionary advance of the race. The psychic has retained faculties which the race generally has lost in its march to complete self-consciousness. He is an atavist, and his experiences argue no special spirituality. Why *cultivate* mediumship, for example, when the race has taken æons to cast it off?

The second is philosophically understood as referring to those who in the evolutionary progress of the soul are in advance of the generality, and who, from experience of union with the Divine have a certain knowledge of it. The steps towards this union bear no resemblance to psychism; they are forward, not backward moral not non-moral, supernormal not abnormal. The whole family of mystics—whether ascetic or not, for they may be either—attain



their blessedness spontaneously or, as they all say, "by grace." They do not compel the Divine to have union with them or insist on union by virtues of their own. "When man walks to God, God runs to man," said Muhammad.

This is the formula of mysticism.

The third species of knowledge and experience is not backward like psychism, nor spontaneous like mysticism. It is forward by effort, by volition. Occultism is an extension, and intensification of normal self-consciousness to degrees that become supernormal. It is rightly called *occultism* because it directs the mind to that which is normally "hidden," naturally not arbitrarily. And in order to do so the occultist has to develop intellectual and intuitive powers beyond the ordinary compass. If he uses these powers for spiritual ends he allies himself with mysticism; if he uses them for personal or material ends he becomes—what is loosely called a "black magician," which includes the "grey" variety. The greater the powers the more necessary is a moral use of them.

Having discovered three definite types of human experience, I suggest that it will add to our convenience to retain three words to designate them. Or are we to continue intellectual chaos until our next incarnation?

Yours faithfully,  
W. LOFTUS HARE.

27 WESTHOLM, N.W.II.

#### INITIATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—The various articles bearing on Initiation lately appearing in the OCCULT REVIEW have greatly interested me, and I should much like further light on the subject. What is the chief qualification for initiation; does it depend more on virtues or on occult knowledge? If the former, then surely there must be many saintly people who, though entirely ignorant of occult affairs, have passed through these experiences while being utterly unaware of them. Is this possible? There are people known to be initiates who do not stand out as very greatly higher in character than ordinary mortals.

Yours faithfully,  
R. STURGE.



## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Slavonic Josephus was the subject of an important article by Dr. Robert Eisler in *THE QUEST* for last autumn, and we noted at the time his opinion that it disposed once and for all of "fanciful denials" respecting "the historicity of the Nazarene Prophet." In the new issue Professor A. Marmorstein affirms that it is premature to estimate or conjecture the historical or literary value of the newly discovered Slavonic Josephus. It has yet to be determined whether Dr. Eisler is justified in postulating an Aramaic original for the text or whether a Jew of the first century could have written such words as are attributed to Josephus. The decision is that he could not and would not call a miracle-worker "more than a man"; that the angelology of the text in those portions which refer to Jesus suggests the second century; and that the idea of transmigration in the passage which mentions a "saying of some people"—namely, that "the spirit of Moses had appeared in Jesus"—seems to involve a still later date. The tentative conclusion is that there may have been a Jewish original of the Slavonic text, but if so it is intermixed with Christian interpolations, and we must be "very cautious" before ascribing it to Josephus. On the whole therefore we do not seem much nearer that triumphant settlement of the historicity question which flashed before us for a moment in the study of Dr. Eisler. Professor Bultmann presents—through *THE QUEST* editor—a first instalment of parallels to the Fourth Gospel in Mandæan and other "Saviour-lore." So far as at present unfolded in Mr. G. R. S. Mead's translation, the "pre-Christian Oriental Salvation-myth" exhibits a Revealer Who is the Eternal Divine Being, one with the Father, and is sent by the Father into the world, armed with full authority, possessing and bestowing life, and leading out of darkness into light. He is a messenger without "fault and lie," Who does the works which the Father has enjoined upon Him, Who knows His own while His own know Him, and Who gathers them together and chooses them. It will be seen that these parallels are sufficiently clear and pregnant; but we shall await their further developments. Mr. Mead also continues his study on the Saga of the Body of Adam and compares this Christian "epical drama" with Jewish legends about Adam. There are considerations also of its Syriac and Arabic codices as regards their claims on authorship, respectively by Ephraim—i.e. Mar Afrem, *ob.* A.D. 373—and by Clement of Rome. Some other important articles can be mentioned by name only: Dr. Astley's study of Religious Dances, Mr. Frederick Carter's consideration of Divine Worship carried on from age to age in the form of Ritual, and Mr. Cameron-Tayler's analysis of the fourteenth-century poetic trilogy by the Cistercian Guillaume de Deguille-



ville, the PILGRIMAGE OF HUMAN LIFE, PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL and PILGRIMAGE OF JESUS CHRIST.

