

THE OCCULT REVIEW

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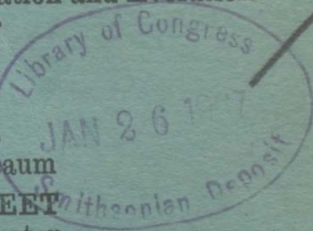
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CORRESPONDENCE
PERIODICAL LITERATURE
REVIEWS



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George Sheringham 1907.

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:

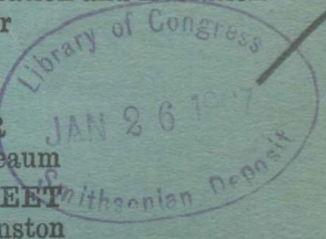
"Suppose the very things I hate
Should all come trooping to my gate;
Suppose my currant jam won't set,
Suppose my washing day is wet,
And then suppose the clothes-line breaks
Just as the littlest one awakes.
. . . Well, even then
There still will be
God and the universe—
And me!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

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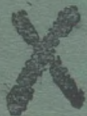
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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

ONE of the most alluring fields of research in the domain of occultism is the tradition associated with the lost island continent of Atlantis. Of recent years no name has been more intimately connected with this branch of investigation than that of Mr. Lewis Spence, who has done more perhaps than any other writer to establish on a firm basis of reason what was formerly regarded as a matter of pure conjecture. During the years that he has devoted to this line of inquiry, Mr. Spence, besides contributing from time to time highly informative articles on the subject to the columns of this magazine, has to his credit two noteworthy volumes, *The Problem of Atlantis* and *Atlantis in America*, which now have been supplemented by a work with the challenging title, *A History of Atlantis*.* Challenging it is, because to the lay mind the first thought that occurs is: what warrant can possibly be produced for ascribing so presumptuous a term as "history" to the various speculations with which the name of Atlantis is so popularly bound up? The author does not lay claim to any psychic source of information such as

* London: Rider and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

that behind *A Child's Story of Atlantis* which was published a number of years ago as the reminiscences of a peculiarly sensitive child who had brought over memories of a far distant incarnation. Rather are his energies directed towards putting the whole question on an actual scientific basis. Psychic evidence, as a matter of fact, plays no part in his method of approach. None the less, the evidence of archæological research confirms in a remarkable degree the claim of the occultist to the actuality of such a submerged continent.

That no absolutely conclusive case has yet been made for his contention, Mr. Spence is the first to admit. "Such an account," he says, in reference to his attempt to reconstruct an Atlantean history, "must have as many lacunæ as it has facts, and must rely in a large measure upon analogy, and often upon pure surmise." Nevertheless, "that a basis of indisputable fact lies at the roots of the Atlantean theory" the writer stoutly maintains, and he pleads that in face of such an array of testimony as he has brought together, it is merely childish to refuse belief to the main details of Plato's story. Comparative religion, anthropology, archæology, geology and folklore are all pressed into the service of his hypothesis, and in the present volume much evidence which did not appear in the author's earlier works on the subject has been brought forward. Yet with all this, Mr. Spence does not overlook the vital part played by inspiration in the solving of archæological riddles.

SCIENCE
AND
INSPIRATION.

"It must be manifest," he points out, "how great a part inspiration has played in the disentangling of archæological problems during the past century. By the aid of inspiration, as much as by that of mere scholarship, the hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuneiform script of Babylon were unriddled. Was it not inspiration which unveiled to Schliemann the exact site of Troy before he excavated it? Inspirational methods, indeed, will be found to be those of the archæology of the future. The tape-measure school, dull and full of the credulity of incredulity, is doomed.

"Analogy is the instrument of inspiration, and, if wielded truly, is capable of extraordinary results. Even now archæology and folklore are almost entirely dependent for their results upon analogy. Only by comparison can we cast light upon the nature of unexplained customs and objects, and in this volume the analogical method will be largely employed, because it provides us with a fitting probe by whose aid we may pierce the hard

crusts of oblivion which have gathered around the facts of Atlantean history."

When he admits the importance of the part played by inspiration in scientific research, Mr. Spence is approaching within measurable distance of the occult point of view; for what is inspiration but the upwelling of knowledge from and an insight into regions normally inaccessible to human consciousness? The occultist is he who, to use the simile of *Light on the Path*, takes knowledge—not by the clumsy and roundabout method of deductive reasoning, but by direct apprehension, by intuition, by insight, or inspiration. Much of the knowledge with which particular individuals are inspired is in the nature of a recovery of what has been known by the soul in the past. The intuitive knowledge of infant prodigies is of this order. They do not need to reason: they know.

A little-suspected source of a large portion of the fascination exercised over many minds by the subject of Atlantis is to be found in what many occultists maintain is an actual fact—the presence amongst the Western nations to-day of many souls whose last incarnation was in Atlantis. The child above referred to, who was sufficiently sensitive to recall a considerable portion of the memory of the soul, is a case in point. Another remarkable instance is to be found in the case of the writer through whom was given the remarkable record published under the title of *The Book of Truth*. His recoveries of Atlantean lore, especially as evidenced in a manuscript which has recently been placed in my hands, point to the closest of ties with the lost continent. The cordial response of the reading public to Mr. Spence's works is, it seems to me, not entirely due to the lure of mystery or to the graphic and capable pen of the author, but to some extent at least to a slumbering memory of the distant past.

Opening his study of Atlantean history with a consideration of the early sources, Mr. Spence deftly summarises the information bequeathed to us by Plato in his *Timæus* and *Critias*. So far from Plato's account being mythical or allegorical, he contends that the Egyptian sources from which this early material was drawn were very real indeed. It is not necessary to dwell at any great length on the description of the island continent as given by Plato. Briefly, its inhabitants began apparently with a life of arcadian simplicity and happiness, and gradually, as intelligence developed, grew more and more self-willed and unruly, until evil set its foot amongst them, and deterioration set

in, culminating in the series of catastrophes which wiped out all but a chosen few of that early race. To quote Plato himself :

“ For many centuries they did not lose sight of their august origin, they obeyed the laws, and were religious adorers of the gods, their ancestors. Sincerity reigned in their hearts. Moderation and prudence directed their conduct, and their relations with foreign nations. So long as they behaved in this manner all was well with them. But in the course of time the vicissitudes of human affairs corrupted little by little their divine institutions, and they began to comport themselves like the rest of the children of men. They hearkened to the promptings of ambition and sought to rule by violence. Then Zeus, the king of the gods, beholding this race, once so noble, growing depraved, resolved to punish it, and by sad experience to moderate its ambition.”

Here the story given by Plato abruptly ends, but, as Lewis
 A PSYCHIC Spence observes, we may safely assume that his
 RECONSTRUC- account would have outlined the terms of the god's
 TION. strictures and warnings ; and it may not be without
 interest to describe the subsequent course of events
 as received clairaudiently by the author to whose manuscript I
 have above referred. The summary is based on information
 received during the last ten days of July 1926. On the 21st
 of that month came the message, “ My children, I would now set
 before you what took place in Atlantis after the period of evolving
 prosperity had persisted for many centuries.” The island, ap-
 parently, was divided roughly into three zones, the Lowlands, the
 Tablelands, and the sacred Heights. The Heights were the home
 of the ruling classes and king-initiates, the royal and priestly
 functions being then combined. Two groups of twelve initiates
 are said to have administered what we may perhaps call the
 esoteric and exoteric aspects of the Atlantean polity respectively.
 It was in the lower lands towards the seaboard of the continent
 that the evil of Eranus (Satanaku, or Satan) first manifested
 itself. A priest of the outer court of one of the temples of the
 Lowlands, inspired by personal ambition and lust for power,
 sought to make public property the inner mysteries of the
 Heights. To this end, it is stated, he founded a secret sect,
 which spread throughout the length and breadth of the Low-
 lands and in turn affected the Tablelands. At length the followers
 of Itheboleth—for so the name of the ambitious priest is given—
 became so powerful that they were able to defy openly the exist-

ing form of administration. It was in the school of Itheboleth that the seeds of black magic were first sown. He, too, was the leader of the revolt that resulted in the first shedding of human blood.

“The domination of Itheboleth grew, and with it came crime and destruction to the continent of Atlantis,” says the chronicle. The temples of black-magic flourished, and finally outnumbered those of the white king-initiates in the Highlands. It was in these temples that the first human sacrifices took place. “The people were also told that if they killed and consumed the flesh of the cattle they would themselves become as gods, never knowing death, so you see how evil was wrought and how the act of slaughtering mortal flesh was started.” Internal strife racked the island, and ended in a bloody battle, which was only stopped by the advent of the first of the series of great catastrophes. “The ground did tremble and a mist filled all the Tablelands and stretched even unto the seaboard of the Lowlands, and the earth was rent so that great tongues of fire rose up, consuming all those who came within their grasp.”

For a period of many centuries peace once more reigned throughout Atlantis. The devastated temples were rebuilt, and the administration of the continent reorganised. But again human nature proved wayward, and evil once more crept into the land. A sect was founded, and a great sanctuary raised in honour of the memory of Itheboleth. The practice of black-magic and the offering of human sacrifices again became rampant. To so bad a pass did the state of affairs come at this second crisis that it resulted in the cataclysms which finally destroyed the continent. Preparations having been made for the preservation of the divine mysteries and the safeguarding of chosen groups of survivors, the nation's evil karma was precipitated. The account of the submergence is given by the script in the following graphic words :

“The foundations of Atlantis were already undermined on account of the previous upheavals which had occurred, so that the Lowlands fell away at the first quaking of the soil near the seaboard. From the Lowlands the people were driven up towards the Tablelands, which parts were as yet unaffected. Some of you will ask ‘why did not they escape from the continent in boats?’ The reason was because the sea was a seething mass of molten lava and sulphurous tongues of fire, and all who were bold enough to approach were swallowed up or scorched to death.

As the days went by the Tablelands in turn became affected, and crumbled, falling away into the sea, until at length were the population that remained left in a great mass round the slopes of the Highlands. Yet could they not approach them because only those who possessed the knowledge of the adept could levitate thither.

“Outraged Nature was to play her part, and suddenly a huge crater was formed within the sacred Heights, and truly did it seem as if Satanaku awaited them in that cauldron of fury. The sacred Heights subsided, and telescoping into the bosom of the earth, afforded the people congregated upon the Tablelands a glimpse of what they had striven to see.

“Down went the sacred temple surrounded by the seven peaks, and as it subsided it sucked after it the remaining portions of the Tablelands, engulfing those evil ones who still remained alive. Thus perished Atlantis, and at length the waves of the ocean closed over the last traces of that evil continent, that same fair land that had once been the habitation of Ptah and the divine men.”

Such, then, is the brief outline of an account received by psychic inspiration of the passing of a great era in the history of the world. Whether the source of his inspiration is the author's own sub-conscious memory, or that of an intelligence exterior to his own, it is not easy to determine, although the balance of evidence points in favour of the latter hypothesis. “El Eros,” to use the pseudonym he has adopted, will, I am sure, pardon me for pointing out that his normal style of writing bears evidence of immaturity. It would, in point of fact, be impossible to contemplate putting his ordinary epistles into print before subjecting them to rigorous emendation. His ordinary style lacks altogether the distinction of that archaic dignity which characterises the inspirational scripts. Neither his everyday correspondence nor his general personality give the slightest indication of latent ability to compose, for instance, a paragraph such as the following *Lament of Horus over the destruction of Atlantis*:

“O! Chekon! Thou golden city of Atlantis. Thy towers
 THE LAMENT OF HORUS. are overthrown, and thy altars are buried beneath
 the waves of the mighty ocean. Thy sanctuaries
 became a habitation for jackals and vipers, and thy
 highways became streets of iniquity. Behold, the word of Ptah
 was spoken and the earth opened wide its mouth and swallowed
 those evil ones, that not one remained. Alas! ye golden domes

and glistening columns, weep for the destruction that has come upon you.

“ Weep for all eternity, for in thy awful desolation shalt thou rise up again from thy watery grave.

“ Behold, thy voice shall be like unto the voice of the harlot crying aloud and saying, ‘ Behold, out of my whoredom hath come destruction.’ Take heed, ye nations of earth, lest ye fall into greater tribulation. The fair city of Chekon, the first city of Atlantis, is overthrown. The habitation of Ptah is no more.”

Such a *tour de force* is, I feel, quite beyond the scope of “ El Eros ” as he manifests in everyday life.

Opinions with regard to the exact site of the submerged continent differ somewhat, although it is generally conceded that it must have had its place somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean. In reviewing the geological evidence available in support of the contention that Atlantis was a reality, Lewis Spence points out that “ with the gradual collection of new evidence relative to the geology and biology of the Atlantic region the theory concerning the existence of such a land-mass (as Atlantis) has taken on an entirely new complexion. This evidence does not depend upon the misty surmises of visionaries, or the dogmatic assertions of that type of antiquary who twists tradition and philology into the semblance of testimony, but on considerations the most rational and credible. That an Atlantean continent at one time occupied the present oceanic gulf between Europe and America is a scientific truth now accepted by geologists of all shades of opinion, and the only question of debate which still remains has reference to the precise period in geological history at which this continent flourished.”

Later on he remarks :

“ The fact that geologists of distinction have risked their reputations by testifying in no uncertain manner to the reality of a former Atlantean continent should surely give pause to those who impatiently refuse even to examine the probabilities of the arguments so ably upheld. But the most significant consideration which emerges is that this modern expert evidence is almost entirely in favour of a comparatively recent land-mass or masses in the Atlantic.”

Mr. Spence’s own conclusions, based on geological and biological evidence, are thus summarised :

"A great continent formerly occupied the whole or major portion of the North Atlantic region, and a considerable portion of its southern basin. Of early geological origin it must, in the course of successive ages, have experienced many changes in contour and mass, probably undergoing frequent submergence and emergence.

"In the Miocene times it still retained its continental character, but towards the end of that period began to disintegrate owing to successive volcanic and other causes.

"This disintegration resulted in the formation of greater and lesser masses. Two of these, considerably larger in area than any of the others, were situated (*a*) at a relatively short distance from the entrance to the Mediterranean; and (*b*) in the region of the present West India Islands. These may respectively be called Atlantis and Antillia. . . .

"These two island continents and the connecting chain of islands persisted until the late Pleistocene times, at which epoch (about 25,000 years ago) Atlantis seems to have experienced further disintegration. Final disaster appears to have overtaken Atlantis about 10,000 B.C. Antillia, on the other hand, seems to have survived until a much more recent period, and still persists fragmentally in the Antilla group of West India Islands."

In discussing the tradition associating the Sargasso Sea with the sunken Atlantis, Mr. Spence maintains that while there is reason to believe that this was geologically the case, his chief concern is the site of Atlantis during the period of its existence when it was occupied by human life. What was the geographical position and site of the island at the period when its early population began to leave it for European soil? After weighing the various theories put forward, the conclusion arrived at is that Atlantis at the time of its submergence extended from a point close to the entrance of the Mediterranean to the forty-fifth parallel of longitude, and, from north to south, nearly from the forty-fifth parallel of latitude to about the twenty-second parallel of latitude.

