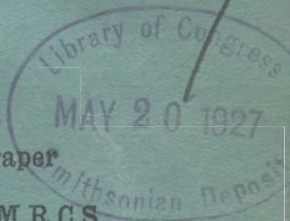


THE OCCULT REVIEW

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"THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

George Sheringham. 1907.

THE RIDING LIGHT. By Neil Scot. London: G. T. Foulis & Co.
Price 7s. 6d.

A first novel this—but assuredly not a novel of inexperience. The author not only commands a style of rich expressiveness but has tact fine enough to endure the discipline of a theme which seems to require the freedom permitted to Continental fiction. The heroine (Leslie) is a Scottish aristocrat whose lonely and thwarted childhood is the prelude to a life dominated by compassion and love. She charms men unconsciously, and without feeling celestial love “gives” herself to two lovers before she recognises her true affinity. Fear and pessimism are her chief enemies, and her horror in expecting motherhood while regarded by her decorous relatives as a maiden, is graphically depicted against a background of worse misery. The author’s ideality, which places the novel above the rank of entertainments, is nevertheless not its most admirable feature to the critic of mere art. For what stand out in the gallery of our mind and refuse to have their faces turned to the wall are the figures of the heroine’s aunt, her maid and her factor, whose artistic value is due to his particular setting. As an egoist the aunt, crammed with material interest, passionless save for the passion for ruling a fair estate, is worthy to stand beside any other flower of selfishness in fiction.

The occult interest of “The Riding Light” is fundamental. The author has constantly in view the “white” and the “sinisters” on the spiritual planes who affect atmosphere and intensify mental feeling and will.

The characters include an evil magician, a surgeon who becomes a magnetic healer, and a voice from the other world. At the same time the novel triumphs rather as a moving story in a world of half lights than as an interpretation of life by one who has walked with Virgil or with Sinnett—or with Andrew Jackson Davis. Such as it is, it is an artistic treat.

W. H. CHESSON.

ALBERT CHEVALIER COMES BACK: A Record of Spirit Communication.
By Florence Chevalier. With four illustrations. London:
Rider & Co., Paternoster House, E.C.4. Price 5s. net.

IN these frankly-emotional pages Albert Chevalier’s widow takes the public into her confidence, and gains thus a still wider audience for the brilliant singer of those coster lyrics which delighted so many of us in the far-off pre-war days.

To all those who have tested the fact of communication with the dwellers in the “Unseen” the experiences she details so clearly in her book will be as echoes many times re-echoed, but to herself they must be as a newly-discovered mine of priceless gems. She tells us that up to the time of her husband’s passing she “knew absolutely nothing of Spiritualism.” Through twenty-five chapters full of details relating to the various forms of mediumship we see the author adding joy upon joy to her life, which but for these things would have been as a barren desert.

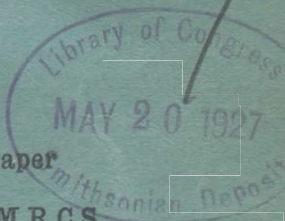
It is good to note that any allusion to the Divine Master, Jesus of Nazareth, is in terms of the deepest reverence. This in itself is a safeguard against the power of evil impersonators. If all spiritualists would realise this we would have fewer untoward results from mixed séances.

EDITH K. HARPER.

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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

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

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

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

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

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

VOL. XLV

JUNE 1927

No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IF there is one point at which the veil that hides Reality from the normal physical consciousness is thinner than at any other it is that where the individual comes in contact with the mystery of Time. There is scarcely a person, no matter how "ordinary," who has not had occasion to become aware, to some extent, of the illusory nature of that quality which is so indissolubly linked with temporal existence, and which we term "duration." Even in ordinary waking consciousness time may "drag" or "fly," in accordance with the mental activity of the observer. It is in connection with dream-life, however, that the illusory nature of "Time" is especially exhibited. It is a commonplace in dreaming to experience within the compass of a few physical seconds a series of happenings which extend over a period to be reckoned not only in hours, but in days or weeks. In the *Confessions of De Quincey* we read of dreams under the influence of opium that seemed to cover a period even of years. Another peculiarity of dream-life is the apparent reversal of the normal mental processes. A man dreams a long chain of events, culminating in a

pistol-shot. On awakening he is astonished to find that the explosion which *caused* the dream comes at the *end* of the series instead of the beginning.

But perhaps the most puzzling and at the same time the most significant phenomenon connected with dreams is that of prevision. Warnings are received by dream not only of great crises in life, but of trivial events which hold apparently nothing of importance. Some months before the Great War a relative of the writer's was haunted by painful dreams, the significance of which only came to light with the advent of "air raids." A personal friend, again, dreamed that he was walking along a railway track with a number of other people, and next day a temporary dislocation of the traffic made it necessary for the passengers in the train by which he was travelling to alight and walk along the permanent way to the nearest station some distance ahead.

It was left to Mr. J. W. Dunne, author of *An Experiment with Time*,* who was hard put to it to account satisfactorily for such dreams in his own experience, to deduce therefrom a new theory with regard to Time and the constitution of the universe. The nature and scope of his proposed inquiry he sets forth in the following words :

"No one, I imagine, can derive any considerable pleasure from the supposition that he is a freak ; and, personally, I would almost sooner have discovered myself to be a 'medium.' There might have been a chance of company there. Unfortunately it was abundantly clear that there was no 'mediumship' in this matter, no 'sensitiveness,' no 'clairvoyance.' I was suffering, seemingly, from some extraordinary fault in my relation to reality—something so uniquely wrong that it compelled me to perceive, at rare intervals, large blocks of otherwise perfectly normal personal experience displaced from their proper positions in Time. That such things could occur at all was a most interesting piece of knowledge. But, unfortunately, in the circumstances it would be knowledge to only one person—myself.

"There was, however, a very remote possibility that, by employing this piece of curiously acquired knowledge as a guide, I might be able to discover some hitherto overlooked peculiarity in the structure of Time ; and to that task I applied myself."

The main incidents which led Mr. Dunne to undertake his experiment may with advantage here be briefly summarised.

* London : A. & C. Black, 8s. 6d. net.

The first case bore a strong resemblance to an example of clairvoyance. He awoke one morning at 4.30, after dreaming that his watch had stopped, and that he had been engaged in a dispute as to the correct time. It appeared that the watch had indeed stopped at the actual moment of the dream. Perhaps the subconscious mind missed the accustomed ticking; but whence the knowledge of the fact that the hands stood at 4.30? The watch was out of sight on a chest of drawers, and not close at hand beside the bed.

On another occasion, whilst staying on the Italian Riviera, he dreamed that he had met, in the Soudan, three soldiers clad in faded and ragged khaki. On questioning them, one replied that they had "come right through from the Cape," while a second one added, "I've had an awful time—nearly died of yellow fever." Next morning, at breakfast, on opening his English paper, he learned that the *Daily Telegraph* Cape to Cairo Expedition had arrived at Khartoum. The news was received in London one day before it was published, and thus a long time before the occurrence of the dream. The author concluded, therefore, that, whatever the explanation might be, "astral wandering" was completely out of the question.

In 1902, whilst in South Africa, he dreamed of the Martinique disaster. When the next mail brought newspapers from London, he read the story of the eruption of Mount Pelée in the *Daily Telegraph*. One special peculiarity is to be noted with regard to this experience. "All through the dream," states Mr. J. W. Dunne, "the number of people in danger possessed my mind. I repeated it to everyone I met, and at the moment of waking I was shouting to the Maire, 'Listen! Four thousand people will be killed unless . . .'" The newspaper estimated the loss of life at 40,000, but in his haste the author misread the total as 4,000, an error which he did not discover till many years later, when he also learned that the true death-roll was something quite different. It would seem, Mr. Dunne points out, that the dream idea of 4,000 must have been obtained in some mysterious way from the newspaper report, and not as the result of actual clairvoyance. In fact, the dream was just the kind of thing that might have happened after instead of before reading the printed report.

The next experience left the author more puzzled than ever. He found himself one of a group of people gathered together on a balcony, and only dimly visible through volumes of dense smoke.

Amidst dreadful, suffocating groans, the people around were dropping in heaps, while throughout the scene played a jet from a fire hose.

The papers next morning did not contain any news, but the evening editions published an account of a disastrous fire in Paris. A number of workgirls had made their way out on to a balcony to escape from a factory fire. There for a time they were safe, the hose being played on to the structure to keep it from catching alight while sufficiently long ladders to effect their rescue were being procured. Unfortunately, however, the smoke from the burning factory was so dense that the girls, although standing in the open air, were suffocated before help could arrive.

SOME
PUZZLING
VISIONS

The author dismisses "clairvoyance" again as "a mere admission of inexplicability," while "telepathy required an enormous amount of stretching to fit the facts." The dreams, he concluded, were not really precepts (impressions) of distant or future events. They were ordinary, explicable dreams which, if they had occurred after the corresponding events, would have exhibited nothing unusual. The puzzling thing was that they were *displaced in time*. Was it possible, he wondered, that dreams "dreams in general, all dreams, everybody's dreams—were composed of images of past experience and future experience blended together in approximately equal proportions?" Was the lopsided view we had of the universe—with the "future" cut off from the growing "past" by a travelling "present moment"—due to an arbitrarily imposed mental barrier erected by us while awake? And could this sort of inhibition be overcome sufficiently to make it possible for any normal individual to recall a percentage of dreams which would otherwise be lost, and thereby to observe the intermingling of images relating both to the past and to the future? Such an experiment was successfully devised. For full details as to the best manner in which to record these elusive dream impressions, the reader is referred to the explicit details and advice given in the book itself.

A noteworthy point in connection with the instinctive inhibition by the waking consciousness of the associative link above referred to was brought to light. It was observed, on reading over the dream records at the end of the succeeding day, (or two days), that the mind automatically refused to accept the association between the dream and the subsequent event. It even proved to be advisable to resort to a subterfuge by pretend-

ing that the records about to be read were those of dreams expected to occur during the coming night—a device merely to enable one to notice, and not to assist the judgment. As the author says, in nearly all cases “the connection was at first only half glimpsed, was then immediately rejected, and was finally accepted only on account of the accumulating weight of the previously unnoticed points of corroborative detail.”

As the result of carefully noting his own experiences, and the records of experiments on the same lines which he prevailed upon a few personal friends to undertake, Mr. J. W. Dunne computed that the images in the dream records which relate to the near future were about equal in number to those which pertain to the nearby past. “The situation,” he says, “was now a little clearer. It had been discovered that the effect was one which was apparent only to definitely directed observation, and its failure to attract general attention was, thus, sufficiently explained. But the rough-and-ready method which had been devised for the purpose of rendering it perceptible seemed to work quite well. The original hypothesis of solitary abnormality had been completely killed, and, moreover, in the light of the experiment, I did not appear to possess even a specially well-developed faculty for observing the effect. Those other people had got their decisive results more quickly than I, and, in most cases, those results had been clearer.”