In THE HIBBERT JOURNAL Professor J. S. Mackenzie considers God as Love, Wisdom and Creative Power, from the standpoint more especially of these qualities as they are implied in human worth, and with the design of eliciting something of an intelligible order on the doctrine of a Trinity of Persons in an unity of Godhead, together with its significance for us at the present time. The author reminds us of Heine's poetic explanation, addressed to a child, of the Father as Power, the Son as Love, the Spirit as the operation of Love and Wisdom. But it is in these three that the greatness of man's own spiritual nature is displayed, and our living knowledge concerning them is as they are declared within us. They are so declared imperfectly enough, and we are led thus to conceive of their perfection on a Divine plane of being, as also of their better unfoldment in the future which lies before us, not only the future of a postulated world to come but of progress here and now. As regards the latter it is felt that we are on the way thereto, even if we have far to travel. It rests on the development of the Spirit of Goodwill, and this is the Holy Spirit. Professor A. S. Pringle-Pattison looks at prayer and sacrifice "as a commentary on man's idea of God," and he sketches the two practices in their history through the ages, with dire results to both. Professor John Baillie, of New York, examines the idea of orthodoxy and finds its root in the "faith" on which Jesus insists and which is interpreted as "trust in a personal Power," not as assent to propositions, though it became this under Pauline presentation, e.g., that those shall be saved who believe that God raised the Lord Jesus from the dead. The gradual evolution of the "idea" is traced, with the explicit and implicit of "obligatory belief," intolerance and persecution included. As regards origin, this "intellectualization of religion," this emphasis on "earnest belief," in its fundamentals is referable to the Socratic dialogues of Plato, the discovery being that of Dean Inge, for whom "the founder of Catholicism as a theocratic system" is not St. Paul, not St. Augustine and "still less Jesus Christ," but Plato. The question remains, however, whether unbelief is sin and whether we can rest in the modern answer that duty is "a matter, not of what we believe, but of what we do." Professor Baillie suggests that we cannot, that there is "something after all in the ideal of orthodoxy" and in "the duty to believe." He thinks that certain beliefs are bound up inseparably with moral goodness and that the elimination of all that is religious from moral consciousness will end by eliminating also that which is characteristically moral. What kind of creed therefore? The answer is: "Trust in the love of God made manifest in Jesus Christ our Lord." And what of the other great religions? But echo answers: What?

We remember through a long period of years the trenchant criticisms, studies and recorded experiments of Professor Hyslop in the



JOURNAL of the American Society for Psychical Research. They gave life to its pages, more especially during periods when debate and minor investigations took the place, as they best could, of exceptional events in the world of psychical things. But recent issues of the familiar monthly review give evidence of unexampled vitality. There are not only the opportunities of the hour but the men who can do them full justice in their various aspects. With the Margery case to the forefront, the activities in France, Austria and elsewhere, it might be difficult for the JOURNAL to be dull; but it is in the hands of a very competent editor, Mr. Frederick Edwards, who presides also over the Society at large and its Board of Trustees, while in the persons of Mr. J. Malcolm Bird and Mr. Harry Price there are two Research Officers who not only seem to us of almost preternatural keenness but favoured with the gift of presenting their views in direct and lucid terms. Mr. Price has published recently an account of "scientific aids" to the production of spurious psychic photographs, including fraudulent manipulation of the plate. He claims to have "sought both truths and untruths in psychic matters" for many years; he lives in the hope of acquiring conviction on the validity of "supernormal photographs"; but the mediums for this branch of the subject are said to be "dwindling away," having been exposed one after another. Dr. Richardson has invented a machine for "voice-control" in connection with a particular aspect of Margery's mediumship. It is described fully in an illustrated account, and to this Mr. Bird appends a sympathetic critical analysis, which is followed later on by a searchlight examination of the newest so-called exposure of the now world-famous case. Other recent articles are of importance in their diverse ways, including an example of what is called "hysterical blindness" and its cure by severe suggestion. Dr. Hans Thirring, who is a Professor of Physics at the University of Vienna, gives account of psychical phenomena investigated in that city, with himself as an actor-in-chief. They revolve about the mediumship of Willy Schneider, who has not been discovered in the act of producing fraudulent manifestations, and of his brother Rudi, who has; but there is included also an exposure of Karl Krauss which is decisive in a high degree, though Dr. Schrenck-Notzing—to whom particulars were forwarded and who was acquainted with Krauss' rogueries at first hand—remains convinced that some of the phenomena which he had witnessed with the alleged medium in Munich were "absolutely genuine." Dr. Thirring presents a searching analysis of experiments with Willy Schneider during a period of about eighteen months, producing also the counter-views on the part of other professors. His conclusion is that "the hypothesis of genuine telekinetic phenomena is much better founded than the average scientist realizes," and that Willy seems to him "one of the best mediums of the present time," one also who should "remain available for further psychical research."



The REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE furnishes a further instalment of astonishing experiments in the reading of sealed communications by Stefan Ossowiecki. We have given some account of them previously and the signatories to the present minutes are the son of Charles Richet, Professor Santoliquido and M. de Szmurlo. The results obtained, under circumstances in which deception is out of the question, are inexplicable on any hypothesis but that of their authentic nature. Dr. Osty contributes the story in full of certain notable cases in which events of national importance were seen and described beforehand by psychics—the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Great War of 1914. In the second instance there are affidavits certifying that the predictions were communicated in June and July, 1914, to an ex-Governor-General of Lesbos, an Advocate of the National Bank of Greece and one of its Inspectors. The seeress was a girl of good family, aged eighteen years, who had been placed in hypnosis by Dr. Antoniou of Athens, for therapeutic reasons. The predictions were characterized by extraordinary details given in answer to questions and were amazingly exact. For the rest, this important French review is occupied with a serious attempt to determine the classification and vocabulary of metapsychical science.

THE HERALD OF THE STAR closes its issues for the year 1925 with a somewhat notable issue, being the last that has come our way. Mr. S. L. Bensusan contributes some picturesque notes of a recent peregrination abroad, and he writes as no casual traveller but rather an informed observer, who remembers things as they were and contrasts them with things as they are. The invisible French occupation of Ems, the peace which reigns over Nassau, the "immanent beauty" of Wildbad and the Black Forest in moonlight are among his subjects; but we are attracted especially by some paragraphs on Paris revisited after eighteen years and on the "great change" which time has worked, not on the city itself but on him who contemplates the tragedy of its "meaningless sacrifice" to the gods of pleasure. It may be noted as a sidelight that Mr. Bensusan edits THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. An American correspondent draws an extraordinary picture of alleged "Jesuitical ramifications" in U.S.A. and supposed "Catholic control," especially in Eastern States. There are other articles of national and political significance—on Locarno and an Institute of Pacific Relations at Honolulu—but one is directed irresistibly to utterances of the moment on the question of a coming Teacher. We may pass over the impressions of a clairvoyant on Mrs. Besant's Queen's Hall Meetings: they stand at their value. As much and no more may be said of some amiable remarks in an impromptu address to Australian theosophists by Mr. J. Krishnamurti. But we feel indebted to the Rev. E. F. Udney for citing a statement referred to the Lord and Teacher, according to which he "cannot come" till India is self-governed. Like Mrs. Besant's suggestion that foreseen persecution might prevent or hinder, the suggestion enables uncom-