It is, however, in the theory that a definite Atlantean culture, embodying its own peculiar beliefs and customs, FROM ATLANTIS penetrated from the mainland to Western Europe TO EGYPT. and Central America, that some of the strongest support for the actual pre-existence of Atlantis is to be found. It would seem, according to Mr. Spence, that Crete, for instance, was

thus penetrated by Atlantean culture. Civilisation in Crete was undoubtedly of very ancient origin, and interesting parallels with that of Atlantis are brought to the attention of the reader. Atlantean origin is also claimed for Egyptian culture. This, of course, is definitely in line with the claim of the inspirational script from which I have quoted above. It is highly probable that this influence reached Egypt by way of North-West Africa. "The evidence," says Mr. Spence, "which appears most strongly in favour of the introduction of Atlantean influence into Egypt is connected with the cult of Osiris. That this worship was not indigenous to Egypt is obvious, but it is difficult to say at what era it was introduced into the Nile country. . . ."

"It is the *Book of the Dead* which gives us perhaps the most insight into the character and provenance of the Osirian cult. Four thousand years at least before the Christian era certain parts of it were in use in Egypt, and that these were even then associated with the cult and art of mummification is clear. . . ."

"There is little doubt, however, that many of the texts in the *Book of the Dead* are of a more archaic character than the First Dynasty. They were edited and re-edited many times, and even at a date so early as 3300 B.C. the scribes who copied them were so misled by many passages which they contained as scarcely to be able to follow their original meaning. . . ."

"The *Book of the Dead* was almost certainly a survival of a Neolithic ritual for the preservation of the body in order that it might live again. . . . Mummification with all its intricate ritual was developed from the Aurignacian practice, which was its seed and germ. In all probability the Aurignacian, that is the Atlantean custom of painting the bones of the dead, spread along the coast of North Africa until it reached Egypt, where in course of time it took on an appearance of greater refinement, so that no longer the bones but the whole body was painted thus. But there is good reason to believe that along the entire track of Atlantean civilisation, from Egypt to Peru, a definite cult of embalming . . . slowly took shape. *I believe that this cult, the Osirian, originated in Atlantis, and spread thence all over North Africa, on the one hand, and to America on the other.*"

Compare this with the information given in the psychic script of "El Eros." During the period of the final cataclysms, plans were made for the colonisation of Egypt by the Atlantean refugees. "The first to be called unto my Father was I, Osiris, who was instructed concerning the building of the chief sanctuary of

initiation which was to be erected in the land of Khemu (Egypt), and the complete plan was given unto me. . . . Having made known unto me the things I should do, my Father bade me call unto him El Erosuphu, to whom were delivered the statutes of my Father, Ptah."

The scribe then gives an account of what occurred in Khemu from the time of the final migration which took place about 15,000 B.C. The main body of refugees arriving at the spot now known as Alexandria, disembarked and settled under the leadership of a priest named Heliomore. As the years passed, and the population increased, attention was turned to the building of the pyramids, three huge edifices, or stones of remembrance, and temples of initiation. The entrance to these temples was similar to that of the temple on the sacred Heights of Atlantis; that is, between the paws of a gigantic sphinx.

Mr. Spence calls attention to the significant fact that it is on the coast-lines of the European, American, and African continents that the best evidences of Atlantean influence are to be found. He emphasises the point that every great civilisation has been distinguished by a very definite group of cultural and customary practices. The proof that the Atlantean civilisation was so distinguished is, he maintains, fairly evident. The Atlantean culture-complex, as he terms it, is so evident and constant in its distribution that the claim of a former link between the American and European continents is, in his opinion, conclusively proved.

In elucidation of his thesis, Mr. Spence adduces the following reasons in support of his argument :

"The particular elements which distinguish the Atlantean culture-complex are the practice of mummification, the practice of witchcraft, the presence of the pyramid, head flattening, the couvade, the use of three-pointed stones, the existence of certain definite traditions of cataclysm, and several other minor cultural and traditional evidences. The main argument is that these are all to be found collectively confined within an area stretching from the western coasts of Europe to the eastern shores of America, and embracing the western European islands and the Antilles. So far as I am aware, these elements are not to be found associated with each other in any other part of the world. This seems to supply the surest kind of proof that they must have emanated from some Atlantean area now submerged, which

formerly acted as a link between East and West, and whence these customs were distributed eastward and westward respectively."

The distribution of the Atlantean culture-elements above mentioned—mummification, the presence of pyramids, etc.—is traced throughout the regions indicated, and affords a striking testimony to the truth of Mr. Spence's theory; while it is pointed out that Plato's account displays the clearest traces of the Atlantean culture-complex.

A specially important chapter is devoted to the traces of Atlantis in Britain, which, it is claimed, is a veritable touchstone of Atlantean history. Addressing himself to occultists in general and Theosophists in particular, Mr. Spence asks why they should seek to infer the origin of the system they support from Oriental sources, "when it must be manifest, as the founder of modern Theosophy upheld, that the very beginnings of the system emanated from Atlantis. . . . Let Theosophists and mystics generally pay more consideration not only to the evidences of the Atlantean origin of world-religion and philosophy, but make a deeper study of the remains of the Atlantean system as observed in Druidism, the ancient religion of our own island. . . . The mystical literature of the Welsh Triads, the Irish legends and the vast epic of the Grail are available to him. . . . Let the Theosophist and student of world-religion betake himself to the source rather than to the affluents."

With which adjuration we must bring to a close our consideration of an absorbing work on a fascinating subject. That archaeology and occult research together may in the future succeed in restoring some of the lost knowledge of those Mysteries of which Atlantis was the great repository, it is, perhaps, not too much to hope.

THE EDITOR.

THE TEMPLAR ORDERS IN FREEMASONRY

An Historical Consideration of their Origin and Development

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

HAVING regard to the fact that Emblematic Freemasonry, as it is known and practised at this day, arose from an Operative Guild and within the bosom of a development from certain London Lodges which prior to the year 1717 had their titles in the past of the Guild and recognised its Old Charges, it would seem outside the reasonable likelihood of things that less than forty years after the foundation of Grand Lodge Knightly Orders should begin to be heard of developing under the ægis of the Craft, their titles in some cases being borrowed from the old institutions of Christian Chivalry. It is this, however, which occurred, and the inventions were so successful that they multiplied on every side, from 1754 to the threshold of the French Revolution, new denominations being devised when the old titles were exhausted. There arose in this manner a great tree of Ritual, and it happens, moreover, that we are in a position to affirm the kind of root from which it sprang. Twenty years after the date of the London Grand Lodge, and when that of Scotland may not have been twelve months old, the memorable Scottish Freemason, Andrew Michael Ramsay, delivered an historical address in a French Lodge, in the course of which he explained that the Masonic Brotherhood arose in Palestine during the period of the Crusades, under the protection of Christian Knights, with the object of restoring Christian Churches which had been destroyed by Saracens in the Holy Land. For some reason which does not emerge, the foster-mother of Masonry, according to the mind of the hypothesis, was the Chivalry of St. John. Ramsay appears to have left the Masonic arena, and he died in the early part of 1743, but his discourse produced a profound impression on French Freemasonry. He offered no evidence, but France undertook to produce it after its own manner and conformably to the spirit of the time by the creation of Rites and Degrees of Masonic Knighthood, no trace of which is to be found prior to the thesis of Ramsay. Their prototypes of course were extant, the Knights of Malta, Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, Knights

of St. Lazarus, in the gift of the Papal See, and the Order of Christ in Portugal, in the gift of the Portuguese Crown. There is no need to say that these Religious and Military Orders have nothing in common with the Operative Masonry of the past, and when their titles were borrowed for the institution of Masonic Chivalries, it is curious how little the latter owed to the ceremonial of their precursors, in their manners of making and installing Knights, except in so far as the general prototype of all is found in the Roman Pontifical. There are, of course, reflections and analogies : (1) in the old knightly corporations the candidate was required to produce proofs of noble birth, and the Strict Observance demanded these at the beginning, but owing to obvious difficulties is said to have ended by furnishing patents at need ; (2) in the Military Order of Hospitallers of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, he undertook, as in others, to protect the Church of God, with which may be compared modern Masonic injunctions in the Temple and Holy Sepulchre to maintain and defend the Holy Christian Faith ; (3) again at his Knighting he was " made, created and constituted now and for ever," which is identical, word for word, with the formula of another Masonic Chivalry, and will not be unknown to many.

But the appeal of the new foundations was set in another direction, and was either to show that they derived from Masonry or were Masonry itself at the highest, in the proper understanding thereof. When the story of a secret perpetuation of the old Knights Templar—outside the Order of Christ—arose in France or Germany, but as I tend to conclude in France, it was and remains the most notable case in point of this appeal and claim. It rose up within Masonry, and it came about that the Templar element overshadowed the dreams and pretensions of other Masonic Chivalries, or, more correctly, outshone them all. I am dealing here with matters of fact and not proposing to account for the facts themselves within the limits of a single study. The Chevalier Ramsay never spoke of the Templars : his affirmation was that the hypothetical building confraternity of Palestine united ultimately with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem ; that it became established in various countries of Europe as the Crusaders drifted back ; and that its chief centre in the thirteenth century was Kilwinning in Scotland. But the French or otherwise German Masonic mind went to work upon this thesis, and in presenting the Craft with the credentials of Knightly connections it substituted the Order of the Temple for the chivalry chosen by Ramsay. The Battle of Lepanto and the Siege of Vienna had

invested the annals of the St. John Knighthood with a great light of valour ; but this was as little and next to nothing in comparison with the talismanic attraction which for some reason attached to the Templar name and was obviously thrice magnified when the proposition arose that the great chivalry had continued to exist in secret from the days of Philippe le Bel even to the second half of the eighteenth century. There were other considerations, however, which loomed largely, and especially in regard to the sudden proscription which befell the Order in 1307. Of the trial which followed there were records available to all, in successive editions of the French work of Dupuy, first published in 1685 ; in the German *Historical Tractatus* of Petrus Puteamus published at Frankfort in 1665 ; in Gurther's Latin *Historia Templariorum* of 1691 ; and in yet other publications prior to 1750. There is not a little evidence of one impression which was produced by these memorials, the notion, namely, of an unexplored realm of mystery extending behind the charges. It was the day of Voltaire, and it happened that a shallow infidelity was characterised by the kind of licence which fosters intellectual extravagance, by a leaning in directions which are generally termed superstitious—though superstition itself was pilloried—and in particular by attraction towards occult arts and supposed hidden knowledge. Advanced persons were ceasing to believe in the priest but were disposed to believe in the sorcerer, and the Templars had been accused of magic, of worshipping a strange idol, the last suggestion—for some obscure reason—being not altogether indifferent to many who had slipped the anchor of their faith in God. Beyond these frivolities and the foolish minds that cherished them, there were other persons who were neither in the school of a rather cheap infidelity nor in that of common superstition, but who looked seriously for light to the East and for its imagined traditional wisdom handed down from past ages. They may have been dreamers also, but they were less or more zealous students after their own manner, within their proper measures, and the Templar Chivalry drew them because they deemed it not unlikely that its condemnation by the paramount orthodoxy connoted a suspicion that the old Knighthood had learned in Palestine more than the West could teach. Out of such elements were begotten some at least of the Templar Rites and they grew from more to more, till this particular aspect culminated in the Templar dramas of Werner, in which an Order concealed through the ages and perpetuated through saintly custodians reveals to a chosen few among Knights Templar some part of its secret doctrine—the

identity of Christ and Horus, of Mary the Mother of God, and Isis the Queen of Heaven. The root of these dreams on doctrine and myth transfigured through the ages—with a heart of reality behind it—will be found, as it seems to me, in occult derivations from Templar Ritual which belong to *circa* 1782 and are still in vigilant custody on the continent of Europe. I mention this lest it should be thought that the intimations of a German poet, though he was an active member of the Strict Observance, were mere inventions of an imaginative mind.

There is no historical evidence for the existence of any Templar perpetuation story prior to the Oration of Ramsay, just as there is no question that all documents produced by the French non-Masonic Order of the Temple, founded in the early years of the nineteenth century, are inventions of that period and are fraudulent like the rest of its claims, its list of Grand Masters included. There is further—as we have observed—no evidence of any Rite or Degree of Masonic Chivalry prior to 1737, to which date is referred the discourse of Ramsay. That this was the original impetus which led to their production may be regarded as beyond dispute, and it was the case especially with Masonic Templar revivals. Their thesis was his thesis varied. For example, according to the Rite of the Strict Observance the proscribed Order was carried by its Marshal, Pierre d'Aumont, who escaped with a few other Knights to the Isles of Scotland, disguised as Operative Masons. They remained there and under the same veil the Templars continued to exist in secret from generation to generation under the shadow of the mythical Mount Heredom of Kilwinning. To whatever date the old dreams ascribe it, when Emblematic Freemasonry emerged it was—*ex hypothesi*—a product of the union between Knights Templar and ancient Scottish Masonry. Such is the story told.

The Strict Observance was founded by Baron von Hund in Germany between about 1751 and 1754 or 1755, and is usually regarded as the first Masonic Chivalry which put forward the story of Templar perpetuation. I have accepted this view on my own part, but subject to his claim at its value—if any—that he had been made a Knight of the Temple in France, some twelve years previously. The question arises, therefore, as to the fact or possibility of antecedent Degrees of the kind in that country, and we are confronted at once by many stories afloat concerning the Chapter of Clermont, the foundation of which at Paris is referred to several dates. It was in existence, according to Yarker,

terised the First Temple. The discovery explains also the wealth acquired by the Templars, but it led in the end to their destruction. Traitors who knew of the secret, though they had not themselves attained it, revealed the fact to Clement V and Philip the Fair of France, and the real purpose of the persecution which followed was to wrest the transmuting process from the hands of its custodians. Jacques de Molay and his co-heirs died to preserve it, but three of the initiated Knights made their escape and after long wandering from country to country they found refuge in the caves of Mount Heredom. They were succoured by Knights of St. Andrew of the Thistle, with whom they made an alliance and on whom they conferred their knowledge. To conceal it from others and yet transmit it through the ages they created the Masonic Order in 1340; but the alchemical secret, which is the physical term of the Mystery, has been ever reserved to those who can emerge from the veils of allegory—that is to say, for the chiefs of St. Andrew of the Thistle, who are Princes of the Rosy Cross, and the Grand Council of the Chapter.