But although successful in isolating and proving the dream-effect, the actual explanation seemed as remote as ever, and further experiments were undertaken to ascertain whether there were any observable differences between the images which related to the future and those which related to the past; but no such distinguishing feature came to light. It also began to become apparent that the consciousness of the dreamer, wandering about the network of associated ideas without any special attention to the “present,” might as easily alight on an image many years ahead as it might on images many years behind, or in the past.

The step next in sequence in the development of the author's theory took place when he first realised that “every solution which could reduce Time to something wholly present, ruled that the pre-images should be just as observable when one was awake as they were when one slept.” In order to test the validity of this conclusion, Mr. Dunne hit upon the plan of taking some book which he

TIME A
FOURTH
DIMENSION?

intended to read within the next few minutes, concentrating upon the title or the name of one of the characters, and then waiting for any odds and ends of images that might come into the mind by association. The results were sufficiently remarkable to preclude any idea of coincidence. They showed, indeed, that, subject to the attention being held steady and the imagination kept well under control, precognitive associations of distinct experimental value could be obtained, scraps of information with regard to the contents of the book about to be read filtering into the mind in a most mysterious fashion.

Although the author of *An Experiment with Time* has little use for the theories of occultism or the evidences of psychical research, the student of Patanjali's yoga philosophy cannot fail to notice the close similarity between the method adopted in the book experiment and that of the process of Samyama.

To proceed, however, with the author's own account, we read :

"In my own case, I employed this experiment mainly in order to seek for the barrier, if any, which divides our knowledge of the past from our knowledge of the future. And the odd thing was that there did not seem to be any such barrier at all. One had merely to arrest all obvious thinking of the past, and the future would become apparent in disconnected flashes. . . . Yet if one tried to follow up the 'memory train' from the past to future, one came, not so much to a resisting barrier as to an absolute blank. Moreover, if one allowed the attention to pass from the image under consideration to another which was manifestly associated therewith, one remained, so to say, in the 'past' part of the network. There, attention was completely at home. The associated images followed one another in swift, easy succession ; attention ran on and on without noticeable effort or fatigue. It was only by rejecting manifest associations with the last image, and waiting till something apparently disconnected took its place, that attention was enabled to slip over the dividing line."

In his search for an explanation of these apparent anomalies in regard to Time, our author bases his reasoning on the universally accepted postulate that Time has length ; that this length does not extend in any of the three dimensions of physical space, but into a Fourth Dimension ; that neither past nor future are directly observable, all observable phenomena being situated at the unique instant of time which we call the "present"; and

that this "present" field of observation moves in some way along the time length.

Here the work of Hinton in regard to Space and the Fourth Dimension, and that of Mr. J. W. Dunne in connection with the problem of Time, closely approximate to each other; but the deeply metaphysical and abstruse nature of the considerations involved in the closely reasoned line of argument makes it undesirable to include them, even if space permitted, in a brief popular *résumé*. It must for the moment serve our purpose to quote briefly the conclusions of the present author, that "if Time passes or grows or accumulates or expends itself or does anything whatsoever except stand rigid and changeless before a Time-fixed observer, there must be another Time which times that activity of, or along, the first Time, and another Time which times that second Time, and so on in an apparent series to infinity." It is shown, further, how this serialism in Time inevitably involves a serial observer.

In the chapters of his book devoted to a logical analysis of the scientific nature of that universe in which time has length and in which events are experienced in succession, the author develops the principles of that system which he designates as "Serialism." Involving as it does mental gymnastics comparable in strenuousness with those necessitated by a study of Hinton's theory of the Fourth Dimension, it becomes necessary once more to content ourselves with a summary of the main points of the author's line of argument.

"Serialism," explains Mr. Dunne, "is the perfected statement of the relation between observer and observed."

Any analysis of that relation must embrace both observer and observed, thereby necessitating the assumption of an individual precisely similar to oneself—Jones, for instance.

You study Jones as an individual and find that he cannot possibly be conscious otherwise than serially.

Noting this, "you examine him as an individual who experiences *in succession* the states of that which he observes." This means making your picture one dimension larger than Jones, whereupon Jones is exhibited as a conscious individual travelling along a time dimension; but there is nothing to show that he is more than an automaton.

Having proceeded thus far, you find yourself committed

to enlarging your canvas by yet another dimension. Jones I thereupon appears to you as observed by Jones II, of a larger dimension.

“Continuation of the analysis shows you a series of Joneses, each observing the Jones of the next lower term. All these are imperishable except the first; and all are automatons except the last, about whom you do not yet know enough to dogmatise.”

Since Jones is similar to yourself, it should be possible to check your discoveries by your own experience. You note that when the brain of Jones I is inactive, Jones II should be able to observe images of the experiences successively provided for him by the brain when in its active state. In the light of your own experience you find that you “dream” and do experience images of waking events. You find that the images perceived by Jones in “dreams” may include some relating to future waking experiences. You test it on yourself and find it true.

Analysis shows that the focussing of attention is a function of the ultimate Jones, and that there is no law which *compels* attention to be focussed on any particular spot. If this is so, the ultimate Jones should be able to shift his attention from field 1 (the three-dimensional physical plane) to field 2 (the four-dimensional plane) even in waking consciousness. On testing this with the book experiment you find it holds good.

Since the ultimate Jones is capable of direct intervention in the course of mechanical events, you prove the truth of this in your own case by making records of your dreams of future experience.

“From a study of the mental operations involved in this last action of yours, you conclude that your observer at infinity must be capable of remembering and thinking without employing the assistance of the brain.” Experiment satisfies you that this indeed is so.

“Examination of your dream-thinking and dream-remembering shows that, though your brain is asleep, you, as the ultimate observer of your series, try to continue both observing and remembering in the same three-dimensional fashion as you do when the brain is awake and you are observing its successive states presented in field 1. This, you realise (since your dreaming attention is four-dimensional), is bound to result in a serious and confusing temporal instability in the images observed and remembered—an instability which must render the dream images

much less definite than are those other 'images' which you can produce in waking imagination. Experiment shows that this is true."

The special value of the present contribution of Mr. J. W. Dunne to metaphysics lies in the endeavour to establish human immortality on the basis of science and logic. Such a line of approach holds a special appeal for the scientific mind, which is prone to regard the intuitions of the occultist and the empiricism of psychical research as so many vain conjectures.

It may not be without interest, however, to examine the results of some of the experiments above recorded in the light of occult and psychic science. We have already alluded to the fact that the book experiment devised by the author bears a strong resemblance to the process of Samyama, of the yoga philosophy. The results obtained from this experiment appear to be susceptible to various explanations. Admitting the exercise of a four-dimensional consciousness in the process, absolute contact with the mind of the writer of the book should not be impossible, to say nothing of telepathy. Psychometrical rapport with the aura of the novelist through his book is another possibility.

Perhaps the greatest fundamental difference in point of view between the occultist and that of the author of the book under consideration is to be found in the conception of the ego. "We are driven to the conception," says Mr. J. W. Dunne, "of an ultimate thinker who is learning to interpret what is presented to his notice, the educative process involved being his following, during the waking hours, with unremitting, three-dimensional attention, the facile, automatic action of that marvellous piece of associative machinery, the brain. This, admittedly, is a complete reversal of the old-time animist's conception of the 'higher' observer as an individual of superlative intelligence producing the best effect he can with the aid of a clumsy material equipment. But it seems to me there is no getting away from the plain evidence afforded by the character of our dream-thinking. Whatever capacities for eventually superior intelligence may be latent in the observer at infinity, they are capacities that await development. At the outset brain is the teacher and mind the pupil. Mind begins its struggle towards structure and individuality by moulding itself upon brain."

And again :

“In the superlative observer we individual observers, and that tree of which we are the branches, live and have our being. But there is no coming ‘absorption’ for us; we are already absorbed, and the tendency is towards differentiation.”

Here we find ourselves up against the age-old problem that although in God we live and move and have our being, we are yet unable to find Him. We are not even united, let alone “already absorbed.” The whole history of religious mysticism bears witness to the striving of the separated individual consciousness for union with that of which it is in reality a part.

But whatever view we may take of our relation to Reality, the work of Mr. Dunne calls for serious consideration. The line of research which he suggests appears to afford, indeed, a basis for investigation which may well lead to valuable results from the point of view both of psychology and occult science. Universal in its nature, however, the mystical experience can no more be ignored in formulating a metaphysical interpretation of human life and its relation to Reality than can the working of the limited physical consciousness in the world of dreams. Ultimately every new fact brought to light in regard to the nature of mind will find its proper place in the completed picture to which science and religion are each contributing their part and which, we are confident, will vindicate fully the intuitional conclusions proclaimed by occultism.

On account of the intervention of the Easter holidays, two rather important letters have unavoidably been omitted from the Correspondence columns of the present issue—one from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on the subject of Spiritualism and Theosophy, and one from Dion Fortune on the Master Jesus and the Liberal Catholic Church. These, of course, will be included in the next succeeding number. Several communications have been received for Sister Frances, whose address has unfortunately been mislaid.

THE EDITOR.

THE REDEMPTION OF MEPHISTOPHELES

By JOSEPHINE VERLAGE

"I AM the Spirit that denies."

No better definition of this familiar spirit of Faust's could have been devised than the above, furnished by himself. It not only defines this curious anomaly personally, but depicts with rare ingenuity the universal Spirit of Evil, of which Mephistopheles has become the accepted embodiment.

Goethe well understood the promptings, impulses and contradictions of human nature and their trend towards both the depths and heights of existence. For that reason he seems particularly well qualified to put this descriptive self-explanation, together with others of equal value and importance, into the mouth of the philosopher, guide, tutor, tempter and tormentor of the Germanic doctor.

Horned and hooped he was, clothed in the colour of blood, and ever on the alert to let his influence twist and dominate the better impulses that at times rose to the surface of his not altogether willing pupil.

It does not seem congruous to limit the character ascribed to Mephistopheles to a fixed time, a certain personality, or geographical locality. Rather is it fair to assume that Goethe had more than a fictitious character in mind when he projected both Faust and Mephistopheles on the screen of his immortal masterpiece. That he had in view certain world-processes and natural propensities, which he personified as a human being and his evil genius, is more than a mere assumption. Not only does the second part of Faust furnish conclusive proof that this is the case, but Goethe, the psychologist, metaphysician and profound scientist, may safely be credited with this estimation of human nature, collectively and individually.

If a lesson can be drawn from this special characterisation, we will do well to read between the lines, and gather up such fragments of information as are both helpful and interesting.