mitted minds to see a little where they are. It is not without moment that Mr. H. C. Samuels should entitle his particular contribution the "Jew and the World Teacher," though it dwells on the fact that the latter is coming to all faiths and not especially to that of Israel. He explains that he himself is a Jew, and that he hopes for a time when the Christians will worship in synagogues and his own people in Christian churches, before the Cross and the Sacred Host. Meanwhile, he is looking for encouragement in the direction of the Liberal Catholic Church. Finally, Mr. Weller van Hook affirms in a brief rescript that America has been prepared through a period of several centuries for the coming of a Great Teacher. It is said to have accepted lofty ideals, to be free and clear in its main currents of life, and to be strong in spiritual tolerance, notwithstanding—apparently—Tennessee and scientific evolution. . . . THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, in some excellent editorial notes, discusses the relation of Theosophy to life, the present position of the movement and the future before it. But neither in this section nor in other articles, some of which are of moment, is there any reference to what may be called the American revelation. . . . THE MESSENGER of Chicago reprints the address of Mrs. Besant at the Star Congress, but says nothing in some editorials concerning it. . . . THEOSOPHY IN NEW ZEALAND is equally silent in its "notes from far and near," but the Congress activities are summarized in a little more than two pages by one who was present. . . . THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST is almost militantly hostile, though it exercises caution on the announcement of a Teacher to come. A considerable address at a Jubilee Celebration in Toronto is a prolonged protest and criticism, if it is not a challenge to Adyar. What is more, an official circular addressed by Mrs. Besant, as President, and by the Vice-President to the General Council on the subject of a world-religion—its basic truths and the coming of a World Teacher—has been definitely set aside by the executive of the Canadian Section, in the sense that its proposal to affiliate for the foundation of a World Religion has been declined by the Canadian National Society. An editorial note identifies the said religion with the Liberal Catholic Church, and promises to present a statement from the London Lodge which "takes the same view that our General Executive has taken"—presumably, that the proposals of the Adyar circular "compromise the neutrality of the Theosophical Society." . . . THEOSOPHY IN AUSTRALIA reports the Star Congress in terms of unconditional faith. . . . THE BEACON of New York cites an account of "the coming Avatar" from a book issued in California but about which we do not know: however, the Messenger in question and the views concerning him do not seem those of Mrs. Besant. . . . The independent Theosophical camps, represented by THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles and the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of New York, continue silent.



## REVIEWS

THE OLD TYPES PASS. By Marcellus S. Whaley, A.B., LL.B. Boston, U.S.A.: The Christopher Publishing House. Pp. 192. Price \$2.50.

AN interesting collection of sketches of old Negro types of the South Carolinas, where Judge Whaley was born and spent a considerable part of his life. He has endeavoured to set down as accurately as possible the peculiar dialect, called "Gullah," used by these Negroes, and to preserve some of their typical rowing-songs and "spirituals," declaring that the modern versions of these have in most cases "caught but little of the substance and less of the form" of the originals. It seems that the Negroes who spoke this dialect and sang these songs are rapidly dying out of existence—in fact, do no longer exist, save in isolated specimens of great age, so that this book commemorates an interesting phase of American life which was in danger of being left unrecorded. It must be admitted that the dialect makes difficult reading for those unaccustomed to it, even with the help of a comprehensive glossary, but some of the expressions used have a quaint charm—for instance, "day-clean," for "good daylight," "blac'dark" for "night," "moongone" for "moonset," "pot en piggin" for "pots and pans," and "Hoppin' John" and "Limpin' Kate" for two different kinds of savoury dishes containing peas. Both words and tunes of the Negro songs are given, and here is one translated into intelligible English:

"Come on, sister, and lif' up yuh voice,  
De Lawd wantuh hear a chune from yuh soul;  
Uh, roll, Jawdon, roll,  
Roll, Jawdon, roll,  
And tek me 'pon yuh buzzum.  
Gabruhl, Gabruhl, shine up yuh horn,  
Fuh blow um in de mawnin' when we do cum 'long.  
Do, Jedus, do; do, Jedus, do;  
For we du be cummin' in de mawnin'."

Judge Whaley points out that most of those who have written on this subject before have seen chiefly the humorous and grotesque side of it. He has taken it from a more serious standpoint, and the result is a book of real human interest. Mrs. Whaley's black-and-white drawings of the different "types" are very life-like. E. M. M.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL. By Herbert Basedow. 8½ in. × 5½ in., xx. + 422. Adelaide: F. W. Preece and Sons. 1925. Price 30s. net.

DR. BASEDOW has had a very extensive experience of the Australian native, having taken part in many expeditions into the remoter parts of the Australian continent. He is therefore well qualified to write on the subject. This book is an excellent survey of the whole life from birth to



death of an Australian aboriginal, with sidelights from most of the many tribes in which he is to be found. Dr. Basedow does not add much to the standard works of Spencer and Gillen, but he confirms their findings and occasionally throws new light on some of the obscurer phenomena that have been observed. Students of occult matters will find much to interest them in the chapters on Initiation and on Religious Ideas. Dr. Basedow strongly opposes the general idea that the Australian native is without religion, and adduces much evidence in support of his view.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE RELIGION OF HEALTH: An examination of Christian Science by Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., etc. Completed by Rosa M. Barrett. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

CONSTRUCTIVE Criticism is a service rendered to humanity, and in this book the learned thinker and author, the late Sir William Barrett, has supplied a long-felt want in that he has analysed and examined, with unbiased mind, one of the most popular and remarkable religions of modern times. Here is none of that brilliant invective which characterized Mark Twain's "Christian Science," but a restrained and dispassionate survey of the teaching of a Church which rejoices in hundreds of thousands of followers.