The alchemical side of this story is in a similar position to that of the perpetuation myth, of which it is an early version. There is nothing that can be taken seriously. But this is not to say that in either case there is no vestige of possibilities behind. Modern science tends more and more to show us that the transmutation of metals is not an idle dream and—speaking on my own part—there are well-known testimonies in the past on the literal point of fact which I and others have found it difficult to set utterly aside. So also there are few things more certain in history than is the survival of Knights Templar after their proscription and suspension as an Order. With this fact in front of us it is not as a hypothesis improbable that there or here the chivalry may have been continued in secret by the making of new Knights. It is purely a question of evidence, and this is unhappily wanting. The traditional histories of Knightly Masonic Degrees—like those of the Chapter of Clermont, the Strict Observance and the Swedish Rite—bear all the marks of manufacture; the most that can be said concerning them—and then in the most tentative manner—is that by bare possibility there may have been somewhere in the world a rumour of secret survival, in which case the root matter of their stories would not have been pure invention. The antecedent material would then have been worked over and adapted to Masonic purposes, inspired by the Oration of Ramsay.

It is to be presumed that when this speculation is left to stand at its value, there is no critical mind which will dream of an authentic element in Hugh de Payen's supposed discovery of the Powder of Projection at or about the site of the Jewish Temple. This romantic episode stands last in a series of similar fictions which are to be found in the history of Alchemy. When we are led to infer therefore by the records before me that the Chapter of Clermont reached its end *circa* 1763, we shall infer that it was in a position no longer to carry on the pretence of possessing and being able to communicate at will the Great Secret of Alchemy. It is evident from the Ritual that this was not disclosed to those who, being called in their turn, were admitted to the highest rank and became Knights of God. It was certainly promised, however, at a due season as a reward of merit. From a false pretence of this kind the only way of escape would be found by falling back upon renounced and abjured allegory. Now, we have seen that the Chapter in its last Degree represented the New Jerusalem, and therefore its alchemy might well be transferred from a common work in metals to the spiritual side of Hermeticism. Those who have read Robert Fludd and Jacob Böhme will be acquainted with this aspect ; but it may not have satisfied the figurative Knights of God, who had come so far in their journey from the Lodge of Entered Apprentice to a Temple of supposed adeptship. The Chapter therefore died.

(To be concluded)

MYSTICAL MEDICINE

By CHARLES WHITBY

WITH an hour more to wait for my train, having missed the connection at Milchester, I was wandering disconsolately up the High Street of that picturesquely-decayed cathedral city, when a tall man emerging from a by-way suddenly confronted me.

"Pemberthy!" I exclaimed, surprised and delighted. He stopped, and after we had exchanged a few remarks told me that he was on his way to visit his old friend, Dr. Blosset, who lived close by, and invited me to accompany him.

"Blosset is no commonplace practitioner," he said, "but a man with ideas, a mystic. You will be interested."

"Can he cure a headache?" I asked.

"Why? Is yours aching?"

"Fiercely, I assure you. But no drug I've tried—and I've tried hundreds—has ever touched my headaches, except by way of making them worse."

"Blosset will cure this one in two minutes. He is a wizard, I tell you. Come along!"

Pemberthy's prediction was a tempting one, but sounded too good to be true. My head seemed to be opening and shutting, as if some imp were hammering a wedge between the sutures, and the prospect of two or three hours in the crowded compartment of a local stopping train was a fearsome one. So, tacitly assenting, I followed Pemberthy as he dived through an alley and crossed a corner of the Close, where through sentinel rows of elm, beech and sycamore loomed the huge bulk and squat towers of the cathedral. From the Close we turned into a narrow street, and a moment later Pemberthy was knocking at the door of a mediæval house, shadowed by the projection of the oak-timbered upper storeys. Dr. Blosset would see us shortly, the maid told us as she ushered us into a quaint low-ceiled parlour, reminiscent of the room in a well-known picture of Milton dictating *Paradise Lost*.

Two minutes later, she showed in a young woman accompanied by a delicate-looking little boy. Noticing that he coughed slightly, Pemberthy asked his mother if he was a patient,

"That he is!" exclaimed the good woman, and proceeded to chant the praises of Dr. Blosset's marvellous skill.

"Three days ago, when I sent for him," she told us, "Bertie was in bed, with a temperature, his chest full of rattlings, coughing his heart out, enough to break your own heart to see and hear him, coughing and crowing, and sick every time."

"Sounds like whooping-cough," Pemberthy remarked.

"Yes, sir, whooping-cough it was, sure enough. I sent for Dr. Wilkinson, who is very clever, and has the largest practice in Milchester, but the strong medicine he gave him never touched that cough, though I gave him his dose, regular as the clock, every three hours, for a week. So then we asked him to let us have Dr. Blosset to meet him, but he said, 'No; better let him take over the case.' Dr. Blosset came three days ago, and gave him some tasteless medicine, just like water."

"And did it do him any good?"

"*Any good, sir?* Just *look* at the boy! It acted like a charm. His temperature came down, his appetite came back, those awful spells of coughing—he used to cling to me in terror when he felt one coming—simply faded away. The neighbours won't believe he really *had* whooping-cough—though I know better. For they say it can't be cured in less than six weeks by anything short of a miracle."

At this moment we were interrupted by the return of the maid, who showed us into the consulting-room.

Dr. Blosset, a man of about fifty, of medium height, benevolent looking, moon-faced, with one of the largest, roundest and baldest heads I ever saw, peered smilingly at us through his spectacles. Wearing a rather shabby frock-coat, he stood by the mantelpiece, shaking some fluid in a phial. This he laid by, first glancing at his watch, then sat down at his table, after inviting us to be seated. On the desk I noticed a half-finished horoscope.

"Are you an astrologer, doctor?" I ventured, after Pemberthy had introduced me and the usual greetings were exchanged.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "I find it helpful to the diagnosis of obscure cases. And to their treatment, too, for that matter."

"Was that what enabled you to cure the little boy of whooping-cough?" asked Pemberthy.

"What little boy?"

We told him what we had seen and heard in the waiting-

room, and he seemed pleased but not surprised at the child's improvement.

"No need of horoscopes for a simple matter like that," he said. "As far as I remember, I gave him the sixth potency of *drosera*."

"The sixth potency. What precisely does that mean?" I enquired.

"You add one part of the 'mother tincture' to 99 parts of spirit, and shake it *by hand* for thirty or forty minutes. The result gives you the first potency. That, similarly diluted and shaken, produces the second, and so on. The sixth potency, therefore, contains one part to the billion of the original tincture. If such a dilution were made straight away, it would, of course, be perfectly inert, medically. But built up as I have described, it seems to be the case that each dilution hands on the healing virtue to the next, modified no doubt, but never destroyed. The spirit is 'droserified,' so to speak."

"But surely there must be a limit?" I said.

"If so, it has not been found," said the doctor. "I have seen the *thousandth* potency of a remedy produce most sensational effects."

"Must the dilutions be made by hand?" I asked.

"It is believed to be necessary," said the doctor, "but personally I doubt it, when, as so often happens, it is the perfunctory hand of a shop-boy, who knows nothing of the patient. But when made, as I make my own dilutions as far as possible, with the actual case in my mind, it seems reasonable to suppose that manual preparation may increase the remedial effect of the drug. So prepared, a medicine is, according to the French cabbalist, Éliphas Levi, a true magical elixir."

"Would you call yourself a homœopathist?" Pemberthy enquired.

"Hardly that," said the doctor. "At any rate, Hahnemann would not have called me one. He recognised only 'whole-hoggers.' Your true homœopathist is a sectarian: I am a catholic in medical methods, finding virtue in all. The principle of like to like is as old as Hippocrates, and is popularly embodied in the frequent recommendation of 'a hair of the dog that bit you.' But what is the matter with your friend? He looks far from well."

My interest and participation in the discussion had in fact greatly intensified the migraine. Every drop of blood seemed to have rushed to my bursting head, and the pain was excruciating. Pemberthy explained the situation.

"You are pledged to cure him," he added. "I promised on your behalf."

"Quite so," said Blosset. Then, turning to me: "Would you mind telling me the date of your birth?"

I gave the desired information.

"Ah, the Sun in Taurus, and, by the look of you, I should say, Virgo rising. Yes, I think I can guess *your* remedy."

He poured some water into a glass, then, having fetched from a shelf a small phial, added three or four drops of its contents, and passed the draught over to me. We then resumed our discussion, and within fifteen minutes I found to my amazement that my headache was completely gone. It had not been *suppressed* either, as pain is nowadays by drugs like aspirin, leaving a slightly stupefied feeling in its place. It had just faded quietly away, as the morning mist melts in the growing power of the sun. There were, I felt, in this curative process a truly magical subtlety and power. I wanted to know more about it, and the doctor was by no means unwilling to enlighten me.

"Do I understand you to say," I asked, "that Hahnemann was not the real discoverer of the homœopathic principle?"

"Certainly not of the *principle*," said Dr. Blosset. His *Organon* was published in 1810. Nearly three centuries before that, Paracelsus laid down the principle in almost the same words used, without acknowledgment, by Hahnemann: *Simile similibus cura: non contrarium*. 'Like is the cure of like; not a contrary thing.' What Hahnemann did, and what justifies his fame, was to devote his life to the practical application of the principle. This was a valuable piece of work, and if he went too far in denying the utility of other methods—for we must sometimes *oppose* Nature—it was a pardonable error."

"But in regard to the dosage, the use of infinitesimal dilutions, was not that his own discovery?"

"Not altogether so. There again, he seems to have been following the clue supplied by another mystic, Jacob Böhme, the illuminated shoemaker. In his *Treatise on 'Signatures' (De Signaturâ Rerum)*, published in 1621, Böhme develops the doctrine enunciated by Paracelsus a century before. All natural

beings, he says, are subject to some predominant planetary influence, and in the physiognomy of each the 'signature' of this influence is legibly inscribed. Thus the Jovian influence confers on plants, animals or men, dignity, virtue and power; that of Mars a crooked, gnarled or stunted growth; Saturn's, a black or grey colour, a lean body, hardness and astringency: Venus gives height, grace and smoothness; the Sun's influence on plants tends to produce flowers of a yellow colour, and Solar plants, being 'near to paradise,' have great curative powers."

"And I suppose," said Pemberthy, "that in general the type to which a man belongs will be a guide to the type of remedy that will cure his maladies?"

"Yes, that is the idea, of course. A Martial man will have diseases of the Martial type, and should be treated with Martial remedies."

"Can you specify a Martial disease?" I asked.

"Yes, erysipelas. And its most successful treatment is with the tincture of iron perchloride, 'Steel,' as it used to be called."

"On what grounds," I enquired, "does Bœhme prescribe that the remedy shall be of like rather than opposed nature to the malady?"

"His theory," said the doctor, "is that every disease is a 'hunger' which desires its likeness, not its opposite. In health, such qualities as cold and heat, dryness and moisture, preserve a certain balance or harmony. If any one of these qualities be 'enkindled,' that is, get the upper hand, it becomes a 'hunger' for complete supremacy, and to attempt a cure by mere suppression, as by the use of a 'cold' remedy to a 'hot' malady, or *vice versâ*, is futile, because it does not and cannot appease that 'hunger.' Here, let me read you what he says."

The doctor took down a book from one of the shelves which covered several walls of his consulting-room, and looked out the passage.

"To the cure of a foul sickness there belongs a foul brimstone (medicinal substance), and so to a cold or hot sickness the like is to be understood. . . . If enkindled heat be administered to the enkindled cold, then the cold is dismayed and falls into a swoond, viz., into death's property, and the mercurial wheel (vital process) runs into sadness.' So again, he says: 'If the physician administers Saturn only to a Martial disease, then

Mars is dismayed, and falls down into death's property.' Now, note what follows, for here, it seems, is the germ of Hahnemann's theory of attenuation: 'But yet the physician must have a care that he administers not in an hot disease the *raw undigested hot Mars*, in which Mercury (that is, the active property of the drug) is wholly *inflamed and burning*: for so he enkindles the fire more vehemently; he must first mollify Mars and Mercury and put them into joy (sublime them), and then it is right and good.' He goes on to say that the hotter the remedy the better, but its wrathful fire must first be changed into love and joy, and then it is right and good. It will satisfy, and at the same time allay, the morbid craving of the inflamed part."

"The terminology is alchemical, isn't it?" said Pemberthy.

"Yes, a quaint jargon, and very obscure sometimes. Boehme's view is that, in consequence of the Fall, all natural beings and processes are tainted with a 'wrathful' property of perversity and self-assertion: prone, therefore, on the least occasion, to fall into discord and antagonism. Now, sickness being no merely physical inordination but the result of a corruption of the 'oil' or inward principle in and from which the life's light burns, it follows that a true cure cannot be effected by any crude material remedy. Such raw remedies do not reach the *root* of the malady, where the 'abominate' has arisen; they effect at best only a superficial improvement. A true medicine plays, as it were, the rôle of a Saviour; to qualify for this it must die to the four elements and rise again in the fifth (ether), meek, pure and regenerate. Thus is awakened a supermaterial virtue, that permanent substratum or characteristic 'fixity' which inheres in all material bodies, and in case of a medicine enables it to penetrate the four elements and act upon the 'sidereal' body."

"Very interesting," I remarked, "but surely a trifle vague. How precisely are this 'death' and 'resurrection' brought about?"

"I'm afraid I can't say," the doctor confessed. "Some of Boehme's phrases seem to imply processes of heating and fermentation, but he insists that care must be taken not to destroy or radically change, but merely to mitigate and mollify the original character of the drug. But *dilution* must certainly have played a considerable part in it, and it was so, I surmise, that Hahnemann understood him. For in his *Organon* the latter claims on behalf of the action of medicines prepared and administered according to his method, that it is '*spirit-like*,' almost

as much so as that of vitality itself. Surely, this agreement in conception as to the true rôle of medicine can be no mere coincidence."

"I should hardly think so," Pemberthy agreed.

"If so," continued the doctor, "there is another and even stranger coincidence to explain. One of the principles laid down by the founder of homœopathy with great insistence is the necessity of giving only *one* remedy at a time. No *mixtures* are countenanced to this day by the faithful of the sect. This principle also was explicitly stated by Bœhme. A single remedy, he said, provided it was a true 'assimilate,' and raised to its 'highest joy,' would suffice to cure. Moreover——"

At this moment, a clock on the mantelpiece, by striking six, reminded me of the fact that I had a journey to complete.

"Pardon me, doctor," I exclaimed, "but how long does it take one to walk from here to the South-Western station?"

"You can do it comfortably in fifteen minutes."

"I must do it *uncomfortably* then. My train is due to leave at twelve minutes past the hour."

"Don't worry," said the doctor. "It will probably be late."

They conducted me to the door; gave the necessary directions. I flew. I reached the station 'on time.' Not so the train. When at last it arrived, it occurred to me, as I settled myself in a corner seat, that I had forgotten to ask the name of the drug which had dispersed my migraine!

AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE IN OCCULTISM

By DION FORTUNE

THE rival principles of autocracy and democracy have fought a long battle for the control of human affairs, and democracy has so far made good its case that to call a man an autocrat is to reproach him. With many occult teachers, however, the old principle of autocracy still seems to maintain its prestige, and they require of their pupils an unquestioning obedience and a blind faith.

The problem is admittedly a difficult one in occult matters, for the man who knows more must inevitably act as guide to the man who knows less, and many things cannot be explained to those without the gate. There are two sides to be considered in this, as in every other question. The teacher, himself bound by obligations, and responsible for the safeguarding of the system with which he is entrusted, a system which may have come down to him from the remote past, and which he, by the terms of his obligation, is not allowed to alter; he, with his superior knowledge, knows the pitfalls of the path, but may not be permitted to point them out expressly, for many of these pitfalls are of the nature of deliberate tests. He, with his clairvoyant vision, which a teacher must possess if he is to be other than a blind leader of the blind, knowing the inner states of his pupils and their karmic record, may have to keep silence concerning much which he discerns, even as did St. Paul, who said: "Many things I have to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now"; and yet he may desire to give a warning, which, if accepted, might save much difficulty and delay. For all these reasons the teacher desires authority over his pupil. Yet he must not forget that no human soul can accept responsibility for another, neither can he tread one step of the path for his pupil, nor save him from one experience that he needs for his evolution. When a teacher is newly entrusted with his office he may urgently desire to save his pupils from suffering, but when he has seen deeper into the nature of things he looks upon suffering with another eye, for he knows its educative value. He learns more and more, as time goes on, to interfere as little as possible between his pupil and the Master of that pupil upon the Inner Planes; for he

knows that his function is to enable the pupil to come into conscious touch with the Master who has committed that pupil to his care for training, and that however great his wisdom may be, it is better that the pupil should learn to think for himself, even if he makes mistakes, than to have his thinking done for him, and thereby be kept in a state of ignorance and inexperience. As well might the teacher of the violin try to play on behalf of his pupil as the teacher of any system of occult training try to take a decision on behalf of his pupil. All that either of them can do is to show their pupils, give them principles to guide them, then bid them try their hands, and, after the mistakes have been made, but not before, explain to them where the errors have lain and how to amend them.

The teacher who has a genuine system to communicate, and who is really in touch with his Master, and acting under His instructions, can safely leave his pupil to the operation of the cosmic law. If he is right in his opinion that a certain course will prove unsatisfactory, and the pupil, disregarding his advice, pursues that course, the latter will not be long in finding out his mistake, and will assess his teacher's advice all the more highly for this practical test of its wisdom, and be ready enough to give heed in the future. It is seldom that real loyalty is yielded till such a test has been made.

The demand for blind obedience as a proof of trust should be regarded with suspicion by the would-be pupil; the confidence trick is a very old one, and can be played on more than one plane. No one should demand faith without proof. If a teacher has anything tangible to offer, he will be able to give satisfactory proofs and offer good and sufficient reasons that shall satisfy the judgment and bear investigation. Early in my occult career I met a teacher who demanded blind faith as a proof of loyalty, and those things concerning which we were required to exercise faith turned out to be sordid irregularities. For that which is good a good reason can be given; and that for which no good reason can be given generally turns out not to be good.

The seeker after initiation is in a difficult position, for he is at a disadvantage as regards knowledge; and if one who appears to know more than himself gives a definite order, he is not in a position to disprove it, except by disregarding it and seeing what happens. If, however, he fixes his eyes unflinchingly on the ideal of the Master, he will have a standard whereby to judge the teacher to whom circumstances have assigned him.

I may be reminded that some books on initiation declare that unquestioning obedience should be given to the teacher as being the mouthpiece of the Master. It is quite true that *if* the teacher is indeed working, as he claims to be, under mandate from the Master, his advice will be invaluable on account of its wisdom, but how is the pupil to know this to be the case? The assertion of the teacher is valueless in the matter; he can say *anything*, and the more of a charlatan he is, the more magniloquent will be his statements and assertions. Those who have really known the Masters are awed into silence.

No human being should ever be asked to give blind obedience, and to demand it of a chéla is to "sin against the Light" that is within, the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." No human being, liable to the changes that illness and old age inevitably bring about, has any right to demand a promise of obedience; and experience has abundantly shown that such a demand invariably leads to trouble.

The pupil can only judge his teacher by results. Does he bring forth the fruits of the spirit? Is his life Christlike? Then his influence can only be good. But is he erratic and disconnected in his thoughts? Uncontrolled in his temper? Sordid in his outlook? Untidy and dirty in his person and environment? Surrounded by people of undesirable character who appear to enjoy his esteem and confidence? Such a man is a good one to avoid. Let us never take leave of our common-sense in occultism, and remember that a tree is known by its fruits, and if the fruits are disorder and demoralisation we will not shelter ourselves under that tree unless we are prepared to partake of those fruits in due season.

But if a pupil has found a teacher who appears to have much to give him that he wants, is he then to yield a blind obedience as the price of his training? Again I should say "no." Human nature is a mixed and contradictory affair. None of us is perfect in either our characters or wisdom, and the occult teacher is no exception to the rule. Experience of the reliability and knowledge of a teacher may engender confidence and cause great weight to be attached to his advice, but a pupil should no more trust his teacher completely than he should condemn him completely for a single error. Let all advice be considered on its merits, and accepted or rejected accordingly. This is the lesser of two evils, for although it is an evil to have come to a decision on incomplete knowledge, it is a lesser evil than the abrogation of

free judgment. Moreover, the pupil has access on the Inner Planes to his Master, and, even if he is not able to bring the memory of the reply through to brain consciousness, it will have entered the subconscious mind, and speedily work its way to the surface in the shape of an intuition. But even so, the pupil should not allow his reason to be thrust aside; for it is quite within the power of a trained occultist to plant a suggestion in the mind of his pupil which shall have all the appearance of an intuition. In order to guard against this, it is a good plan to perform the meditation in which the Master is invoked in a church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

The pupil, seeking earnestly after truth as best he may, should remember that the demand for obedience is a very sinister sign, and if that demand be backed by an oath in any shape or form, especially an oath that has no term to it, such as a proviso for release from obedience if the pupil withdraws from the training-school, a wise man will no more take that oath than he will give a blank cheque; and if, in addition, any attempt is made, by threats or otherwise, to make withdrawal from the school difficult, he will be wise to smash his way out of the trap without further ado, and appeal to his Master for protection. The workings of mental domination are so insidious and deadly that no action is too drastic to escape from them; but let it be remembered that in the Name of the Master Jesus, and in the Sign of the Cross, is sure protection, and that great power can be drawn from the reception of the Holy Eucharist. It is not likely that a really black occultist will maintain himself for long in English-speaking countries, at any rate (concerning others I cannot speak), for there are definite organisations for dealing with such conditions, and these, meeting him with his own weapons on the Inner Plane, and an exposé and Press campaign on the outer plane, speedily run him out of the country into another jurisdiction. Once across the Channel or Atlantic he is out of harm's way, for the lower kinds of magnetism will not carry across water.

Pitch-black occultism, however, is really easier to deal with than the half-and-half variety in which both teacher and taught are struggling in the darkness, and owing to lack of principle and scruple have got themselves on to wrong lines. Demands for money are, it goes without saying, enough to condemn any occultist off-hand and without further enquiry; for it is too well known to need reiterating that no price may be

asked for occult teaching by anyone under the jurisdiction of the Great White Lodge. There is, however, another and subtler kind of claim that may be made upon the pupil—a claim for support in furthering political aims. A recently published book pilloried the occult fraternities for this offence, and in the case of some organisations the attack was justified and salutary.

Here, again, a big question is opened up. It may be argued that the occultist, with his deeper insight, is the natural leader of reform, and should bear his part in social movements. I reply: let him be active in humanitarian effort by all means, but let him flee any interference in politics as he would the devil, for the experience of centuries has shown that it leads to nothing but trouble. A teacher, whether religious or occult, is concerned with principles, and principles only, and should leave the application of those principles in political affairs to others. He may well preach universal brotherhood, but he should have a care how he sets to work on the immigration laws. He may advocate a reformed medical system, but he should not concern himself with legislation intended to bring it about; and the reason for this may be simply stated in the words of St. Paul, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, to the pulling down of strongholds."

Political activities are a terrible temptation to the occultist. Knowing what he does, it is very difficult for him to avoid the use of his knowledge and power to remedy abuses; and by so doing he is very apt to run ahead of the times and do more harm than good. It seems as if fanaticism is inseparable from the application of the principles of the higher life to politics, and spiritual zeal has shed quite as much blood as worldly ambition.

An occultist must make his choice between being a teacher of spiritual things and a leader in the affairs of the world, for he cannot be both. He cannot be within and without the veil at the same time. Even should he attempt it, and, by means of his knowledge, exercise great influence on the affairs of the world, he will find that he has paid the price in the clouding of his spiritual vision, and the loss of the power to discern between the "Still Small Voice" of the Spirit and the promptings of ambition. A man cannot split himself into pieces, all arguments concerning Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to the contrary. Indeed, if that parable be rightly understood, the very essence of it lies in the fact that Dr. Jekyll could not get away from Mr. Hyde, but was gradually mastered by him. So with the occultist. The ruling passion

will gradually absorb the whole man, and he will either weary of his political efforts and realise their needlessness for one who has the powers of the spirit, or, having had his love of power whetted, he will drag his unhappy pupils at the chariot-wheels of his ambition into whatever coils in which he may involve himself. Those who are opening up the higher consciousness are in a very sensitive state while this progress is going on, and simply collapse with nervous breakdowns as the result of a fracas. Where active political work is going on in any esoteric society, it is perfectly certain that no active occult work is going on, for the two are incompatible. I will therefore dare to give a word of plain advice to the aspirant, even at the cost of giving offence in certain quarters. Come out of the order that touches politics; steer clear of the teacher who takes up politics; for you may be quite sure that you will be *used*, and not trained.

Never lay aside your commonsense or your moral integrity. Let no one persuade you to do evil, or even associate with evil, in order that good may come of it, and you may obtain knowledge. Never believe that any initiator of the Right Hand Path will require it of you. In that quaint old book, *Brother of the Third Degree*, which, in spite of its stilted phraseology, contains much knowledge, the candidate is pictured as being required to commit a murder as part of his initiation ceremony, and on his indignant refusal to do so is received with acclamation. The test of the Dark Initiator is one that the student is sometimes called upon to face, but if he constantly reminds himself that "men do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles," if he constantly looks upon the Master Jesus as the ideal Initiator, and judges all demands made upon him by the standard of the Life that was lived among the men of Judea, he will not go far wrong, and will find his way safely through all the turns of the labyrinth of the temple.

It is obedience to divine principle that should be emphasised, not obedience to personalities, or even systems. When all is said and done, it is the Higher Self that really initiates us; and although teacher and Master combine to bring that Higher Self into function, the process begins and ends with Realisation. Personal loyalty has no place on the Path, and any true teacher will realise this, being selfless. He will say to his students, "It does not matter who feeds the sheep so long as they are fed," and will remember that the Master set a little child in the midst of the disciples when they disputed who should be greatest.

It may be that the younger souls among the followers of a teacher may not be equally wise, but the seeker who has hold upon spiritual ideals knows that they may safely be ignored, and that the forces they have set in motion will return upon the circle in due course and teach them those things which it is necessary they should know.

It has been argued that the professor who undertook to teach a pupil chemistry would require obedience lest the pupil should blow himself up ; but my experience of chemical studies has been otherwise. The professor may warn his pupil that if he makes an injudicious mixture of the chemicals that surround him, he may have a bill for test tubes, window-panes, and even hospital expenses ; but I have yet to meet the school of chemistry which bound its students by oath not to experiment. The only institution which, so far as my reading goes, even made the attempt, was the Holy Inquisition, and the day for that sort of thing is over, if it ever had its day, which I beg leave to doubt.

The Eastern Schools are just as rigorous regarding the freedom of the chéla as are the Western Schools. The point crops up again and again in the "Mahatma Letters," and a Master expressly stated to Mme. Blavatsky: "We do not make slaves." Personal authority in occultism is neither necessary nor justifiable. The Masters can very well take care of themselves, and the cosmic laws will discipline the recalcitrant pupil whether they be administered by human judgment or not.

After all, it is the pupil himself who will suffer if he makes a mistake, and it has been truly said that the man who never makes a mistake will never make anything. Let the teacher look upon himself as a guide and an adviser, not a master ; let him learn the distinction between a warden and a warder, and have a very tender reverence for the souls that have entrusted themselves to his guidance, and remember that in the Mysteries there is a special curse laid upon the man who "breaks a superficies," meaning thereby one who, by power of will, profanes the sanctuary of another's consciousness. The integrity of the soul must be maintained at all costs, and none should yield himself to the domination of another, even if that other claim to be his initiator. Let the seeker, whatever be his ignorance and weakness, dare to stand up before any tribunal in earth or heaven, and declare that with God's help he will judge for himself. Freedom of thought and speech have been too hardly won for us to

abrogate any jot or tittle of that priceless boon. The remedy of an arbitrary authority is worse than the disease of ignorance.

Let the seeker turn to the Master in all things, and he can be independent of teachers and schools of occult training. The teacher is only a means to an end, and the true teacher knows it. He knows that the sooner his pupil passes out of his hands into those of the Master, the better he has done his work.

Let the seeker, when required to take an oath of obedience, reply that he will swear to obey his own conscience; that he will meditate upon the life and actions of the Master Jesus, and judge all things by that standard, for it is the standard of the West; that he will pray to God for guidance, and fearlessly follow the Light so far as he receives it, and that if such an oath be not good enough for that esoteric school, then that esoteric school is not good enough for him.

FOR EVER AND EVER: Some Reflections on Sir Oliver Lodge's "Creation and Evolution"

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead the Man," etc.

"Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole."
TENNYSON: "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

PROBABLY the most unimaginative mind has at one time or another found itself wondering how this great Universe came into being. I think I must have been eleven or twelve when I tried to think backward in some such phrases as "If God was the beginning of everything, how did God Himself begin?" I was not much helped by the reply of the dear old North-country rector who later was preparing me for confirmation:

"We must not presume," he said solemnly, "to pry into those things which are *manifestly* hidden from us!"

I was silenced, but unconvinced. And farther, as Macaulay once said of Mr. Robert Montgomery, I "persisted in prying." For we are Children of Wonder. One foothold after another was, or seemed to be, pushed aside by the findings of Scientific Materialism. Then Death entered my world; the Beyond was no longer peopled with strangers. My hands stretched out toward the Future and I looked less into "The Twilight of the Forgotten Long Ago." For there came at last the ineffable consciousness of green pastures and still waters and the abiding presence of the Good Shepherd. . . .

