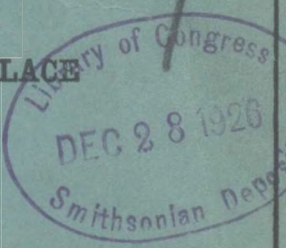


THE OCCULT REVIEW



Contents

- NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor
Occult Self-development
- THE GNOSIS AS PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
By Jean Delaire
- THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM
By Theana
- SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW
By E. A. Chaylor
- THE MAGICAL ASPECT OF THE LYRIC
By Michael Juste
- CLAIRVOYANCE AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLES II.
By Theodore Besterman
- SHRINES
By Philip Harrison
- A FEW REAL GHOSTS
By Esther Bickerton
- TRUTH IN THE MARKET-PLACE
By Algar Bailey
- OUT OF THE DARKNESS
Anonymous
- CORRESPONDENCE
- PERIODICAL LITERATURE
- REVIEWS



RIDER & CO., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

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

George Sheringham 1907.

BF1001
.05

The Theosophical Bookshop

43, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(Three minutes from Oxford Circus)

This is the month of New Year presents. We can supply what you want to give: new publications from The Theosophical Publishing House given on p. 487 of this issue; books from other publishers given below; a large stock of general literature; any book to order; calendars, New Year cards, photographs, symbols. Exactly what you want, whether you wish to spend pence or pounds.

- THE LIFE OF GOTOMA THE BUDDHA** (Compiled exclusively from the Pali Canon). By E. H. BREWSTER. With introductory note by C. A. F. Rhys Davids, D.Litt., M.A. 10s. 6d. Post 6d.
- THE DRAGON OF THE ALCHEMISTS.** By FREDERICK CARTER. With an introduction by Arthur Machen. With 38 illustrations. 21s. Post 6d.
- PANTHEISM and Other Essays.** By L. E. C. 3s. 6d. Post 4d.
- THE NARRATIVES OF THE RESURRECTION.** A Critical Study By P. GARDNER-SMITH M.A. 6s. Post 6d.
- THE DIVINE ART OF HEALING.** By ROSA HOBHOUSE. 1s. Post 2d.
- ENGLAND.** By DEAN INGE. A Survey of the life and problems of to-day in which we are praised for our virtues chastised for our vices, and warned of our perils. 10s. 6d. Post 6d.
- OCCULTISM AND CHRISTIANITY.** By HUGH ROSCOE. Among the many problems dealt with are those concerning the Virgin Birth, Reincarnation and Immortality. 7s. 6d. Post 6d.
- LIFE OF BUDDHA.** On the Stupa of Barabudur according to the Lalitavistara-Text. Edited by Dr. N. J. KROM Professor at the Leyden University. With 120 reproductions. £1. Post 9d.
- THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS.** By KENNETH GRAHAME. Cheaper edition at 3s. 6d. Post 4d.
- BOOK OF HEALTH.** By REDDIE MALLET (Author of "Nature's Way"). 7s. 6d. Post 6d.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRANCIS BACON.** By C. D. BROAD. An address delivered at Cambridge on the occasion of the Bacon Tercentenary. 2s. 6d. Post 2d.
- THE PATH.** By J. KRISHNAMURTI. Reprint. 1s. Post 2d.
- SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF THEOSOPHICAL TERMS.** By M. E. WILKINSON and A. W. OSBORN. (Australian publication.) Further supplies now to hand. 5s. 6d. Post 4d.
- CATHEDRAL BUILDERS.** By LEADER SCOTT. (Second-hand. In excellent condition.) £3 3s.

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

240
3060
A

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.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS AND "THE OCCULT REVIEW" SUBSCRIPTIONS should in all cases be addressed to RIDER & Co., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, London, E.C.4. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to RIDER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Twelve months, THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. Payments must be made in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All applications respecting these should be addressed: The Advt. Manager, "THE OCCULT REVIEW," 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Central 1462-3-4-5. RATES: On application.

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

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

VOL. XLIV ~~XLV~~ JANUARY 1927

No. 7 /

NOTES OF THE MONTH

1008 2/V/27

WESTERN students are frequently much concerned with regard to the application of practical methods to occult self-development. After much reading of theoretical treatises and descriptions of the astral and devachanic planes by those who claim to be able to function upon them in full consciousness, the inquirer naturally starts wondering why he should not essay an experimental investigation of the subject on his own account. With no knowledge other than that gained from the reading of occult and mystical literature, and without stopping to analyse his motives, he decides to embark upon a course of personal effort. As a natural sequence it follows that the line of least resistance is taken, and the psycho-physiological practices of the Eastern yoga systems, which have been made so easily accessible to the West, are adopted with a zeal of which sheer ignorance is the parent. Seldom is the fact realised that the methods which are suited to the Eastern temperament and constitution may not only be less effective but actually harmful

if applied by the Westerner with the dynamic vigour which characterises the races of the Occident. In the vast majority of cases, fortunately, the efforts of the investigator are abandoned before any effects are apparent. The Western temperament, accustomed to intense activity in spells of short duration, failing to see any sign of the expected results, is easily convinced that there is nothing in it. Occasionally, however, an unusually sensitive type of nervous organisation becomes almost immediately responsive to these processes, and, to the alarm of the experimenter, strange symptoms make their appearance. Hysteria, nervous instability, and other undesirable conditions are danger-signals which the cautious student takes care not to ignore. If, in spite of this, the practices are still pursued, serious disorders of the nervous system, most difficult, if not impossible of cure, henceforth harass the life of the unfortunate and misguided researcher.

It is not matter for surprise that, left to his own resources and unaware of the dangers lurking in the background, one of the most obvious practical paths should thus be chosen. A little reflection on the conditions involved and the possibilities which lie before the would-be practical occultist may save a vast amount of error and misunderstanding, or even future suffering. A realisation of the place of the personal self in the occult scheme of things is a primary requisite.

THE
IMPORTANCE
OF
MOTIVE

With this question is intimately bound up the question of motive. This last-mentioned factor, in reality, should take precedence of every other consideration. It is the key to the stage of development at which the individual stands in the scale of occult evolution. Too seldom is it realised how vital a part motive plays in the affairs of everyday life. Even the most commonplace activities are transformed by motive. Compare the reluctant labour of the paid servant, working grudgingly for a stipulated wage and hating the sense of servitude, with the humble activities of Brother Lawrence, engaged in the menial tasks of the monastery kitchen, preparing food and washing pots and pans for the glory of God. Consider, again, the difference between, let us say, the ordinary act of eating, and participation in the holy Sacrament. Both consist in partaking of physical nourishment, yet the intention utterly changes the nature of the forces which are brought into play. A wave of the hand may be nothing but an automatic gesture ; or it may become a powerful mesmeric pass. A geometrical design may be simply an orna-

ment, or a potent talisman; and a walking-stick may serve the purpose of a magician's wand. Instances can readily be multiplied.

The beginner in the practice of occultism rarely stops to analyse his motives in this connection. Even were he to do so, he would probably at first discover nothing more than a very human desire to prove in his own person the statements made in occult books. It is only with the passage of time and by experience that he learns to look deeper. At the outset, however, it is as well to face oneself fairly and to endeavour to recognise as clearly as possible the motive which inspires our interest in occultism. One student, for instance, may find himself devoting much time and energy to occult practices for the sake of gaining power to see and hear on other planes. Another may be fired with an ambition to cultivate the power of mastery and domination of those with whom he comes in touch. And while, in the majority of cases, the interest may remain purely theoretical and academic, some there are who may find themselves attracted by the beauty of the lofty ethical code inherent in the higher aspects of occultism, some who follow occultism for its own sake, as the poet does his muse and the artist his art—because it is born in them; because they have gone that way in other lives. Instinctively such people are left unmoved by the prospect of developing the siddhis, or gaining mastery over other minds. Possibly they could not tell exactly why, but the fact remains that they are drawn to something totally different—something of which the lower mind is not entirely cognizant, some Reality which is felt to have its existence “behind the scenes.” Thus are the influences brought into play determined by the purpose. Although the man who sets out upon the task of gaining control over others may develop extraordinary personal power, another, who may have nothing so far as the outer world can ascertain in the way of occult development, may yet, by the purity of his inner life, be far ahead of his companion on the spiritual path.

Is spiritual unfoldment, then, an aim of occult training?
 PRACTICAL It most certainly *should* be. Otherwise, with every
 OCCULT supernatural faculty or occult power, the development
 TRAINING of which has been forced for one's personal use or
 gratification, will prove to be a stumbling-block when
 the time arrives—as it surely will—to set the feet upon the Path
 in very truth. Far better to start with inferior equipment
 than to pile up a heavy karmic debt with which to be saddled

perhaps for more than one life to come. The old truths have been quoted to the point of triteness, but truths they remain, none the less. The wisdom of the old injunction is as true to-day as it ever was: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Approaching the question of occult training with these thoughts in mind, one may gain a clearer view of the essentials, and a more accurate perspective. Taking as our starting point the normal waking consciousness, the great battlefield of the soul, we find the self torn this way and that, now falling a prey to temptations of the flesh, and anon aspiring to be rid of the fetters of the senses; now looking out into the world of appearances, now gazing within into the dim regions of the Unseen. Two paths lie open to the feet: the path of self-development and the path of spiritual unfoldment. The choice of the soul will be determined largely by factors of which the physical consciousness can scarcely be said to be aware. The degree of spiritual unfoldment already attained, a factor which is not directly perceptible, will play a large part in the decision. The nature of the karmic ties contracted in the past is another factor to be taken into consideration. Seeing how great a riddle the individual is to his own personal consciousness, it ill becomes anyone to sit in judgment upon another. The path of self-development may be entirely right for one, while the path of spiritual unfoldment is as certainly the true vocation of the other. Were there no hidden factors to be taken into account, the vicissitudes of life would vanish and existence be robbed of the very thing that gives it value to the soul—the ceaseless change that provides the contrast and stimulates the deeper consciousness into activity.

Turning, then, to the path of occult self-development, we find it embracing varying degrees. Perhaps the most general and elementary stage is that in which the exercise and strengthening of the will is brought to the fore—an entirely laudable object in its proper sphere. Many otherwise spiritual people could profit by further development along these lines. A little distance along this path we find the practitioner of hypnotism and mesmerism merging gradually into the ceremonial magician. Side by side with these we have the yoga training of that variety in which the energies of the will are directed towards the development and preservation of the lower vehicles, as in certain systems of hatha yoga. Here the endeavour is made to gain control over the physical senses and functions to an extent which brings

otherwise automatic physiological processes within the field of consciousness. The object of all such practices is the perfecting of the material form by sheer force of will, the goal being scarcely less than physical immortality. Some of the advanced Tantrists have been credited with such perfect control of the physical form as to quit this mortal life, not by way of sickness and death as in the ordinary course, but at will, with an imposing gesture of voluntary surrender. Other Tantric practices have for their aim the awakening of the inner senses—the development of supernormal powers, from astral sight to levitation, and the alleged ability to become invisible at will—an accomplishment which many would consider cheap at the price of many lives!

In none of such cases, it will be noted, is any question of spiritual unfoldment involved. The line of occult self-development is entirely individualistic. The will is strengthened, the personality made more powerful, the intellectual faculties developed, and occult powers acquired, all for the advantage of the individual concerned. The peculiar danger of this path is that over development of the individuality makes it increasingly difficult for the finer spiritual influences to make their presence felt. The reality of such a danger is evidenced in such ordinary cases as that of the intellectual genius which finds it impossible to appreciate the simplicity of the devotee who draws strength and consolation from worship at his chosen shrine. The intellect, indeed, is one of the last fetters to be cast off at the Gates of Initiation. Another danger inherent in occult self-development is that the acquisition of siddhis may prove so potent a lure that several lives may be practically given up to the exploration of fascinating regions which, seeing that they are still not spiritual, even though they are more subtle than the dense material plane, serve no purpose other than to delay progress and to multiply the possibilities of contracting heavy karmic debts. Let us not forget, however, when we see a soul on a path that is not ours that the gods who hold the threads of human destiny have a range of vision compared with which that of the human brain is as that of the blind-worm to the airman. Who are we to say that the soul on the path of outgoing may not by the intensive cultivation of his individuality be hastening the time when he shall turn his face homewards again?

While it is not for us to gauge the degree of spiritual unfoldment of any embodied soul with which we come in contact, we

are not without witnesses to the awakening of the spirit of the Divine, even in most unpromising characters. Sometimes that spirit rises up in beauty, and the hearts of men thrill in responsive love to the winning sweetness of a Saint Francis of Assisi. Again, the quickened spirit inspires the hearts of men with the courage of a Joan of Arc, and sometimes the humble sincerity of the converted Salvation lass bears witness to the Light within. Perhaps the chief characteristic of the path of spiritual unfoldment is that the awakening may come at any time. A feature that never fails to call forth comment is its spontaneity. "The spirit bloweth where it listeth." Souls of all types seem equally subject to these incursions of transcendental life and light. More and more, as we examine these phenomena, which are usually classified as "mystical," we are driven to the conclusion that here the individual soul is the subject of a higher influence rather than the chief actor. A touch, and the whole man is changed. He does not do it himself; it comes to him, he knows not from where. Dimly he gropes in the direction where he senses the existence of a wondrous Light. God, he says, has touched his heart. Quite true. Occultism in its higher aspect is based upon this instinctive upreaching of the human soul to that dim Star which shall one day flood it with its transcendent light. It is concerned with the journey Home, and shares indeed the trials and joys which have ever been the portion of the mystic life.

A broadening sympathy and a growing peace are true signs of the unfolding of the spiritual life, as the abounding joy of religious conversion is a sign that the soul has set itself in line with the Divine Will which sent it forth upon its journey. The path of spiritual unfoldment is the path to the crown of human evolution. Along this path may come great sadness, and tears may seldom be far away from the eyes which have known the tender touch of Pity. Yet with it all the sense of peace grows stronger and more real, the power to give rather than to receive increases; and self becomes lost in the radiance of the Light for which we have no better name than "God."

Just so; but what are we to do, we who have not yet been touched by that Spirit, Whom we may not grasp? How shall we seek that Light? In no other manner than by "making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within." No doubt but what that gentle Power, personified in Jesus, the Christ, is ever ready at the door of the heart, only kept out

by our own impurity and selfishness and intellectual pride. One might do worse than ponder the spiritual meaning of the festival which at Christmas the Western nations celebrate.

The practical aspect of the question of spiritual unfoldment, while it may do much to indicate to the individual soul the line of least resistance, nevertheless, by divorcing the facts from the actual lives of the mystics in which they are patterned, robs them of that radiance and vitality which constitutes their special harm.

Obviously the soul which is opening to the warmth and light of the spiritual Sun must have become conscious of something higher than itself. The first essential along this path is something to worship—a divine ideal. Most people cherish this unconsciously in the ideal of the great Teacher Who stands at the head of their national religion. Undoubtedly for the West the ideal of Jesus holds a predominant appeal. It is well, however, to forbear passing judgment on those who feel drawn to the worship of “strange gods.” What may be termed the spiritual heredity of particular individuals may cause them to find their ideal in, let us say, one of the Egyptian deities. Then we have the type of soul that finds its ideal embodied in a feminine conception of the Divine, such as Isis or the Virgin Mary. The lower mind must have something to lean upon, something by which it may climb to the regions beyond form. It is only in cases in which a considerable degree of spiritual unfoldment is implied that the power of abstract worship—or rather the power of worshipping that which to the lower mind appears as a mere abstraction—makes its existence known.

At this point two great branches of mystical contemplation call for attention. On the one hand we have the school which advocates the stilling and emptying of the mind. By this means, it is claimed, the transcendental consciousness may shine through. The little treatise of Miguel de Molinos is the classical example of this type. On the other hand we have the school which claims that by making the mind one-pointed it may pierce the veil which covers the Sanctuary. A typical example is the method of Saint Theresa. It may be noted in this relation that this school of contemplation has many points in common with the mental (as apart from the psycho-physiological) practices of Raja Yoga—Dharana, Dhyana and Samadhi.

The expression of a subtle difference in type of soul here comes into evidence. An attitude of self-abasement is characteristic of most mystics, and we find that while one will achieve union with the Ideal by yearning and up-stretching of the soul in aspiration, another will accomplish the same end by the exercise of a profound humility, a sinking down, a self-noughting, as it is called. It is the path of mystical death, the complete surrender on the part of the separated self of the entire being to that Something which is dimly felt to be the Supreme. Varying degrees of illumination there may be, but no true Initiate or Master exists but has passed that way, through death to resurrection. We are touching here the fringe of that great mystery of which only the mystic himself may speak with authority—the “dark night of the soul.” The process of self-stripping must be endured to the end before the instrument for the Divine hands to work with is made perfect. For the most part we are far from the necessity of this drastic ordeal, which forms part of the later stages of the Path.

Many practices devised by the mystics are peculiarly adaptable to the earlier steps in the life of occultism. The method of spiritual reading advocated by Madame de Guyon is of undoubted value in the assimilation of the teaching of such works as *The Voice of the Silence* or *Light on the Path*, which are addressed almost entirely to the intuition. Only as these aphorisms are dwelt upon, turned over in the mind, and sympathetically pondered, does the meaning begin to reveal itself; and the more they are contemplated the more profound becomes their significance. This is the one method above all others which will bring the soul *en rapport* with that Wisdom which comes from within.

Another mystical practice which may be adopted with advantage is that of imagining every act or word as being done or said in the presence of the soul's Beloved. Only a moderate application of this device is sufficient to bring one face to face with embarrassing personal problems, problems which it would be as well to face unflinchingly and dispose of at the very outset. Little things that do not matter in the conventional life of the world, little things that are not the concern of any but the individual soul in relation to its God, take on an importance out of all proportion to their outward significance. Progress becomes easier according to the degree of fidelity with which these little things are mastered.