The case and arguments are produced from the prolific (and sincere, it must be confessed) outpourings of Mrs. Eddy herself. For example: Christian Science propounds that Sin, Sickness and Death are but illusions. This may, or may not, be so. But why then deny that which is non-existent? The ever-alert subconscious mind is sensitive to our every thought, yet why impress the existence and reality of something which does not exist upon the mind? Then again in *Science and Health* (pp. 390-392):

"Take antagonistic grounds against all that is opposed to the health, holiness and harmony of man."

A strange attitude to adopt, perhaps, when we are enjoined to "Resist not . . ."

It is the small, yet vitally important contradictions, which make the subject so interesting, although it is possible that books have since been written which qualify and amend some of Mrs. Eddy's earlier teachings.

One interesting chapter of this book is devoted to Mrs. Eddy's life-story, whilst another introduces P. P. Quimby, and tells of his influence on the future founder of Christian Science.

Whatever its shortcomings, Christian Science is essentially a Belief of Health and Cheer, as witness the innumerable cases of healing which have been wrought. The Church flourishes apace and enjoys an annual enrolment of nearly 4,000 new members. As the author says:

"Christian Science has rightly and persistently laid stress on the truth that God is, now and always, a God of Love. . . . The firm belief they tenaciously hold . . . is as great a contribution towards right thinking as their insistence on the dominion of the spirit over matter. . . . Its adherents are markedly cheerful, helpful and serene, for Christian Science restored to the world aspects of religion too long neglected by orthodox Christian Churches."

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AN OCCULT VIEW OF HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Geoffrey Hodson. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 52. Price 2s. 6d. net (paper 1s. 6d.).

MR. GEOFFREY HODSON, seer of nature-spirits—whose book on "Fairies at Work and Play" was reviewed in these pages not long ago—appears now in the no less interesting guise of spiritual healer, and his little book is packed with suggestive information. He even throws, albeit indirectly, some light on the problem which faces all students of these subjects, and often proves a very awkward stumbling-block—namely, the fact that spiritual and apparently well-balanced people are often the greatest sufferers from ill-health, while the selfish, thoughtless and narrow-minded escape very lightly. But even Mr. Hodson does not make this difficulty quite clear, for he emphatically states that where these latter qualities prevail, ill-health will be found—and most of us know from experience that such is not by any means always the case. The other class—those who suffer in spite of being open-minded and altruistically disposed—he explains by lack of harmony with their environment, or divergence between the mental ideals and the daily habits of thought and life. Karmic inheritance, of course, plays a part also, as well as emotion, either repressed or excessive. Most readers will agree with the Rev. Oscar Kollerstrom, who remarks in his Preface that as people become more evolved they will "find it essential to adopt means of spiritual healing, combined with simplification in the life, especially in the way of diet." But here again comes a difficulty, for the same writer has stated, a few pages before, that the evolved individual, with pure diet and refined surroundings, becomes "terribly sensitive," so much so that the coarse vibrations of our present civilization might easily reduce him to a physical wreck! It still remains for some wise person to write a treatise really suggestive of how the necessary "balanced compromise" is to be attained, but in the meantime Mr. Hodson has given us hints of great value, and his chapters on the "Subtle Bodies," on "Mental Disorders," and on "The Ego and his Vehicles" are worthy of most careful study.

E. M. M.

THE YOUTH OF SIR ARTHOUR. By Thomas de Beverley. Published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Price 5s.

THE very mention of the above title recalls untold joys—of hours spent with Thomas Malory, Chrétien de Troyes, Richard Thornton, Wace, the Mabinogion, Marie de France, Tennyson, Lytton, Swinburne and the Graal cycle in the magnificence of operatic renderings, in the warm, lovely touch of William Morris's vivid verse. Were I to touch these subjects I would fear to re-enter this holy of holies, and I congratulate the present poet on his courage. His is a fair performance and besides the title-poem he recounts a lyrical version of "The Story of Nimue," "The Birth of Sir Galahad," as well as a Chaucerian and a Spenserian variant like "The Wife of Bath's Tale" and "Sir George and the Dragons." I like Mr. de Beverley best in "Ruth," as his style is far too passionless and baldly narrative to rise to the stormier exploits of knights who were bold, and who constituted the flower of chivalry.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.