With apologies for this fragment of personal retrospect, I believe there is many a one who—still perhaps in the gloom and mist of confused and contradictory speculations—should find anchor on studying the deeply-pondered conclusions of a lifetime of research, arrived at by Sir Oliver Lodge and expressed in his latest book* with clarity and convincing simplicity. It is based on the thesis that "there is no opposition between Creation and Evolution. One is the method of the other. They are not two processes, they are one—a gradual one which can be partially and reverently followed by the human mind. . . ." And, in his own words, "so far from excluding God and the Spiritual

* *Creation and Evolution.* By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

World, our present outlook—in moments of insight—leaves room for little else.”

The author addresses himself neither to so-called Free Thinkers, “who imagine that they have emancipated themselves from any vestige of superstition, and who are willing to throw over the inspiration of the past as mere imagination”—nor to the ultra-orthodox religious—“those who think they have in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments an infallible guide given to humanity by the Deity, without flaw or error, every word of which must be taken as exact truth, and against which there is no appeal.” “I am probably,” he continues, “speaking mainly to those who have reverence for these writings, and are willing to learn from them, who have a respect for scientific enquiry, and are willing to learn from that.” And he leads such willing learners from the starting-point of an assumption of the general truth of the facts and laws of the Universe as we now know them. It is amazing to realise how much has been learnt during the last twenty years—still more amazing to look back to the first third of the nineteenth century.

I came upon an interesting sidelight a few days ago in the *Journals of Caroline Fox* (that charming Quakeress whose Diary is *not* that of “A Young Lady of Fashion!”) In an entry dated August 31st, 1836, she notes, *à propos* the Meeting of the British Association at Bristol in that year, and a visit paid to her family by Dr. Buckland: “He (Dr. Buckland) gave very clear details of the gradual formation of our earth which he is thoroughly convinced took its rise ages before the Mosaic Record.”

I have often heard my old friend, Mrs. E. O. Gordon, a daughter of Dean Buckland* tell of the frenzy in orthodox circles created by her father's iconoclastic views, as they were then considered.

Science tells us that everything comes from two units, “the two minute elements of electric charge, the positive and the negative.” No one denies this. We take the assurance of our teachers. There is no controversy on this point. There is a third thing, which unites these two. We call it Light. I had nearly written “Ether,” but that term is still, it seems, apt to lead to controversy (which shows there is something in a name after all). This, then, is the Trinity of Physical Science: Electrons, Protons, Light. “By the interactions of the three they have

* Buckland (William), Dean of Westminster, born 1784, died 1856. He published many well-known works on Geology, and was the father of Frank T. Buckland, the naturalist.

become the Cosmos as we know it. How they originated who is to say? Science does not deal with origins: even Poetry has to close its eyes when confronted with ultimate origins. It can only murmur the words, 'In the beginning, GOD.' "

After this fine preamble we dive into some "General Reasonings about Existence," and through a Sea of "Cosmical Speculation," to the tangible theory of Evolution. Evolution, Sir Oliver tells us, is the Divine Method. View this through the eye of Faith, and all will be well.

"Undoubtedly," he says, "the human *body* is inherited from the rest of the animal kingdom. Do not be alarmed or disquieted about this; it is a discovery of hope, and accounts for many of our difficulties. We have to overcome the relics of animal ancestry, and work out the ape and the tiger. That some fail is natural—the wonder perhaps is that so many succeed. We must never shy at truth, and as far as history goes the record is clear; though the method by which different species originated, the reason for all the vast variety of living things, *is a problem not yet solved.*"

I have italicised the last six words, thinking of John Ruskin's petulant but pardonable outburst concerning the supposed descent of peacocks from pheasants.*

One is becoming accustomed to think in millions, even billions, though our brain cannot follow. Imagination reels at the mere thought of the age of our earth—that one speck among myriads—and its pre-historic and pre-human denizens. The human race is but of yesterday, and is moving forward not by leaps and bounds but by slow and painful degrees.

"For ages," says Sir Oliver, "it must have seemed an apparent waste. No response to the Creator; no understanding or conscious help. . . . Yet the world was regarded by Higher Powers with hope and affection, and the sacrifices which had been called for on the part of man were destined to be supplemented by the entry into it of a Divine Spirit. The aim was so high, the prospect so splendid, that pain and suffering could no longer be limited to man; they must be shared by God. And ultimately God so loved the world that He gave the Being we are taught to call His Only Son to live on the planet, and to undergo the rejection, the torture, and the death which was in store for a Being higher than the sons of men could understand. . . .

* "The Eagle's Nest."

“ In the beginning, we are told, God created the heavens and the earth. In the end—with the assistance of the free beings whom by gradual evolution He has slowly brought into existence—shall He not create, yea, He is already in process of creating, a new Heaven and a new Earth, a Brotherhood of man, wherein dwelleth Righteousness.”

So Sir Oliver concludes his book—his message, perhaps, one must truly call it. It rings on notes of hope and joy, whose echoes should vibrate through every anxious heart, disturbed perchance by “tocsins” of woe, and prophecies of inevitable ills to come. For, having uttered the last word on Physical Science, he rises, as is his wont, to the Transcendental, the Sublime, and reminds us that we are immortal beings with a great destiny before each individual one of us ; surrounded, too, by a “host of helpers” with whom, not always, but at times and seasons, it is possible to have communion.

THE TOOTH OF TIME

By ROSE NOBLE

IF one sits and thinks of the texture of life, one finds that—no matter how various seem the patterns, each one seeming quite different from the next—all of the threads in the intricate web can be sorted into three bundles. And just because life is only a period out of eternity, one can just as correctly deal with a minute as with an age. A minute is a potential age. So there are—in a minute as in an age—three folds in one thread, all twisted together and handled at once.

Fold number one is of material that keeps shape and substance only whilst under the hand. The hand withdrawn, Time instantly demolishes this fold with his ruthless tooth :

“ Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.”

Fold number two is not toothsome to Time, though at last he conquers it and annihilates it. It belongs to the realm of thought and might be called the memory of the world, and no doubt it will hold long after “ fire has purged all things new,” as Milton visioned. Still, at long last, it will also fade.

But fold number three must last past Time's time ; it knows not of Time or his ways, the sheen of newness will be always upon it just as now. Every religion has tried to give some idea of the nature of this third strand, and in the attempt has always to take the listener far away above the echoes of the world. For example, this is the instant of time in which Satan showed Jesus all the kingdoms of the world. Also, you may read the legend of the monk who listened to a brief song of a celestial bird, and going home at the end of it, found himself in the dilemma of Rip Van Winkle. He had been listening for a hundred years.

In the Koran there is a story of the angel Gabriel taking Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of things in the seven heavens—a sight of paradise and of hell. The prophet views this vast panorama of Creation, holds “ ninety thousand conferences with God,” and is then brought back to bed. He

found his bed still warm and was in time to pick up a jug of water that the angel had accidentally knocked over. He was back in time, you notice, to save the water from spilling.

And of course this story puts one in mind of dreams wherein we have appeared to have undergone a lifetime of experience, although we may have only been asleep an hour.

It is not easy, but it is thus possible, to get the idea of dissociating ourselves from time—of concentrating our whole attention upon that third fold of the thread of daily life. What is it?

It seems best described as our hope of immortality, "the substance of things hoped for." With it, life can be a thing of beauty, a song, a poem. Without it, where will be those two remaining threads, the flowers, the youth, the pleasures of fold one; fame, glory, honour, gratitude, and nobility—all that makes fold two and life at its best?

And yet it is intangible, this third fold. It is so vague and elusive that one is perhaps tempted to doubt its existence, though it is here, there, and to come. It is the eternal coherence of the big strand wherein we are all united under one sun and under one Law. When things "go wrong"—that is to say, when they shape to a pattern we never anticipated—it is hard to realise that we live under Law. It is harder still to understand when one sees unscrupulous people "having things all their own way." And Satan, they say, is both powerful and immortal.

The Bible itself attributes to him a power far beyond mortal. Poets and seers always dream of Satan as one outliving mortal life. He certainly does seem at times to be a real master looking well to his servants. But this, looked at rightly, should hearten, instead of disheartening us, about the difficulties and troubles of daily life. Catching hold of the third thread, see how the tooth of Time has ruthlessly destroyed those very well-laid plans which seemed in their time so very successful. Where now is the ambition of a Cæsar or the conquests of a Napoleon? These enemies of "good" were but tools in the hand of eternal Fate.

All very well, but the present trouble—paltry perhaps when one goes to describe it—is a great deal more real to us, we say, than is the downfall of the Roman Empire. This is so; it is meant to be so. There is nothing real to you or me, except the present moment, the individuals' individual moment. *It is real to us because it is put close to our mole-like senses.* We are bidden to deal with minute after minute, one at a time. If we sit down

and plan the coming years, we only dream, while Time, the ruthless, puts his tooth into strand one and two of those passing minutes, and then alas! the third escapes us. Imagine a lot of these poor little immortal strands which ought to have been clothed comfortably with the two earthly strands, the second like a white under-robe and the first like a rough everyday coat of frieze, and now they shiver somewhere in Eternity because their ordained owner gave them no chance! The real took wing and left the outer seeming in some mortal's hand, like some moth-eaten silk and tarnished gold thread in the grasp of an old spendthrift. Things are not what they seem in this bewildering world, and even Satan, so the story goes, mistakenly did the angel a good turn by stealing the seeds the angel brought down and burying them in the earth. Viewed in an eternal light one's enemy may be a friend; failure may be triumph; a seeming hindrance a real progression. Life—that part of it subject to the tooth of Time—must pass, but though Time gnaws the two outer threads from our minutes and our days, the carpet on the steps to Heaven is woven and is being woven of the third, inner, imperishable threads.

THE PROPHETIC YEAR

By CAPT. R. A. NEAUM Author of "The Great Pyramid,"
"The Prince of Ur," etc.

ALL students of Biblical prophecy are of course well aware of the fact that these prophecies are based upon the year of 360 days. Has it ever occurred to such persons to enquire why and how this year came to be employed?

The use of a 360-day year would appear to be of very ancient origin, far older indeed than the date upon which the Bible prophecies were written.

If we go back to ancient Egyptian times we find that even during the period of the first Dynasty the 360-day year was observed, and during the whole period from Dynasties 1 to 16, the 360-day year was used, coincident with the 365-day year, and the two systems of reckoning were intercalated every five or six years to obtain uniformity, and these intercalations fall into a cycle of 103 years, thus accounting for the fraction of a day the year exceeds 365 days.

It is not necessary from the point of view of this article to enter into any details of this intercalation, and the fact is only remarked upon in order to show that even in those far remote times the degree of astronomical learning was of a very high order.

This fact brings us to our next point, namely, why with all their accurate knowledge of the exact duration of the solar year, should a year of a different duration be so persistently retained and observed, even to the point of sacred ordinance?

Now, there seems to be an opinion held by many writers and students of ancient Egypt, that all the lore and learning of that period was not indigenously to the period itself, but was a relic of a former civilisation, all trace of which has been lost.

This seems to the present writer to be the only reasonable explanation to offer, inasmuch as the lore seems to come into immediate evidence in the early Dynasty, and not to be of slow growth as would be the case where a race obtained new knowledge for the first time.

It has been suggested in some quarters that the source from which this lore was derived was that of the Adamic Race through contact with renegade members of the same in antediluvian

times. With this view the writer is disposed to agree, and the purpose in writing this article is to propound the theory that actually and as a matter of fact the length of the solar year in, say, pre-Atlantean times was 360 days.

Whether this shorter year was due to a more speedy orbital motion, or to a slower axial revolution, or to a combination of both factors, it is not proposed to dogmatise; but for reasons which will appear later, the writer is inclined to the opinion of more rapid orbital motion.

It may be remarked, in parenthesis, that it is a strange coincidence that the circle has from very ancient times been divided into 360 degrees, and geometry is based upon the science of the heavens.

As a basis for the hypothesis now put forward, the following suggestion is given:

"In the beginning," as the result of a perfect creation by a perfect Creator, the whole cosmic scheme of progressive evolution was being carried out on earth on a higher plane than that upon which humanity moves to-day. When, as allegorically expressed in the sixth chapter of Genesis, ". . . the sons of God saw the daughters of men . . . and they took them wives of all which they chose";—these Sons of God, Man, and all physical creation "fell" into matter, or to be precise, into a more gross form of Spirit. The effect of this "fall" was felt right through the solar system, and perhaps beyond, as frequent hints of this have been given by many communicators of spirit-messages which have been received from time to time.

Possibly the effect upon other members of the solar system was largely due to the suggested alteration in orbital motion before referred to, which would probably project a discordant influence where formerly there had been perfect geometrical harmony.

A further indication bearing upon this displacement of humanity is found in the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, where the ascending passage system is displaced to the Eastward of the vertical North to South central plane of the building.

As this passage system is believed by students of the esoteric meaning of the Pyramid to symbolise the rising again of humanity from the downward descent into chaos ending in the pit, some colour is lent to this suggestion.

Further, the King's Chamber, at the end of the passage system

in the Pyramid, is known as the *Chamber of the Open Tomb*, and *The Hall of the Grand Orient*; and it is a remarkable fact that not until one enters this chamber can one stand actually in the North-South vertical plane of the building.

The neophyte, in his wanderings, after having passed the Chamber of the New Birth, enters the Chamber of the Open Tomb, and is at length able to stand in the newly found vertical plane, and by the power of his risen Lord re-attains his state of equilibrium.

As the Christ is thus connected with the restoration to equilibrium, the suggestion is offered that, after the return of the Christ, which event Creation is now awaiting, humanity will again become spiritualised and attain its original state of material perfection, and resume its harmonious course of progression, from which, for a season, it has been displaced. In this beneficial condition the physical planet will share, and the solar year will revert to its former and true length of 360 days.

The amount which the ascending passage of the Pyramid is displaced from the centre, according to Davidson in *The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message*, is 286.1 inches, and it would be very interesting to know whether, mathematically, this figure could be associated in any way with the lengthening of the solar year by 5.2424 days.

THE BRAIN AT THE FEET

By J. CALDWELL-JOHNSTON Author of "The Book of the Beloved"

WESTERN civilisation is hurrying down to ruin, primarily through its neglect of the Brain at the Feet, if one may so term the southern, or lower, pole of the human auric egg.

So utterly has become ignored this great etheric organ of normal consciousness that perhaps not one in ten, perhaps not one in a hundred, even of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, is aware that for true thought, balanced thought, the thinking of the Adept, both feet and head are equally, because complementarily, essential! Nor is this a mere figure of speech.

Man is a magnet, just as the planet is a magnet, and every heavenly body, and every creature inhabiting them; a magnet with two poles. Civilised man is a magnet, but a magnet who tries to live by one only of his poles of consciousness, using his intellect to the almost complete submersion of his native intuitions and instincts. Nevertheless, Nature demands an equilibrium, and she will restore it in one of two manners. Either will she destroy these lopsided, so-called civilised consciousnesses, or we shall learn, in this way or in that way, to use and prize above rubies the inestimable Brain at the Feet!