Closely related to this and the parallel "practice of the presence of God," with which the name of Brother Lawrence will for ever be associated, is that ideal life which most of us can only contemplate as a pattern of perfection—the life of consecration. Souls that are fortunate enough to thrill to the beauty of such an ideal should cherish the gift as their most sacred treasure. Its possession implies the possibility of one day realising that ideal. Here the surrender of the self to God is complete and absolute, without condition and beyond recall. Everything it has or is or hopes to be is given to the Lord. The soul begins to live the spiritual life. No set time is kept for prayer or contemplation, for the simple reason that at no time, whether sleeping or waking, working or resting, does the soul cease from its worship in the Sanctuary. Such a soul is within measurable distance of taking steps which will admit it into a life which will make it something more than human.

We men and women of the everyday world, however, are concerned with what are to us far more practical problems. The trials and temptations of the body we have always with us. Although the consciousness may more or less definitely and strongly reach upward in aspiration towards the spiritual life and the lower worlds exert an ever-diminishing power to hold us back, the self is far from being stripped and "noughted." Many a battle must yet be fought upon this field before the conquering spirit may utter the final "consummatum est." Nevertheless, the main stream of life is set in the right direction: it tends towards its Source. Gradually, however, with the increasing play of spiritual forces upon the physical form, subtle alchemical changes are initiated whereby the very constitution of the human body takes on a change. "The odour of sanctity" is no mere figurative phrase. Acquaintance with occult and mystical phenomena proves beyond doubt that powerful spiritual presences are generally accompanied by a specific fragrance. Strange stories are also on record with regard to the mortal remains of saints and mystics whose lives have manifested a high degree of spirituality.

The nature of this change may be indicated when it is remembered that the vast mass of present-day humanity is subject to the forces of generation, necessary, of course, for the preservation of the race. That very essence of life which normally tends downwards towards physical manifestation is, in the case of highly spiritual natures, completely reversed in direction, not con-

sciously, but automatically, by the play of higher forces upon the lower vehicles. Not that we would here be understood as implying that spiritual people cannot or may not have children. Motherhood is divine, however obscured the inner reality may be. It is, however, an error born of an insufficient acquaintance with the deeper issues of occultism to suppose that these forces may be transmuted by the power of the individual will. More than one occultist has come to grief through making this mistake. By concentration upon them the sex forces are abnormally stimulated, and outraged nature inevitably exacts her price. This change takes place from above. The lower self has no part in it other than that of acquiescence. Only the purest souls may experience the activity of the holy Paraclete, whose task it is to effect this transmutation. Under Her influence the actual physical form is "redeemed from sin," and the forces which otherwise would be expended in the creation of other bodies go to the formation of the divine substance, from which one day shall be woven the glorious body of the Resurrection. But this is a mystery which concerns the hither side of the Golden Gates, and is a story of Easter rather than of Christmastide.

In a remarkable book, however, *The Science of Love with Key to Immortality*, by Ida Mingle,* the hidden significance of many obscure passages in the Christian scriptures are shown to have reference to these mysteries, and in the course of its eleven-hundred-odd pages considerable attention is devoted to a study of the nature of love and its relation to the question of immortality. Lack of space, unfortunately, precludes more than a passing comment at this juncture. It is a work, however, which, while somewhat involved in style, is so full of suggestions and food for reflection that it is felt that many students would be pleased to have it brought to their attention.

THE EDITOR.

* Chicago: School of Livable Christianity, 108, Auditorium Buildings.

THE GNOSIS AS PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

By JEAN DELAIRE

AS Alexandria stood mid-way between East and West, forming the bridge upon which passed into Europe the religious and philosophic beliefs of the Far East, so Gnosticism, one of the greatest of the many systems promulgated in Alexandria, acted as a link between the abstruse conceptions of ancient India and the clear-cut thought of the Græco-Roman world. And this rôle is not ended. Although to most modern minds Gnosticism stands for nothing more than a few strange and half-forgotten sects, and its leading doctrines are usually identified with somewhat fantastic ideas on the nature of God and Man, it has yet profoundly influenced modern thought; and this influence can still be felt, albeit under a new terminology and with the symbols of another faith.

Amid all the complex theories of Emanations, Æons, Archons, and the rest, which are so characteristic of Gnosticism, two fundamental ideas appear and reappear in every Gnostic school—the conception of Light, or the *Gnosis*, and the Creative Word, or *Logos*, the dual manifestation of the Boundless Power, the Mystery of the Ineffable or the Absolute.

From these two root-ideas both Gnostic philosophy and Gnostic religion were logically evolved. Following the universal tradition of Eastern philosophy, all Gnostic systems—and there were many—distinguished between this Absolute, or the Unmanifest God (the *Parabrahm* of Hinduism) and His First Emanation, the Manifest God. Thus “the Manifest of the Unmanifest” was their profoundly metaphysical description of the *Logos*.

This Light and this Word were never personified, but remained as pure abstractions within that other Abstraction, the *Plerōma* or World or Pure Light. They were Divine attributes; and, as they passed from latency into activity, they emanated the Powers of the Spheres, or forces of nature; the archetypal worlds and all their angelic hosts. For Gnostic doctors conceived the universe as an intricate system of interpenetrating spheres, varying in density, from the Sphere of Pure Light, beyond the sun, to the densely material planes that compose our sub-lunary

world ; and every sphere was peopled with living, conscious entities—Angels of the Lord, Æons of light, Messengers of the Virgin of Light ; and also the Lesser Angels, the Hosts of the Demiourgos—that strange Being, half god, half demon—and the Powers of the Great Abyss that lured *Sophia* to her doom.

In the *Pistis-Sophia*, the only one of the many Gnostic scriptures that has survived the destructive hand of fanaticism, this is the central theme, as it is the central theme in most religious and in all mystery-cults—the descent of *Sophia* (the Divine Wisdom in its lower aspect of the World-Soul) into matter ; and the reflection of this cosmic event as the descent of the human *Ego* into “ the tomb ” of the body

As we have seen, in Gnosticism *Light* and the Creative *Word* are the First (dual) Emanation from the Absolute ; while in some systems it is Light Itself that is the Logos, or Creative Power *within* the universe ; for in Gnostic as in Eastern philosophy all life is conceived as an incarnation of the Divine Life. This Life, then, in its aspect of the World-Soul, descends into primeval matter ; in the æonic processes of evolution it becomes ever more involved in all its planes and sub-planes, more and more immersed in the great abyss, until its own light is obscured, its divine origin is forgotten, and—as in the beautiful myth of the *Pistis-Sophia*—the World-Soul stands as an exile outside the gates of her heavenly home. And in just the same way that fragment of herself, the “ Indweller of light,” is drawn into the cycle of generation, enters the body and becomes identified with it, forgets its own true nature, its divine origin and immortal destiny. Then it is that the Divine Counterpart of the World-Soul, the Divine Mind or Spirit (*Nous*) Himself descends into the lower worlds, delivers *Sophia* from the bondage of matter and leads her back to that Divine world where she originally dwelt—the Plerōma or “ Plenitude ” of God.

This conception of the World-Soul being delivered out of matter by the Spirit of God clearly shows that in Gnosticism, as in so many other systems, whatever divisions or sub-divisions might be applied to the constitution of the universe and of man, fundamentally they were conceived as a trinity in unity—in man, the “ body, soul and spirit ” of St. Paul, himself a student of Gnosticism ; and in the cosmos, the Divine Spirit, the World-Soul and Matter. Thus the Spirit in man was held to be immortal by its very nature, for it was a fragment of the Divine Spirit ; the body belonged to Matter, to the great deep, or the

sphere farthest removed from the Plerōma; while the Soul, link between the two, became immortal in the measure that it conquered matter and succeeded in uniting itself to the Spirit, its divine counterpart.

If the Soul failed to do this in one life it must needs, after a brief period in the intermediate spheres, return into incarnation to learn its lessons anew. For there were few sins, in the philosophic Gnostic conception, that were only to be effaced by annihilation. There is a beautiful passage in the *Pistis-Sophia* depicting the after-death condition of a just man who yet failed to be initiated into the mysteries of the Gnosis. His soul was conducted before the judge of souls, the Virgin of Light, attended by her seven handmaidens; and she clothed the soul with a new body, bidding it ever to remember its true (divine) nature, and to seek diligently for the Kingdom of Heaven, so that in its next life it might become an inheritor of the Light.

True to their name of *Gnostics*, knowledge, in its higher aspect of Wisdom, or inner illumination, was considered by the doctors of the Gnosis as the supreme end of man, and lack of this knowledge as the supreme deprivation. There was a saying among them, attributed to one of the oldest of their sects, the Ophiani, to the effect that "the beginning of perfection is the knowledge of man; but the end of perfection is the knowledge of God."

To all who have seriously studied the tenets of these ancient philosophers there can be no doubt that by the knowledge of God they meant exactly what the Hindus mean by *Brahma-vidya*, or the science of the Supreme—what St. Paul meant when he spoke of the "Christ within," or God-in-Man. For they were mystics, in the true meaning of that much-abused word. Like the *mystæ* of old, they were bound by a vow of secrecy never to reveal the inner teaching of their religion; and the reason for this secrecy was the same reason that guarded the door of every sanctuary from the intrusion of the "profane"—in other words, from the undisciplined and the unprepared. The purificatory rites that preceded every ancient "mystery" were but the symbol of that pure heart and clean mind which alone made true initiation possible.

The ultimate end of every initiation is the unveiling of the God in man, that divine spark which is in very truth the Life of his life. But while the transcendence of the Divine—the conception of God as the Creator and Upholder of the universe, the Supreme Ruler and Law-Giver—may be dimly apprehended by

the multitude, the conception of His in-dwelling Presence is to many of us, "little children" in spiritual understanding as we mostly are, utterly incomprehensible, therefore fated to be misunderstood; and, being misunderstood, to be misused. That, perhaps, is the only absolute evil in the world—the conscious misuse of the divine powers latent within us.

Thus it was that Gnostic doctors, wise in their generation, hid the central truth in their doctrine under a triple veil of symbolism, myth and parable. In the lamentations of *Sophia*, or the World-Soul, calling out, from the depth of the great abyss, to the Spirit of God for deliverance; in the beautiful parable of the Child who left his Father's home in the East, cast off his garment of gold and precious gems, and went down naked into the land of Egypt, there to fall into a deep sleep, and forget that he was the Son of a King; in the symbols—among many others—of the Sun and Moon, which played so important a rôle in the Syrian schools of Gnosticism, the Sun or Logos, and His reflection, the World-Soul; or the Sun as the divine Spirit in man, and the Moon as its reflection in the soul—in all these, and by means of these, the Gnostics both concealed and (to the understanding mind) revealed the heart of their philosophy and their religion.

In the days of spiritual obscuration that followed close upon the fall of the Roman Empire and the irruption of new, more virile, but also more barbarous races, the supreme secret of Gnosticism, as of all esoteric religions and mystery-cults, was well-nigh forgotten; and only a few mystics within the Church, and illumined minds outside of it, were left as witnesses to the divine Gnosis of the ages.

That there is at the present time a revival of Gnosticism, albeit under other names, no thoughtful mind will deny. It is not, therefore, impossible that in the near future it may be reinstated in the position it once occupied in the earliest days of the Christian Church, *that of the wisdom-aspect of Christianity itself*. Then, perhaps, the men of science may discover in the cosmogony of these ancient systems a by no means foolish attempt to describe the universe in all its aspects, etheric and super-etheric as well as densely physical. The philosopher may come to see the logic of their distinction between the First Cause, or Creative God, and the "Ineffable Mystery," the Absolute, whence It emanated. The mystic may recognise in their doctrine of the "Indweller of Light" a clear allusion to that real Presence which mysticism

in all ages has sought to realise within the depths of human consciousness. And even the man of the world—the plain man of to-day, who is neither a scientist nor a philosopher, and still less a mystic—may some day scan, if only out of curiosity, the recovered fragments of these age-old scriptures; and there, amid the long and involved sentences, the difficult terminology and sometimes tedious repetitions, he may perceive something of the outlines of the heavenly *Gnosis*, the Virgin of Light, First-born of the Eternal.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

By THEANA

I SOUGHT the Way of Escape. And as my consciousness of outer things faded and I rose inward and upward, I saw a Vision.

Where all had been black to my upward gaze, there appeared a rift in the gloom, such as sometimes comes between masses of cloud on a dark winter's night.

As I looked, the black changed to blue, and the blue to an intense azure; and then, suddenly, there flashed out a Star! And its flashing sent a thrill to the depths of my very being.

Once only it flashed, but it was enough; for in that brief second of Illumination had come the realisation that what I saw was indeed no other than that same Star which is said to have flashed out at the Birth of Christ.

Then I *knew* that the Star of Bethlehem was no outward stellar object, visible to physical eyes, but a celestial phenomenon manifested upon the interior heavens of the soul with a Message for all who could see.

And in that instant of intense consciousness there came to me the certainty that the Three Wise Men of the story were no earthly kings, but are the three innermost planes of individual consciousness; and, moreover, that the Plains of Bethlehem were assuredly no mere earthly pastures, but the *planes* of the lower Spiritual Heavens, where alone could such a Symbol be manifested and made visible to the interior vision.

And lastly I knew that I had been shown the way to what I sought, and that only in the Light of THAT Star can The Way of Escape be found!

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW

By E. A. CHAYLOR

THERE appeared in the pages of this magazine some months ago a short article entitled *The Shadow*. Owing to the nature of the subject dealt with it aroused considerable interest, both the pros and the cons having been well represented subsequently in the correspondence columns.

Through it all there emerges clearly and unmistakably the fact that, on the whole, this article has been misunderstood. Nowadays it would seem that a single presentation of a subject of general interest or importance is not enough to satisfy the reader: he must have every point argued, and the whole matter mentally demonstrated to the point of exhaustion.

In the ancient world, ideas such as we are considering were something to be taken into the consciousness and there pondered—examined as regards their essence. The modern mind would seem to regard such concepts as mere superficial statements; statements to be immediately challenged and disproved, or, failing disproof, to be discredited. If the facts cannot be successfully denied, then the next best thing is to arraign the motive for stating the facts. Both these methods have been requisitioned in attempts to disperse the "Shadow"; but the Shadow still remains.

Now, *The Shadow* was written with an object, and in order that this shall be to some extent attained it is proposed to take the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW behind the scenes, to show them why it was written, what it really is, and how it must be understood.

It was written in the hope of calling attention to the condition in which the modern world is living, both spiritually, morally, and physically: it is a cry to AWAKE, to realise the forces that are at work around us and within us, and to prepare to meet the grave issues which are inevitably and irresistibly advancing upon us.

The Shadow, as it stands, is a record of certain pictures which arose within the inner (and waking) consciousness of the writer. It is psychic, or soul knowledge, and is intended to sound a warning note in the souls of others.

So wise, so clever, so watchful are our doughty critics—yet they have not been able to recognise the simple fact *that it was not written for the brain-mind at all.*

Upon this little, fugitive, hunted hare of the soul our critics have loosed the hounds of Facts, of Figures, of Logic—the whole pack that harbours in the kennels of the brain. But they cannot overtake it, or, if they do, their teeth but close upon the impalpable. Our little hare is of the soul, not of the stilted concepts of the brain, and so the “Shadow” still persists, and the hounds pursue in vain.

Now, am I not delivered, bound, into the hands of the critics? What a chance for them to cry triumphantly—“We want not Shadow but Substance!” But they are forestalled. Substance they have, in very truth; but it is the substance of the future, and this, by reason of the limitation of their mental processes, they can neither deal with nor apprehend. For them the Past exists as memory; the Present as fact; but the Future is for them non-existent except as a fugitive speculation of the brain.

It is by means of the faculties of soul that we are able to lay hold upon “the substance of things hoped for”; i.e., of things still in the future (whether they be hoped for or not), and it is well to note that the present writer is not alone in regarding them as substance.

But the modern critical reader, though well weaponed for his favourite pursuit, is woefully deficient in the finer susceptibilities. His life processes centre in an effort to know *about* things, and that is quite different to knowing the things themselves. For this latter is, in its essence, realisation; a process which is four-dimensional, not three. Therefore it can reach out into the future, it can lay hold upon the future, it can feel and handle that substance which *is* the future.

These limitations and predilections of the critics were well known, and *The Shadow*, as we have said, was not written for our three-dimensional friends, but for those amongst us who have at least some premonitory stirrings of the fourth. Yet would we not leave even the critics unprovided for, nor the hounds without a bone upon which to try their teeth. For these, the whole matter must be presented in another guise. It must make its appeal to the brain, quite as much as to the soul: it must give them Cause, and Reason, and logical Deduction. So, while

The Shadow was written for the psychically awakened ones, *The Tocsin* was written for those whose consciousness centres more easily in the region of mental and moral concepts.

It is a fact not without significance that, so far as we are aware, not a single line or sentence in *The Tocsin* has yet been challenged, either in or out of print. One or two incidental references perhaps, a vague mutter, a premonitory growl there may have been, but so far no hound has bayed, no critic has stood forth to challenge Truth.

Our friends who have honoured the first article sufficiently to discourse upon it may be divided roughly into two classes—those who debate questions of times, seasons, and interpretations generally, and (secondly) those who state, directly or indirectly, that articles such as *The Shadow* ought not to be written at all. The former we may safely leave to arrive at their conclusions in their own ways, but we would like to draw the attention of the latter to certain obvious facts, which although they like facts, they seem to have overlooked.

All down the ages there have arisen from time to time certain ringers of bells, certain watchmen who watch in the night. For the most part these stand upon a high place, for their usefulness depends upon their vision: their service is to watch, and, when need arises, to sound the alarm. The modern world, the world of our critics, calls them no longer watchmen, but alarmists. The watchman, if he be intent upon his business, has no time to quarrel over names.