Mephistopheles will be seen to be a mirror in which not only one, but every member of the human race is depicted, whether this registration is as yet latent, or has already made its way to the surface, either as a restrained or unrestrained influence, impulse or propensity.

Personified influences abound in both ancient and modern literature. The secular and sacred books of all nations furnish us with endless examples of like personifications.

The biblical metaphor "He goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," is probably the most familiar description under which this Mephistophelian influence is known in the present day.

It must have occurred to the thinking and analytical mind that this unpopular traducer, Belial or Satan, must have an origin, cause or creator. Theology propounds that fundamentally there is but One Creator or Origin for all that is, to which the name God has been given. In that case there can be no other primal source for his Satanic Majesty than the Most High, however much inclined we may be to shield the Almighty from this imputation.

Why and whence this Satan is a legitimate question. Wherefore this unequal struggle with a power, that to all appearance far outstrips in strength the armour and weapons mankind is endowed with, is bound to demand an answer sooner or later.

No philosopher, metaphysician, psychologist, theologian or scientist alone is in a position to answer these questions satisfactorily. A combination of all is required to reach a solution that will satisfy the questioner to the point of certainty.

That this malignant demon exists for a purpose, is in fact involved in the very nature of things, past, present, and future, is one of the modern theories put forth to account for him. That he is a factor to be dealt with, whatever his cause or origin, can be testified to by only too many who have struggled valiantly or otherwise with this ubiquitous spirit of negation.

Faust's cry "Two souls, alas, reside within my breast," still goes up to the Unknown by those who do not blindly acquiesce in the verdict of self-appointed authority, but who seek, ask and knock on their own account, with a view to solving the riddle of the Universe. "Find out for yourself" seems to be the only answer of this imperturbable Sphinx. If there is a justification for this spirit of evil, which hounds, scourges, drives and jeers at man, and leaves him no peace, until it is reckoned with, there must be a way of discovering it.

Few there undoubtedly are who have not made its acquaintance in some form or other, and not curiosity alone, but self-protection should be the stimulus for an ever more ardent search for its *raison d'être*.

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If Life has a purpose, if there is a destiny involved in the origin of Man, then this destiny is bound to be carried out in one way or other. Logically, no higher destiny for Man can be conceived than a full and complete realization of his inherent potentialities and possibilities in every imaginable direction. The forces that be, whether called physical, mental, moral or spiritual, must be ever operative, and are bound to bring about this final issue before the circle of Creation can be said to be complete.

Does the devil play a part in this process of self-evolution? He decidedly does, and he is needed until this destiny has been fulfilled, or until latencies have become actualities. This is not blasphemy or sacrilege, but scientific and religious necessity.

Let us start with the hypothesis, if you will, that the devil is no more an entity than is darkness. That he is universal by no means interferes with this hypothesis, but rather accounts for his being individual also. That two entities cannot occupy the same space at the same time is a foregone conclusion. That the operation of one and the same power, however, tends to either construction or destruction, according to the direction which is given to it, is also self-evident.

This raises the question, "Is friction necessary in existence, or can it be wholly and forever avoided?" Certain fixed principles operative in the universe lead us to conclude that friction is both necessary and unavoidable in the process that makes for progress and upward expansion, or self-expression.

Familiarity with the force of habit shows us how difficult it is to abandon a mould into which we have definitely settled down, whether from heredity or personal preferment. The process of adaptation to another and possibly entirely different habit or mould produces a pull in two directions. The old and the new induce conditions more or less at odds with each other, and are bound to create a sensation of discomfort, if not of positive suffering.

In spite of the recognition that the old landmarks must be abandoned, and the willingness and desire to do so, the temptation to continue in the line of least resistance is ever at hand. Like a ball, the individual is swept hither and thither, until the new tendency has been set up sufficiently to repeat itself without conscious assistance or effort on the part of the one concerned.

Existence is in a constant state of flux, for development means

change. This change consists in the abandoning of old, and the setting up of new standards or habits of thought, word and act.

While in this "valley of decision," between the devil and the deep blue sea, the former plays an important and necessary part. Without his tormenting jabs, his jeering suggestions and innumerable methods of attack, the I, in the process of carrying out its destiny, would find no inducement to make the necessary effort towards a general betterment, whether in temporal or eternal affairs.

In this battle between the lesser and the greater issues, the self would be torn to pieces—almost—were it not for the other influences, which stand squarely opposed to the "prince of darkness"—the "messengers of light": which in the words of Faust, type of the ever-seeking soul, enable the I to "rest not, till the finished work has crowned me."

"Who traps the devil, holds him fast," not by special permission of anybody, but naturally or according to the inexorable laws of Nature. Where the will exists, the seeking self is bound to make its way through the night of the Not-yet-known into the day of the Seen and Understood. If it falters not and fails not to hold up Nature's standard, it is bound to win out in its journey from ignorance to knowledge.

The devil pure and simple, past, present, and future, would therefore seem to be the tendency in every individual to pursue the line of least resistance, when placed between two opposing positions. This tendency is sure to contradict the higher impulses and possibilities, which prompt the individual in the opposite direction of his merely animal, or lower human and racial instincts.

Is God responsible for this tendency? Decidedly, if by God we understand the governing Principle of the Universe, to which can be traced all that is, whether directly or indirectly. This God operates along the lines of both Religion and Science and can no more be overthrown than can the principle of Mathematics. The devil will be recognized for what he is along both these paths, when we withstand him, or, rather, "it," and thereby prove our right to a higher altitude than the one formerly occupied.

No real advance in any direction can be guaranteed unless and until the claims for a more enlightened existence have been put to the utmost test. Unless the great tempter or tester became busy with the self, these utmost tests could not be carried out, and show the status of the soul as either a winner or loser.

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It is easy to assert and theorize, and the average man might let it rest there, were it not for that voice forever crying in the wilderness: "Prove, prove, prove and do not cease until every test, water, fire, and acid has been successfully passed through and beyond."

Read the story of Job, which is Everyman's story. Satan was deliberately summoned by a higher power to test and prove the faith and loyalty of this man of Uz, "perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." The utmost destitution, lack and loss were the price considered none too high for the "double amount of his former possessions," after Job had risen above the wiles of the ever-operative Mephistopheles, not as a special favour, but as the natural and inevitable result of the conquest of self.

This allegory is repeated in a lesser or equal degree in every life that is worth counting a life, whether now or at some other period. There are countless Jobs in the world to-day. The tests are made by the same power, in the same way, with the same means to the same end.

The reproach heaped upon this old-new Satan, and the enmity he incurs because of his hellish persistence, must be redeemed unto a clear comprehension of his uses and purposes.

The self-suggestion that wells up in every man when placed before an alternative, "Take the easiest way, the one that promises the greatest returns, irrespective of ethical standards," is truly a Satanic one, and will be either opposed or yielded to, according to the value placed upon these standards.

Other suggestions dwell side by side with the devilish ones, and they minister to mankind as much to-day as when the trumpet-sound went forth, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

The personal devil? Yes, but only in the sense that each person creates his own devil out of the universal tendency to go counter to the requirements of the better self.

If man were less than he is, there would be no need of this dragon. Because of the vastness of his inherent possibilities, and moreover because of his power of choice, which in the last analysis consists in the ability and right to think and act as he wills, whether right or wrong, he often finds himself blocked "for a season," in the process of self-revelation, which is for all alike and will be encountered by all alike.

Man makes his own choice and elects to walk in the way he

has chosen. Neither God or Devil can compel him to act contrary to what he deliberately decides upon. "Diablo est Deus inversus." Not a platitude by any means, though according to Emerson "the devil is an ass," in spite of his apparent power, with its accompanying torments.

In one sense the devil is a benefactor; an adversary, to be sure, but one we will do well to "agree with quickly." He is a schoolmaster who finds us out as nothing else will. He cross-examines us, and brings to the surface motives that surprise us more often than not. He invariably forces us into a position to see all sides of a situation, and then leaves us to our own devices. His machinations may leave us "for a season," but they do not altogether cease, until the crown of destiny, complete self-knowledge, has been reached.

Not until the man of Nazareth had successfully withstood all the contradictions and temptations of his human nature, could he say of himself "Satan findeth nothing in me." The world, the flesh and the devil, which in modern language mean the self-deceptions relative to the circumstances of life, had been unflinchingly faced, and put where they belonged in the course of his journey along the royal highway of self-discovery.

His final conquest of all that human devilry could devise to thwart his purpose was proof of his fitness to be called Master. To the as yet self-deluded onlooker he went down to perdition; to his own clear vision, and to that of the seer of to-day he won the greatest victory a human being with Godlike possibilities can win—self-mastery.

An example should not be, and is not, endowed with greater or better opportunities and possibilities than those who are expected to follow, or do as it did. Human nature is the same to-day as in the days of the religio-scientific God-man. Therefore temptations, trials, tests, defeat and victory, pass through constant repetitions, and will invariably face him who elects to starve neither heart nor head in his efforts to open the door into the mysteries of his own being, than which there is nothing more "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The Satan of the world's youth needs to be vindicated and saved from the utter reproach which has been heaped upon him. He may not be a welcome guest any more than is the surgeon's knife, while the ordeal is under way. The one-time foe is, however, hailed as a friend when his place and mission are understood.

If existence consisted of darkness, or even of shadows only, there would be only too good cause for revolt. In that case we might well be excused for giving up the apparently unequal and hopeless struggle. As every negation, however, is in itself proof of an affirmative, we may know and not merely hope or believe that our Mephistophelian tendencies can be over-ruled by other tendencies, equally inherent in universal human nature. The old hymn, "We all have an angel side" is not fiction, but unmistakable truth, based upon fundamental principles.

A power which in point of entity is the only one that really exists, is far more to be trusted and relied upon in the exigencies of life than the power of darkness, even though it be so "thick that it can be felt."

The sum and substance of the Pauline doctrine is contained in the few words "Overcome evil with good." It is addressed not only to the Church and its obedient children, but quite as much to the scientist, who for ages has been seeking in vain for the causes of evil where they do not lie.

"The devil drives, and God leads," is based upon pure science, and may be put to the test outside of the fold of the Church as well as within it. The truly hungry demand bread instead of a stone. If it is not forthcoming from either science or religion as known in the present day, they will start out on a search of their own, compelled by Nature's eternal push, called the devil. Therefore, "Blessed be hunger," for it makes us hustle.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

By HERBERT ADAMS

THE formula "Know thyself" has been paraphrased into countless other formulæ, all of which are familiar to the student in his reading of occult literature, and most of which throw more or less light and meaning upon the primary one. These formulæ have a deeply cosmic import and prove somewhat disconcerting when analysed reflectively. To know oneself from the occult point of view is a comprehensive matter, and one with which most of us will be well occupied for at least the term of our present incarnation. We should know, for instance, that true self-knowledge cannot begin until some degree of egoic response has been attained: up to that point in evolution we are nothing but speculators, however remarkably clever from a personal and worldly standpoint. That in itself is a humiliating conception; but it is well that we realise it at the outset because it is a true one. The assurance some students have by reason of a little occult reading is at once amusing and alarming. It is common enough and to be expected among those who have no occult reading and live soundly in the intellect: it is just as common among those who have the occult classics by heart.