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LIFTING THE VEIL. By Princess Wahletka. Obtainable from Mail Office, Wahletka, Albert Road, New Malden, Surrey. Price 5s.

THIS volume, by a well-known exponent of thought-reading and divination, will interest many. It is, however, always difficult to review a book claiming these rare gifts unless the critic has some acquaintance with the actual value of the work done, through his or her personal experience. In a spirit of fairness I sent the Princess my glove to psychometrize after her book was given to me to notice, but it was returned to me with a polite little note and so my test came to naught whilst my difficulty remains. The book records some unusual psychic experiences and is prefaced by a New York doctor. It is dedicated by the seer, who has Red Indian blood in her veins, "To the gentle little old lady whose spirit is with me constantly."

Others, richer by personal contact with this medium than I myself, will be better able to judge the merit of this book, as a record of phenomena always automatically includes a list of assertions.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE WISDOM OF THE GODS. By H. Dennis Bradley. Author of "Towards the Stars," etc. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., 30 New Bridge Street, E.C.4. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MR. H. DENNIS BRADLEY promised us another book dealing with his Starry Adventures, in other words his psychical investigations, and here it is. As before he leaves us in no doubt as regards his sentiments and conclusions; his "cameos" are as clear-cut; he is as ever refreshingly frank; and this alone would make his book entertaining and relieve it from the tedium so often associated with records of séances. The question and answer verbatim report, lists of sitters, etc., though perfectly in order, is apt to bore the reader until in consequence the effect misses fire.

Mr. Bradley continues the account of the sittings held at his house, Dorincourt, Kingston Vale, with the American Medium Valiantine, on the second visit of the latter to England last year. Like W. T. Stead, and Admiral W. Osborne Moore, in regard to the Direct Voice séances with Mrs. Etta Wriedt, Mr. Bradley allows many of the sitters to give their own independent testimony, written almost immediately after the sittings, and while the impressions were still *fresh and vivid* in the mind. Many well known men and women sat at Dorincourt, and very touching indeed were some of their experiences. Mrs. Gordon Craig and Miss Frances Carson had in very special measure assurance of the living presence of fondly loved ones, nor were they alone in this privilege. To myself indeed—if I may be allowed a personal remark—as it will be to many other readers of Mr. Bradley's book, these records of "direct voice" mediumship will be like going over familiar ground. With Mrs. Wriedt, when she visited England as Mr. Stead's guest, we had the same types of sitters, the same variety of results—conversations in foreign tongues, with and without the "trumpet," two or three spirit voices speaking at once, and even some of us heard voices in the light. I can therefore add my own unsolicited testimony to the wonders so glowingly related by Mr. Bradley. But where he scores enormously, and where we must all take off our hats to him, is in the delightful fact that he and Mrs. Bradley have now developed direct and independent voice medium-



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ship for themselves, without the presence of any other psychic. Sitting *alone* at Dorincourt they have heard the spirit voices of beloved relatives talking to them in clearly audible tones, and have extended the privilege to certain congenial friends, including Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and Miss Winifred Graham the novelist. All this and much more will be found in Mr. Bradley's sparkling pages.

With regard to theological questions, I have noticed in my own experiences that the answer of the "spirit person" is often coloured more or less by his own former bias in such matters. A Unitarian here is a Unitarian there—or at any rate on the Threshold, whence these voices come. But the chief value is in the *assurance* of personal survival; side issues are merely points for discussion. Here is the charming comment of Mr. Bradley's own little son, Pat, a child of eight or nine years, to whom spirit communion is a normal event:

"Daddy! Before I used to talk to the spirits I was very frightened of death. Now I don't mind the thought of it a bit. Of course I don't want to die yet; I want to live on here, but I know that when I do die I shall have a splendid time."

"Here is the new wisdom," says Mr. Bradley, "if all the world could think like this it would be a much better place to live in."

EDITH K. HARPER.

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY FROM A. C. BENSON. Compiled by A. Patterson Webb. London: George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd.; Calcutta, Sydney.