None the less, the watchman has never been popular: sleepers do not as a rule care to be awakened, and those who royster in the night love not to be reminded of the dawn.

Autres temps, autres mœurs: we are now in the year of grace 1926, so perhaps a modern simile is more appropriate. Let us imagine our watchman to be a railway signalman. High up in his signal-box he has a clear view of the line *in both directions*. But he has much more than that—he has also certain warning bells, telegraphic signals which give him sure information, in advance of that afforded by his personal vision. By these he sets his signals and adjusts matters over that part of the line for which he is responsible.

Our signalman knows that certain trains (or events) are due to pass at certain times quite definitely known to him beforehand, and as the time for their advent approaches they are confirmed by signal and known to be close at hand,

Here it is necessary to depart a little from our analogy ; for, if the line be not clear, the signalman can, and must, halt the oncoming train. In the present case the train cannot be halted or stayed. The line is not clear, and all we can do is to attempt to clear it. Humanity is, for the most part, like a drunkard who has strayed upon the track, and lies there more or less comfortably, " sleeping it off." Others are like a party of pleasure seekers—no more than children in their knowledge of the facts of life—and these stray idly, unaware of that which is advancing.

If our signalman (departing, with your permission, yet a little further from strict analogy) sounds the alarm, shall we damn him for an alarmist ? Yet that is precisely the position taken by our second class of critics. The watchman is accused of precipitating the danger because he gives timely warning of its approach. This accusation is the accusation of self interest, of those who have something to lose by approaching change, of those who are so foolish as to be unable to realise that cosmic events can neither be stayed nor turned aside. Nor can they, on the other hand, be precipitated by the fact of the watchman sounding the alarm, for whether the watchman sleep or wake, that which is to be shall surely come to pass.

Let it be remembered that the forces of the three worlds are sharply divided into two camps—those who would awaken the sleeper, and those who would drug him to deeper unconsciousness, or lull him fatally to false security. These latter are they who cry " peace, peace, when there is no peace." They prate of the " mercies of Providence," forgetting that His decrees change not, for He is unchangeable. They are up in arms because, forsooth, Cosmic Law may not be turned aside to accommodate the reveller or the indifferent. They decry the watchman, the alarmist, and imagine that the whole time-table of cosmic evolutionary progress should be held up and disorganised until such time as the fools decide to vacate the track.

Consciously or unconsciously these do the work of the Forces of Evil, binding more tightly the bandages of ignorance and disbelief upon the brow of their Brother. If we are alarmists, these are the " Hush-hush brigade "—a deceitful and doubtful crew at best.

The question of the legitimacy and value of such warnings as are exemplified in *The Shadow* was most admirably dealt with by the Editor in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, from which I now quote

“ . . . such foreshadowings have a definite value, as have those premonitory dreams to which certain individuals are liable. They afford at least an opportunity of mitigating to some extent the coming shock, and in some instances actually offer a means of avoiding the threatened crash . . . prophecies or premonitions may be turned to good account, *even in cases where the outcome is inevitable*. Such forewarnings may be regarded in the light of *opportunities for the correct orientation of the inner life*.” The writer of those words has put his finger upon the crux of the whole matter, with an insight or intuition which is truly spiritual. Such warnings are given in order that men, if they will, may have an opportunity to adjust themselves, their ideas, their mode of life, to those changes which are not only coming, but which are inevitable

What reply have the “ Hush-hush brigade ” to make to this ? If these plain warnings help them not individually—they being for the most part beyond help in these matters—shall they deny that help or warning to others whose necks, mayhap, are not of an equal stiffness to their own ? Referring to the “ Alarmists ” we said in *The Tocsin* : “ Having learned Wisdom, they sound the alarm—once. Thereafter they turn their attention to such as are in earnest about the business of escape.” Such is the position to-day, and that brings us to the question of how these two articles should be read and understood. In considering this we may also get some hint as to what is the real nature of that “ way of escape ” ; perhaps, if we understand more, we shall find it is not so selfish as some seem to have imagined.

To understand anything of the true nature of the world-changes which are approaching, the evidences of which multiply daily on every hand, we must at least have an idea of what are the corresponding changes which are taking place on inner planes. In the space allotted to this article only a brief and incomplete statement can be made ; but it is hoped that even this little will cause some to *think* before joining the chorus of our so-wise critics.

There being no space for details, we must be content with the empirical statement that the age-long “ war in heaven,” the ceaseless battle between the forces of Evil and the forces of Light, *has been won*. That is to say, it has been won so far as the ultimate issues for humanity are concerned, just as victory in the late war was decided (so tacticians tell us) by the battles of the Marne and the Aisne.

The result of this is that the Celestial Plan of Campaign has quite recently undergone a complete change, and the position, so far as the forces of Light are concerned, is analogous to that of the British at Waterloo when the order was given, "Let the whole line advance."

The physical body of the planet is surrounded by a region of astral matter, which forms an aura completely enveloping the Earth, thus cutting it off from *direct* solar or planetary influences. This region is called the astral plane in Theosophical terminology, and it is also the "border-land" of the Spiritualists. For the most part it is inhabited by entities who are now highly inimical to humanity, and this inimicality is due to certain well-known facts. First; what is for denizens of the astral plane a normal and right condition, constitutes for humanity a state which we generally describe as "evil." Not necessarily evil for them, but evil for man, because he has made it so.

The second reason is that every denizen of the astral world is, by its nature, a consciously four-dimensional being. Man is also a four-dimensional being, but not consciously, as he possesses only a three-dimensional brain, and this is the cause of three-fourths of the troubles of humanity to-day. Therefore when man, without preparatory training, succeeds in forcing entrance into the astral world, he is in grave danger and at a manifest disadvantage compared with entities who use naturally and constantly a four-dimensional consciousness. Conversely, when any denizen of the astral world succeeds in gaining power to function in the physical world, he has certain advantages, due to his extended range of consciousness which make him both undesirable and dangerous. These facts, though well known to every *real* occultist, are not, as a rule, so well understood by Spiritualists and other investigators whose methods are, at present, purely experimental.

We shall now be able to understand something of the general nature of the position as regards humanity. The day for the redemption of this planet *on all planes* is dawning; the order to advance has already been given to those celestial Forces and Hierarchies who are concerned in this particular work. The advance has commenced, and plane by plane it is driving downwards towards the Earth itself those denizens of the various astral regions who are antipathetic to the healing forces.

These are being driven down in ever-increasing numbers: those arrows which for ages men have shot into the blue are now

returning upon their own heads; *they are coming into physical incarnation*. They are able to incarnate because men and women, by reason of their selfishness, their passions, and their ignorance of natural law, provide these entities with the opportunities they seek.

This is the horror which is threatening humanity to-day, and it was described in *The Shadow* in that sentence which says "The devils of the lower world will literally be turned loose upon the Earth, and Europe will be overwhelmed in a horror of desolation." It will take the form of possession of the bodies of infants at a pre-natal stage, or at the time of birth; also of obsession in the case of persons who are weak, vicious, or ill-balanced. Every séance which is held for purposes of materialisation adds to the danger, and makes it increasingly easy of accomplishment.

This danger may be avoided only by a realisation of the position, and a complete orientation of the mental and spiritual attitude on the part of masses of the people. Indifference, scepticism, and denial of the facts are *fatal*. It is easy to see now who are the real enemies of mankind, the alarmists or the "Hush-hush brigade." Men and women must band themselves together under competent leadership if they are to survive or to escape. For there is a way of escape, and it is still available for those who will avail themselves of it.

Those changes which are to come about in the outer world: wars, revolutions, and the fall of nations, are but the *effects* of readjustments now being made in the astral regions, for those regions are about to be cleansed and purged. As the astral base or mould is broken up, its physical-plane counterpart crumbles and disintegrates. Therefore shall institutions and governments be removed, and that Power which boasts itself impregnable shall be overturned and utterly destroyed. It was said in *The Tocsin*, "The way of change from misery to happiness lies through a change of heart." The future of the nations of the earth will depend upon the extent to which they realise that truth and act upon it.

THE MAGICAL ASPECT OF THE LYRIC

BY MICHAEL JUSTE

ONE wonders, when attempting to drink the modern vintages of poetry, what sad and painful miracle has occurred that could change that which was so sweet, so fragrant and so rare to the palate of the soul into a bitter, tasteless and often unwholesome fluid. If we are lovers of that divine liquor brewed by the lordly minds of the past, recollection dawns within us, and abruptly we leave these coarsely-flavoured potions, thankfully returning to the never-ending draughts of wine pressed from the grapes of the past poets.

Here the spirit drinks from goblets abrim with fiery exultation ; from vessels dark with the wine of lovely melancholy ; from flasks of horn bubbling with the sparkling essences of love, life and laughter. A rich, splendid change has occurred. And the drinker senses at once, through the riot of imagery, colour and thought evoked, that he drinks beverages distilled by mighty magicians.

Is it to be wondered at that the past students of this sublime art treated it with reverence and awe? For many, I believe, knew and understood the great powers of spiritual evocation that lay hidden within the often simple and gracious lines. They knew that the works of these masters were as temples in which the soul of their creator dwelt, and that he had climbed spiritual altitudes they had not yet traversed. But they also knew that by entering into these temples they would sense a little of that grandeur, unseen and unknown to the mass of mankind.

The above has been written in regard to the lyric. I mean the true, regal lyric, burning with prophetic and emotional fervour, simple and crystalline in word and form ; glittering with symbol and vision ; and filled with the noble tones of divine melody. In this form of verse can be found philosophical concepts clarified and made beautiful for those minds that cannot grasp the tortuous methods indulged in by hazily-minded thinkers. This is the form of verse that has given past civilisations ideals and strength to continue climbing upwards.

The poet of to-day revolts against these old conventional forms. He dethrones imaginative emotion, and becomes the slave to a cold, soulless intellect that bristles with as many sharp points of

criticism as does the porcupine with quills. He endeavours to concoct beverages from elements that refuse to mix. He produces synthetic substances that bear all the marks of artificiality, toil and artfulness, but certainly not of art. The sweat of his brow oozes from out every line, and the result makes painful reading. But the truth of the matter consists in this: He is not and will never be a poet until he realises that poetry is a spiritual power that will only serve those who are willing to become instruments of the Divine. And without this power, which is the vital spark of inspiration, he shapes but dead butterflies, dead flowers, dead birds. And though, like the alchemists of old, he may seek the informing principle that will give his creation perpetual life, he will constantly fail as long as barren intellect and scepticism are crowned kings of his philosophy. Rhymed verse, unrhymed verse, shapely and unshapely, are utterly useless as long as his experimenting lacks this spiritual essence.

When one studies the great lyrics of the past, two principles are generally revealed, principles that endow the whole work with sincerity, beauty and power. And these are: A belief in God or gods, and in the ultimate nobility of the lowest of mankind.

"Agreed," one can imagine the modern poet saying, "but in those periods the pageantries of religion were in full bloom and faiths had not been destroyed by the explosives of Science. To-day we know better, and can explain the workings of their minds by psychoanalytical methods. Their so-called divine imaginings were but transmuted sexual elements. Their sensitivity was but a form of neurasthenia. Their clairvoyance, particularly so in the case of William Blake, plain insanity that to-day would be certifiable." And he ceases, with probably a smile of contempt for the poets who believed, and for the present-day believers. And there he leaves us.

The true poet is a magician, particularly so in the case of the lyrical poet; for he has awakened certain centres that have enabled him to get in touch with the mind and elemental forces of Nature. We have only to read the works of Shelley to see the truth of this. And though it may be urged that Shelley was supposed to have been an atheist, his very work contradicts his belief. He was one in whom the sylph nature predominated, to the exclusion of all else. The breeze, the cloud, the tempest and the shower were enthralled into the verse of this enchanter of aerial powers. Subtle and elusive emotions were caught in the net of his inspiration, and transfixed, still lambent with life and

fluttering their wings, upon paper. His voice is swift and light, and the frail cold flame that rushes through his lines sweeps the reader onwards. The dancing oreads were his playmates, Aurora his mother, and Aeolus his father. With Shelley we find one who was a natural pagan, and in perfect accord with the unresting spirit of Nature.

He, like all great and natural poets, was but an instrument, a tongue that translated the language of the elemental powers into the language of the nation. But these elemental powers sent forth a peculiar force possessing a mantric quality, and it was the mantra that immortalised the lyric, and likewise moulded its form. For the true poet does not have to measure and mould the vessel for the wine, as so many critics assume, but he becomes, in the truly mystical sense, one with his subject, and the form comes naturally.

Another aspect of mantric or lyrical poetry lies in the silence produced in the final line. If a lyric possesses the power to produce a cessation of mental turmoil, it has fulfilled its purpose. And here is another aspect that makes the poem great, though it could likewise be dangerous. For if this knowledge were used by one who desired to awaken the evil side in man, and had the genius to do so, he could create an unpleasant force in society, because the symbols, thoughts, colours and melodies enter the mind of the reader when the mind is stilled. The reader or listener becoming impersonal, does not oppose the forces invoked and flowing from the poem, and in that sacred silence a spiritual door is opened through which flows that spiritual power the poet felt when in the act of creation. In fact, the lover of poetry is subjected to a magical process, which is the reason for the suggestion that it would be dangerous to read the form of poetry that is loaded with unwholesome symbol, thought, and degenerating melody.

Now, when speaking of the mantric quality in poetry, there is a further point to be considered, and that is, the similarity of forces invoked in verse. As an example, we will take three well-known poems, and it will be noted that a similar force flows from each. There is no need to quote them, for all who read verse know of them. They are: *Invictus*, *Recessional*, and *Crossing the Bar*. Although the authors of these three poems differ in genius to a considerable degree, yet, at the moment of composition, they had all attained a similar height of inspiration, and one of the loftiest and noblest peaks to which a poet could rise. For here the

force invoked is compelling and masterful. And whereas other lyrics are scented, delicate and subtle, these verses are simple, direct, short, and pregnant with the dynamic quality of the spirit. In these three poems come aspiration, humility, and hope. Ambition, shaken and weakened, renews itself in the magic of *Invictus*, Pride and majesty remember past failures at the altar of *Recessional*. The soul becomes triumphant before the nobility of *Crossing the Bar*. That is why it is suggested that they come from the highest altitudes, for the poets were then nearer to the source of things than probably at any other period of their lives. These are the trumpet tones that bring to us likewise a realisation of the existence of our Higher Selves. Poetry, from that aspect alone, becomes not merely the decorative embroidery of society, but a spiritual necessity, and will be recognised as such when the religious elements in man reawaken and establish their lost sovereignty in Nature.

Mention was previously made of psychoanalysis, a theory dealing with the anatomy, knots, and warps of the mind, a scientific maze, half-built, and becoming increasingly complicated by its exponents and opponents. As long as either side refuses to recognise the spiritual element, their complicated apparatus will solve only few of the problems.

Psychoanalysis is here alluded to in order to describe what it is believed takes place when the poet, or, for that matter, any artist, becomes inspired.

The present-day belief is that inspiration, far from being a God-sent, holy flame, is the reverse; that it is a foul gas or fume rising from emotional and mental marshes which, by a strange moral process, becomes transmuted into some noble creation, some golden perfume, some idealistic concept, like the lotus rising from the mire. It is obvious that this ugliness can only be transformed by the caress and power of something finer and sweeter, but this can only be done when the soul makes a conscious effort to rise. Not that this emotion is necessarily changed into a spiritual force that creates beauty, but that, quite conceivably, it becomes a ladder or lever that the artist uses in order to lift himself up. For it is certainly a powerful force, which, in the process of coming in contact with the higher spheres, becomes likewise cleansed. Now when the poet achieves this summit, he is in a realm of new currents that are, as I have been told by an adept, of an emotional-nature, and if he is clairvoyant, he sees besides feeling the symbols that are within these spheres. Likewise he shows in

his work an entirely new creative element. There are two reasons for this. One: He has become part of his Higher Self, and the Higher Self has a perfect individuality of its own, expressing itself in a new and original manner. Two: The sphere he has contacted has likewise peculiar properties of its own, and though, as mentioned above, some poets have entered similar spheres, it was the Higher Self that produced the differences so noticeable.

This is why poets become prophetic when speaking from these heights, and the proof that they have done so; for they have left the world of Time, and can see that which is to come.

Let me conclude by quoting some of the instruction given me by the teacher to whom I have already alluded.

As occult students are aware, when the body sleeps the soul visits those realms that are of greatest interest to it. These realms are not astral but mental and spiritual.

“In the higher planes the artist has built up his own material, and many times assistance is given him in order that he may contact his own creative energy which he has established on the inner planes. Many poems are but poor translations of the poet’s real inner themes, and often when out of the body I found a poet studying his own poems and endeavouring to bring them down into a more material form, so that he may remember them when in the Earth consciousness.”

“Sometimes the poet reads his own work on the higher planes, then descends with it to a middle plane, striving to make this poem correspond with the knowledge of the middle plane, and here, as well as on the higher plane, he receives the aid of a teacher who attempts to impress the artist’s mind with his material when he awakens on the physical plane. It is always the aim of these teachers who assist the artist to bring into incarnation a work of the nature of the higher planes. Also, they endeavour to help the artist to keep that same vitality of thought-emotion that the work possesses in the inner realms.”

The above quotation should serve as an illustration of the manner in which a poet produces his work, and why it possesses the mantric quality.

Therefore, he who would be a poet must transmute the grey vibrations of this atmosphere into golden ones, and in the process he will discover that he has been treading a Path whose length terminates only at the porchway that opens upon the world of Divine Mysteries and secret chambers of Nature and of Godhood.