The first thing for us is to realise thoroughly the difficulty of the task we are engaged upon. We are enthusiasts and too often possess the cardinal failing of the class. We expect to complete a life task in a few weeks; but it cannot be done; and I draw no pessimistic picture in saying so. The Gita just as plainly says: "Of the successful strivers scarce one knoweth me in essence." Upon serious reflection it appears more and more to me that the attainment of self-knowledge is mainly the demonstration of an increasing measure of impersonality. This is the central thought of the Gita, and every theme in that classic is grounded upon it. Impersonality is its secret doctrine; and no matter how great is the appeal of its beauty and desirableness to the intellect or the aesthetic sense, we remain but in the outer court until impersonality becomes a factor in practical life. Impersonality is usually preceded by a long cycle of development and experience of the most varied, and often perplexing, character. There is a world of inner experience to be garnered before we can become living exponents of the fact; and only a genuine occult discipline com-

pels that experience and leads naturally and lawfully to a safe and proper demonstration.

Impersonality has many degrees. They range from the minor detachments exercised by an aspirant to that extreme spiritual poise so striking and natural in the adept ; but in whatever degree manifested, there is in it something exceedingly arresting and influential to those who witness it. Its nature is so comparatively unique, so apparently contrary to the well-known laws of personal expression in the world, that the person engaged in its culture is quickly, though tacitly, distinguished from his fellows. It is a departure from the rule of common life. It originates from a plane outside that of everyday thought and observation, and its manifestations are such as the ordinary consciousness almost refuses to sanction ; it makes us aware of the divinity overshadowing human consciousness and invites us to make a heart surrender to its beneficent promptings ; it upsets our preconceived ideas of thought and action, rejects the limitations and pride of the intellectual self, and falsifies well-grounded maxims of a liberal education. And herein is the reason that so few are able or willing to enter seriously upon a culture the nature of which has a more or less forbidding aspect and is opposed to so much that is firmly established and prized in the personal life.

Yet we are dealing here with a condition, a force, which is of supreme value in the evolution of consciousness. Nothing so co-ordinates the powers and enhances the true prestige of man as this unfolding sense of higher perception and values. A multitude of anxieties and perturbations which hitherto held undisputed sway within the soul lose their tyranny and pass away. Not that we forsake the arena of personality and deny the constant interplay of forces therein, but that we stand at a remove and survey them from a point of ascension, with a new power of self-direction and insight, and have the ability to harmonise opposing vibrations. The consciousness of this descending harmony and peace has a wonderful effect upon the disposition of the mental faculties, and its increasing momentum enables us to achieve swiftly and one pointedly the tasks allotted to them. Indeed, it is only at the stage of development that we come to realise the true strength and beauty of mental action and create after the law of the spiritual man. Hitherto, we were very much at the mercy of the mind ; it reigned over us with the authority of a tyrant : we were marshalled hither and thither at the behest of thought, and often involved by it in pitiful

uncertainty and confusion. But the dawn of the sense of impersonality reverses this condition of affairs. We consciously and deliberately impose the will of the ego upon the activities of the various faculties with marked results. The immense possibilities therefore which open before the man who has entered upon this personal conquest are obvious.

While one has no wish to magnify the many difficulties^r that have to be surmounted on the way to the attainment of impersonality, such difficulties cannot be discounted, and claim attention. The prolonged and conscientious labour necessary for the development of a faculty for any art or science is no less requisite here. We shall feel little relish for this struggle with the secret forces ruling our personal life until we have suffered all too long under their stern domination. There is a definite point in evolution when we become acutely conscious that we must come to judgment within, investigate and understand the opposing factors in our constitution and devote ourselves seriously to the task of self-discipline. Even this preliminary self-cognition brings reflections of not the happiest kind. We have travelled along the path of least resistance and taken life much as it came; we have not felt it incumbent upon us to regard too critically the swift stream of thought and emotion, the action and reaction of these upon self and others. But with this awakening the sense of security vanishes. The stable centre of consciousness around which our life hitherto revolved, and to which all our activities were related, becomes decentralised. Conscientious study and meditation have produced their inevitable consequences: the ego has responded to persistent aspiration and made us aware of its existence and supremacy. This first clear sounding of the note of the ego in the personal life is of tremendous importance. We become conscious of a division, of a painful discord between the two. The new and stronger vibration causes a certain disruption, a disorganisation among the mental faculties, which pass for the first time under the acute observation of a spiritual critic. And, conformably to the maxim of occult science that expansion of consciousness induced by the advent of spiritual truth produces pain and unrest, we realise the great responsibility devolving upon us to take up the task of self-conquest and establish the power of the ego as the dominant factor in our life in the interest of evolution.

This initial trial of the occult life requires an act of discrimination of a very extraordinary character. It is not a simple matter

to put aside the physical, emotional and mental bodies, to remain apart and unaffected by their vibration, poised in the clear and undivided consciousness of I AM THAT. Perhaps the difficulty of the task is a wise provision. It is to be doubted whether an immediate recognition of the immortal Self would prove altogether desirable without a mature development of the three bodies as a preliminary thereto. The way of the Gita seems to enforce this thought : it shows the peculiar method used in preparation. It was not a single lesson easily taught, at once received and understood, which imparted the qualifications for recognition. The teaching was many-sided, each presentation lifting one veil after another and causing to pass from the pupil one vice and weakness after another, until we have his final words at the moment of complete realisation : "Destroyed is my delusion. I have gained knowledge through thy grace."

It may be helpful to note that during the series of presentations of different aspects of the Wisdom the whole nature of Arjuna passed under review and discipline, resulting in the acquirement of all the necessary qualifications for initiation. Suppose that some magical act—and this is a point for some impatient students to remember—had been substituted for that gradual unfoldment to him of all the powers and weaknesses of his nature, whereby he had momentarily realised his immortality apart from the perishable bodies, would that have proved sufficient for the arduous work of the path? I think not. He is shown at the outset a goal to be worked for. "The man—balanced in pain and pleasure, steadfast, he is fitted for immortality." But that is not the achievement of a moment, nor does it arise from an incantation. It is an organic process of unfoldment in and through the life and texture of the bodies over a long period of time. It really means growth of a singular order. In a recent book dealing with the occult path there is a simple and unpretentious statement which arrests attention because of its deep and far-reaching truth and application. It is this : If many students were subjected to clairvoyant investigation they would be seen to be not "big enough" to grasp the attitude and handle the work of the Masters. Precisely ; and it is in the three bodies that the student must grow big, permeated and enriched throughout by the strong vibration of the ego, before he is in any wise fit to make that conscious dissociation of personality and stand, recollected and able, in his immortal part.

It is only upon completion of this cycle of growth, where the bodies have, as it were, taken the depth of human experience and

been raised to a new power, that it is possible to "perform action, dwelling in union with the divine, renouncing attachment, and balanced evenly in success and failure." This "skill in action" of yoga has a significance which many students little dream of. It takes every phase of personal power into its province and marshals it up to the main event. A magic life has to touch the heart and brain even rightly to comprehend it; and only the constantly accelerated pulse of that inner life can meet the demands of it. It evolves naturally in the bodies of the aspirant who insists upon steady and ordered progress, with a willingness to accept unreservedly all that progress entails. Arjuna had difficulty here. The lesson had to be presented to him again and again, and from many different aspects, before he reached that point of entire submission to the truth of the divine within. The difficulty is not an imaginary one. Very real and persistent are the attachments of the three bodies in spite of their relative unreality. It is scarcely a matter for the surgeon's knife: only the student who is skilled in action can safely use that. His instrument must be a patient and loving comprehension; yes, a willingness to be in bondage to the contacts of matter for the time being, with all the failings of Arjuna written upon him. For a wise willingness to endure defeat is a mark of progress. "Endure them bravely, O Bharata."

The "slaying of the self" is a distinctly personal matter. I believe no two students will deal with it in precisely the same way. One finds success through a complete expression of the personal powers; another adopts the method of withdrawal in a total denial of the self. Many fail here in a wise discrimination. They assume what they are not and cease to be natural; whereas the true disciple, with the touch of the Master within him, should be as simple, natural and expressive as Nature herself. There should be something so intensely human and spontaneously affectionate in him that wherever he goes there is immediate recognition and understanding on his part of every contact, and a certain response from all to him. But whatever the method the student chooses, the problem remains the same; the initial trial is the same; the same qualifications are essential to meet it. And every method has its price.

For the disciplined self to move among sense objects with senses free from attraction and repulsion; to be mastered by the Self and enter into spiritual peace wherein is the extinction of all pain; this is not a light task or the effort of a day.

SPECTRE DOGS

By W. H. FEAZEY.

IT is perhaps because of the wonderful intelligence of the dog, "the most faithful friend of man," that a belief in spectre dogs has existed in one form or other from century to century; certainly few ghostly visitants have appealed more strongly to the average mind. Some of the tales that gave thrills and shivers to bygone generations were weird enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of horrors. There were the black dogs which were supposed to be evil spirits that had assumed that form; there were also spirit-dogs that formerly were men and women of notoriously evil lives and were doomed as a fitting punishment to appear in the form of dogs; in addition there were the hounds of the sky, the "Gabriel Hounds" or the "Yeth Hounds," who were either demons who imitated the sports of mankind by hunting the souls of disembodied men or were the spirits of unbaptised children.

One of the most famous of these dog legends is that of the "Manthe Doog" which haunted Peel Castle in the Isle of Man, referred to in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":

"For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man."

This hound was seen in every room, but especially in the guard-room. Here, as soon as candles were lighted, it used to go and lie down before the fire in the presence of the soldiers, who became so accustomed to its appearance that they lost much of the awe which they had at first naturally felt. They never ventured, however, to molest it, because of its malicious character. At last one of them in a drunken fit swore that he would try whether it were dog or devil. He made his trial and was at once sobered, but he was also rendered speechless. He lived only three days afterwards, and then "died in agonies more than is common in a natural death."

A story of much the same kind is told of a milkman at a village near Aylesbury. He encountered a large fierce-looking black dog night after night in the gap of a hedge, without having the courage to pass by it into the field. One evening, however,

he was accompanied by a friend before whom he wished to appear more valiant than he felt, though the dog looked fiercer and bigger than ever. He put down his pails and exclaimed, in spite of his inward fear, "Now, you black fiend, I'll try what ye're made of." Raising his yoke in both hands he struck at the dog with all his might. The dog vanished—and the milkman fell senseless to the ground. He remained speechless and paralyzed to the end of his days.