To compile a fine Anthology, the compiler must be an enthusiast and have the art of finding the silver thread of sympathetic connection with other souls in whom the passages chosen will find an answering echo. That Mr. Webb's beautiful "Little Anthology" covers this ground may rightly be inferred from these words, in his own Preface:

"Among the truest *adventures in life*, and the wisest writers in modern literature, Dr. A. C. Benson had a conspicuous place, and, to the compiler of this anthology, an incomparable one."

It is interesting to know that Dr. Benson had seen this compilation, indeed he only passed onward while it was yet in the Press, and the noble portrait included as a frontispiece was, I understand, one he himself preferred.

I conclude this all too brief notice by quoting his definition of the Mystic:

"The Mystic is one, it may be said, who has a direct and instinctive perception of a divine essence in things, somewhat as the highly developed artistic nature has a sense of beauty in material things, so that the mystic has an intuitive consciousness of the Divine Presence which can hardly be expressed in words."

EDITH K. HARPER.

OÙ EN EST LA METAPSYCHIQUE. Par Paul Heuzé. Paris: Gauthier-Villars et Cie, 55 Quai des Grandes-Augustins. Prix 18 fr. net.

THIS recent addition to the *Collection Mises Au Point*, is concerned, like the other volumes of that series, with the marshalling of evidence and the statement of facts rather than with interpretations and conclusions.

M. Heuzé—whose work on human survival, *Les Morts Vivent-ils*, has



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gained him considerable repute—writes with scientific coolness and detachment and is at pains to tell us that to him it is a matter of indifference whether the psychic phenomena, the evidence for which he examines so dispassionately, be true or false. He seeks only to *know* how the case for "the Metapsychical" actually stands, and *the result* of his investigations will neither depress nor exalt him.

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G. M. H.

FROM ZEALANDIA: A BOOK OF VERSE. By W. S. Elliot. Pp. xi + 181. London: John Watkins. 5s. net.

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KRISHNA: THE SAVIOUR. By T. L. Vaswani. Pp. 188. Madras: Ganesh & Co. 1s. 8d.

THIS is an enlarged edition of the author's original work: and consists of a number of essays which should appeal forcibly to large numbers of Indians, and to western people who can appreciate the lofty idealism and high aspirations immanent in devotion to the Divine Flute-Player. Some words from the Publishers' Note will find a ready response from all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. "In the present circumstances of excitement and transition in India, it is vitally necessary that the Indian people keep a secure hold on the national *dharma*—the spiritual life." That these essays will help towards that end cannot be doubted. They are written with a real insight and in a delightful spirit, and all, be they Oriental or Occidental, will profit by a study of the book. It is of the stuff which bridges differences of outlook and environment, for it is written from that level where all such differences vanish.

JOHN NORTH.

CREATIVE INVOLUTION. By Cora L. Williams. Pp. xxii + 208. California: The Williams Institute. Price \$1.50 net.

THIS book is a reprint of the first edition (published in 1916) and the author has seized the opportunity to rewrite the Introduction and to add a chapter dealing with the Fourth Dimension in the process of evolving for the collective mind. She takes as her theme the whole life-process, and demonstrates clearly that we are by no means at the end. The goal





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is not yet attained. She maintains that all human interests and activities to-day show that the general trend of human development is towards an ever-increasing integration. Our relationships one to another are now principally those of groups. Individual and direct relationships are losing their grip upon human consciousness. In this book is provided a philosophy for this new order of things. How far the philosophy will prove permanently true depends upon how far these group-relationships develop. Already there are not wanting signs of a return to the old conceptions of individual relationships and individual responsibilities. It is probably true that the right conception of the life-process lies between the two. But this book is avowedly concerned with one side: and with that limitation it provides a working philosophy of life. We can commend it whole-heartedly to our readers.

JOHN NORTH.

POEMS OF HOPE AND VISION. By Frederick Mann, M.A. Pp. 112. (Stockwell).

THE writer of religious verses has a difficult task to avoid moralizing and platitudinous meanderings: that is, unless he is a rare mystical genius such as Francis Thompson or Alice Meynell. Mr. Mann has essayed to treat of two immense themes in his verses—the revelation of God in Christ and man's response to that revelation. We cannot pretend to have discovered genius in these poems. There is a pleasing sense of language and of poetic technique. What is lacking is the inspiration which gives life to the dry bones of art. Some of his verses would serve well as hymns; and their "gentleness" (the only word which really describes them) may serve to rest souls that are wearied with the bustle of life to-day.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE STONES OF STONEHENGE. By E. Herbert Stone, F.S.A. London: Robert Scott, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.)