Western civilisation is breaking down, because its Brain at the Head is breaking down. It is a failure of the etheric mechanism. The reason why the Brain at the Head is breaking down is that it is overworked; and the reason why it is overworked is that it is being wrongly worked, through neglect of the Brain at the Feet.

The Brain at the Head is not the mere physical brain, the cortex with its pyramidal cells, its neuria, dendra, ganglia, and other complicated apparatus. This physical brain is as useless for thinking—in the sense of generating thought—as is the electric lamp-bulb for generating light. It is but the means for making visible certain impulses coming to it from beyond the material plane, from the Brain at the Head; just as the electric bulb makes visible the immaterial impulses coming to it from the high-tension current.

If one watches with the inner sight some animal in normal and peaceful surroundings, say, a young heifer grazing in the lush June pastures, or a deer standing with its fellows in the

shelter of great trees, one will observe that the processes of conscious thought are well-nigh stayed, but about the feet is spread a carpet of golden light. This is what, for want of a better term, one calls the Brain at the Feet. It is an etheric phenomenon, an etheric thought-organ, the organ of the Unconscious.

Now comes a sudden noise to startle the creature. It stands upon the alert. Instantly there awakens about the region of the head a crown of vivid light ; this crown revolves and sparkles prismatically with rays of the ultra-violet. " Shall I stay or shall I flee ? " debates the Brain at the Head, speaking through the physical brain-cells of the creature. There is, however, no repetition of the noise, the other senses intrude no tocsin of alarm ; and so the crisis passes. After a few moments the vivid light-crown dies, the starry sparkles cease, and the animal bends down to feed, standing once more in the golden pool of its own Unconscious meditation.

Animals, using the Brain at the Head solely for those purposes for which it should be employed, suffer neither from brain-fag nor from nervous prostration, nor do they need the skilled service of the psycho-analyst. Living normally in and through the Brain at the Feet, they call into action their Brain at the Head only when conscious thinking is required, when dangers are to be avoided, or problems, novel to the inherited wisdom of the Unconscious, solved.

Adepts also use the Brain at the Feet, as the animals. Nineteenths of daily life, even for the man of multifarious activities, can be and should be spent in this condition. Man stands with his feet upon the earth. It is from the unlimited magnetism of his Mother, the Great Goddess, that he should draw his strength ; but he has spurned his mother, and he languishes. All wisdom lies in the balance. Let not man despise the waking intelligence, the discursive reason, as it is termed ; but let him also not scorn the instinctive. He stands, or he should stand, in a pool of life-giving ether. It is his own ether, the ether of his own creation.

" And a great sign appeared in heaven : a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her Feet, and on her Head a crown of twelve stars." This consciousness can be ours, in part at least, even to-day ; but in its fullness it is the consciousness of the Adept, of him who has attained, of him who in his myriads through the ages, and to-day also, has ever come into our midst, " to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our Feet into the way of peace."

"BEAUTIFUL DEATH"

By A HOSPITAL NURSE

THE facts chronicled here happened years ago when I was on duty in a cottage hospital.

For over a week we had been fighting for the life of a little mite about eighteen months of age. But finally Death triumphed, and on a chilly June morning the spirit freed itself from the body.

Just as dawn was breaking I received orders to carry it out to the mortuary—an ugly corrugated-iron building, relieved only by some kindly trees which overshadowed it.

When all was in readiness the charge-nurse, key in hand, led the way. Carefully I carried my little burden down the flight of steps, when suddenly I was arrested by a chill feeling seeming suddenly to envelop me. Instinctively my eyes sought the mortuary.

There in the dim light was clearly and sharply defined the face and form of a man against the door of the building.

I was rooted to the spot.

"Come along," urged my companion, "we must hurry."

"There is a man at the door," I replied.

"There is not; you are nervy, give me the baby."

I handed over my burden, and as I did so I experienced a sense of relief: I looked towards the door, no face or form was visible.

As I started forward a cry escaped my companion, and she suddenly turned and retraced her steps; before following I screwed up sufficient courage to look at the door, but the man was not visible.

We hurried to the Board Room, she placed the little form and on the table, I removed the covering.

It was a relief to look upon those fair baby features. I was caressing the silken curls when my companion said:

"Now what can we do?"

I wondered at the time, and I have wondered many times since, although to-day I know why I replied quite simply, as I curled a silky lock round my finger:

"I shall take her to my room and put her on my bed." In spite of remonstrance I got my own way. Or perhaps baby did—which was it?

The undertakers were coming at 6 a.m. to put a patient in his coffin ; it was arranged that I should carry baby down then.

The men arrived a little early, so I took them to the mortuary first.

It was my duty to remove the coverings from the body. I advanced to the table, but I felt that awful chill ; I faltered, knowing in a flash what was under the covering.

The foreman noticed my apprehension.

" You are new to this job ; never mind, we'll do it all, and fold the sheet in its right folds ; you get outside."

But I watched fascinated until the features of the man at the door were revealed to me. Upon which I lost no time in " getting outside."

As we were locking up the man said to me :

" Staff Nurse said there was a baby to come out."

" So there was, but there isn't now."

" Better obey orders," he vouchsafed.

" When do you come for the coffin ? " I asked.

" About midday."

The Staff Nurse and I arranged to keep our own council, so I received the full amount of chaff from the rest of the staff, and a kindly lecture from the matron who, being a very High Churchwoman, was not sorry that our babe had escaped contamination, even in death.

She told me that the man was a cruel husband and father, and had died in delirium tremens.

Quite happily I carried the babe down in the afternoon. Summer sunshine was flooding the mortuary, the trees waved their kindly branches round the building, now scented with perfumes from blossoms so recently gathered from the Hospital Grounds.

Beautiful babe. Beautiful death.

There are two outstanding features, to my mind, about this episode.

Only when we had the babe in our arms was the face and form visible against the door of the mortuary.

As I fondled the silken curls, the spirit of the babe came to me and suggested my room as a substitute ; the idea was not my own, as for years I had supposed.

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.]

MADAME BLAVATSKY

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I ask for a little space, in which to express my satisfaction at the letter signed "C. H. Collings," dealing with Mr. Hare's article on Madame Blavatsky? The inclination to deal with that article must have been strong in many minds. The custom of the present time of dissecting the character and personality of persons no longer here to speak in their own defence seems to show no bounds of decency, or justice, or chivalry. As that Great Soul was vivisected in her life on this plane, so, now, she is vivisected as regards her personality and character. Death gives no protection. I am not a member of the T.S. and never met Madame Blavatsky in her last incarnation; but some of us have sufficient experience of the methods of these critics to realise how little reliance can be placed upon their capacity to judge correctly of things beyond their scope. If I may venture to quote in this regard from the article by E. A. Chaylor, *Substance and Shadow*, "though well-weaponed for his favourite pursuit, he is woefully deficient in the finer susceptibilities." Therefore his laboured arguments and innuendoes do not savour of any real apprehension of the truth of any matter which lies beyond the brain mind. Granted limitations in the outer expression, the words of one who knew her best might give her critics pause before they pick out such pitiful sarcasms as these: "She ate too much and took too little exercise!" What banality beside *this*: "She who accepts the pains of the rack in the torments of a body sapped of its life-force by superb torrents of energy lavished on her high cause; she who braved the laughter and anger of two continents, and all the hosts of darkness seen and unseen; she who now lives on only that she may take to herself the Karma of the Society—has no need of any man's praise: But even she has need of *justice*!" This short extract from one who knew her well, in the true sense of knowing, may stand for the witness of her greatness—when she took up and continued the task laid upon her. When we are *great* enough to understand all it meant to a woman so highly susceptible to the stings and wounds a blind ignorant world inflicts on those who will not worship at the altars of its false gods, those who "turn against the whirlpool of existence" and "try to find their way back into the true currents of Life"—when we are able to be "Leaders" in that difficult path, then we may be able, though not perhaps eager, to criticize Madame Blavatsky.

A writer once wrote of Jesus : " He has had the misfortune to be judged and appraised by younger Egos." This is an error into which those of us who think we can measure a soul greater than our own by our feeble measuring-rod of mere intellectuality are very prone to fall. Further, is it not well known that " Of all the long line of martyrs, never one has been exonerated to his era, justified to his age " ? This alone should make thinking men pause.

Yours faithfully,
" A. "

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In Mr. C. H. Collings' letter in your December issue I am asked a specific question : whether I am to be regarded as an ostentatious poseur in a state of philosophic doubt or a detractor and veiled enemy of H. P. B. I can answer emphatically that I am neither.

It must be remembered that I was reviewing a book and had to give a judgment on its contents. I was not " reviewing " H. P. B. herself. Yet this is what Mr. Collings now demands of me. Therefore I say that I am not her detractor—which implies injustice, nor her veiled enemy—which implies deceit, but her unveiled disbeliever.

All doubts were laid aside by me when I read *The Mahatma Letters* and reviewed them lightly for your journal. Since then I have studied them deeply and am convinced that they are not written by the Masters ; that there are no such authors in existence, and that the whole edifice of Theosophy by the publication of these faked letters came to the ground with a crash, while Neo-Theosophy follows it with a splash. I have seen the original documents and detect the various artifices which have been employed to deceive the earlier generation. I am convinced that the Letters came from the conscious mind and hand of Madame Blavatsky herself.

The hour has struck for the truth to be told thus briefly, and before long I hope it will be proved in minutest detail.

I ought to make a reference to the question of H. P. B.'s health, as invited by Mr. Collings. One has to sympathise with those who suffer from whatever cause. I can only say that after reading the record of H. P. B.'s life as revealed in her own *Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, I can understand how she could not escape the physical suffering appropriate to the inferno of her mind.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

THE SHADOW

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been uncertain whether, and in what manner, to publish a communication made to me in India in June 1925 regarding the coming tribulation. It was not until I arrived in England this

year that I came to know that similar experiences had befallen others, and that individuals with leanings towards that sickly cult which views with equanimity the unrestrained selfishness of mankind, but denounces suffering as the one undeniable and unmitigated evil, and death as the great calamity, had taken objection to their disclosure. These circumstances, and the fact that it seemed intended that I should not keep the warning to myself, impel me to write. I confine myself to the message, and to a brief account of the circumstances in which it was given.

I was attacked with pleurisy on the 31st May, 1925. This led to a painless form of pneumonia. Trance conditions developed simultaneously. My illness was attributed to a chill, which explanation would naturally be accepted to the exclusion of all others; but I was distinctly told that I had been purposely stricken in order that this message and others personal to myself might be given. The fever lasted six days, and during that time I was fully conscious of my surroundings when in the ordinary waking condition. Whenever a nurse woke me I complied rationally with her requests, and was able to resume my trance experience immediately she left my bedside. This change was made possible by a kind of broadcasted spiritual music which lasted for the whole six days and nights. Whenever I listened to that music, my trance condition was resumed at the point at which it had been broken. During the whole period I had no sleep. I was always conscious in one state or the other, and when, at last, I tried to shut out the music from my ears and sleep, the music ceased, and I have not since heard it.

The message of general interest conveyed to me came as a surprise, as the theme was not one often in my thoughts. I had never heard of similar warnings having been given to others, and I could not fathom why I was chosen to receive it. It was not merely that I sensed it: I heard it in so many words: "It has been decided, if war shall again break out between the nations of Europe, that it shall not be permitted." I was then shown, as on a screen, a series of five or six pictures. I cannot disclose what they were. They were not a direct intimation of the means to be used to stop the war, but suggested the inference that commercial relations between England and India would be interrupted.

I see that references have been made to the second advent and to the Apocalypse. Relevant to that issue seems to be another part of my experience, in which future rebirths were discussed. The routine of reincarnation is therefore apparently not to be interfered with.

I also saw visions portraying a Christian revival in which the Holy Family legend played an important part. This appeared to me to take place at Christmas time, and seemed to be attended by spiritual music of the kind I had been privileged to listen to.

Many reasons induce me to write under the *nom de plume*

SAGITTARIUS.

THE MANTRA SHASTRA

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Not long ago the *Occult Review* published a very interesting article on Mantras, and more particularly the Gayatri Mantra. It may perhaps interest your readers to hear of some personal experiences in the study of some of these mysterious rhythms.

A friend who used frequently to repeat the mystic syllable Om, thinking to bring about spiritual results, found the most direful effects follow the practice. Reduced to a state of abject misery through the unfriendly attitude of all his relatives, he visited a well-known Theosophical leader and told her of his troubles. She listened very quietly and then asked, "Have you been saying the Gayatri Mantra lately?" Surprised at this question he said "Yes—but whatever has that got to do with the estrangement of my whole family?" The reply was: "*It has everything to do with it.*" This was told me by way of warning since I, too, had experienced similar results, not through the use but *misuse* of the sacred syllable.

In India it is the experienced Guru alone who can teach the correct recitation of the Gayatri Mantra, and it is well to understand that certain conditions are necessary if it is to be of spiritual benefit, for "thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain" is as true now as it was in the days of Moses. Surely it is reasonable to expect discord instead of harmony if the incorrect chord is struck in the dark instead of the correct one.

Again, why need we imagine that this Mantra is not to be found in our own Scriptures which so plainly say, "I am That I am," and "I am Alpha and OM-ega." These are almost literally the words of the Hindu Gita which says "I am That," and also frequently mentions the sacred syllable Om. Everything in even the material plane brings about discord instead of harmony if ignorantly used.

A Brahmin once asked me if he might teach me a Mantra. I agreed, provided I could also learn its meaning. He said, "I will teach you nothing that is contrary to the Christian religion, but at the same time I will let you discover the *fruit* of the Mantra for yourself." What he taught me was simply an invocation to God to be spared and saved from all ills, and had I fully realised the spiritual power of such a prayer much spiritual help might have been mine, but nothing seemed to lift the load of sorrow which fell to my lot at that particular time, so that it was not surprising that I reaped only the physical, or perhaps I should say psychic, results of the Mantra. Very soon I began to hear haunting music, which sounded through the woods, within the house during the night, and followed me everywhere. It was, the Brahmin told me, "the fruit," or result, of the Mantra, but it did me no good because I grasped at its material rather than its spiritual meaning.

On the borders of Thibet in the small Hill State of Sekkim where I lived for seven years, the use of the Mantra *Om mani padmi Om* is of everyday occurrence, yet one could hardly describe either the people or the lamas as truly spiritual, happy, or prosperous. And why? Is it not for the reason that the same lamas who recite this sacred Mantra can, and from what I could learn do, often recite death-dealing Mantras also. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," and until, or unless, it is realised that a man cannot serve two masters, surely the inner and spiritual meaning or benefit of Mantras (including those of our own scriptures in which, a Greek psychic once told me, the Psalms of David abound) will never be understood.

ALICE ELIZABETH DRACOTT.

FLESH EATING

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—' Ion ' in " Purification : The Way of Escape," details the various steps for the purification, giving as the first : " abstention from flesh-eating in any form."