A less gruesome story of a spirit-dog has a pleasanter ending, and is an encouragement to us to try conclusions with these weird beings if they come our way. A large black dog (these strange beasts seem to live in perpetual mourning) visited a farmer's house in Dorsetshire and night after night took possession of one of the old-fashioned seats by the side of the open fireplace. For a long time the farmer took no notice of his visitor in spite of his neighbours' taunts. But one evening, returning home pot-valiant, he attacked the dog with a poker. The dog ran upstairs and disappeared through the ceiling of the attic. The farmer struck the ceiling with the poker and down fell a large old-fashioned box which, on being opened, was found to contain a large sum of money in gold and silver coins of Charles the First's reign. The dog never entered the house again, but was credited with haunting a lane that led to it.

Metempsychosis plays its part in some of these legends. Perhaps the satisfaction that comes from feeling that evil is properly punished may partly account for some of the tales of human beings receiving, after passing from this world, the form of dogs. At any rate there are many such stories told. One of them is about a certain Lady Howard, a famous Devonshire beauty of the reign of James the First. Her loveliness was only equalled by her wickedness, which showed itself in an unnatural cruelty to her only daughter, and in a wonderful talent for getting rid of her husbands, of whom she had four. After her death she was transformed into a hound and doomed to run every night between midnight and cock-crow a certain distance from the gateway of her former residence to Okehampton and bring back a blade of grass to the place whence she started. A still stranger story is told of a Devonshire weaver who was found, the day after his funeral, working diligently at his loom. The vicar, on being called by the terrified sons, proved quite equal to the occasion. Putting forth all his authority he compelled the ghostly weaver to come downstairs and cast a handful of earth on his face, when

the ghost at once took the form of a black dog. The vicar led him to a wood and said : " Take this shell, and when thou shalt have dipped out the pool with it, thou mayest rest —not before." What special sins the weaver had committed are not recorded — no doubt the vicar knew his man well, but those who survived him had the satisfaction of seeing the hound at midday and at midnight working out the penance that was set him.

A SUFI PRAYER

By L. W.

Thou, the seed, O Gardener,
And Thou, the virgin shoot :
The warm, wet earth,
The wind that cleanses,
The rain that dowers the soil,
The evening dew,
The morning snap of frost,
Garden and Gardener,
Thou !

Give me to know, O Gardener,
That I am nothing
Apart from Thee.

If in the garden a secret place
I fill,
Give me to add one blossom
To the whole.

Or if I be a weed,
Without a place
In Thy fair Eden,
Then pluck me forth
With Thine own Hand,
That I may know
The ecstasy,
The dear delight,
The matchless happiness
Of Thy Finger's Touch,
O Gardener !

THE BAN ON BEAUTY

By V. G. PRAGNELL

IT is difficult to know, these days, what is progress and what is merely part of the humbug of our age, conveniently camouflaged as such ; for camouflage is speedily becoming an exceedingly fine art. We have pacifism, vegetarianism, concerts for criminals, free-discipline for children, and, overbrooding all these things and countless others, the new psychology which skips beyond the Christian Church's "Forgiveness of sins" to declare that sin does not exist—until to-day we get a sort of rationalisation, or possible sublimation, of what yesterday was punishable as vice.

I wonder how far we shall push this fascinating toy—the psychological pendulum—and whether a sort of basic hypocrisy will advance, accordingly, in secret, underneath.

I wonder if the prison will become a hospital, and if we are sufficiently enlightened successfully to carry on as such.

For the world is not ready for the pacifist, and it has a laugh for the humanitarian, and the mad-house for the psychologically free.

We talk, my friends, and we say our little prayers and play at petty reforms. Perhaps because it helps us to postpone our facing the fact that we are a race of grossly ignorant materialists—very cruel, very blind ; with minds, for the most part, like cesspools ; with soft bodies and hard hearts and, for our little pet brother—shame.

For all our nineteen hundred years of civilisation man has most miserably failed to make friends with himself, is enslaved by his very own anatomy, whose pathetic, untimely insistence is continually cheating us out of that true comradeship of the sexes which is our rightful heritage. It needs no trained psychologist to tell us that.

What hope is there for humanity while man remains a stranger to himself, his shame reflected in his work and in his home, staining every phase and department of human affairs, and reacting upon himself ? Where is the sense of our vegetarianism while we travel so shod that our feet should ache did we but carefully study the production of our shoes ? What is the good of our prison concerts while the prison system starves men's souls

and reduces personality to pulp? Where is the use of all our moves towards free-discipline and progressive education while good Christians obediently produce *ad libitum* and in utter ignorance, with the Borstal and the baby-farm to suck in the overflow? And just how does our pacifism stand when the world rocks unsteadily near to its ruin, a wretched mirror to the battle in the strained heart of mankind?

What have we done?

Did we not shut out Beauty when we nailed our Christ to a cross? A fitting God, indeed, for this amazing age!

The Crucifixion was no mere event in history. We have it here and now perpetuated in our lives, reflected in the ugliness of an age in which, broadly speaking, everything man touches he exploits and desecrates. We exploit the soil, the sea, the very air we breathe. Why! we have built up our civilisation on man's exploitation of his fellow-man. Do you wonder it shows signs of tottering?

Already we fly into the air and emblazon words across the sky. All the world noisily registers our brilliant successes and our staggering distress. We have created an impressively complex system of economics and made the beautiful bride of St. Francis wretched and ugly and old. Poverty—a frightening, frightened thing, stalking the earth like the scourge of some dread disease.

Once it was my privilege experimentally to erect the symbol of Perfect Beauty high on a Sussex hill. Sometimes someone looked up at the exquisite, challenging thing. *Deo gratias!* In the valley below there was no elaborate system of policing. So the land was littered, the birds missed their eggs, the trees lost their beautiful branches, and the flowers were pulled up by their roots to be left, withering, on the ground. *And naturally.* The sole defence of all such lies in their beauty. Beauty means little or nothing to-day to you and me (the crucifix is symbolic of our contempt). And so they pay.

We have robbed the world of romance. We have cheated ourselves of that gaiety which is our need and right. We have persecuted our saints and crucified our Christs until at last the hand of man has all but erased the shadow of the hand of God.

And now? We hurry on as though drawn by some great hope or pushed by some vast fear, shedding our blood in wars which are meaningless, and our tears in sorrows which were never meant to be.

I am reminded, in one of Muriel Lester's Letters, of a holy mountain in China. "The view," she says, "is exquisite. And there the people pray that they may gather up strength and sparkle and spiritual power from every spring. So that when they leave and mix with their fellow-beings their lives may be like a limpid stream straight from God—the Source of life—refreshing and renewing all whom they meet."

And there is a little old convent on the edge of an English forest; a house so humble and so tucked away behind the high walls and sheltering trees that the tourist rushes past, all unsuspecting. And there in the long, low rooms with primrose walls, or out in the copse beyond, a lake laden with water-lilies, where the air is heavy with the haunting scents of incense and mosses and wild flowers and burning wood . . . there pilgrims go, singly, for solitude.

There you may gather in stillness and strength and compassion, learning in solitude what we escape in crowds. And somehow you will know—should you have sensed the sadness of humanity and sat, in spirit, with a sorrowing St. Francis—somehow you will know that the solution lies close at hand or nowhere: close at hand in you yourself. Shame, hypocrisy and littleness—you, after all, were a part of it. The canker of a strangely gross and ugly civilisation has set its seal on your own sorry heart. You are moved by a deep compassion—for Christ, for all mankind and for yourself.

Metaphorically speaking, you stand at the edge of the Forest and peep in and are afraid. It is so dark. And though multitudes have entered you know that each is utterly alone. You pause. You hesitate. You look back. And what do you see? Glitter, and fun, and friends. . . . But further? The ache for Beauty, the hunger for freedom, and the perpetual thirst for Love—Love joyously given and reverently received, not snatched savagely from you till the lover, crippled by your generosity and his greed, curses you in his agony of receiving.

You pause, and you remember what you had dared to forget. The Forest beckons—lonely and stern and gaunt. . . .

It is as though some hand has snuffed out all the candles of your life, stilling alike the harsh and the friendly voices, robbing you of your idols, gathering up your dreams.

Yet the hush is the hush of promise. Somehow, sometime, Beauty shall flow back into your heart and out again into the

world. The holy mountain, the convent-retreat, here and there an individual alive to the need of an unlovely age and his responsibility thereto. . . . "A very little leaven shall leaven the whole loaf."

You enter, very humble, very small, very much afraid. You enter naked, that you may become clothed. You pass in, and are one with the silence and the mighty solitude. The shadows close over you. You pass in and are lost. And nobody guesses ; nobody knows !

"The tall forest towers ;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf upon shelf ;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself."

"IF, LIKE NARCISSUS . . ."

BY BRENDA MURRAY DRAPER.

O Arbiter of life and doom,
Judge of the soul that froward turns,
We have no place for pride, in whom
Thy beauty burns.

We, who but play with sparks divine,
May deem ourselves creators all. . . .
Before the levin that is Thine
We blinded fall !

If, like Narcissus, we but gaze
Reflection of ourselves to see,
Lord, by humility, upraise
Our vision to Thee !

A FREUDIAN MENACE

By J. SCOTT BATTAMS, M.R.C.S.

IT is an interesting and suggestive fact that, of three such men as Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and Robert Blatchford, the first and last were pronounced materialists not so long ago, and that each one has suffered a great domestic bereavement. Their subsequent association with Spiritualism has in each case given rise to the pitiful assertion that in them emotion has dominated the critical reason, and this in spite, or perhaps in consequence of, the fact that they are generally assigned a high place amongst the level-headed ; and many critics have good reason to know that, in this respect, they stand where they did

In a remarkable work : *The Erotic Motive in Literature*, by Albert Mordell (Kegan Paul, May, 1919), the author, a whole-hearted follower of Freud, makes the following remarks :

Among the fairy tales of our day are those centering around psychic phenomena and reporting the conversations of the dead. They are written because they represent the writer's wishes to communicate with the dead and to prove that we do not die. They are needed by some in an era of exact science and a great war, as old folk-lore was needed in its time. Needless to say this does not speak well for the intellects of the writers of these Spiritualistic works. We make something occur because we want it to transpire. Lodge's *Raymond* is one of the fairy tales of recent times and it has a genuineness because the author, to the amazement of many of us, believes those talks with his son actually took place. The book is really a commentary on the pathetic state of mind after the death of his son, and is his dream of hope.