THE evidence turned up by the archaeological excavator's pick and shovel is difficult to controvert, and for this reason Mr. Stone's solution of the Stonehenge problem will be accepted by all those who do not prefer legends and speculations to solid facts. This cromlech has always been popularly supposed to have been erected by the Druids, but on the clearest of evidence the author shows that it was built by the long-headed Neolithic people who made the long barrows, and is, in his opinion, the last and crowning example of megalithic construction in Britain, being unique in that its stones are dressed. He accounts for the absence of others by the fact that the country was invaded by the round-headed race which had already discovered the use of bronze, but were not builders of megalithic monuments. These folk would appear to have found Stonehenge just completed, and they made it the centre of a vast burial place, surrounding it with the round barrows in which the Bronze Age people buried their dead. Mr. Frank Stevens (the Salisbury authority) considered Stonehenge to date from the earliest days of the Bronze Age, but the excavations have not revealed the smallest article of bronze, whilst the Neolithic tools used in the construction have been discovered, thus settling the period beyond any reasonable doubt.

Mr. Stone concludes that the date was about 2000 B.C., whilst Mr.



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Stevens sets it at 1800 to 1700 B.C., and it is noteworthy that both these conclusions fall within the period arrived at by Sir Norman Lockyer in his experiments relating to the Obliquity of the Ecliptic. We may therefore take it for granted that Stonehenge is not later than 1700 B.C., and was built at least 1,500 years before the Druids arrived in Britain. As to the object of the building, Mr. Stone frankly says that "we do not know," but he gives a series of illustrations showing how the gigantic stones were (in his opinion) erected. The Sarsens were local, but the blue stones came from Pembrokeshire, probably overland. The book is excellently got up and illustrated, and should be regarded as the standard work on the subject.

LEOPOLD A. D. MONTAGUE.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE HEBREW PROPHETS. By Major J. W. Povah, B.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xiv + 207. Price 3s. 6d. net.

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Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will welcome this book as an example of the way in which new light and learning does not destroy, but illumines and revivifies, ancient teaching and inspired utterances.

JOHN NORTH.

ANCIENT HUNTERS AND THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES. By W. J. Sollas. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. xxxvi., 697. Third edition, with two plates and 368 figures. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 25s. net.

THE name of this book does not immediately convey a precise idea of its contents. Professor Sollas tried in his first edition of this book, published in 1911, to give a complete account of all available knowledge concerning primitive man. But this knowledge increased so rapidly with modern and more enlightened research that he was soon obliged to incorporate these discoveries in a second edition. However, in the nine years that have elapsed since that time, such momentous finds have been made that Professor Sollas had not only to bring his book up to date, but almost entirely to rewrite it. This he has accomplished most successfully.

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This volume is written very simply, yet without sacrificing accuracy of statement or the development of an argument, and is illustrated with many helpful maps, sketches, diagrams, and other figures.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

ASTROLOGY: THE LINK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By S. Elizabeth Hall, M.A. London: John M. Watkins. Pp. 59. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE ACTIVITIES OF URANUS AND NEPTUNE. By Helen H. Robbins. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 71. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE literature of Astrology is rapidly increasing in scope and value, and these two publications form interesting additions to it. The first one treats of Astrology from the cosmic standpoint, tracing its descent through various ancient Egyptian and Babylonian myths, and its gradual formation into a "system." This did not happen, the author thinks, until the time of Hammurabi, who united the kingdoms of North and South Babylonia about 2300 B.C. Her outline of the story of Gilgamesh, and her quotations from Cicero, Pliny, Cleanthes the Stoic, Manilius, and other ancient writers, will be full of interest for astrological students, though they have not perhaps a very direct bearing upon Astrology as known to us in the present day. The whole argument of the book, however, shows how from time immemorial man has held the stars to be agencies of divine powers, and has taken their ordered movements as a sign that the universe is ruled by Intelligence. "Mortal as I am," said Ptolemy, "I know that I am born for a day; but when I follow the serried multitude of the stars in their winding courses, my feet no longer touch the earth; I ascend to Zeus himself, to feast me on ambrosia, the food of the gods."

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