CLAIRVOYANCE AMONGST PRIMITIVE PEOPLES

BY THEODORE BESTERMAN

PART II (*Conclusion*)

A STILL earlier account is of great importance, not so much for the actual incidents, but as dating from the earliest contact of the missionaries with the Indians, affording perfect evidence of the fact that cryptesthesia was practised among them before they became familiar with the ideas of Europeans. This instance is by a Spanish writer, according to whom, since the arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians had known of the mutinies, rebellions, battles and deaths, both of their oppressors, of soldiers and of private individuals—and this at distances of two or three hundred leagues. These things they knew of the same day as they occurred, or the day after, which would have been impossible by any known means of communication. To work this divination, says our author, they shut themselves up in a house and became drunk until they lost their senses; next day they answered any question—an unexpected testimony to the value of intoxicants were it not fairly certain that what our observer calls drunkenness would more properly have been described as trance or possession. Some affirm, the writer continues, that the Indians use certain unctions. The Indians say, moreover, that old women frequently hold this office of witchcraft.

These persons are also able to show what has become of things stolen or lost, and to them usually come those servants of the Spaniards who have lost anything belonging to their masters, or when they desire to know the success of things past or to come. When they go to the cities of the Spaniards on private or official business, they ask whether their voyage will be prosperous, whether they will be sick, whether they will die or return safely, or whether they will obtain that for which they go. To these questions the witches answer one way or the other, having first spoken to the devil in an obscure place. It appears that the inquirers are able to hear the voice which speaks the replies but are not able to understand it nor to see to what the witches speak.¹ Indeed, the accounts given of these

¹ J. Acosta, *The Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies* (London 1604), V. xxvi. 406-407.

sittings among the Indians and Lapps hardly differ in essential details from the most modern and scientific ones.

Passing now to other climes, we have the following interesting story from the Marshall Islands, in Micronesia, by a modern and very capable observer. He had hired from a native a schooner which was away for over a month instead of the anticipated fortnight. The native, anxious about his vessel, went to a witch in order to obtain information from her familiars. The woman, according to her custom, went back in the evening to a secluded hut, and sang various songs by means of which the spirits were to be attracted. She put her questions, and the next morning told the owner that he might be quite happy as his schooner was homeward bound but delayed by a contrary wind. As the ship ran into the harbour a few days later it was ascertained that on the night of the consultation the ship had been a hundred and eighty nautical miles from the atoll, battling with a contrary wind.¹

Due south-west of the Marshall Islands is Australia, where valuable evidence of the existence of cryptesthesia among the natives could be found. But a single example must suffice. An expert observer, Mrs. K. Langloh Parker, notes the following incident among the Euahlayi Tribe in north-western New South Wales. A girl who was staying with her was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill. She was not confined to her bed, being able to drag herself wearily into Mrs. Parker's sitting-room where she would lie back in a long chair, looking as limp as a piece of washed-out unbleached calico.

Hearing of the illness, the oldest native woman in the neighbourhood came to see Mrs. Parker about it. It was her practice, should anyone be ill, to wrap her string-charms round their wrists, and drone incantations over them. She asked Mrs. Parker what was the matter and what had made the girl sick.

When Mrs. Parker told the native woman that she did not know, the latter said she would consult the spirits on the matter. Thinking it might rouse her patient, Mrs. Parker asked the woman to come in. The old woman on entering expressed sympathy with the patient and repeated that she would consult the spirits. She squatted down in the middle of the room and began muttering in a foreign dialect. Presently Mrs. Parker and her friend both heard a peculiar whistling sort of voice utter some words to which

A. Erdland, *Die Marshall-Insulaner* (Münster i.W., 1914), p. 330.

the old woman responded. She was answered by the same whistling voice, but to further questions she received no reply

After waiting a few moments she declared that she had been speaking to a black fellow who had died some years before, who would not tell what she wanted to know. She then proposed to consult the spirit of a long dead granddaughter of hers. The same performance was gone through, a whistling voice was heard again, but once more without success. The old woman then declared she would consult a recently dead baby who had been one of Mrs. Parker's favourites. This effort was successful: the baby answered at once. In reply as to the cause of the illness she said that Mrs. Parker's friend had offended the spirits by bathing under the shade of a uniggah, a tree that is taboo. Mrs. Parker's friend had insulted the spirits by plunging into the shadow of this tree, and the spirit bees, the guardians of this spot, had bitten her on the back and secreted some wax on her liver. This was declared to be the cause of the illness, and the woman stated that if the patient's back were looked at the bee bites would be seen.

There certainly were some irritable inflamed spots where indicated. When the old woman told Mrs. Parker all that her favourite's spirit had told her, she, knowing where the uniggah was, and knowing where the invalid bathed with Mrs. Parker's coloured house-girls, said the spirit was wrong, for she knew that the girls would be much too frightened to bathe in the shade of the uniggah. But the old woman stuck to her story and said the spirit would not lie.

"Is the uniggah a big collabah between the bend and the garden?" Mrs. Parker's friend asked.

"Yes."

"Well then, I did bathe there the last time I went down. I was up too late to go with the girls, so slipped away alone, and as the sun was so hot I went round the bend into the shade of the big tree, where I had a lovely swim."

The old woman added to this feat of divination by effecting an equally remarkable cure¹—with which, however, we are not here concerned.

We will conclude our rapid sketch with instances of clairvoyance found amongst the natives of Africa. A well-known traveller in an interview told the following story:

¹ K. Langton [sic] Parker, "An Australian Witch," *Journ. S.P.R.*, (1899-1900 ix), 69-70.

"I had not received any letters from Europe for a year, and was of course very anxious to get some. I knew quite well that a good many must be waiting for me somewhere, but it was hardly likely that they would come to hand for some time, because the Nile was blocked by the floating islands of grass. One morning, however, a man came into our tent in a state of great excitement. The local *m'logo*, or wizard, he said, had been roaming the country the night before in the form of a jackal. He had, the messenger went on, visited a place called Meschera-er-Rek (which was some 550 miles distant from Lado, our camping-place) and had seen two steamers, one of them with mails for our party. Also, the steamers were commanded by a white pasha, who was minutely described. Now in the ordinary course of nature the man could not possibly have covered so vast a stretch of country in one night—nor even in twenty nights. I ridiculed the whole thing as absolutely absurd. We were having our coffee at the time, and Emin seemed inclined to give credence to the story, for he suddenly rose up and said he would have the man brought before him. In due time the wizard . . . was marched into our tent, and Emin at once addressed him in Arabic, saying, 'Where did you go last night?'

"'I was at Meschera-er-Rek,' he replied in the same tongue,

"'What were you doing there?'

"'I went to see some friends.'

"'What did you see?'

"'I saw two steamers arriving from Khartoum.'

"'Oh! this is nonsense. You could not possibly have been at Meschera-er-Rek last night.'

"'I *was* there,' came the tacit rejoinder, 'and with the steamer was an Englishman—a short man with a big beard.'

"'Well, what was he doing—what was his mission?'

"'He says that the great Pasha at Khartoum has sent him, and he has got some papers for you. He is starting overland to-morrow to come to you, bringing the papers with him, and he will be here about thirty days from now.'

"As a matter of fact . . . the *m'logo's* statement proved absolutely correct. In thirty-two days an Englishman *did* arrive in our camp, bringing letters for us from Khartoum. More than this, we knew from the wizard's description that Lupton Bey, and none other, was the man who was coming."¹

¹ R. W. Felkin, "From Khartoum to the Source of the Nile," *The Wide World Magazine* (London, 1898), i. 361-362.

Some interesting customs are to be found among the Calabar negroes of West Africa. These natives believe that they have four souls: the soul that survives death; the shadow on the path; the dream-soul; and the bush-soul. The bush-soul is always in the form of an animal of the forest, never in that of a plant. If a man sickens it is because his bush-soul is angry at being neglected, and a witch-doctor is called in. You are obliged to go to this expense, for you cannot see your bush-soul and discover the cause of the trouble unless you are an Ebumtup, endowed with second sight.¹

Of the use made of this second sight by the natives we have the following story.

Towards the end of the last Ashantee expedition the writer from whom we gather these details was stationed on the coast at the termination of the shortest route from Kumassi to the coast. A day before the expected entry of the expedition into Kumassi he was informed by his boy that the Governor had entered the town at noon—this was at about 1.30. About an hour later he was told the same thing by an old chief, an educated man, who, when he was laughed at, remarked that native means of communication were much more rapid than ours.

The news thus obtained turned out to be true, and the writer remarks that the upper portion of the line was in charge of the Royal Engineers, while the coast lines were under reserve for Government use only. The news was confirmed the following evening by official wire. The head of the military wire was some 30 to 36 hours' distance from Kumassi, so this excluded irresponsible chattering by the operators. As to runners, they were five days at the shortest for special runners from the front. The route is entirely through forest country, and, in regard to water transit of sound from drums, there is no direct access to the coast from Kumassi by water.²

It is well known that negroes from this part of Africa were transported in great numbers to America for the purposes of the slave traffic. Some of them were taken to the Bahamas, and among them, at least six or seven generations after their translation, broke out several epidemics of religious ecstasy. During one of these outbreaks girls would lie for nearly an hour and kick until they were quite exhausted. Then they would

¹ M. H. Kingsley, *Travels in West Africa* (London 1897), pp. 459-460.

² J. Shepley Part, "A Few Notes on Occultism in West Africa," *Proc. S.P.R.* (1898-1899), xiv. 346.

get up and recount their experiences while possessed. Descriptions were given of hell, and its inhabitants, present and future. Some of these girls would relate events occurring ten, twenty or thirty miles away. Subsequent investigation proved that their visions were veridical. One writer gives an instance for which he vouches.

A girl said that she saw a certain elder of a chapel eighteen miles away, with whom she was not personally acquainted, engaged in sinful practices, the details of which she gave, in secret. Upon inquiry it was found to be so, the man being too frightened to conceal his sin.¹

Finally, we pass to South Africa, and here, through the devoted researches of Bishop Callaway, we have the actual words of a native literally translated. These words give an incomparable picture of the practices of the Zulus, as can readily be seen from the following :

“ So he departs at the word of the Itongo, and goes out to the open hill, and cries ‘ Hai, hai, hai ; ’ and they all hear that it is he. They are disputing about him, and as soon as they hear that it is he, they say, ‘ Can it be, sirs, that he comes about the matter we were disputing about, saying, he is mad ? ’

“ Others say, ‘ O, why do you ask ? He comes on that account, if indeed you said that he was not an inyanga, but a madman.’

“ The great man of the village to which the inyanga is approaching, says, ‘ I too say he is mad. Just take things and go and hide them, that we may see if he can find them.’

“ They take things ; one takes beads, and goes and hides them ; others take picks, and go and hide them ; others hide assegais ; others bracelets ; others hide their sticks, others their ornaments, others their pots ; others hide baskets, and say, ‘ Just let us see if he will find all these things or not.’ Others hide cobs of maize ; others the ears of amabele, or sweet cane, or of ujiba, or the heads of upoko.

“ Some say, ‘ O, if he find all these things, will he not be tired ? Why have you hidden so many ? ’

“ They say, ‘ We hide so many that we may see that he is really an inyanga.’

“ They reply, ‘ Stop now ; you have hidden very many things.’

¹ F. B. Matthews, “ An Account of an Outbreak of Religious Hallucination in the Bahamas, West Indies,” *Journ. S.P.R.* (1885-1886), ii. 486.

" They return home, and wait. Then the Itongo tells him on the concealed hill ; for it had already said to him, ' Keep quiet ; they are now hiding things ; do not begin to appear. They wish to say when you find the things that you saw them when they hid them. Be quiet, that they may hide all the things ; then they will be satisfied that you are an inyanga.' Now the Itongo tell him, ' They have now hidden the things, and gone home. It is proper for you now to go to the home of the people who say you are mad and not an inyanga.'

" So he comes out on the open mountain, and runs towards their home, being pursued by his own people who are seeking him, for he went out during the night, and they did not hear when he went out very early in the morning, when it was still dark, when the horns of the cattle were beginning to be just visible. He reaches their home, and his own people who were looking for him, and have now found him, come with him. On his arrival he dances ; and as he dances they strike hands in unison ; and the people of the place who have hidden things for him to find, also start up and strike hands ; he dances, and they smite their hands earnestly.

" He says to them, ' Have you then hid things for me to find ?'

" They deny, saying, ' No ; we have not hidden things for you to find.'

" He says, ' You have.'

" They deny, saying, ' It is not true ; we have not.'

" He says, ' Am I not able to find them ?'

" They say, ' No, you cannot. Have we hidden then things for you to find ?'

" He says, ' You have.'

" They deny, declaring that they have not done so. But he asserts that they have.

" When they persist in their denial, he starts up, shaking his head. He goes and finds the beads ; he finds the picks, and the kilts, and the bracelets ; he finds the cobs of maize, and the ears of the amabele and ujiba and of upoko ; he finds all the things they have hidden. They see he is a great inyanga when he has found all the things they have concealed."¹

¹ H. Callaway, *The Religious System of the Amazulu* (Folk-Lore Soc., London 1884), pp 276-279.

This cursory survey is sufficient to show that among practically all the uncivilised races of mankind there exists or has existed some unknown faculty which there seems to be no reason for describing by a name other than that used for the same faculty among civilised peoples—cryptesthesia. We are not yet in a position to say whether the knowledge of this fact may in time help us to understand the nature of this unknown faculty, but it does at any rate lend still greater strength to the already overwhelming experimental testimony we possess.

SHRINES

By PHILIP HARRISON

All cities wherein men have lived and died
Are holy cities : walk with faith therein.
Not Christ alone of men was crucified,
Not every soul redeems itself through sin.

All temples wherein men have watched and prayed
Are holy temples : worship there in peace.
Know that whatever gods their priests obeyed
Can help thy troubled soul to find release.

All places wherein men have wrought in vain
Are holy places : lift thine eyes above,
And thou shalt know the mystery of pain
Is one thing with the mystery of love.

A FEW REAL GHOSTS

By ESTHER BICKERTON

COMPARATIVELY few people seem to have ever seen a "real" ghost. Fewer still appear to make a habit of ghost-seeing. So that I suppose I must have some peculiarity in my psychical make-up, since I have been seeing ghosts from time to time (and not only in reputedly haunted houses) ever since I was a child. I do not pretend to know what a ghost is; but if its reality depends on its visibility, then I claim that my ghosts are very real indeed.

My first experience of this kind occurred when I was quite small. I was one of a large family of girls and boys, living in a big country house. It was a modern building, but when, as was our delight, we were playing hide-and-seek up and down the long, rambling passages in the dark, it seemed eerie enough. One gusty night in late October we were in the midst of one of our noisy games.

My sister (and this was her one and only experience of the kind) and I were tearing "home" from one of our hiding-places when, as we crossed the hall, dimly lit by an old-fashioned gas-burner, we saw the front door open and our father walk in. He closed the door, and moved towards the hall-stand, but, as we both sprang joyously towards him, expecting his usual bear-like hug, there was nothing there! I have no explanation of this event, except that it was a Friday night, and about the time he often arrived from London to spend the week-end with his family. That day he was prevented from coming. Could it have been his thought form which we saw?

The next incident I remember was very puzzling and frightened me quite a lot. I was about sixteen, and staying with a young married couple in their modern house at Hampstead. In the middle of the night I awoke, and saw, suspended between the floor and ceiling, a complete skeleton in the corner of my bedroom. The bones were white and bleached, and shone with a bluish light. As I gazed at this appalling sight, petrified with fear, the whole thing faded away. There was no explanation of this vision either, but the husband of my friend died young. Was it a premonition?

When I was about twenty I went to Scotland to stay with a newly-married school friend. She and her husband were well endowed with this world's goods and lived in a charming house,

standing well back from the road, at the end of a long avenue of trees somewhere near Edinburgh. At breakfast the next morning I inquired of my host what could have caused the extraordinary noises which had awakened me early that morning. I could only describe these as footfalls, many of them shuffling along stone corridors. He was intensely interested, and said I must have what Scotch people call second sight, or be clair-audient, because the house was in parts very old and had formerly been a monastery. My room still retained part of the old wall with its three feet deep Gothic window, and what I had heard was undoubtedly the monks going to matins.

It was exactly five o'clock, for I looked at my watch, and, I may add, I never heard this again, although I stayed many times with my friends and occupied the same room.

Years later, after I was married myself, I awoke to the fact that I was very sensitive to "atmosphere," and, after taking a charming house in a central part of London, was unable to stay in it because it depressed me so much. I "saw" several things during the short time I lived in this house. One was the figure of a poor demented-looking boy, so forlorn and idiotic in expression that I couldn't bear my bedroom after I had seen him in it. At night in this sinister house I used to hear soft footfalls coming up the stairs. They always paused on the landing outside my bedroom door. I found myself waiting and listening for these footsteps, and couldn't endure the horror of their ghostly tread, and so we moved to a charming little house on Campden Hill, where the atmosphere was cheerful and benign. Still I "saw" a figure in this house. It was a huddled and much wrapped form of a woman and always stood by my bedroom door motionless. I wasn't a bit nervous of this visitant, and became in time quite accustomed to her.

During the war we were obliged to leave our delightful little house and went out to Norwood, where we took a pretty non-basement house of a certain age. This house was quite definitely haunted, for the whole family at different times saw a figure, which lurked on the landing, at the head of the stairs, and disappeared before one had time to get a good view of it.

Before I conclude I must describe the most picturesque of my uncanny experiences. Some few years ago I went to stay in an old Manor House, the interior of which had been largely modernised. The intense stillness in the atmosphere struck me at once. It was a silence that could almost be heard, and there

was a curious expectancy and a cold chill in the air, even on the hottest day.

A noisy houseful of young people made no impression on the hush which hung about the old house, but I think we were all more or less affected by it, although the subject of ghosts and hauntings was taboo—because the owner didn't "approve" of such things.

My bedroom was dark and oak-panelled with a low ceiling: dark, because it was a large room, and possessed only two very small lattice windows. The first few days passed uneventfully. Then one night I awoke and found myself sitting up in bed gazing at the same room, only so different.