To most of us the grief of a strong man is ever a sacred thing ; yet our Freudian critic finds it a handy weapon, although in his book he states that in the case of living writers the use of psycho-analytical methods is "unthinkable." To such critics the fact that the three distinguished men I have named were able to transmute the deepest grief into an abounding desire and capacity to help their fellows will but seem to add weight to the indictment.

Between the majority of such critics and those who mould their lives by any religion or spiritual philosophy, the differences of view-point are fundamental ; and argument being futile, a dignified silence would seem the truest wisdom. Time is on the side of Truth, and in the end Truth must prevail.

Mr. Mordell is himself a seeker after Truth ; and although oil and water will not mix, yet by a simple process they may be made to blend and yield a different product. One day he, too, like Saul of Tarsus, may hear a soft reproachful voice which his philosophy fails to explain ; or to him, as to these writers of " fairy tales," a desolating sorrow may set him seeking his own " dream of hope," and the process of " sublimation " may yield unexpected results.

We have but to look at home, or cast understanding and sympathetic glances on " Holy " Russia and attempt to realise her soul agony, to realise that no materialistic philosophy has either comfort or hope to offer. If six million spiritualists have found infinite comfort and a larger hope, it would seem an ill-chosen time to scoff at their leaders. In a universe which is the expression of a divine Intelligence, with unerring Justice, perfect Wisdom, and infinite Love at the heart of it, there is Law, but neither chance nor waste ; and in individuals as in nations the soul-anguish of men is turned to world purposes and diviner ends.

Mr. Mordell stresses the fact that he assigns to the terms *erotic* and *eroticism* their " older and nobler " meaning. He offers a lucid exposition of the workings of Freud's system in this particular field of enquiry, in the persons of most of the world's greatest writers and poets. He fully realises how distasteful some of his theories may appear, especially the sexual significance of symbols in dreams : attributing the various neuroses to sexual causes : and assigning to the infant a sexual life of its own. He ventures a prophecy that a striking re-assessment of values will occur when classical and modern writers are submitted to Freud's psycho-analytical investigations. Mr. Mordell himself has sufficiently demonstrated what we may expect. In truth, however the long since dead may fare, I see in any wide extension of Freudian activities a rather unholy menace to *living* authors, and to those but recently dead.

There is an Eastern counsel of perfection which runs thus : " Say what is true and pleasant. Do not say what is pleasant and not true ; nor what is true and *not pleasant*." (Italics mine.) Although apparently intended to apply to our daily intercourse with our fellows, these counsels would seem to merit a wider application. But when dealing with sex problems, any rigid adherence to the last injunction would sadly limit Freudian activities, beneficent or otherwise. In this difficult domain, too,

any undue reticence on the part of the physician, hygienist and social reformer would be against the general interest.

It would also be a loss to literature if a too ready yielding to generous impulses should result in biographers and critics neglecting to correlate a writer's works with his inner life, because of some human imperfections. In a delightful, scholarly and sympathetic article on Stevenson (*Bookman*, October, 1924), Mr. St. John Adcock strongly deprecates any such divorce between the man himself and his works. Indeed, it is often these very imperfections that give the author and his works an endearing and enduring charm.

Mr. Mordell also devotes some pages to Stevenson, chiefly in relation to dream interpretation, his relations with his father and Mrs. Osbourne, and the genesis of *Jekyll and Hyde*. Mr. Mordell uses just a few well attested incidents to illustrate his theories; but the latest worker in this fruitful field is Mr. J. A. Steuart.* Though not, I believe, a follower of Freud, yet with something of the ardour of the iconoclast—if one may judge fairly from certain reviews—he has reassessed old follies and scandals, whilst rummaging out new ones. He has done his best, it is said, to kill the Stevenson legend. Although he appears to have detected in the "make-up" of his subject a generous strain of both Jekyll and Hyde, yet there would seem to be too little of the Hyde to attract the prurient, but enough to offend the devotee.

It is an intriguing speculation as to how Mr. Steuart will fare at the hands of the psycho-analysts when he, too, passes to his "own place" amidst the literary stars. For it is a Freudian theory, that he who is over-much intent on laying bare the vices and follies of others must have something akin to them in his own record; and I, an unknown scribbler, and not worth powder and shot, am open to the same assumption, though for an entirely opposite attitude!

Freud, like occult psychology, assigns a far larger content and potentialities to the sub-conscious than does academic science; but, unlike Myers, the Theosophists and others, he appears to rule out the larger consciousness—the super-conscious, whence come those promptings that show forth in the lower world as genius.

But I am now more concerned with the practical application of Freud's methods than with the theories on which they are

* *Robert Louis Stevenson, Man and Writer*. A Critical Biography. (Sampson Low. Two volumes. 32/-.)

based. The physician who has fully grasped these teachings may find them illuminating and helpful in dealing with the neuroses and psycho-neuroses, and the more so, because of the intimate and sacred relations existing between him and his patient. Moreover, in such cases, even if we look on man as compounded of body, soul and spirit, and however full his unconscious may be of "suppressed complexes," we cannot safely exclude the physical body from our purview.

To those who have long passed "beyond these voices" it can matter not at all how Freudians and others trace back the hidden springs of action that were behind their works. But that these methods should be tried on the recently dead, and even on *living* writers, and the results published in hot haste, must strike many as a trifle ghoulish. For it must be remembered that episodes in their lives, especially those long hidden in the past, play as important a part in the Freudian diagnosis as does the birth hour to the astrologer.

The deplorable episodes of hot youth, and the moral lapses that so often result from the unstable "make-up" of genius, will play their part in the final summary. The futile and unhappy loves of long ago, and happenings known only to the few will be dragged into the light of day by faithless friends, or by the ultra-sensational press, assisted by sleuth hounds who would make "knife handles out of the bones of their ancestors." This spade work accomplished, the psycho-analyst will proceed to deal with the material in his possession.

It must be admitted that the writers of obituary notices for the most part observe the golden rule: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and a consideration for living relatives and friends restrains their pens within the limits dictated by good taste. In regard to living writers the law, though a costly and often last-resort protector, does something to check the more enterprising spirits.

An intimate knowledge of the inner and private life of a writer, with its lights and shadows, its strivings towards the higher and frequent "falls from grace," may result in a truer, if less appealing picture, and even convey some moral or ethical lesson. But if he who limns the picture would suffer from a moral or intellectual squint—what then? Such an observer will mistake the instability and moral lapses of genius for degeneracy, atavism.

When we intrude on the special Freudian domain and attempt to deal with the perplexing problems of sex, whether in regard to its perversions, or in relation to love episodes in the lives of

men or women, and the incompatible unions, whether legalised or otherwise—the facilities for forming grievous misjudgments are many and great. The conjugal life, too, is mostly veiled, even though it be not the Veil of Isis.

There appears to be a growing tendency amongst psychoanalysts of the Freudian school, and others less well equipped, to arrogate to themselves the task of laying bare the very souls, even of Humanity's most radiant children. They will take the writer who has delighted and uplifted his generation, leaving the world a priceless legacy, and ferret out any unsavoury episodes that may have marred his ardent and unbalanced youth and, fitting them to their theories, use them to besmirch the dead writer's memory. They ransack the vast lumber-room of the unconscious for the mouldering rags and tatters of long ago, and are so intent on garbage that they miss many a gem. It is nothing to them that,

On stepping-stones of our dead selves
We rise to higher things.

These "dead selves" must be resurrected and dissected, and the findings issued to the ever eager crowd; as if there were no Higher Assize in which man's imperfect judgment and assessments have no place

Many Freudians claim that their Master, by reason of the revolutionary changes in contemporary thought he has brought about, should stand on an equal pedestal with Copernicus and Darwin; and the bitter, and often uninstructed, opposition his teachings have encountered have been used to fortify their claims. In a short article: "Humbugs of Philosophy" (*T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, July 18), Mr. Arthur Lynch o'ertops my modest protest and makes it seem like praise. After demolishing the claims of Kant, Hegel, Bergson and others, he deals thus with Freud: "Briefly, and for lack of space dogmatically, I say that of all the sad spectacles that confront the eyes of a sincere thinker in these days of grace, the worst of all is to see erected into a great theory, taught in universities, quoted with respectful attention even by great scientific papers, this scientifically baseless but popular fabric of prurient charlatanry in *Excelsis!*"

ON OPTIMISM

By J. C. WRIGHT, F.R.S.L.

AN optimist believes that "the best is yet to be." This world, to him, is not an ideal world, but it is in the process of becoming so. The process is slow, but it is sure, and therefore he believes that the end is well. And has not the optimist some justification for his opinion? Is not God the supreme ruler? If this is true, we need not doubt that

A sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

In this sense we are all evolutionists, for the trend of events in the world is towards something better than what obtains now. If the world does not behave as if it were God's world, it is because man does not understand his purpose in life. Aristotle said that we became good by doing good things; and we shall do well if we remember the philosopher's words. For habits form character, and it is character that determines our condition.

The mystic is an optimist, because he is assured that this world is the best possible of worlds. The mystery of existence is no mystery to him, for he intuitively experiences a sense of the Divine within him. He believes that as the intellect is given him to apprehend material things, so the spirit is given him to apprehend spiritual things. Yet mental and spiritual knowledge are different; the latter can only be revealed by becoming spiritual. "Like is known only by like, and the condition of all knowledge is that the subject should become like the object." To obtain union with the Divine is therefore a natural corollary.

The optimist believes in progression. The prophets of old were no babblers when they foretold the world's millennium. They saw by an inward vision what appeared to the ordinary person impossible. We know more than they, but we possess no higher wisdom, no clearer vision than the seers of old who held the fundamental principles of the mystics—or, shall we say, optimists. Even pain with the mystic means growth. Browning asked :

Was the trial sore ?
Temptation sharp ! Thank God a second time

There are people in the world who are always expecting trouble; the whole trend of their lives is tinged with joylessness. They lack hope; they lack imagination. Perhaps their physical condition unfits them to receive the influences of air and sun, for, let it be remembered, the mind will not be able to appropriate the blessings of life which are common to all, unless the body is able to receive them. A recent writer has said: "Anticipation of the future is tinged by temperament, digestion, conscience, the state of the liver, and the amount of exercise given yesterday to body and mind. Sound sleep o' nights is the raw material of optimism."

Optimism does not mean satisfaction. We are constantly endeavouring to reach a higher plane; we are striving after something more. If we could arrive at a spot where we must stop, there would be no further incentive to proceed in the path of progress. And herein we have the antidote to laziness, which is always antagonistic to optimism. Work is the secret of this blessed quality. Said Marcus Aurelius: "From my tutor I learned endurance of labour, and to want little, and to work with my own hands." As the world progresses, there will be less of manual toil, and mental work will, as a matter of course, enable man to conquer the forces of Nature for his own good. Yet though the rougher kinds of labour may be superseded, man will need an incentive for physical exertion which helps both body and mind.