He continues : " The chief reason must always be the ' humane ' one, which, when clearly understood and not merely a matter of sentimentality, means the moral responsibility of man towards the lesser forms of life, and the facing of the fact that Man will one day have to answer to God for his treatment of everything and everyone in a lower condition of understanding than himself."

This preliminary rule is emphasized in all occult teaching and never seems to have been questioned, yet if followed to its logical conclusion, what is left ?

The occultist believes that *all* creation is alive ; that there is no such thing as what used to be called by scientists—before they came over to the occultists' way of thinking—" dead matter."

The only difference between a chair or a table and the various forms of animal life is in rate of vibration. (We may add free will in the case of man if we like, but it is a presumptuous and overwhelming claim to arrogate to ourselves alone.)

An egg is the embryo of the chicken, and we are not destroying life by eating it ? Where, in the case of food, is the dividing line to be drawn ?

The sincere occultist and mystic goes to Nature for *knowledge and light*,* and finds that Nature is lavish with knowledge and the light of truth to those who seek her.

Yet on this point what does he find ? That the law of Nature is predatory—and cruel. A cat with a mouse, a stoat hypnotising a rabbit, a hawk killing a bird, are but small instances of a universal law.

Will some occultist throw light on this apparent anomaly ?

Yours faithfully,

R. E. BRUCE.

* The only prayer allowed to the Yoga student.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IN days which are now long past, Andrew Jackson Davis provided American Spiritists with a big sheaf of answers to "ever-recurring questions" which they—and "the people" generally—were affirmed to be asking. We do not remember the questions or whether the answers mattered; but it is entirely probable that querents still come forward with the same or analogous problems and that solutions, new or old, are still proffered. THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW glances at another old question: What is Theosophy? It must have been asked and answered for something like fifty years, setting aside the Theosophy which preceded H. P. B. Some at least of the variant elucidations we have read assuredly, but again we forget their purport and value, if any. But on this occasion it is Mr. G. L. Bensusan who raises the point and turns it over in his mind, so our expectation is raised because no answer of his will be likely to lack significance or fail in pertinence to the issue. It proves, however, that he is concerned still with presenting a sane attitude towards vital matters of the moment and clash of views thereon. For this reason the question is put, not for the purpose of providing a dogmatic answer but to show that the crisis of the time has brought forward two modes of regarding the subject, both belonging to the moment and not to essential definition. Theosophy is static for those who distrust change, but for those who can accept new beliefs and weigh new claims it has an inward capacity for development. The case being thus established, there is little need to say that no choice is exercised between the alternatives; that is left to the future and its unfolding cycle of event, which will show whether it was wiser to go forward or to remain behind. But because it is left thus, and judgment cannot be forestalled with reason, the lesson is that "those who halt and those who hasten" should bear with one another, remembering that it is an open question at present as to who is right and wrong. . . . Meanwhile THE HERALD OF THE STAR prints its final report on activities at Ommen in 1926, and presents already a preliminary notice of a new Star Congress in August of next year. . . . It is a day of commemoration and convention. The fifty-first birthday of the Theosophical Society was reached in November last, and THE THEOSOPHIST certified beforehand that it would be celebrated in the ranks everywhere. Moreover, an All-India Theosophical Convention was held last month at Benares, the particulars of which will reach us in due course. We know only as yet, and much to the surprise of most, that neither Mrs. Besant nor Mr. Krishnamurti would be present. THE THEOSOPHIST makes this announcement at the last moment by means of a printed slip added to the latest issue, evidently on the eve of publication, and after stating in the body of the magazine that both were expected and would reach Bombay on a certain date, proceeding thence to Benares. It is said now that they will remain in America, meaning California, while there is a rumour abroad at its value that the young Indian is not in good health and is

seeking it in life on a ranch. . . . We observe that Mrs. Besant presides over an International Theosophical Order of Service, which has its headquarters in London and ramifications in various countries. We have mentioned SERVICE, its quarterly official journal, on at least one occasion previously, and it is to be noted that the articles in each issue appear in French and German as well as in English. Among those in the number before us we have read with satisfaction and interest about the new law relating to illegitimate children in Norway, which gives them the same legal position in relation to father and mother, a right to the father's family name as well as the mother's, and to be reared, maintained and educated by both parents. An account of the Bakule Community of Cripple Children at Prague is moving and amazing reading. The Order itself claims to be "an organisation of all who love for the service of all who suffer," and as such we commend it to notice. . . . THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles describes the field of the "Theosophical Movement" as one of battle, which is regrettable and scarcely accurate on points of fact. It does not seem to us that Messianic enthusiasms at Adyar have led to internecine feuds: they have produced secessions, which have nothing in common with warfare. Moreover, it seems just to dissuade our own readers from supposing that the Society at its known headquarters has any disposition to take up gloves cast down by small independent Theosophies which claim to be the only true legitimacies in New York, Washington and California, but apparently exclude one another. The policy adopted is wisely one of silence, in spite of all the war paint and sabre rattling which are to be seen and heard occasionally in these lilliputian camps.

THE JOURNAL of the American Society for Psychical Research has two accounts of outstanding consequence in its latest issue, and it may seem almost superfluous to say that one of them is on the Margery Mediumship, recording an experiment in a new type of "fraud-proof control," for the purpose of meeting "certain current allegations" against the famous psychic. As they cannot be enumerated here, it must be held sufficient to say that garments were sealed to the skin by surgeon's adhesive tape; that wrists and ankles were fastened by picture-wire; that mouth, ears and bobbed hair were searched; that the neck was so secured as to prevent forward and downward movement; that the chair on which Margery sat was fastened to the floor of the cabinet; that "the general outline of the psychic's body, including arms, wrists, ankles, knees and head, was made visible to all sitters at all times"; and so forth. These were the conditions under which "there occurred cognition of wooden letters, cognition of personal objects, and a wide variety of levitations." On one occasion an "exploring hand was over the psychic's mouth," while the control spoke freely. So also she was examined by white flashlight at irregular intervals during the course of the séance. The synoptic report is followed by full stenographic notes. Finally, two medical men

searched the other sitters beforehand, including the medium's husband, and then searched one another. The report is compiled by Mr. J. Malcolm Bird and signed by the rest of the witnesses, a hope being expressed that it "will close for all time the question of adequacy of control." We doubt it very much, because we happen to know something of the so-called scientific mind. There is always a way of escape for those who want it. Did we seek on our own part to challenge some alleged fact of science, we should find a path of sorts, and it might not be inevitably worse than those which are travelled occasionally in dealing with psychic matters. The other account is that of Mr. Harry Price on the phenomena of Rudi Schneider, a brother of Willy, being the report in detail of séances which have been described in the general and journalistic sense so far back as May, 1926, by Mr. E. Clephan Palmer in THE DAILY NEWS.

LA REVUE MONDIALE has an article of some interest on the Hermetic Lore of Plants, presenting a popular summary of the doctrine concerning "signatures" in Paracelsus, Jacob Böhme and Van Helmont, but passing over the pregnant fact that the occult hypothesis of "correspondences" goes back to the Byzantine alchemists and is found also in the "Sepher Ha Zohar," being the text in chief of the Holy Kabalah, and now recognised by scholarship as embodying early "Midrashim," possibly of the fourth to the sixth century of the Christian era. . . . There is a poem in LE MONDE NOUVEAU by Jules Bois on the Cross of Human Nature, which is reminiscent of that strange anonymous work, "Le Mystère de la Croix," belonging to the mid-eighteenth century and referred to Dutens. But it reminds us also and especially of Jules Bois himself, when he was a disciple of Huysman and wrote "Le Satanisme et la Magie," adding fuel to the dark fires of French Devil-Worship in the days of Black Masses, of "En Route" and "La Bas." . . . LE VOILE D'ISIS has always its points of interest, but it does not happen in these last months to have attracted our special notice, as it did so often in the past. M. Fidel Amy-Sage has a talismanic name or pseudonym, and he presents in the last issue his report of a bizarre discussion, in which he took part with Sédir, a liberal Christian mystic, and with Buchère, an occult dreamer of whom we know but little. The last appears to have claimed acquaintance with the First Matter of Alchemy and to have distinguished expressly between Hermetic Gold and that which is found in mines. Sédir went further and affirmed the existence of (1) gold natural; (2) gold artificial; (3) gold of Christ and (4) that which is Dragon's gold. We hear further of "Ars Magna Christi," the Grand Arcanum of Eternal Life, of the Crucified Rose and the Rosy Cross, "La Rosée Croissante" and "La Rosée Créatrice," not to speak of a Spiritual Sanctuary situated in the heart of the Pyrenees and recalling therefore Mont Salvatch, the Grail Castle of Wolfram von Eschenbach. It is all First Matter of Enchantment, if not of Alchemy, and it may not signify seriously if it begins and ends in words. . . . M. Léon Denis contributes to LA

REVUE SPIRITE a dialogue between Spirit and Man, which affirms that the great misfortune of the present epoch is our inability to realise the benefactions which have been poured out on our race by God; it is all rather commonplace and comes to little enough. Other articles are on Saint-Yvres d'Alvedre, author of "La Mission des Juifs," who is said to be almost forgotten in France—though not, as we think, among French occult writers—and on Egyptology and Psychism, that is to say, the fatalities which followed the "violation" of the tomb of Tout Ank Hamon. . . . A certain M. Gabriel Gobron explains at full length in the front pages of PSYCHICA how he became a "student of Mystery" after dabbling in materialism, spiritism and psychical research. By Mystery he appears to understand a medley of Theosophy, Occultism and whatever he may happen to include under the denomination of Mysticism. His great object is to be and to remain always *une tete fluide*; but it is to be feared that his attainment is that of a swollen head. . . . We learn from the JOURNAL DU MAGNETISME that its editor, M. Henri Durville, is inviting subscriptions towards the erection of a Psychic Church in Paris. We are perhaps relieved to hear that it is not proposed to celebrate a Psychic Mass or perform Hypnotic Hours; it is, on the contrary, to be an "Initiatic Temple" for the restoration of the Ancient Mysteries as understood by M. Durville, presumably on a mesmeric basis. He writes at great length—and often, it may be, overmuch. Let us hope that his new institution will not be the House of a Thousand Words, with ten thousand thousand after, world without end through the ages of an occult Paris to come. . . . Meanwhile, in PSYCHIC MAGAZINE he presents from month to month his version of Egyptian Magic, accompanied by reproductions from monuments, but too often in the absence of all reference to authorities. . . . Among French Masonic periodicals, LE SYMBOLISME has a note of its own, whether its views command agreement or not. During recent months there has been a discourse on the uses of symbolism by M. Armand Bédarride, and this reaches its term in the last issue, affirming spiritual values in the emblematical language and opposing a disposition in French Masonic circles to eliminate symbolism under the pretext of modernising the Institution.

It is long in reality and seems to us longer in thought since we saw THE ASIATIC REVIEW, which has been published quarterly for forty-one years, and a cordial welcome is offered to the current issue. It contains one article, moreover, with a special appeal to ourselves, being that of Mr. Stanley de Brath on "Psychological Parallels in Recent Literature." Taking some recent books as its basis, it brings out the contrasts between fundamentalism and modernism, to the advantage of the latter, which perceives that "the spiritual substance of the Scriptures is independent of their literary form," the one being permanent and the other belonging to its age. Thereafter the study proceeds to consider the claims of spiritism as a world-wide movement which has made much of both "disputations" obsolete.

REVIEWS

THE THREE TRUTHS : A Simple Statement of the Fundamental Philosophy of Life. As declared and shown to Brother XII. London : The Chalice Press. Price 2s. net.

THE three truths to which the title of this little work alludes are those mentioned in the *Idyll of the White Lotus*, and strike the keynote of each of the essays of which the work consists. The whole tone of Brother XII's little book is of as inspiring and helpful a nature as we have come across for a long time. Clear insight and true feeling distinguish the prose, while the verse with which the text is interspersed is of no mean order.

Part I stresses the fundamental unity of Life ; Part II deals with the realisation of that unity ; and Part III is devoted to a consideration of the Law of Compensation.

The lofty ethical standard set up in this little volume points to a source of inspiration to which a clue may perhaps be found in the Preface, where the claim is made that "the real Author who has given this book to the world has given others also."

To those who try to "live the life" we can cordially recommend *The Three Truths*.

SIGMA.

THE TWELVE HOUSES OF THE ZODIAC. By the Rev. H. E. Sampson. Pp. 288. The Ek-Klesia Press and Rider & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

ONE would naturally expect that this book has something to do with Astrology, but on the first page the author flatly states : ". . . I have no connection, nor do I hold at all, with anything that has to do with what in these modern days is called 'Astrology.' I have no belief in 'horoscopes,' zodiacal and planetary 'influences,' 'nativities,' or the calculations and 'readings' of Modern Astrology."

After telling his readers that "the world has gone astray on these so-called 'occult' ideas," the author naïvely says : "My desire is to bring before you some conception of the true Astrological Science as it was understood and inculcated by the ancient philosophers" ; and certainly the book contains some original and startling ideas—the Rev. Holden E. Sampson's ideas—but it is to be feared that ancient philosophers such as Ptolemy, who wrote the *Tetrabiblos*, would fail to recognise them. He then continues : "I have to drive a wedge into 'Occultism,' 'Astrology' and the current teachings of the Spiritualistic, Hermetic, Theosophical, Rosicrucian, 'Anthroposophical' and other present-day systems." From this it will be seen that the author is at least courageous, and apparently likes to tackle a large field. The printing, the paper, and the binding of the book are all excellent, but the contents bear little relation to what is generally understood by the term Astrology.

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THE ARK OF REFUGE : A WAY OF ESCAPE. By Ion. (A series of Articles reprinted from the *Occult Review*.) London: John M. Watkins. Price 1s. net.

To intellectuals this little book will scarcely prove acceptable, for its appeal is to the intuition rather than to the brain. Most appositely the author cites Maitland, who said: "The method of divine revelation is always the same, namely, the intuition operating under spiritual illumination." In elaborating the subject of spiritual perception, to which the first chapter of his book is devoted, Ion remarks: "What is of great value is the mental recognition of the true character of the spiritual and occult forces playing behind all the curious phenomena of to-day, in combination with the *soulic* memory of what has in the past been the result thereof." Thus is it once again brought home to us that Truth cannot outwardly be proved, for It is something which must be inwardly felt and experienced.