It was lit by candles, in pewter candelabras, and a huge log fire blazed brightly on the open hearth. A fine Elizabethan table stood in the centre of the room, at which sat two people in high-backed, beautifully carved chairs.

A man with curling wig, garbed in the style of Charles I, was leaning on his elbow on the table, his head on the palm of his hand, gazing fixedly at a lovely young girl, who sat with her back to the fire, her pretty auburn hair falling in ringlets round her pale face, and her large dark eyes looking into her companion's. Both were deeply absorbed. Her dress was similarly of the Stuart period, the dark velvet bodice of her gown being finished with fine pointed lace round the décolleté. The table gleamed in the light, and there was a suggestion of richness and colour. I was enthralled and not a bit surprised at what I saw. Alas, it faded slowly like a picture on the screen, but not before I had time to take in all these details.

Another night in this same house a little boy came to see me. He stood beside my bed, a quaint and slightly hunchbacked figure, with pallid face and flaming red hair, dressed in a light green suit of some thick silk material, knee-breeches, and lace collar. I have often wondered if there is a record of such a one in the archives of the house. The family who owned and lived in it for centuries were red-headed.

At present I live in a modern flat, and among other figures I have seen, when wide-awake, is a very prosaic-looking man of middle age. What he is doing in my bedroom, *in his overcoat*, some nights when I see him, between three and four a.m., I know not! I wish I could have an explanation of these curious visions of mine.

TRUTH IN THE MARKET-PLACE

By ALGAR BAILEY

I walk with Truth and will write —

Not merely what I perceive of Truth,
But what the countless thousands before me
Down the Ages have also perceived of Truth in their own time,

And have expressed in their own way—
Often in language not understood
By those who have come after them.

I will write of Truth as I perceive Truth in these days.
My words I shall choose even as a painter chooses his colours—
Rude and rough where Nature is so, but at other times
Soft and delicate as the hues at sunset in September.

(2)

I will write of Truth so that those may learn
Who have Desire in their Breasts.
And my words—framed into sentences both long and short—
Are for those to read whose minds and bodies are quickened,
Who Live.

To men and women also who do not ;
Who know they are not in the Play ;
Who have not learnt why Life is life, Good good, Bad bad,
And who, therefore, are mere ciphers, starving where Plenty is,
Lonely where Jollity is, sad where Laughter is ;
To those also I write of Truth.

(3)

But as I write of Truth, let those who are afraid
To hear things said they have only thought ;
To see painted in natural colours that which they keep covered ;
To hear of men and women that which they know of but Know not ;
To hear of all things of Life from before Conception till after
Death ;

To hear of Maidens and Youths when first they understand ;
 To hear of religions, creeds, witchcraft, fakirs of every kind ;
 To hear of Nations and of Wars, Crime, and whose the Blame ;
 To hear what Truth, who fears not, has to say.

Let those, I say, who fear such things, come not with me any
 further :
 For they will understand not, and become but blasphemers and
 hypocrites—
 Even if such they are not now.

(4)

Because I write of Truth I have great Love
 For Men, Women, Children, and all Living Things.
 For Trees, Flowers, Mountains, Seas,
 Suns, Moons, Stars, and Things Unseen by Man,
 And my words shall refresh you even as rain refreshes the Earth.

Come now with me,
 I will take you to the mountain tops in Thought's Kingdom,
 To where God lives and speaks with Men and Women.
 I will make you yourself speak with God,
 And from God learn even as I have learned.

I will take you to where the Sun and the Wind mate,
 And you shall mate with them—your Body and your Brain,
 And know what God made you to be—
 A Man or Woman equal with God.

(5)

Truth took me up on to a Hill.

At our feet—in the valley—a stream
 Winding and turning—now doubling back—
 Yet always flowing onward :
 From the Heavens, to the Hills, to the Ocean.

And I learned that that invisible thing called Life
 Is even as the ever-moving waters of the Earth,
 For Truth said—

“ From Space into Time and back again into Space,
 A never ending circle.
 The same waters, yet always different.
 And who again shall recognise one Drop ? ”

“ From whence in Space ? ” I cried.

“ From whence came Time, and whence Its Beginning ? ”
 Was the reply.

(6)

“ Who art, and whence cometh ? ” I cried of Truth.

“ From the womb of Time and Space :
 Men call me Life.

And yet again—some call me God—
 The pity of it !

To proclaim me as a god—The God—
 Is but to set me up above myself,
 An idol, monarchy and court.

Such things, breeding only
 Servitude and tyranny
 Of Body and of Mind,
 Pass out of Time and Space.”

(7)

Truth also said unto me :

“ The Male and the Female are inseparable
 As Night and Day, as Life and Death.

They are as the Light and Heat of the Sun,
 As the Depth and Surface of the Ocean.

They are of the Breadth and Depth of Nature’s never-ending
 and unharnessed stream of Energy,

Yet also are they its Rivulets
 Coursing out into the Unknown Future.”

(8)

And Truth again spake—saying :

“ All true Men and Women are, in their own right,
 Gods.
 No less and no greater than the Universe,
 No less and no greater than Creation,
 Themselves Creators, Creation in Action.”

(9)

Come, let us Reason this thing out.

Do you doubt Evolution ?
 Do you doubt your own eyes, your own ears ?
 You can reason—step by step ?

Think you really that you were moulded—specially and specifically—

By and in the image of a lone Creator,
 Of perfect Understanding ?

Myself, Yourself, specifically formed, in that Image ?
 Yet with flesh, bone, muscle, blood,
 Eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and every organ
 Identical with or in adaptation of, those
 Of the beasts of the Jungle, of the Fields, of the Ocean ?

Man, specifically formed in that Image ?
 Yet like lions, cattle, dogs, fowls, and flies,
 Covering and impregnating ?

Likewise Woman, specifically formed, in that Image ?
 Yet like the female of those species and countless others,
 Being covered and impregnated by the male ?

And, likewise, conceiving and delivering her progeny
 As do all other living creatures ?

Forsooth, I like neither the Mould nor the Metal ;
 Methinks with a Universe beneath the feet
 Finer workmanship were due.

With Omar of the distant Past
I laugh to scorn such a Potter and his Pottery.

A god indeed !

(10)

Sing Praise to Man, the God Man—
He who has shed the Jungle ;
Who is the last word in Creation—
Yet still Creating.

Sing Praise to Woman, the God Woman—
She who has shed the Jungle ;
Who is the last word in Creation—
Yet still Creating.

Sing Praise to their Conscience—
That which balances the animal body
And keeps it Poised
Whilst Creation swirls within, without.

Sing Praise to their Brain—
The Spirit of the Universe,
The product of a Billion Billion Years—
Nature no longer sightless.

I Toast the Gods of the Universe :
The Fellowship of Men and Women,
Clean of Mind and Heart, but Alive,
Yes, Alive and drinking deeply themselves
Of all Life has to offer.
But never too deeply.

(11)

Yesterday, or no matter when, I chanced upon an old woman,
Grey hair, wrinkled skin, green black clothes.
But her eyes—narrowed, near closed
And old—looked and saw, Everything !

And also I saw a maiden who was a virgin,
And her hair and her skin, likewise her clothes, were soft.

And her eyes, lustrous, big, and not old,
Looked, and saw Nothing.

And I saw a buxom housewife,
Also one who opened bazaars,
And their eyes looked,
And saw Nothing.

And when Truth, who was with me, spoke,
None save the old woman heard,
And she replied, "Too Late!"

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

THE moonlight lay across my bed. I fell asleep and dreamed. . . .

A vast and sullen stillness reigned abroad. The atmosphere was thick and heavy—like cotton-wool—through which no sound could penetrate.

Suddenly sidereal thunders shook the earth, making not a sound, but at each huge concussion sucking and heaving the impenetrable air, as though a mighty comet tore across our path and strove to hurl us to destruction.

Then the silence was pierced by a hissing sound, as of angry snakes, as giant hailstones hurled themselves violently to earth. As each one touched it turned black, became instinct with life and slowly crawled away.

Horror stalked naked.

From the darkness boomed a voice. "The forces of all evil are raining down upon the earth."

Terror sat upon my brow and paralysed my limbs.

As suddenly as it began, the downpour ceased, the silent thunders sank to stillness, the noisome clouds lifted; and white and vivid across the Dome of Heaven blazed out the Cross in silver light.

Near its foot there stood a human form—Uranian Man—uplifted, rapt, with shining face and eyes of Vision, piercing through this flimsy veil of seeming to Reality beyond.

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.*]

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In certain circles a great deal has been said lately about “killing out the personality.” What do the speakers mean by this? Do they mean the killing out of that which makes you *You*, and me *Me*? Or does it mean anything at all?

Each of us has our own personality which differs from that of anyone else. Even if you say you lift it to a higher “plane” and re-christen it “individuality,” you cannot alter it. My Ego is not, and never can be, your Ego, as my Spirit is different from your Spirit. That which constitutes the “Me-ness of me,” can never be the same as that which constitutes the “You-ness of you.” You may raise the question to any height, or sink it to any depth you choose, the inherent difference can never be altered.

We have been told by a great Mystic: “There is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another of the stars, but each differs from the others in glory.” But it would seem as if the modern idea is to make the glory of the moon as that of the sun, and the glory of the stars as that of the moon.

I have been reading again the *Voice of the Silence*, and however much it may appeal to the Eastern mind, it has little appeal, as far as I can see, to the Western. “Kill out the personality” is repeated over and over again. Yet this is an impossibility.

Personality corresponds to quantity, individuality to quality, and it is impossible to separate them one from the other. To postulate the one without the other is impossible.

To me, whether physically, mentally, or spiritually, shall we say, colour and form appeal. It is the line upon which I go up. But you, this leaves cold, and your whole soul goes out in music, in sound, a world to me unknown. This is our individuality, our mental equipment. Music to me means nothing, colour to you even less. To a certain extent we may meet on form, but otherwise we are worlds apart, and this apartness is what makes each one of us a separate being.

When we are told to kill out the lower parts of our nature, lust, selfishness, etc., the man in the street can understand, but when he is told “kill out personality,” what can he make of it? What, he

asks, would then remain of the world of men, with its glorious differences, with its innumerable variations? No; every good and perfect gift comes from the Father of All, and it is along its own lines, by its own roads, that each individual soul progresses, and it is by the cultivation and the intensifying of these that each reaches its highest point. Never can a man really lose his personality, so long as he functions in a body, and that gift given each man or woman at birth is his or hers alone, to be dedicated to the service of all, and to be held as a cherished possession. A world peopled by those who had killed out personality would be a dead world, a world without incentive, a world of automata, all functioning and all living on the same dead level.

As different as man is from woman, and as scientist is from artist, so different must personality and individuality remain, and so many must be the paths (to liberation if you will, but I would rather say to unity and integrality) each supplying a fraction of that which is needed to make a complete whole, the eye never saying to the hand: "I have no need of thee," or the head to the foot, "I have no need of thee."

There are other statements of which I should like to speak if I had time and space, such as, for instance, the phrase, also from the *Voice of the Silence*, "Kill out all memory of experiences." Surely these memories are the stepping-stones on which we rise to higher things, and it is only by remembering them we avoid the mistakes we made before, and utilise their lessons to escape the disasters in which we involved ourselves, and perhaps others in the past. It is only by learning that fire burns, that we know to keep our fingers out of it; it is only by seeing the consequences of sin and selfishness we learn to avoid them.

And so I would end as I began, by urging a better definition of terms, and a clearer explanation of what is meant when it is said that before the pupil can begin to tread the path he must "kill out personality."

MAXWELL M. RUSSELL.

BASEDEN BUTT'S "BLAVATSKY."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Hare's recent article "More About Blavatsky," as well as Mr. Baseden Butt's book, on which that article is based. I do not know Mr. Baseden Butt nor his personal views, and therefore in what follows I confine myself to the limits of the printed material utilised by Mr. Hare—to wit, the aforesaid book, including references to two other well-known works.

To come to the point at once, I believe that Mr. Hare has misapprehended the trend of Mr. Butt's reasoning and conclusions as

regards the *bona fides* of H.P.B. I find it a little difficult to settle in my own mind whether Mr. Hare is adopting a careful, if not somewhat ostentatious pose of "philosophic doubt," or whether, *au contraire*, he may not prove to be, after all, one more to add to the list of H.P.B.'s detractors and veiled enemies. An explicit declaration from him would be of interest.

However, it forms an essential method of Mr. Butt's presentation of his subject to set forth all the arguments *contra* H.P.B., the genuineness of her phenomena, of her personal character and so forth, in anticipation of the points that might arise in the mind of his reader or be arrayed against her by her opponents. Mr. Hare uses a series (sixteen) of these arguments in such a manner as to convey to the reader of his article the (in my opinion) entirely unwarranted idea that Mr. Butt's book, substantially, is designed to undermine H.P.B.'s reputation and position. Mr. Hare says, for example: "Indeed the book may be construed into a subtle attack on H.P.B. by her most ardent friends if only from the freedom with which Mr. Butt has expressed his doubts." (p. 243.)

"These sixteen *dubia* must suffice for the purpose of this short article. They will convince the reader that the author of this interesting book is by no means certain whether he is writing the history of a heroine or a pretender." (p. 245.)

"We think because we have 'psychic gifts' that they testify to spirituality; or because we have 'occult powers' that we may do what we like with them. And then, if we exploit both the 'gifts' and the 'powers' to support our ascendancy over our less gifted fellows, and, proud of our uniqueness, add much that is false to the little that is true, the crash inevitably comes." (p. 247.)

The last quotation has every appearance of being aimed at H.P.B. And, in any case, there can be no question as to the general effect of Mr. Hare's present remarks, however he may decide eventually to qualify them.

Now, there are two most important things about H.P.B. which appear to have been missed by virtually all her defenders and critics equally, and conspicuously by Mr. Loftus Hare. The first thing is, that the life history of H.P.B. is, from early years, that of an *invalid*. I have handled portraits (dated) taken of her at various times throughout her life, and there is written on her face, often that of a sick and suffering woman, the evident *stigmata* of heart and kidney trouble. Why is this very evident factor in H.P.B.'s life, with its necessary results upon her feelings and occasional behaviour, not taken into account by those who essay to sit in balanced judgment upon her? Especially when to such a body is added the terrific strain of occult training and the mastery and manipulation of occult forces, from her first initiation until her death,

Secondly, the duality of the human soul (Manas) in the occultist, as in the untrained man, should be recognised and taken into account. Let me make this absolutely clear by the following quotation from Mahatma K.H. (*The Mahatma Letters*, second edition, p. 180):

“(1) An adept—the highest as the lowest—is one *only during the exercise of his occult powers*.

“(2) Whenever these powers are needed, the sovereign will unlock the door to the *inner* man (the adept), who can emerge and act freely but on condition that his jailor—the *outer* man will be either completely or partially paralysed—as the case may require; viz., either (a) mentally and physically; (b) mentally—but not physically; (c) physically—but not entirely mentally; (d) neither—but with an akasic film interposed between the *outer* and the *inner* man.

“(3) The smallest exercise of occult powers then, as you will now see, requires an effort. We may compare it to the inner muscular effort of an athlete preparing to use his physical strength. As no athlete is likely to be always amusing himself at swelling his veins in anticipation of having to lift a weight, so no adept can be supposed to keep his will in constant tension and the *inner* man in full function, when there is no immediate necessity for it. When the *inner* man rests the adept becomes an ordinary man, limited to his physical senses and the functions of his physical brain. Habit sharpens the intuitions of the latter, yet is unable to make them supersensuous. The inner adept is ever ready, ever on the alert, and that suffices for our purposes. At moments of rest then, his faculties are at rest also.”

Apply these considerations to H.P.B.'s life, with an eye to the argument previously adduced, and anyone guided by the spirit of tolerance and understanding—not to speak of common charity and kindness—will appreciate the position—and her—as never before.

And now to Mr. Butt (p. 222):

“Perhaps *the worst of all her faults* (my italics) was that she ate too much and took too little exercise.”

Well! . . . May none of us ever have worse accusations levelled at us!

Mr. Butt will pardon me if I at once remark that this aversion to exercise—apart from any other reasons—is the hall-mark of a certain type of heart trouble. And as to H.P.B. being a pig (!), consider the following, quoted from the Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences* (p. 22):

“The description of a single day will serve to give an idea of the routine of her life at this time. At six o'clock I was awakened by the servant coming with a cup of coffee for Madame Blavatsky, who, after this slight refreshment, rose and dressed, and by seven o'clock was at her desk in the sitting-room.

" She told me that this was her invariable habit, and that breakfast would be served at eight. After breakfast she settled herself at her writing desk and the day's work began in earnest. At one o'clock dinner was served, whereupon I rang a small hand-bell to call H.P.B. Sometimes she would come in at once, but at other times her door would remain closed hour after hour, until our Swiss maid would come to me, almost with tears in her eyes, to ask what was to be done about Madame's dinner, which was either getting cold or dried up, burnt and utterly spoiled. At last H.P.B. would come in weary with so many hours of exhausting labour and fasting; then another dinner would be cooked, or I would send to the hotel to get her some nourishing food."

If it be argued that H.P.B. ate unwisely, I agree. She took no interest in food; she was at the mercy of her friends and their cooks, she ate what was put before her—and she suffered accordingly. But she was no gourmand. Speaking from personal experience of meals at the headquarters in Avenue Road, in the old days, I can testify that in the times immediately following H.P.B.'s decease the food usually provided was unappetising, largely indigestible, and such that gormandising would be a physical impossibility. To suppose that H.P.B. overate on that stuff is silly, and to assert it, idiotic. And no evidence has been offered to substantiate the accusation at other places and times.

Finally, Mr. Baseden Butt, in discussing *The Mahatma Letters*, has this to say (p. 218):

" On reading these letters one feels more than ever that the theory of fraud is not only inadequate, but incredible. No finer vindication of Madame Blavatsky can be imagined than these two volumes of letters."