It is commonly supposed that the more we know of the material world, the more we must know about everything, says the Earl of Balfour, but that belief is not always experienced. Our knowledge of the material world has supplied us with many theories about the relation of man to the universe, but none of these has yet been of much use in the art of living. We are constantly getting new ideas, but we do not always apply our ideas to daily life. The trend of thought to-day is distinctly towards a renaissance, when we shall desire to *be* rather than to *know*, and herein is hope.

The modern note of cheerfulness is distinctly a sign of optimism. Cheerfulness, however, is not sufficient; there must be courage to face the facts of life, there must be endurance. It has been well said that courage is always cheering, and the note of inspiration is never entirely silent. Certainly, the desire for a fuller life is manifest in these later times. We look forward, not content with "the first mile," but wanting to go "twain."

We may say, then, that optimism is based on progress. The world has travelled far—especially the Western world—in the pathway of progress during the last twenty centuries. This progress is, to use the words of Benjamin Kidd, “the greatest spiritual integration of mind which has raised the conception of right to the place of the universal.” But, unfortunately, we have a contrary doctrine emanating from the school of Nietzsche. This is the gospel of force which conflicts entirely with the spiritual. No true optimist can believe in the former, for he believes that the material, the lower, must yield to the higher, the spiritual. Despite the evils that are attributed to the old world, there is so much goodness that we believe it would have more. All Nature acts in harmony with this belief, and we may say :

How good is man's life ; the mere living !
How fit to employ,
All the heart and the soul and the senses
For ever enjoy.

The true optimist avoids all excesses. He speaks without exaggeration. His belief is founded on evidence, and does not go beyond the bounds of propriety. He works with an endeavour to attain his most cherished ambition ; he knows that waiting will not be sufficient. He seeks to be guided by the great optimist—God. He rises superior to moods and temperament, and conquers self. If he cannot do these things we may expect he will proclaim with Schopenhauer that “this world is the worst of all possible worlds.”

“We think of man,” says Charles F. Dole, “as the child of the universe.” At his best, man exhibits evolution in the universe : matter, force, consciousness, intelligence, beauty, goodness, justice, love. Enter by any genuine act of goodwill into the universal order of love, and see if the world does not behave as if it were God's world.

WITCHCRAFT TO-DAY

By T. C. BRIDGES

BEFORE beginning to write an article on witchcraft it might perhaps be as well to attempt to define what is meant by this term. In a well-known book, *Institutes of the Law of Scotland*, published in 1730, the author, William Forbes, defines it as "that Black Art whereby strange and wonderful things are wrought by a power derived of the devil." This description, good as far as it goes, is, however, only partial, for there are white witches as well as black ones, and in this country perhaps more of the latter survive at the present time than of the former kind.

The last execution for witchcraft in the British Isles took place at Dornoch in Scotland in the year 1722, when a poor old woman perished for having "ridden her own daughter transformed into a pony and shod by the devil, which made the girl ever after lame." The account of the execution says that as the weather was cold the old woman sat quietly warming herself by the fire prepared to burn her.

The statutes against witchcraft were finally repealed in the year 1736, but if anyone supposes that the abolition of these unpleasant Acts destroyed the belief in witchcraft they are seriously mistaken. Even to-day, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, the belief remains strongly and firmly rooted. While it is not openly spoken of, those who live in the more remote parts of the country, especially in Devonshire, Wales, and some parts of Scotland, and who are interested in such matters, are well aware of the existence of "wise" men and women who still work the old spells which have come down to them by oral tradition from their forefathers.

So lately as December 1924 a man was sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Cullompton near Tiverton for assaulting a woman whom he accused of witchcraft. This man, a smallholder of Clyst St. Lawrence, a parish not far from Tiverton, was summoned by his neighbour Ellen Garnsworthy, who said that he had attacked her and severely scratched her arm with a pin. He had also threatened to shoot her. When brought before the magistrates, the accused man made no attempt to deny the offence, but declared that the woman deserved what he had done and more, because she had ill-wished him and bewitched his pig. He said that the police ought to raid her house and confiscate her

crystal. He went to prison in a very injured frame of mind, more convinced than ever that all his misfortunes were due to the witch.

Another recent case of West Country witchcraft came under the contributor's notice. A farmer had a field which lay next to the small property of an old woman who had the reputation of being "wise." She wished to rent it, but the farmer refused, and set the field in barley. When he came to cut it, the cutter would not cut, and then the horses would not move. He borrowed a neighbour's cutter, but this machine fell to pieces when work was started. It was repaired, and the neighbour's horses and men succeeded in cutting the crop. The farmer's own explanation, and one which he implicitly believed, was that his own people and horses had been "overlooked" by the witch and subjected to some occult influence which prevented them from doing the work.

The peasants of the West of Ireland have the firmest belief in the power of witches. So lately as 1911 a woman named Mary Anne Fesney was arrested on a charge of killing an old-age pensioner named Norah Conniffe in the belief that she was a witch. The body of Conniffe was horribly mutilated. This happened at Clonturk in Co. Mayo.

Credulous country folk are often victimised by persons who profess to have occult knowledge. A case of the kind which occurred in South Wales created some sensation because of the light it threw upon the still existing belief in witchcraft. A family named James who lived at Treharris became ill from some sort of rash, and, instead of getting the doctor, called in a gipsy woman named Davies, who told them that they were bewitched, and not only they, but their house and land. She dosed them with a horrible compound of brimstone, gin and charcoal, and pointed out a quantity of things in the house which were under the spell, and told the farmer that she would get rid of them for him, so he loaded them into a cart and took them to her tent. In one way and another, the gipsy and her husband obtained more than £120 in cash and kind from her victims, and at the same time a sum of no less than £414 from another farmer whose son was ill. The police came to hear of it, and the Davies were arrested, tried and sentenced to terms of imprisonment at Swansea Assizes.

A similar case of extreme credulity came to light at Exeter. A gipsy woman told the landlady of an inn at Bradninch that someone had been "ruling a planet above her" and that she was

under a spell. The only way to remove the spell, she explained, was to "influence a contrary planet," and for this purpose she wanted five pounds. She got £2 19s. out of her victim, and in result a sentence of two months' imprisonment.

That superstition of this kind is not confined to out-of-the-way parts of the country is proved by an odd case at Wolverhampton. Here again a gipsy woman played the part of witch. A frog's body with five pins stuck in its back was found in the fowl-pen of a small inn on the outskirts of the town, and while the landlady was wondering what this meant a young gipsy woman named Susan Butler came in and told her that the person who had placed the frog there had cast a spell on the house and its inmates. The only way of removing the spell was to touch the frog with seven pieces of money. The landlady seems to have swallowed this amazing tale, for in the police court proceedings which followed she admitted that she had given the gipsy no less than £8 5s.

Belief is still widespread in the possibility of harming an enemy by the old method of forming a wax or clay effigy of the enemy and piercing it with pins. In Invernesshire a few years ago a clay figure of this kind was produced in a police court as evidence against a man accused of being a wizard. Love potions, too, are still in request. There was a "wise woman" living on the edge of Dartmoor not many years ago who enjoyed a great reputation for her love philtres. On one occasion a maid visited this woman late in the evening and begged for a very strong potion. Asked why she required so strong a medicine, she blushing confessed that the man upon whom she had set her affections was "a girt big fellow, more'n six foot high."

Down in Dorset if the cows fail to give their milk, if the bees fail to swarm, or the chickens to lay, the trouble is usually laid to the door of some evil spell and recourse is had to the wise woman, who, for a small fee or present, will usually endeavour to set things right. Some of these wise women are really wise, and whatever may be thought of their spells, their advice has the virtue of good common sense. A well-known Dorsetshire spell is divination by means of the white of an egg floating in clear water. Gazing in this, the face of the enemy who has laid the spell gradually becomes clear. It is of course on all fours with the Egyptian seer's pool of ink or the ordinary clairvoyant's crystal.

It is no boasting to state that in point of popular education

and enlightenment this country may justly claim to be well ahead of the rest of the world. Thus, if the belief in witchcraft remains so firmly planted in these islands, it is not strange that elsewhere it has an even firmer hold. In all the country districts of Southern Europe the belief in witches and wizards is almost as strong as ever it was, and the Great War has done little, if anything, to destroy it. Quite recently a woman alleged to be a witch has been the cause of absolute panic in Louveciennes, a French town in the Department of Seine-et-Oise. This woman is a war refugee from the Ardennes who lost her husband and both of her sons in the fighting. She is possessed of the evil eye and her look is said to be deadlier than the claws of any wild beast. A profiteering hotel-keeper overcharged her, whereupon she cursed him. Two minutes later he fell and broke his leg. This is only one of several equally strange instances of the power she wields, and the police have been appealed to by the people of the village, who beg that she may be removed from their midst.

A horrible story comes from Broskowtscha, a village not far from Belgrade. A peasant named Pasics had a vivid dream of a treasure of precious stones hidden near a monastery close to the village, and next day went to consult a woman who had the reputation of being a witch. She told Pasics to kill a stranger, boil the body and use the human fat in a black magic ceremony which she prescribed. Pasics enticed a gipsy to his house, killed him, but was discovered and arrested while busy with his horrible rites.

A somewhat similar case is reported from Italy. While a house was being demolished at Sassari, a man who had the reputation of being a wizard approached two brothers who were engaged in the work and confided to them that there was a hidden treasure in the old building. So implicit was their faith in the wizard that the brothers at once began to quarrel over the ownership of the treasure. High words led to blows, and one killed the other. The surviving brother was arrested and lodged in prison, but when the police began to work on the case they found it almost impossible to collect evidence. The peasants were so terrified of the powers of the wizard that they refused to say a word against him.

Even in stolid Germany, the belief in witchcraft still persists. A slander case which recently came before the Berlin penal court gives curious proof of this. An elderly woman named Adelheid Gebhardt was charged with slandering a neighbour, the wife of the barber in the village of Bohnsdorf. Gebhardt has an ancient

leather-bound bible which she declares is enchanted. When a crime is committed in the village she takes the bible in one hand and puts a huge old iron key between the leaves, holding the ring end of the key in her other hand. She repeats an appropriate text, then asks, "Dear Bible, say who is the guilty person," and at once begins to recite the names of possible offenders. When the right name is uttered the bible springs out of her hand and falls to the floor.