The author next deals with the significant increase in seismic and atmospheric disturbances, which are causing the most thoughtless to stand and pause. He treats his subject with lucidity and restraint, and throws much light on the cause of these remarkable phenomena. It is, however, the latter portion of his book which should make the widest appeal, in that it deals with the Way of Escape. That Way is by no means outward, but inward and upward. Not through a show of righteousness nor through cold intellectuality will we become immune from the threatened calamity, but rather through a change of heart—a new viewpoint; a vital and positive perspective as opposed to the negative attitude which blinds the world to-day. This can only take place through focussing the mind on the Spirit in stillness—an active stillness which in its train brings intuition and illumination. To those who believe in a Supreme Being (and who at heart does not?) this is not the way of weakness and cowardice, but the way of strength and sound understanding. It is preparing the way of the Lord. The world may then collapse about our ears, and the most terrible catastrophes befall, yet the soul, knowing its strength and indestructibility, remains tranquil in its emancipation. Such, then, is the Way of Escape: to turn from to-day's fret and turmoil to the calm security which is born of contact with God.

JOHN EARLE.

"THE LIFE OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA." By E. H. Brewster. With an Introductory Note by C. A. F. Rhys Davids, D.Lit., M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Pp. 243. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the most valuable additions to Buddhistic literature we have seen. The fact that it "has been compiled exclusively from the Pali Canon" makes it of more than usual interest to every student of the life and times of the Buddha. It is entirely free from those unwanted suppositions, hypotheses, and personal comments which mar so many otherwise excellent works upon the same subject.

In every line Mr. Brewster's book bears the imprint of truth; from beginning to end the style is uniform and unvarying. It is a compilation of every important statement regarding incidents connected with the actual life-story of the Buddha taken direct from the original Pali text.

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For the reader's convenience, all the widely scattered references have been brought into juxtaposition: furthermore, they have been classified and arranged in sections, and these are divided into periods. Commencing with "The earliest years," they close with the "Last events in the Life of the Buddha."

Incidentally there is a wealth of original doctrine and teaching, covering almost every relationship of human life. Students the world over owe Mr. Brewster no small debt of gratitude and thanks for his unwearying and painstaking work.

ROBERT MURRAY INNES.

OCCULTISM AND CHRISTIANITY. A Restatement of Faith. By Hugh Roscoe. London: Rider & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THE author of this book applies to Christian doctrine the principal conceptions embodied in what is usually termed Occult Philosophy, and examines the records of Christ's life and mission on earth in the light of esoteric teaching concerning the constitution of man, and of man's relation to the Universe and its Creator.

Many other writers have preceded Mr. Hugh Roscoe on similar lines of enquiry, and it cannot be denied that a man should be a better Christian if he is convinced that his beliefs are corroborated by the testimony of the experience of his co-religionists. Fortunately, the author of this work has sufficient knowledge and experience to enable him to write plainly and soberly on a subject which demands most careful and serious treatment. Even if it be granted that many devout Christians have never felt the need of any rational interpretation of the Virgin Birth of our Saviour, nor have ever doubted that the miracles described in the New Testament are records of fact, there must be many who will find in these pages an enlightening assurance of their stated beliefs, and a wider horizon to their spiritual vision. "As men," we read, "the Apostles, and even Jesus Himself, were subject to the same laws as you and I. Given their knowledge of those laws, coupled with their spiritual development, anyone could produce their works." The teaching of Jesus Christ endorses this claim. "Many people do not sufficiently understand the laws of the relation between their outer material life and their inner spiritual state to manifest their inward and spiritual state in outward and visible expression. . . . Jesus of Nazareth was not an unique figure for all time, but a type of what all men may become if they will. How long it may take any given individual to win his Christhood, or how long he may already have been upon the road, in this or other worlds, we know no more than we know how long it took the human soul of Jesus to attain the goal. But He is the pledge to us that the goal is a possible one."

Though the writer disclaims any desire to give instruction in "practical Occultism," he affords a strong helping hand to all who seek guidance in the path of practical Christianity. The chapter on Faith and Prayer is particularly helpful. In the concluding plea for harmony between the Christian Churches, Mr. Roscoe once again brings into our remembrance that the occultist is concerned with the eternal realities which underlie the external doctrines of every religion, and that "Love is the fulfilment of the law."

P. S. W.

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FORTY-TWO SONNETS. From the Book of the Beloved. By John Caldwell-Johnston. London: East and West, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

SOUND is the magical language in which the Book of Life is written, as the ancients well knew. Audible sound or rhythm is only the outer vesture of the Akasic language. Sound and number control the entire creation, and he who knows their secrets is a Master of Life and Death. For this reason the true secrets of Initiation are conveyed through sound and number on the inner planes. These forty-two sonnets are written in the outer sound vesture of this inner sound-language. The Bible and other sacred books, and also a number of books not regarded as sacred are also written in this manner. As an excellent example, I quote "Initiation":

I saw all heaven as a hill of glass,
 And knew I stood before the Great White Throne ;
 But Him that sat thereon I was not shown,
 For bands were round me that I might not pass.
 Height upon height the Mount of Glory rose,
 Eternal sunshine rested on its crown,
 And, like a fountain, flung white torrents down
 Steep after steep of everlasting snows.
 O Lord of heaven and earth and hell, I come
 Swift to this meeting-place of woe and bliss,
 Where flows the torrent o'er the precipice,
 There Thou hast arched Thy rainbow on the foam ;
 And, ere I face the everlasting snows,
 I see, far off, Thy sevenfold, holy Rose.

This, as the other sonnets, is of course a "gate" through which the current of the spiritual life that has its source in Christ (or Love) flows, and by means of this current the spiritual beings behind the phenomenal world can be contacted. It is unnecessary to add more, except that this charming little volume, which is bound in white vellum, is being sold at cost price, and will form a seasonable gift.

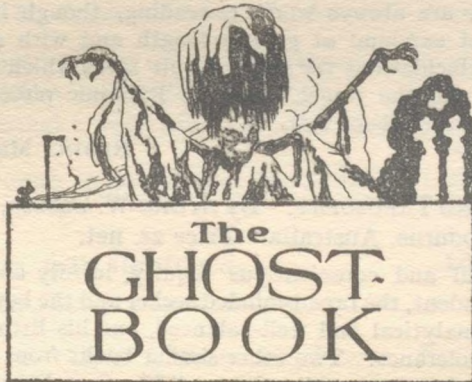
MEREDITH STARR.

A SPIRITUAL ANTHOLOGY FROM ROBERT BROWNING. Arranged by H. A. Percival. The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

It is always interesting to see one aspect or phase of a great writer stressed and accented by a specialist. One realises some dominant note in the complex make-up of the genius more clearly in this case. Browning, who was as great a philosopher as a poet, and far more an optimist than a pure lyrical bard, was definitely spiritual and refining in his influence. He had an Emersonian outlook, tinged with more dramatic passion by his long sojourn amid the traditional romanticism of Italy and with humanity by his harmonious home—and married life.

Although this little book (like most anthologies), fails because it leaves out many of one's own pet quotations, it contains many gems from that sparkling, if involved pen.

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"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven, a perfect round," from *Abt Vogler*, and

"There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness;
And around wall upon wall,
The gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,"

from *Paracelsus*, are always worth re-reading, though it is a pity the compiler did not expound at greater length and with a few editorial comments and elucidations the really occult ideas which underlie poems like "The Boy and the Angel," and his Rabbinic pieces. There is so much excellent material for this.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCK.

SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY. By Arthur W. Osborn, M.C. Ruskin Press, Melbourne, Australia. Price 2s. net.

THIS is a careful and conscientious inquiry, lucidly and concisely discussed for the student, the broad-minded seeker and the bewildered sceptic. The author is analytical and well-balanced, and his little work displays good taste and tolerance. Two other similar books from his pen are also announced in the present publication on "The Case For and Against Reincarnation" and "Occultism and Psychology," whilst his two previous works on allied themes concern themselves with "Occultism, Christian Science and Healing," and "Simple Explanations of Theosophical Terms," the last-named written in conjunction with Mary E. Wilkinson.

The most important chapters in the volume now under review deal with "The Medium and Unseen Entities," and "A Sound Method of Occult Development." In the latter, Mr. Osborn favours the Raj Yoga system of the Hindus and quotes Professor William James.

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Mr. Osborn certainly stimulates us towards wonder and speculation, those parents of that higher form of human curiosity which creates science and reveals wisdom.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCK.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, POET AND DRAMATIST. By E. J. Thompson. London: Oxford University Press. Price 10s. 6d. net.

IN appraising, one by one, the works of Rabindranath Tagore, poet and dramatist, Mr. E. J. Thompson, lecturer in Bengali at the University of Oxford, has essayed a task of overwhelming magnitude. All the same, be it to his credit, he seems to have accomplished that task with the utmost thoroughness as well as great impartiality and skill. The book is plentifully, yet none too plentifully, besprinkled with the author's translations of extracts of the poet's work, both in prose and verse, and these translations, besides possessing a beauty of their own, would seem to suggest, as nearly as it is possible for any translation to do so, the individual beauty of the

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original text. However, beautiful as most of Rabindranath Tagore's work undoubtedly is, Mr. Thompson certainly does not rank him, as a poet and dramatist, quite as highly as do certain of his countrymen, who (Mr. Thompson tells us) count him the greatest of all the world's poets, greater even than Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dante.

At the same time, Mr. Thompson does think very highly of him, and he has set forth his reasons for doing so in such an able and convincing manner in the pages of this book, that I think one may safely assert that not even the poet's most prejudiced detractor, after a perusal of it, could possibly deny that he, Rabindranath Tagore, has, at least, some claim to be considered great. Concurrently with the course of Mr. Thompson's criticism and analysis of the poet's works—one might almost say in actual conjunction with it, so completely does the process harmonise—we see the gradual and fascinating development of the poet's life and character. Indeed, the book, as a whole, may be termed a mine of human interest, and those who dig in it will find riches beyond their expectation.

A. C. B. O'DONNELL.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT. By Mildred Hill. London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd. Price 1s. 6d. net.

MISS HILL'S simple and unaffected little poetic fragments not only bespeak of a more than superficial knowledge of metre, but a pleasing sincerity which adds warmth to her work.

One cannot do better than quote a typical example of the author's songs in this book:

" God never makes two things
Just quite the same,
Praise to His Name !
And what He wants of me
He doesn't want of you ;
So don't you try to be
Like someone else you see,
But let God make of you
Something quite new."

JOHN EARLE.

WHICH HATH BEEN. By Mrs. Jack McLaren. London: Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.

THE reincarnation novel is perhaps one of the most difficult to " put over " to the reading public. Mrs. Jack McLaren, however, has faced the problem and has made a surprisingly effective job of it. In the dim long ago, Karan (of the White Gowns) and Meron loved secretly beneath the burning sun and azure skies of Assyria. Meron is seriously wounded and is believed by Karan to be killed. The young girl is then forced into a marriage with a Roman governor whom she despises. At long last the lovers are in the same camp in the desert and reunion is but a matter of moments. Seeing whom she believes to be her husband lying sleeping in his tent, she rushes to his couch and kills him, only to discover that she has killed Meron, who, in order to rescue her, donned her husband's robes. The scene now changes to England. Patricia and Hardy are reincarnations of the protagonists of the Assyrian drama. The gods, dealing compas-

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sionately with these long-parted souls, mete out for them blissful happiness. The author is particularly successful in her treatment of the bygone setting. With deftly-handled situations and a sense of proportion she creates an atmosphere both colourful and entrancing. The English scenes, on the other hand, are not so well done, and the dialogue at times savours of the amateur.

For all this, the book shows distinct promise, and the present reviewer looks forward to reading Mrs. McLaren's next fictional effort.

JOHN EARLE.

LAFCADIO HEARN: AN APPRECIATION. By Chas. E. Ball, B.Orient. Litt. With a Foreword by Eng. Rear-Admiral J. M. Thompson, F.Z.S., F.S.P. London: The Caxton Book Shop. Price 1s. 6d.

FEW, if any, who are acquainted with his works can deny the charm of Lafcadio Hearn, and his life is as fascinating as his writings. Hearn had an extraordinarily keen sense of beauty and a curious love of the weird and the ghost-like. Students of Occultism will be interested to learn that for this sensitive soul words had colour, form and character. "Words," he writes, "have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations: they have moods, humours, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities." He thought, for example, that "the letter A is bluish crimson, and the letter E pale sky-blue. . . . KH wears a beard and a turban . . . the initial X is a mature Greek with wrinkles," and so on.

Mr. Ball's brief lecture on Hearn, which was delivered before La Société Internationale de Philologie, Sciences et Beaux Arts, last May, is appreciative of Hearn's genius and very sympathetic. It should serve a useful purpose by introducing fresh readers to an author whose works are a source of delight to those who know them.

H. S. REDGROVE.

OTHER WORLD PEOPLE. By J. W. Herries. With Foreword by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Edinburgh and London: William Hodge & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

HERE is another volume of testimony to the unimpeachable truth of survival of human personality, with its individual memories, idiosyncrasies and affections. Mr. Herries's book is in four sections, the first and longest dealing principally with a series of séances for the Direct Voice, at which the author and other sitters were present. The mediums were the Misses Moore of Glasgow who have attained a noteworthy position in the Psychic world, and to whose gift Sir Arthur Conan Doyle pays a warm tribute in his Foreword to the present work. An interesting point in connection with the Misses Moore is Mr. Herries's statement that they have always refused to submit themselves to the trance condition. This is much to be commended.

A remarkable episode in connection with an Egyptian necklace, and some mysterious happenings in Edinburgh, add dramatic interest to these veritable records, while a remarkable episode entitled "The Ben Achalader Letters," recalls the disappearance last year of a young Scottish mountaineer, whose body was eventually found in circumstances which verified certain clues given psychically and forwarded in letters to the searchers.

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THE WANDERING GENTLE. By Rathmell Wilson. London: The Caxton Bookshop. Price 4s. net.

HUMOUR, wit, and a pleasant attitude to the world make Mr. Wilson an attractive companion, especially as he prattles here or there in a manner likely to make Mrs. Grundy wonder if he is merely naïf or intends to irritate her. In this lively and scrappy book we see him in Egypt, Palestine, France, Algiers, the happy opposite of a tourist set in motion by a professional cicerone. We also obtain his portraits of a few clever artistic people with scarcely more labour than if we but looked instead of read, and for such concision, compatible with informing effect, he is to be praised *ore rotundo* in this profusely wordy land.

Mr. Wilson's interest in occultism is real and obviously free from crankism. He cannot resist saying that there are more curés than cures at Lourdes, but he is sensitive to atmosphere. In an amusing essay on "Upper Worldlings," he believes that "spiritualists are fooled by earth-bound spirits." Surely these six or seven words are like brandished shillelaghs in spite of Mr. Wilson's natural suavity. Personally I think it probable that the vast majority of human males would be spiritually unable to shake off the spiritual earth with the physical "clay." In life their religion was no match for the pleasures pouring or trickling through the channels of their senses. In death what more natural than to seek to revive memory or even renew experiences by contact with the living? What more natural than to seek to feel vibrations of sympathy at séances if homeless and eerily hungry? Is this "fooling"? My question, however, leaves the general charm and readableness of Mr. Wilson's work unassailed. May his readers gather thereto in battalions.

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