I must apologise for the length of this communication. But the subject is important, and I think H.P.B.'s standing and reputation deserve and require that all ambiguities about her should, so far as is possible in the nature of the case, be definitely and adequately cleared up, even if in that process other people suffer to some slight degree.

Yours very truly,

C. H. COLLINGS.

BIBLE PROPHECIES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is with great reluctance that I enter the lists on this occasion, but I feel, as does Mr. Wynn, that "the issue is a grave one."

Mr. Walter Wynn and others of the "literalist" school of Bible and Pyramidal interpretation seem singularly oblivious not only of the inconsistency of their attitude, but also of the grave responsi-

bility they are incurring by endeavouring to withdraw our minds from Spiritual values and to focus them on material and outward things.

If the prophecies (as interpreted by these materialists) of the Bible and the Pyramid are to be literally fulfilled, *no matter how any or all of us may act in the meantime*, then they will be, and that's that! But why all this fuss about it? Why all this advertising in the daily press? Why this almost rabid antagonism to a more spiritual aspect?

If, on the other hand, their interpretations of the symbols and prophecies should turn out to be wrong (and I suppose even Mr. Wynn does not claim infallibility), and should it perchance prove that we ought to have been seeing to our soul's true welfare instead of letting our minds dwell on pretty mental pictures of what we would *like* to happen to us, what will be the judgment against those who have tried to withdraw us from the quest of inner things, and to captivate our minds with their problematical and conflicting theories.

"The Kingdom of God is *within*," said the One whom Mr. Wynn claims to serve. He also said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Surely even a literalist cannot evade the challenge of these words. Truly Paul of Tarsus uttered a great truth when he stated that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life"!

Again, the whole of the New Testament abounds in testimony to the fact that the Christ was first and foremost concerned with the welfare of *souls*; and the Soulic Realm, as probably Mr. Wynn will admit, has nothing whatever to do with the establishment of any outer "kingdom" upon the earth, except in so far as such may come out through the awakening to, and embodiment of, a spiritual life by individual men and women.

Mr. Wynn is apparently more of a publicist eager to attract a large audience than a priest concerned with the welfare of souls, or his endeavours would be found to deal more with the showing of the way to that "kingdom" which is *within the soul*, and which is not, now or at any time in the future, to be found outside it. And, incidentally, the cheap sneer at Anna Kingsford contained in his letter in the OCCULT REVIEW recently ought to be sufficient indication to most of us of the sort of mind with which he is afflicted.

In conclusion I would say that I do not for a moment dispute that the Pyramid contains messages in terms of chronology, in addition to the preservation of sublime symbolism expressing the eternal mysteries of the soul. I merely suggest that there are far grander and nobler interpretations than those associated with the modern British-Israel theory. An elementary understanding of the etymology of the very word built up of the three mystic terms *Issa—Ra—El* might provide a key to much comprehension in the hands of those

who are not hidebound by literalism. It is for such that the suggestion is put forward, for I do not suppose it will appeal to Mr. Wynn or those who follow blindly in his wake.

Yours faithfully,
THEANA.

“UNASKED FOR APPORTS.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The article by Mr. Grahame Houblon in a recent number on “Unasked for Apports,” is interesting. It is also tantalizing in that the writer begins by speaking of his elemental as being “peculiarly malevolent,” yet tells us nothing of the nature of this being except to quote two instances of distinct benevolence. I am sure that I am only one of many readers who would be glad to hear more of this elemental, more especially since contact between these rather mysterious beings and man is not common.

For myself I have never had personal experience of an elemental, but an odd thing which happened years ago, and which at the time was a complete mystery to us, was probably an elemental manifestation. At the time I was living alone on an orange grove in South Florida. One fine summer night a friend was due to supper. He was a big, red-haired, unimaginative Scot, an excellent good fellow. He arrived with his pony dripping and himself in a queer and unusual state of excitement. After some pressing he described how, while riding across an open space in the pine woods, his pony, usually the quietest of creatures, shied violently and next tried to turn and bolt.

Then he saw in the centre of the clearing a spire of grey mist which seemed to be seven or eight feet in height. The night was clear and star-lit, and on the 27th parallel of North latitude the stars on a clear night are very brilliant. He himself was conscious of a sudden and uncomfortable sense of panic. The column of mist was so solid, so utterly uncanny, and appeared to be revolving. It was not smoke but mist.

After watching it for a few moments panic mastered him, and turning his pony out of the clearing, he gained the track, when the pony fairly bolted.

Yours faithfully,
T. C. BRIDGES.

(Other correspondence is unavoidably held over through lack of space.)
—Ed.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

PROFESSOR SORLEY'S Ethical Reflections on Theology in the forefront of *THE HIBBERT JOURNAL* are a review of the "plan of salvation" according to the Canons of the Council of Trent, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession of Faith, for the purpose of ascertaining the ethical values of certain fundamental doctrines involved thereby. It is recognised at the outset that the formulæ contained in these official documents are not unlikely to be regarded as antiquated and effete; but on this account precisely it is good to meet with them again in a brief and very clear summary, at once reasonably sympathetic and just a little detached. One has travelled so far in thought and even in research, one has dwelt, as from time immemorial, amidst so many issues, that to look back in this manner for a moment seems less in the direction of things that were taught oneself than to what was once believed in Babylon or even in fabled Atlantis. If at this day they are imposed on the Roman communion while they are shelved in crypts at Canterbury, these facts bring home to us the utter unreality of official religious belief at two predominant centres, and of this also it is good to be reminded when occasion serves. For the rest, when Professor Sorley points out that Original Sin and the Fall are no longer serious history, but that they are doctrines fundamental in the system to which they belong, and that with their disappearance the system must be itself transformed, we agree, of course, but remembering inwardly that the real question is whether all shall go, rather than be changed. We may be disposed also to agree that it is "fundamentally unethical"—but also "a natural consequence of the traditional forensic theory of the Atonement"—to hold that "the sins of one man may be made up for . . . by the good deeds of another," but it seems to us that the old dream is so utterly over and done with that it can be scarcely worth debating on its shadows or its seeming lights. The living and life-giving Christ doctrine is not of official Churches and even less of their Theologies: it belongs to that "validity and power of goodness as the law of life" which is mentioned once in these reflections, without perhaps seeing what a door opens therefrom and upon what a vista. . . . Dr. Strömholm, of the University of Upsala, continues his study on the Riddle of the New Testament, about which something was said in these pages when the first instalment appeared. He postulates (1) a longer interval than has been recognised previously between the age of the historical Jesus and that of the apostles and Paul; (2) the rise therein of two parties, one of which was Judaistic and the other Hellenizing; (3) their ultimate union after long controversial strife. The apostles were not "personal companions" of Jesus, but disciples of a later date, and the evangelists based their gospels on materials which had come into existence after

the sects united. In the present article New Testament passages relating to the union and drawn from both sides are tabulated at some length, and there is a further development of views on the rival Passion stories, in one of which Jesus is said to have been stoned and in the other crucified, as seen in our previous notice. There is also an attempt to distinguish two groups in the narratives of Jesus-apparitions after the Resurrection. The hypothesis as a whole is original and in many respects notable, but we cannot see that it is led towards demonstration, as the author's hope expressed it at the starting point. It is possible, however, that other articles will follow. . . . Perhaps more remarkable still is a long study in French on Jesus Barabbas by P. L. Couchaud and R. Stahl. It points out that the robber released to the Jews by Pilate bore in his name the Divine title of Jesus Bar-Abba, Son of the Father, and considers various problems and speculative questions arising from this fact, together with the old collateral tradition that Simon of Cyrene was crucified in place of Christ. It is impossible to summarise the thesis in this place, however briefly; those who read for themselves will find that the French writers postulate two sects in early Christendom, and they are almost identical with those of the Swedish Professor. One is represented by the Fourth Gospel, conceiving Jesus as Son of the Father and one with God; for the other Jesus was the Jewish Messiah, and it is proposed that we owe the Barabbas story to this sect. It was devised to show that the Messianic Jesus was crucified for the world's sake, fulfilling all the prophecies, and not the false Jesus who was identified with God. It is true that the Barabbas story appears in all the gospels, but in the fourth it is a manifest interpolation.

In the new issue of *PSYCHE* Professor Pierre Janet's "Social Excitation in Religion" is of much interest, not indeed on account of his view that the excitation which men find in religion is perhaps its chief *raison d'être*, but because of his Salpêtrière patient, Madeleine, whose strange story is told with such evident sympathy. Of the two other articles which stand forth prominently, one is by Mr. H. J. Massingham on "The Spirit of Buddhism," and it seems to us the best historical monograph which we have met with on the subject. The other contains Dr. William McDougall's hostile survey and judgment of Margery and her alleged mediumship. There is no question that it must be reckoned with by those on the side of the defence, which does not mean that we who read at a distance are convinced on our part: we hold and can hold no brief whatever, for or against, though it may be that, so far and still, we are more disposed tentatively towards those who accept the phenomena than those who reject them utterly. It is obviously impossible to marshal Dr. McDougall's arguments and criticisms in this place; we can say only that "Margery cannot have produced all her effects by means of trickery without some connivance from her husband." These are the words of our critic, and this is how his case stands; it must be left to those whom it concerns.

Meanwhile Dr. Mark W. Richardson produces further evidence bearing upon materialisation at the Margery séances in a recent issue of the American Society's JOURNAL, and we do not see that Dr. McDougall's hypothesis of fraudulent ectoplasm is otherwise than out of court. The testimony is to that of the Schneider-like "strong and multiple efforts to carry out the idea of hand formation" in what is called "the field of activity." The account is accompanied by photographs, one of which is remarkable. We have to note also Dr. Tillyard's further reference to Margery ectoplasmic material in the current issue of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Were it needful to follow the itinerary of the Theosophical party which is now on its progress through America we should have to seek our knowledge outside the official magazines devoted to the movement. Recently we have heard mainly about the "Lecture Route" of Mrs. Besant, beginning at Ojai in California on October 1st and planned to conclude at New York on November the 18th, the return voyage to England being fixed to begin on the 20th of that month. In weeks preceding these America had a fair opportunity to make acquaintance with Mr. Krishnamurti, the alleged "vehicle" of the alleged coming Messiah, but authoritative particulars are few, and all reports wanting. In a spirit of detachment, as of things that signify little, THE MESSENGER of Chicago mentions false assertions concerning him and sharp criticisms on the part of the public press, there and here in the States, but also "sensible comment." THE NATIONAL SPIRITUALIST, published in the same city, and concerned of course with a distinct group of interests, is detached after another manner and, though not without sympathy, is clear and decisive on its own first-hand impressions. At Chicago the young Hindu "made a picturesque appearance," as one who was dressed for the part, but "there was nothing magnetic about him." He made "a nice little after-dinner speech," but "we could discern in him nothing unusual." It is concluded that "the years alone shall tell what the young 'vehicle of the Master' shall write upon the pages of history." Here is criticism at its fairest, and even our familiar friend, the LIBRARY CRITIC of Washington, which maintains through the moons and the years a militant and unceasing hostility, is for once uncommonly temperate in comparison with its wonted mode. "He has said nothing" which could entitle him to be regarded as outside the normal groove. "He is just a clean, moderately intelligent but educated and refined young fellow, without the least indication of super-intelligence, fond of sports, loving good clothes, and apparently shy and lacking in self-confidence." It is added, and this is pregnant, that he is "placed in a most difficult position"; but we must forbear to follow our contemporary in its development of this thesis. Meanwhile the independent THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of New York and THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles discuss Paracelsus—his PHILOSOPHIA SAGAX and PHILOSOPHIA AD ATHENIENSES—Shelley in the Euganean hills, the distinctions to be recognised between a Theoso-

Christmas Presents

HEROES OF OLD INDIA. By PERCY PIGOTT.
Illustrated by S. Drigin. Cr. 4to, 10 x 7½ inches.
10s. 6d. net.

These stories of Rama, Sita, Yudishthira, Krishna, the Buddha and other sages and heroes of the East form an ideal present. The book is splendidly printed and bound, and the four magnificent pictures are mounted and bound in the text.

A SPIRITUAL ANTHOLOGY: Collected from the Works of Robert Browning. By H. A. PERCIVAL. F'cap 4to, 8¼ x 6½ inches.
Paper 2s. 6d. net.

Every one of these extracts starts the reader on a train of thought which is at once stimulating and profound. The book is finely printed and artistically produced.

FROM ATLANTIS TO THAMES. By W. P. RYAN. Demy 8vo, 8¾ x 5½ inches. 6s. net.

An epic drama of a visionary character written with subtle imagination and with exquisite poetic feeling. Printed in Garamond type and well bound, this book is one which is a pleasure to handle and to read.

AN ASTROLOGICAL CALENDAR. 2s. net.

This possesses not only an artistic, but also an intellectual interest which have given it immediate success as a gift at this season. The usual almanac for 1927 is attached by a ribbon to a bevelled card seven inches square on which is a beautiful design in colours and gold of the signs of the Zodiac.

New Books out this Month

THE ASTRAL BODY. By A. E. POWELL.
Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION IN CHINA.
New Edition. By W. J. CLENNELL.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

THE TEMPLE OF LABOUR. By MAUD MACCARTHY.
Crown 8vo, paper, 3s. net. Cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

STUDIES IN SYMBOLOGY. By R. A. LIDSTONE.
With over sixty diagrams. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd.
38, GREAT ORMOND STREET - LONDON, W.C.1

phical Society and a Theosophical Movement, the truth about Soma-genesis, and the problem of evil regarded in the light of reincarnation ; but as to Mrs. Besant, she might have never been shown upon "the screen of time," and as to the Hindu prophet, the "lives of Alcyone" might have culminated never in "Krishnaji." There is complete silence, as of those who have deaf ears or are content to wait till a delusion has worked itself out. On our own part we are willing to be counted among those who place on record, even if a point of comment is irresistible from time to time. In this sense we learn with satisfaction that Mr. Krishnamurti's "favourite poets" are Keats and Shelley, though it is on the authority of a mere reporter, but we question whether he should be at the pains of reading Voltaire, unless it is after the same manner that Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh "brushed with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences." A consideration of Hegelian dialectic might be commended to him tentatively, and with a certain caution.

Mr. C. Nelson Stewart, writing in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, appears to suggest that the first Lord Lytton's ZANONI was a kind of text-book for the Theosophical Society in its early days. We remember those days well, and can endorse the notion. If an inquirer came along who was new to all the subjects, the most likely question was whether he had read ZANONI and was drawn to that romance ; an affirmative answer was held to suggest that the paths of occultism might prove paths for him ; but if he could not read the story or had conceived an aversion for it, then it was antecedently unlikely that he had any election within him to the occult subject. However this may be, ZANONI is too false in sentiment and fictitious in story, too much of the pinchbeck order, to bear a second reading, or such at least is the experience of some who have made the effort. It may be otherwise with Mr. Stewart, who is proposing "to gather such biographical details of Lytton . . . as will show the serious occult student in him," and offers a first instalment in this issue of the journal. He is not unlikely to prove his case, if experiments in Ceremonial Magic and intercourse with members of occult associations, as well as some concern in Spiritism, are held to constitute a serious occult student. They may characterise, however, the dilettante and virtuoso rather than a real investigator. We note with satisfaction that Mr. J. M. Pryse's contributions to THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST on the subject of THE SECRET DOCTRINE is reprinted in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. According to an old accusation brought forward in Theosophical circles which are hostile to Adyar, when a day came for reprinting the *magnum opus* of H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. G. R. S. Mead tampered with the text, making unwarranted changes in the manuscript of the third volume and suppressing a fourth. It happens fortunately that Mr. Pryse, whom we remember, had charge at the time of a printing office connected with the Society and supervised the work of printing. He testifies that the work of revision was confined to (1) the correction of typographical

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

Send for
free sample
copy.

The Monthly Home Magazine of Spiritualism and Psychical Research. Price 6d. from all newsagents, or from the publishers (Post Free 7/- per annum):

INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE, LIMITED,
69, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

FREE—This startling Booklet "MASTERY OF DESTINY"

This remarkable illustrated booklet points the way to your true Kingdom of Life as revealed in the age-old Rosicrucian Teachings. It draws the veil from the infinite realm of mind and spirit and explains how you may assume command over the cosmic forces that materialize success, happiness, health. If you would free yourself from doubt, fear, worry, ill-health and all the shackles of the material world, you should send for "Mastery of Destiny" to-day and learn how you may receive personal instruction by correspondence in the Rosicrucian Teachings.

SOCIETAS ROSICRUCIANA IN AMERICA, Dept. 3,
P.O. Box 420, CITY HALL STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.

Spirit Messages

For all who seek first-hand evidence on this great question, "Responda" offers a ready means of private investigation. It is just a lettered card, and a pendulum so quickly responsive that practically every earnest enquirer gets results. Known mediumistic power is not essential to its successful operation, but any latent "sensitiveness" there may be will develop with practice.

"Wonderful Results"

Mrs. K. B., Kensington, ordering for a friend, writes: "Please send a 'Responda' to—. I, who write, have had wonderful results with it, and have told many."

"RESPONDA"

The Talking Card and Pendulum

May be used for receiving messages from the Unknown, or for experiments in Mental Radio and development of the telepathic faculty.

Heavy Gilt-edged Beveled Card with Pendulum complete, price 3s. 6d., post paid 3s. 8d. Continental orders, post paid, 4s. 2d. Canada and U.S.A., post paid, 1 dollar.

Direct only from

R. A. ROBSON,

Dept. O.R.

21 Fairfax Rd., London, W.4, Eng.

Cloth, Cr. 8vo. Price 5/- net. Postage 4d.

SOME MINOR WORKS OF RICHARD ROLLE together with the Privy of the Passion of St. Bonaventura.

Edited with an Introduction by GERALDINE HODGSON, Author of "English Mystics," "Early English Instructions and Devotions."

"These minor works, now issued for the first time, have the fragrance of all the best mystical writings, and are marked by the shrewd and robust sense which characterizes Rolle's other books. It is well worth while to rescue them from oblivion."—*The Times*.

SECOND EDITION.

Cloth, Cr. 8vo. Price 5/- net. Postage 5d.

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

By SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ (St. John of the Cross). Done into English by GABRIELA CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

"Mrs. Cunninghame Graham is greatly to be felicitated on her translation of this masterpiece of mystical writing. It has not been merely well done and lovingly done; it has been done with a touch of genius which has known how to conserve much of the savour of the Spanish original."

Catalogues issued, new and second hand.
LONDON, W.C. 2.
John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court.

errors overlooked in earlier editions ; (2) mistakes arising from the fact that the original MS. had not been "properly prepared" for press, including, as we presume, the verification of quotations in foreign languages. As regards the fourth volume, only a few pages were found, but it is thought that it was intended to contain the E. S. Instructions of H. P. B., and they were added to the third volume. The mendacious charge has been repeated so often in print and by word of mouth that we are glad to do what is possible on our own part that it may be put to silence henceforth and for ever. Mr. Pryse states further that the work of revision fell chiefly upon Mr. Mead, who "deserves the gratitude of all discriminating readers of THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

We learn from THEOSOPHY IN INDIA that the next Theosophical Convention will be held at Benares, but the dates will be published later. THE THEOSOPHIST has articles on the "penal theory" of Karma, which is rejected ; on the philosophy of the fourth dimension, which affirms in one paragraph that space is consciousness and in another that we are "never conscious of space" ; on "the service of Wagner to the worlds," he being "one of the Great Company of Pioneers?" : it is rather a hectic panegyric. . . . THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST has some plain words on "the abracadabra and jargon of the professional occultist," and thereafter affirms that the pretensions of the "Messiah craze" and its leaders "have been adequately and thoroughly disposed of," but by whom and where it is not our good fortune to learn. Mrs. Besant was to speak at Toronto a fortnight after these remarks were published over the signature of a writer in Vancouver, so there may have been an opportunity for their discussion and that of other debatable points.

THE SPECULATIVE MASON has several articles of moment in its last two issues, while its Notes from the Master's Chair continue to be good reading, as they were in those earlier days when it was called THE CO-MASON. We are glad to see the account of Knights Templar carvings and symbols on the walls of the Castle of Chinon where some of the chivalry were imprisoned at the time of the Order's proscription—otherwise, in 1308. It is thought or suggested that the Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, was one of the number. There is something to be said also for an account of the Orange Institution, formed, as it is claimed, by direction of the Prince of Orange, soon after he landed in England, to reign as William III. The evidence of this claim does not emerge, and though we hear of Degrees which cover the same ground, "as the Craft and Royal Arch," not to speak of "Black Preceptories" answering to High Grade Masonry and working thirteen Grades, Degrees or Steps, there is nothing as to their dates of origin. Presumably all were based on Masonic prototypes, but an investigation of the subject might produce some interesting results.

All Freemasons should take The Speculative Mason

(Formerly The Co-Mason.)

CONTENTS FOR JULY AND OCTOBER.

The York MSS.
The Pillars.
The Starry Spheres.

Orangeism.
The Old Catechisms.
The Four Sons of Aymon.

The new MASONIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA is free to subscribers.
Annual Subscription, 8/8 post free. Single Copy, 2/2 post free.

Office: 1 Springfield Road, N.W.8, & Fowler's, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

The International Organ of the Star in the East.

A monthly survey of the idealistic movement of our times: Social, Educational, Religious, Humanitarian, etc.

"The Herald of the Star" is conspicuous among contemporary periodicals for its loftiness of tone and the largeness of its outlook.

Price 1/- (posted 1/2). Annual subscription 12/- (postage 1/6 extra).
U.S.A.—Single copies 25 cents. Annually 3 dollars 50 cents posted.
Specimen copy free on application.

Published at the office of the

HERALD OF THE STAR, 6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1



**SPECTACLES CANNOT CURE
EYE DEFECTS.**

**MEDICINES ARE INEFFECTIVE.
OPERATIONS ARE DANGEROUS.**

You realise how precious is good eyesight, and the importance of treating your eyes, if at all affected, in the right way. The right—the rational way—is the Neu-Vita gentle, safe method of Eye-massage which is giving wonderful relief to hundreds of eye-sufferers every day, simply by gentle manipulations over the closed eyelid.

**THIS METHOD MAKES WEAK
EYES STRONG.**

A five-minutes' daily self home-treatment, as described in our *Book on the Eyes*, accomplishes on Nature's own plan where eyeglasses, medicine and surgery have failed. This 1s. book is being given away each month, at cost, so that the public may learn the right treatment. Write for a copy now and open your eyes. Simply send your full name and address with 4 stamps (6 foreign, if abroad) to

NEU-VITA (Dept. C.12),
4-7B, Central Bds., London Bridge,
London, S.E.1, England.
(Copyright).

RUDOLF STEINER HALL,
33 Park Road, Clarence Gate, N.W. 1.

THE DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM

"The True Path of Spiritual Development"
and
"The True Relation of the Living to the Dead."

TWO PUBLIC LECTURES

By GEORGE KAUFMANN, M.A. Cantab.
CHAIRMAN—D. N. DUNLOP, Esq.

Mondays, 6th and 13th Dec., at 8.15 p.m.

Admission Free. Collection for expenses.

Mrs. RANSOME, the well-known Healer and Psychic, gives Medical Diagnosis and Psychometrical Readings from small articles, relating to general and other matters, 5s. Absent Treatment. Highly recommended. 86, Lyndhurst Road, Hove, Sussex.

GHOST STORIES, 2,000 words each, urgently required. For full particulars write Messrs. ARTHUR STOCKWELL, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, London. MSS. other descriptions invited; also Music, Lyrics and Songs. No reading fees.

REVIEWS

OMAR KHAYYAM, THE POET. By T. W. Weir. London: John Murray (Wisdom of the East Series). Price, 3s. 6d. net.

This little book consists of the *Rubaiyat* in Heron Allen's translation, together with interspersed notes, comments, and biographical details by Dr. Weir. In Appendices are added Avicenna's poem on the soul, and specimen verses by Persian poets on the mystic wine and in a pessimistic vein. It will be seen that Dr. Weir's share in the book is very small, but he should get full credit for the arrangement of the matter and for his own notes. By means of the plan which he has adopted he has admirably succeeded in conveying the atmosphere of the period and in giving us the maximum of accurate information with the minimum of fuss.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

TOWARDS THE ANSWER: A Study of the Riddle of the Universe. By C. R. Boyd Freeman. Ripley, Derbyshire: J. S. Reynolds, 1, Church Street.

MR. FREEMAN thinks that, in spite of the interest that the riddle of the Universe has for the human mind, the number of books in which a formal statement of it has been essayed is relatively small. His own modest effort *Towards the Answer* is by no means devoid of interest. The author is a rationalist, and, whilst he makes no claim to having supplied the answer to the riddle, he does (tacitly, at any rate) hold that there is *one* answer. His philosophy does not contemplate the possibility that there may be as many answers as there are minds in which the Universe exists. He is keenly critical—and perhaps not unjustly—of religious creeds, but he is not an intolerant critic of those attempts to answer the riddle that his own mind rejects. For example, he does not brush aside the whole of Spiritualism as humbug, but thinks that telepathy between human minds is adequate to explain its more startling and well-attested phenomena; and, whilst unable to find here or elsewhere any demonstration of the persistence of human personality beyond bodily death, he does not deny that there may be an after life.

Mr. Freeman pins his faith to the method of science, but he points out that science depends in the last resort on the human senses, and these are very limited, both qualitatively and quantitatively. Indeed he considers that Zeno's paradoxes clearly demonstrate the existence of the Unknown, and he criticises the philosophy engendered by the belief—now held by few, but very prevalent during the last century—that science has discovered everything of importance about the Universe and only the minor details remains to be filled in. The weakest of his arguments is his objection to Christianity on the grounds that it is a *foreign* religion.

In a word, this book is the confession of faith of a thoughtful agnostic, and, whether the reader thinks he knows more about the Universe than the author or not, he will find the volume of interest. The author's practical conclusion that Happiness, Wisdom and Strength, ever increasing, should be our chief aims in life, is one from which few readers, if any, will dissent.

H. S. REDGROVE.

Talismanic Jewellery



Charms Keepsakes and Birthday Talismans, based on Occult and Astrological conditions prescribed by the Ancients, made up as Pendants, Brooches, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, etc. Designs and Estimates sent on receipt of particulars of requirements. If desired, customers' own Gems used, or own ideas carried out.



W. T. PAVITT, 17 Hanover Square, London, W.1.

The Theosophical Review

A Monthly Journal devoted to Brotherhood, Religion, Occultism, and the Arts.

Price SIXPENCE monthly; Annual Subscription 7s. 6d. post free. Obtainable to order from the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. Smith.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW seeks to spread knowledge of the Theosophical movement and to keep its readers in touch with all developments that tend to bring modern thought into line with the Ancient Wisdom. Writers and workers from many countries contribute to its pages. It is the official organ of the Theosophical Society in England.

The THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Ltd.
38 GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT

- COURSE I. 7 lessons on The Laws of Mediumship. Explains all psychic and occult phenomena.
 COURSE II. 9 lessons on Astrological Signatures. Gives the origin and destiny of the soul.
 COURSE III. 5 lessons on Spiritual Alchemy: the underlying philosophy of Yoga.
 COURSE IV. 13 lessons on Ancient Masonry: the hermetic teachings of the Rosicrucians.
 COURSE V. 12 lessons on Esoteric Psychology: how to use thought for realisation.
 COURSE VI. 13 lessons on Tarot and Kabbala. The ancient Secret Doctrine.
 COURSE VII. 13 lessons on Spiritual Astrology, or the Religion of the Stars.
 COURSE VIII. 7 lessons on Horary Astrology. How to cast and read a horoscope.
 COURSE IX. 7 lessons on Mental Alchemy. Gives instructions for healing by thought.
 COURSE X. 16 lessons on Natal Astrology and the hermetic system of directing.
 COURSE XI. 7 lessons on Divination and Character Reading; and how to foretell events.
 COURSE XII. Lessons on Natural Alchemy of Religious Opinion. The earth's origin, etc.

Each lesson contains about 6,000 words of reliable information. Members on passing examinations are given valuable private MSS. Each lesson post paid (rs. rd.). Interesting prospectus free on receipt of 2d stamp for postage. The Brotherhood of Light, Box 1525, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

POSTAL TUITION

Diploma Courses in Phrenology, Physiognomy, Palmistry, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Mediumship, Etc.

For Terms address the Secretary:

British Psychological Institute,
15 VERNON STREET, BOLTON,
ENGLAND.

OUIJA BOARDS 24" x 18" x 3/8"

Complete with runner, 6/9 each.

PLANCHETTES - - 5/- each

Special Appliances for Automatic Writing, 8/6 each,

All sent post free under plain cover.

Park & Durrant, Schoolhouse Lane, Cambridge.

Just Out.

Just Out.

"The Life Superlative."

The first of the 3 courses which epitomize the Mysticism of the Immortal Siddhas of India.

CONTENTS—1, Life Superlative; 2, Urge Sublime; 3, Mental Wireless; 4, Divinity in Man; 5, Magic Power behind Breath; 6, Key to Longevity; 7, Nature's Biography; 8, Yoga Nidra; 9, Man—an Occult Casket. **Price \$1 only.**

The Psychic Office NATTALIN (Burma, India.)

THE DOOR OF BEYOND. By Gladys St. John Loe. London: Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE writer of this little psychic romance has, we believe, gained her public by means of fiction of a somewhat different order. She tells us, in a very friendly and candid Preface, that the plot of this book forced itself upon her mind, and, as it were, gave her no choice but to write it down, as it was presented to her.

The said plot, at first glance, seems little more than a variant of Rudyard Kipling's *The Brushwood Boy*. But there are developments—to say embellishments!—unknown to that little masterpiece. Julian, Miss John Loe's hero, does indeed, meet, recognise and eventually marry, the girl whose bodiless dream-presence has haunted him from early childhood; but their union is merely the prelude to psychic happenings of a far less agreeable kind, and it is not until both of them have been grievously vexed by manifestations of the powers of malignant evil that the happiness is attained and (to quote the final sentence of the novel) “the Door of Beyond shut fast.”

This dim tale of ghosts and bodies and the conflict between the sensual and the spiritual forces in human nature has some graceful touches; and the adventures of Julian, the hero, in one love entanglement and another, afford Miss St. John Loe scope for the kind of picture her facile pen delights to paint.

G. M. H.

THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY. By Montague Summers. London: Kegan Paul. Price 12s. 6d. net.

MR. MONTAGUE SUMMERS makes so many apologies for his book in the Introduction to it that it seems almost ungracious to venture a criticism. But Mr. Summers shall speak for himself. This is his opinion of the witch “as she really was: an evil liver; a social pest and a parasite; a devotee of a loathly and obscene creed; an adept at poisoning, blackmail, and other creeping crimes; a member of a powerful secret organisation inimical to Church and State; a blasphemer in word and deed; swaying the villagers by terror and superstition; a charlatan and a quack sometimes; a bawd; an abortionist, the dark counsellor of lewd court ladies and adulterous gallants; a minister to vice and inconceivable corruption; battenning upon the filth and foulest passions of the age.” Well, we cannot accuse the author of lack of vigour, but does he prove his case? He does not even approach it. His few chapters consist mainly of long theological disquisitions written from the strictest Roman Catholic point of view; he hardly ever uses a non-Roman Catholic authority except for purposes of ridicule. In short, his argument is void to all but the strict Catholic. Mr. Summers has therefore written a very interesting, and in some respects even valuable book, but, we fear, not a scientific one.

Perhaps the author's most astonishing conclusion is that modern spiritism is nothing less than witchcraft in disguise. We have mysterious allusions to characters wrecked, groups of people led to moral downfall, unspeakable orgies in heavily draped rooms, etc., etc., practised by the devotees of this modern witchcraft. Are we to take this seriously? The reader will judge for himself.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

The popular Spiritualist Paper with the large circulation is

THE TWO WORLDS

A Weekly Journal devoted to the

History, Phenomena, Philosophy and Teachings of

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

(Founded 1887.)

Edited by ERNEST W. OATEN.

Price Twopence. Post Free, 2½d.

Subscription Rates: 12 months, 10/10; 6 months, 5/5; 3 months, 2/9.

We hold the Largest Stock of Books on Psychic and Spiritualistic Subjects in the Kingdom.

"THE TWO WORLDS" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
18 CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

Madame Worth

(Mrs. Bloodworth)

Gives helpful advice on spiritual and material matters, from the view-point of the New Psychology, assisted by her remarkable psychic powers. Interviews daily from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Mornings by appointment only.

Fees from 10/6.

Advice by letter from 5/-.

42a Connaught Street, Hyde Park,
London, W.2.

MME.

MANYA RICKARD

(Member of Oxford University)

Clairvoyant trance diagnosis. Daily 11 to 7. World-wide testimonials for psychometry.

Send article with 5/- or 10/-

AT HOME WEDNESDAY.

45, LUPUS ST., VICTORIA.

24, 29b, 29d Buses pass the door.

'Phone: Victoria 4055.



COMING EVENTS

Cast their Shadows BEFORE!

Advice given on Business, Matrimonial, Health or Home matters. Strictest confidence observed. Interesting study and advice sent on receipt of birth-date and P.O. rs. (25 cents). (Money returned if not satisfied.) The Secretary, 4 Maison-Astral, Flushing. 2½d. (5 cents) postage required on all letters.

Are You Making the Best of Your Life ?

Or do you only recognise an opportunity when it has passed?

To save future mistakes send for an Astrological Horoscope.

Horoscope with three years' directions, 5/-

Detailed readings, 10/- and 20/-

Hand reading, 5/-

Hours, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Miss A. BULL, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue,
Piccadilly Circus, W. 1

<p>Lectures and Demonstrations, At Homes, Drawing Room Meetings, etc.</p>	<p>Madame Bishop Anderson Consulting Psychologist. <i>Clairvoyante and Clairaudient</i> Test Medium. Consultations by Appointment. NO POSTAL WORK. <i>Under Distinguished Patronage.</i></p>	<p>67 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. Telephone: GERRARD 8094.</p>
---	---	--

DION FORTUNE

(Author of "Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage," "Secrets of Dr. Tavener," etc.) will be giving

Lectures and holding Study Classes and training Students in Esoteric Subjects during the Winter Months. In accordance with Esoteric Tradition, no charge is made for admission, and all contributions are voluntary. For particulars apply:—

Mr. E. H. HOMAN,

3 Queensborough Terrace; W. 2 (Park 7217).

NUMEROLOGY UP TO DATE : A Key to Your Fate. By Kareu Adams.
London : Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. Price 2s. net.

As the author of this handbook reminds us in her Introduction, "New methods are needed to apply old beliefs and new ways must be found to utilise old knowledge." The line she has taken to accomplish this, in the case of Numerology, may or may not have found favour with the Greek philosopher ; but we do not doubt that it will appeal to a considerable number of English and American readers to-day.

An opening dissertation on the psychological significance of numbers is followed by chapters on the method of reducing the personal name to its equivalent symbolic number, the importance of the numerical value of the date of birth and place of residence and the influence of various numbers—that is to say, of the vibrations evoked by them—on love and marriage, choosing a career, success and failure, and so on.

These vibrations seem to have far-reaching, and, to a mere outside judgment, arbitrary effects. Every day in the year has its own vibrations, and the enthusiastic Numerologist will doubtless regulate his life and actions according to what is aptly called "the Numerological Calendar."

Quite a marvellous amount of information has been pressed into this cheap little book. The type is good and the paper "jacket" distinctly attractive.

G. M. H.

RITUAL AND BELIEF IN MOROCCO. By Edward Westermarck. London : Macmillan & Co. Price 50s. net.

It is now well known how Dr. Westermarck, as a comparatively young man, gained an international reputation with his history of human marriage; how, thereafter, he desired to study in person those customs about which he had written so learnedly ; and how he went Eastward via Morocco, but never went any further, finding in that half-civilised, half-barbarous, and at that time largely savage country, as much as any man could hope to study thoroughly in a lifetime.

Since then Dr. Westermarck has spent altogether seven years in Morocco, and the present volumes contain the result of his notes made during that period. The author's name is sufficient guarantee that the reader will find bold conjecture based on the most carefully collected evidence, and brilliance of thought joined to the most solid learning. It must suffice to say that within these covers are discussed almost every aspect of religion and magic, from magic squares (i. 144-147) to witchcraft (i. 570-579), from the interpretation of dreams (ii. 46-57) to the belief in jinn (i. 262-390), and from the evil eye (i. 414-478) to rites and beliefs connected with death (ii. 434-560).

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

MAORI SYMBOLISM. By Ettie A. Rout, from the evidence of Hohepa Te Rake. Preface by Sir William Arbuthnot Lane. London : Kegan Paul. Price 21s. net.

AMONG the Maori, we are told, there are persons of high rank whose duty it is to transmit from generation to generation the traditions of the race. These traditions consist of various parts, dealing with the origin and migration of the Maori, their health and race culture, their social organisa-

X AN IDEAL XMAS X GIFT

WEIRD and MYSTERIOUS



The GHOST BOOK

Compiled by . !.

CYNTHIA
ASQUITH

This volume contains some of the weirdest and most uncanny stories of the SUPER-NATURAL by May Sinclair, Algernon Blackwood, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, L. P. Hartley, Dennis Mackail, Clemence Dane, etc., etc.

7s. 6d. net.

"The reader's shuddering hands will need for them the support of a table before he has ventured far into its appalling pages. Anyone in need of a good scare will find it here."—*Star*.

"These are real spook tales, warranted to raise the hair of the most sceptical. Writers include May Sinclair, Hugh Walpole, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Clemence Dane."—*Daily Chronicle*.

London:

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers), Ltd.

34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

tion, their agriculture and building, constituting in effect a reconstruction of the original New Zealand Maori civilisation. Miss Rout sets forth in her book the body of these traditions communicated to her by one of the Maori nobles. To what extent we can attach credence to these traditions as being accurate it is of course impossible for us to judge; but that they are very interesting is without doubt.

Here, for instance, is the tradition of Maori migration. They originated in Assyria, and the time occupied by their movement was as follows:

Migration from Assyria to Mexico	300 years
Occupation of Mexico	2,200 "
Migration to Peru and life there	1,850 "
Migration to New Zealand	300 "
Occupation of New Zealand to date	1,300 "

That is, a total of 5,950 years. To this must be added 700 years spent before leaving Assyria, and a total 12,150 years of pre-human evolution. The grand total of nearly 19,000 years of human evolution (for a first man preceded the animals), compares not unfavourably with the Biblical allowance.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA According to Old Records. Told by Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. \$1.00.

THIS revised edition of a deservedly popular rendering of the life and the gospel of Buddha by Professor Carus is making many more friends for Buddhism. The major part of the volume is closely rendered from various sources, from the old Buddhist canon, and a great many passages are copies as literally as the divergence in the various languages will allow, though some passages have been given somewhat freely to keep them intelligible to modern readers. A few have been rearranged and some slightly abbreviated.

First we are told how Prince Siddhartha became the Buddha; next of the foundation of the kingdom of righteousness, to the consolidation of Buddha's religion. Then we come to the study of Buddha as the Teacher, with his parable and stories, created in his never-ending difficulty of trying to tell what he knew, in terms of this world, to his simple followers.

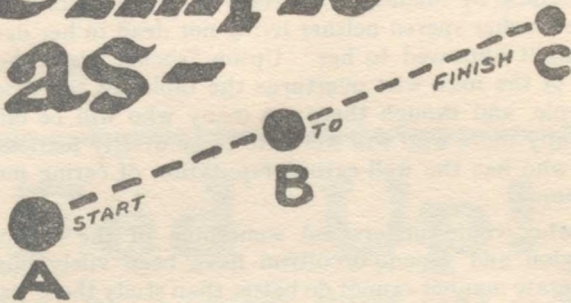
Tables of reference give the exact sources, together with an interesting series of parallel passages from Christian books, which is of the highest interest to the reader educated in the Christian faith and now becoming acquainted with Buddhism for the first time. He will also welcome the glossary of names and terms in his endeavour to comprehend the almost untranslatable psychic values of Eastern thought. Previous editions of this notable volume have been commended highly by Buddhists both in the East and the West.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

THE PROFITS OF RELIGION. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author, Pasadena, California. Price 60c. by mail.

THIS "essay in economic interpretation" is a powerful and reasoned investigation into the "study of supernaturalism as a source of income and a shield to privilege" as seen by the author, a well-known American

Simple as-



The reason for the instant success of
"GEOGRAPHIA" Maps was in their keynote

SIMPLICITY.

Although full of important details, they are not overcrowded.

Up-to-date, Accurate, and Reliable, the traveller sees his route clearly from Start to Finish.

Some show first, second and other classes of roads. Distances between towns, Ministry of Transport Road Numbers, new arterial and by-pass roads, steep gradients, speed limits, etc. Every name is clearly printed and the larger towns stand out, while the names of smaller places appear in relative importance.

Illustrated Catalogue post free
on application.

"GEOGRAPHIA" Maps are on sale at all Booksellers,
Newsagents, and Stationers, or from the Publishers—

GEOGRAPHIA (1923) LTD. 55 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

"scientific socialist." As a study it is unique, the only work which even partly hinges on this phase of examination of the faiths of humanity being the attack by Madame Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, in which that remarkable teacher spared neither living nor dead in her desire to unveil the truth as it appeared to her. Upton Sinclair plays the part of the iconoclast, of the man who overturns the tables of the money changers in the temple, and though there are many who will be offended, there are very many more who will welcome these utterly fearless indictments by a man who has the well-earned reputation of caring more for truth than for money.

Those who would understand something of the manner in which pseudo-religion and pseudo-occultism have been vilely misused in the most degenerate manner cannot do better than study these pages carefully for there are no greater enemies to the clean-minded and honest student of the occult than those who use it as a cloak under which to commit fraud and worse offences. Without using the phrase, and even disbelieving in it, the author has penned a striking study of modern black magic—of the use of power for selfish and material ends—that will, as he hints, end only in the utter breakdown of the system which permits and encourages this blasphemy against the universal law.

W. G. RAFFE.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By "Anthony," through the Hand of Mary Secker. London: H. Stockwell, Ltd.

"The fields of flowers are a great feature in this beautiful world of ours. It is possible to go great distances through fields entirely devoted to fragrant flowers. There are stretches entirely composed of the fragrant lavender, where one can walk and feel cool and refreshed by inhaling the perfume, and the pale lavender and green colouring is very restful to the eyes. In another direction one can reach stretches of glorious red poppies whose brilliance of colour cause the spirit to vibrate and expand."

SUCH is the lovely description of the flower-gemmed fields of the paradise from which the messages contained in this little volume have found their way. They are understood to have come from one who when she lived on earth found this thorn-set path of training a weary and troubled one, but who on passing over woke to find herself in a land of peace and beauty, free from anxious toil, though full of congenial work. There is something quite alluring in the idea of our unseen friends, when tired with "specially trying and unsuccessful attempt to help those in the earth-life," returning to their lavender fields for "rest, and solace, and refreshment of spirit."

Much in these charming simply-written pages will be familiar to most spiritualists, such as the dwelling-places awaiting those who have built them beforehand by their own good thoughts and deeds. After all it is but a verification and realisation of the old familiar assurance: "As a man soweth, that shall he also reap." As is also the active co-operation of guiding spirits, or guardian angels, who have, during our earthly wanderings, been striving with more or less success to lead us along the straight road.

Another comforting assurance is here repeated that: "Only those in accord with one another need meet, so there is never any discord or friction, for here like vibrates to like, and each one drifts naturally to

Fed Up!

Probably the commonest phrase heard to-day. Everybody is "fed up": what is wrong? Material troubles there are in plenty. But to be "fed up" indicates a spirit of pessimism and inaction which are indicative of nerves out of order—an aftermath of war.

To cure yourself of being "fed up" put your health right. Constipation, anæmia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, rheumatism come from the presence in the blood of certain poisonous elements, or the lack of certain qualities essential to health.

Osmos Salts

differ from all other salts and pills in that they not only rapidly cure the immediate trouble, but they improve the constitution of the blood, and thus restore healthy conditions to all the organs of the body and strength to the nerves.

Price 1/6 per bottle, from all chemists, or post free from

Osmos Salts, Ltd.,
Teddington, Middlesex.



those attuned to them, so without any unkindness or slighting of another, one never need be in the company of those who are uncongenial."

These messages have in them something of the gentle friendliness of "Letters from Julia," and others of that type.

EDITH K. HARPER.

CUCHULAINN. An Epic Drama of the Gael. By Terence Gray. Illustrated. Heffer & Co., Cambridge. Price 12s. 6d.

THE ancient legend cycle of Erin has a tremendous fascination for the student of the occult, which this dramatised series of four plays in a cycle brings out in an admirable manner. Terence Gray is a writer with strongly original ideas on the use of drama and a wealth of historical knowledge of ancient Ireland and its mythic stories. Quite recently, it is claimed, has it been realised that the Gaelic culture of extreme Western Europe was uninfluenced by the material activities of Roman imperialism, whatever it may have suffered in more recent times. Now we have presented this legend cycle to balance the much better known, though no more dramatic, stories of the Nibelung. Prefaced by an interesting essay on the art of the theatre, comparing modern tendencies and aims with bygone traditions, the author asserts that in years to come we shall witness a re-dedication of the theatre to higher ends. This essay is well worth serious study by those who realise the occult value and meaning of the arts of the drama.

The plays themselves tell the story of Cuchulainn, the boy hero, and his many battles, his wanderings, his meetings with women, and his dramatic end. He and his friends and enemies are, of course, symbols of the soul-fight which is the central theme of all these "myths," and when followed in that light the drama-cycle rises to its fullest heights. The cycle would make a magnificent series of spectacles for stage presentation, but we shall wait long before London managers will rise to the possibility.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

THE WAY OF ENLIGHTENMENT. By John Carne. London: C. W. Daniel Company. Price 5s. net.

THIS collection of teachings, which the writer says were communicated to him from an Unseen Spiritual World, and "obtained solely through the channel of quiet waiting in the Silence," contains much that should be acceptable to any devout religious mind, even the most orthodox. Mr. Carne is obviously a close student of Thomas à Kempis. The author of the *Imitatio* could not but commend the lines of thought and aspiration here taken; though, here and there, he would find a phraseology unfamiliar to his day, and certain arguments as to spiritual progress and enlightenment, with the premises of which he might not be able to agree.

With the main purpose and atmosphere of the book, however, he and all his brethren would be in cordial agreement.

The Way of Enlightenment seems to have been written by one who himself is a Christian priest or minister. But it is in no sense an ecclesiastical manual for specialists; and it requires no great intellectual concentration to read, enjoy, and feel the better for its quiet meditative counsels.

G. M. H.

Madame Clara Irwin

Clairvoyante and Trance
(second-sight inherited).

Hours 2 to 6. Séance, Sunday, 7 p.m., 2s.
Psychometry by post. Fee 10s. With
Astro-influences. Send birth time.

"You have given me the best reading I have
seen." "You have predicted many events that
have come to pass." "You are marvellously
correct."

Advice by Letter or Appointment.

**15 SANDMERE ROAD,
CLAPHAM, LONDON**
(Nr. Clapham Tube Station.) S.W.4.

BROTHER MARKONIUS M.A., OXON.

Will cast your horoscope for 10s. and give delineation. Also if desired, fuller delineation: direction: solar revolution: all transits and every variety of predictive pointers carefully calculated. Individual judgment guaranteed.

Send for form to 24 Rowsley Avenue, N.W.4.

The "AFU-RA" CHAPTER of
THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT
has now been formed in London.

Public Meetings are now being held every Friday Evening at 8 p.m., at 6 Bishops Road, Paddington, London, W. (half minute from Paddington Station). A copy of the Constitution and Rules and list of Lessons issued on application to W. WATKINS, Hon. Sec., 97 Ledbury Road, Bayswater, London, W. 11.

Regulus, Astrologer

Map and brief judgment, 5s.
With two years' advice, 10s. 6d.

Time, Date, Place of Birth and Sex
required. If married, date of same
for correction purposes.

93 COWGATE STREET, NORWICH.

Reader of the Future

State age, sex, colour of eyes and hair,
whether married or single. Fee 2s.
(postal order). Address:

Mrs. RADCLIFFE,
Sway Wood, Sway, Hampshire.

Your Horoscope

carefully calculated. Straightforward
advice in plain English, covering 5 years.
No technical terms. 20/-

Two recent Clients write:—"Your skill amazing; directions most helpful."—B.P., LONDON, W.C.2
"Hearty thanks for the cleverest horoscope I've ever had."—N., ROYAL HOTEL, EDINBURGH.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SPECIAL QUESTIONS.

Birth place, Date, time (if known), sex.

Letters only. Mr. RADWELL, 14 Sutherland Terrace, London, S.W.1

"LIFE WORTH LIVING" 1s. 6d. net.

A LITTLE BOOK WITH A GREAT MESSAGE.

By F. HESLOP.

Author of "Speaking Across the Border-line." 9th Edition. Paper cover 2/-; art linen 3/-. "Further Messages Across the Border-line." Reduced price, paper cover 2/6; art linen 4/6. Postage extra.

London: CHARLES TAYLOR, Brooke House, Warwick Lane,
AND FROM ALL IMPORTANT BOOKSELLERS.

FATE.

Obtain remarkable astrological study
of your life by an expert. Post 1s.
P.O., birth, date and stamped addressed
envelope. No personal interviews.
Unlimited unsolicited testimonials.
Write to-day. You will be amazed.

PROF. EUGENE BARTON, F.I.A.S.
(Dept. S.),
13 Morley St., Ashley Vale, BRISTOL.

PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS from hand-
writing, photos, or small article. Send
Postal Order for 2/6. More extended
reading 5/-. Stamped envelope
appreciated. Address, Phyllis M.
Tate, 170 South Street, Park, Shef-
field. Advice by post only. Mention
Occult Review.

HELEN, THE GREEK

Writes up your former incarnation
story from photograph and birth-
date. Occult and Mystic Lessons by
correspondence. Fees 5/6 and 10/6.

Address: c/o OCCULT REVIEW,
Paternoster House, London, E.C.4

P. S. HERU-KA

84 Kensal Road, London, W.10.

Nativities calculated and readings given on
health, marriage, financial prospects, etc.
Any questions answered. Time, date and
place of birth required. Maps from 15/6
Fees pre-payable. Genuineness guaranteed.

MRS. ANNETTA BANBURY

The well-known Clairvoyante, Powerful
Telepathist—Hear Clairaudiently.

Advice daily on personal and general matters re-
quiring psychic aid by letter appointments only.
Psychometry by post, fee 5s. Advice on the
Development of Mediumship Investigators. Write
for an appointment, MRS. ANNETTA BANBURY,
"Minoru," 3 Portland Place, Marine Parade,
Brighton, Sussex.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND—1224-1538. By Edward Hutton.
London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

In this the Septcentenary of the Seraphic Francis Assisi, all authoritative writings concerning him and his Order of Lesser Brethren have a double interest and value. Mr. Edward Hutton's work, in which the accuracy of the scholar is enhanced by a glowing yet restrained enthusiasm, is, we are told, the first general survey of the history of the Franciscan Order in England that has yet been published. Availing himself of Thomas of Eccleston's contemporary work on the Coming of The Friars to Dover in 1224, that inimitable account of the adventures and development of the Order during its earliest days in England, the author makes us see, as in a panorama of vivid colours, of moving lights and shadows, the lives of those ardent souls who endeavoured to follow the Divine Master's teaching in all its beauty and simplicity. Mr. Hutton then proceeds to show us the later developments, the rapid spread of the movement throughout England, its popularity with rich and poor alike; its many vicissitudes, severances and disagreements (so utterly far from the spirit of the Poverello) up to its final overthrow and dissolution under Henry VIII and Cromwell.

Mr. Hutton gives chapter and verse for all the events of which he writes. He devotes three chapters to the famous Friars, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham. Yet another chapter makes clear what Oxford owed to the great system of learning created there by the Franciscan Order, "which produced men," says Mr. Hutton, "whose names will never be forgotten, names among the greatest in mediaeval thought."

The author calls his work "A labour of love," and as such it will be treasured by every humble follower of the Ideal which made Saint Francis the Standard-bearer of Christ.

EDITH K. HARPER.

POEMS FROM A QUIET ROOM. By Fay Inchfawn. London: Ward,
Lock & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

In a world in which the majority of men and women are "hewers of wood and drawers of water," there is always a welcome for souls of sunshine and cheer to sing by the way. So Fay Inchfawn's writings, both in prose and verse, have won a measure of popularity that is not surprising, for she has the magic of sympathy and the spell of humour which should waken a responsive echo in all but the resolutely pessimistic. Here, for instance:

"Suppose the very things I hate
Should all come trooping to my gate;
Suppose my currant jam won't set,
Suppose my washing day is wet,
And then suppose the clothes-line breaks
Just as the littlest one awakes.
. . . Well, even then
There still will be
God and the universe—
And me!"

EDITH K. HARPER.