Gebhardt missed some money, and having recourse to her usual spell, the bible pronounced the barber's wife to be the thief. Gebhardt, who evidently has the most perfect faith in her own methods, at once denounced the woman, but in the absence of evidence the charge fell through and the "seeress" was prosecuted for slander. In court, Gebhardt showed the judge how she established the guilt of the barber's wife, and the bible did actually fall to the floor when the accused pronounced the woman's name. The judge, however, refused to be convinced, but in view of the woman's obvious sincerity, let her off with a small fine.

Apart from the black republic of Haiti, where voodoo and serpent worship are still universal, there is perhaps no country in which the belief in witchcraft remains stronger than in Chili. In spite of well-intentioned efforts on the part of the Government, education in Chili is still at a low ebb, and the proportion of illiteracy is still very high. The population is mainly concentrated in a few large towns, and the great rural areas are very thinly populated. These country areas are saturated with superstition. Black magic is commonly practised, and for this purpose the bodies of the dead are disinterred. Only the other day, according to a Chilean paper, two women were found in possession of the head of a newly buried child whose body they had dug up from a neighbouring cemetery. The Chilean witches are believed to be able to change their form, just as tradition says that the witches of the Middle Ages did. Some can turn themselves into a *chonchon*, a bird resembling a vulture which flies by night, while others metamorphose into a queer beast called the *calchona*, described as being something between a dog and a goat, with long grey hair. The witch transforms herself by the use of certain ointments. Doubtless many of the magical formulæ of these Chilean witches have been learned from the Araucanian Indians, of whom there are considerable numbers in Southern Chili. These are curious people, who have preserved a certain amount of occult knowledge from a race which preceded them, and which is now extinct.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

"HEIMDALLR" AND "AT THE CROSS-ROADS."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read the hair-raising article, entitled "At the Cross-Roads," by "Heimdallr," who has "a 'orrible tale to tell." Each sentence has a blood curdle in it, and nearly every item of information is incorrect.

"Heimdallr" is apparently afflicted with that dangerous form of fanaticism that in the mediæval ages was productive of much darkness and general degradation of the people. In his blindness and disregard of responsibility, he makes statements that will not for one moment bear calm examination.

For instance, he speaks incorrectly about the origin of the Hassani. They were, I understand, originally an order formed to prevent the potentates of the country from indulging in over-taxation—a form of revolutionary society that the West has produced many times to curb the rule of despotic power.

As to the Yezidee, there are exceedingly few except initiates who know anything about them; yet "Heimdallr" speaks about them with authority. Is he an initiate?

He likewise speaks about the High Lamas of Tibet—from the very authoritative source of a novelist who wished to make his readers' flesh creep! Are there no degraded priests in any other part of the world? And are they all bad? He evidently forgets that there are also white lamas.

It appears from "Heimdallr's" article that goodness only comes from an exceedingly few extremely good people, and that the rest of the wicked world will be cast into the old-fashioned fire and brimstone pits of Hell—a very primitive and destructive concept.

He writes of the Bolsheviks, but either knows nothing about or ignores the laws of Karma. Would he desire the existence of a corrupt czardom? Does he not know that the revolution in Russia was but the logical result of a tyranny that degraded a whole nation? Bolshevism is its Karma, and when the evil that has been brewed in the past has been expended, Bolshevism should vanish.

The awakening of Asia is but the karmic result of suppressed nationality. Is it wicked for a nation to desire to rule and shape its own destiny? I believe that the whole of the East will awaken,

not because of evil forces, but because it is ripening and becoming conscious of its own manhood.

Evil, which is but ignorance, has always been in the world, and presumably always will be, for it is needed to make man strong and teach him balance. Man would be an exceedingly weak creature if he had not some force to contend against.

One feels appalled at the arrogance of the writer. Uncontrolled imagination related to emotional hysteria and jingoistic sentiment has produced a curious blend of blind sincerity and sheer wickedness. It may surprise the writer to be told that the article seems wicked, but a person who lacks tolerance and condemns everybody but himself must obviously lack certain important spiritual principles. I would suggest that he cultivate more impersonality and less spiritual egotism. He is evidently very like the person who suffers from persecution mania, believing that everybody is hunting and desiring his blood. He should not deem himself as important as that.

Hoping he will ponder over some of my suggestions,
I am, yours faithfully,
"SANITAS."

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence concerning H. P. B. appearing in the OCCULT REVIEW, the following information may interest some of your readers :

I have received, from first-hand, several instances of the receipt of *Mahatma Letters* by others than H. P. B., under conditions which preclude the possibility of fraud or of the intervention, either psychic or otherwise, of H. P. B.

The phenomena which accompanied the foundation of the Theosophical Society ceased, after a time, the *Masters* themselves explaining that the phenomena they had permitted had been but a means to an end, which had been attained.

Among the original and close workers with Mme Blavatsky in India was Pandit Bhawani Shankar. It is my privilege to know Panditji, and I have shown him some of this correspondence.

He tells me that not only was that period, 1884-1887, extremely rich in phenomena, and the *Masters* frequently visible, but that some of those in closest contact with H. P. B. were themselves the centres of psychic manifestations. I select the following four facts which possess a certain importance in view of recent assertions concerning the non-existence of the *Masters*.

1. "I was staying with Sinnett at Allahabad. H. P. B. was at Bombay. One night, Sinnett asked me to try and get a letter through

to 'Master K. H.' He gave me the sealed letter. I went to bed, putting the letter under my pillow. I was trying to read, but my curiosity made me look under my pillow once—the letter was still there—twice—the letter was still there—but the third time I looked it had gone, and I distinctly saw the shadowy outlines of the 'Master K. H.'

"The next morning, Mr. Sinnett received the answer under my pillow, from 'K. H.' (This phenomenon is recorded in *The Occult World*.)

2. Pundit Bhawani continues :

"I was alone in Berabanki, near Lucknow, Oudh. H. P. B. was in Bombay, when I received a letter from the 'Master K. H.' bidding me go and see him in Kashmir. I recognised the Master's writing. . . . I went to Kashmir, and I saw the Master in his physical body.

3. "H. P. B. again absent. I was in the train with Colonel Olcott and Damodar. A letter from Master K. H. was—by no normal means—put inside my leather satchel-purse, the strap of which was around my neck, the bag itself being in a deep pocket of my costume. The letter was not there when we started. The letter was addressed to me.

4. "H. P. B. in Bombay. I was in Bankipur (Behar) with Colonel Olcott. He received a letter, posted in America, which when opened was found to contain a letter from Master M. written in Telugu, a South-Indian language which Colonel Olcott did not know. I translated the letter to him : it contained advice and directions for the work."

"A grand woman she was . . ." says Pandit Bhawani Shankar.

Many Indian scholars, who had gathered around H. P. B. and who left the Theosophical Society after Colonel Olcott's death, are still with us. I would like to suggest that Mr. Loftus Hare should visit India and seek first-hand information from these learned men.

I am, yours faithfully,

LAURA I. FINCH.

What is stated in this letter is correct.—BHAWANI SHANKAR,
Benares.

THEOSOPHICAL SECESSIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The writer of the letter signed "Truth Seeker," as a result of having read Mr. Eugène Lévy's book entitled *Madame Besant et la Crise de la Société Théosophique*, finds it difficult to give full expression to his "intense indignation and disgust of the diabolical and insidious attack made against that great teacher the late Dr. Steiner,

etc., etc." It may interest "Truth Seeker" to know that Mr. Lévy's scurrilous accusations were answered almost immediately after their publication by Miss K. Douglas Fox in a pamphlet entitled *A Reply to Some Recent Criticisms of the Theosophical Society and its President*. It is furthermore noteworthy that Mr. Edouard Schuré, who at the time took sides with Dr. Steiner and wrote a prefatory letter to Mr. Lévy's book, has long since withdrawn from the Anthroposophical Society and since then has lectured at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society in Paris.

This Society is a great brotherhood of students who are seeking after truth in religious matters and whose endeavours in that direction generally lead them sooner or later to take part in some sort of altruistic work for the general benefit of humanity. It has, however, no official teaching of any kind and therefore *no orthodoxy*; all of its members from the President down to any candidate of yesterday are free to hold and express in print or otherwise their own views and beliefs. The second object of the Society specifically states that it exists "*to encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science*"; the only thing that is requested of its members is that they shall be truly tolerant, respecting each other's right to formulate his or her own opinions and speculations.

Now the origin of each one of the little secessions that have taken place in the Society from time to time can be traced directly to the fact that the personal religious convictions of certain members became so strong that they could no longer accord this freedom of belief to their fellow members; being always in a very small minority they therefore left the Society and founded little organisations of their own. The Theosophical Society continues its work undisturbed and welcomes to membership within its ranks those who feel called to join it, regardless of what other societies they may belong to, and considering that it is no official concern of the Theosophical Society whether its members, or persons desiring to become members, find their spiritual nourishment in the teachings of Dr. Steiner or in such expositions of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings as may be given by persons who are not members of the Society, or in fact in any other religious or philosophical teaching.

The only matter which Theosophists, although powerless to remedy, cannot but regret, is that so many of their brethren of other schools find it profitable to devote their time to attacking those who cannot be won to their particular orthodoxy, rather than to active work for humanity, which should be the ultimate aim of everyone who begins to understand the true meaning of that much misused word "Theosophy."

Yours very faithfully,

R. HENRY-WAETJEN,

Theosophical News Bureau.

RED AND BLACK.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—To all true mystics the colours “white” and “blue” have always been symbolical of Divine and Celestial influences respectively.

Now, black is the opposite and negativer of white, whilst red—scientifically as well as spiritually—is the negativer of blue. So we see that as Black and Red symbolically denote just the opposites of White and Blue, and as these latter denote Heavenly things, so it follows that Black and Red denote just the reverse, i.e., Infernal (Satanic) things.

This is borne out not only by the traditional garb of Mephistopheles and of all imps and demons (including Mr. Bernard Shaw's in *Joan of Arc*), but by the easily verifiable fact that all through the ages, from the days of the evil occult priesthoods of Baal and Astaroth, black-and-red symbolism is always found associated with Infernal influences and practices.

In my recent article “At the Cross-roads” I pointed out that the degraded priesthood of Lamaism contains a Red Order and a Black Order, whilst we find that these two colours have played a dominant part in all Bolshevik symbolism.

An even more startling idea is presented to the mind by the fact that whilst Bolshevism has taken “red” for its colour, Fascism has taken “black.” *Are Bolshevism and Fascism merely two different manifestations of the One Central Control?*

When once the deep significance of this red-and-black symbolism is grasped, it becomes possible to realise that there is more behind the persistent “fashionableness” of these colours in the realm of women's dress than meets the eye at first glance; and though many doubtless employ these colours in combination without any knowledge or thought of evil, yet we should be on our guard with all such, *for were their spiritual intuition re-acting properly they would automatically recoil from these colours—even though perhaps unable to account in words for such distaste.*

All who *to-day* are attracted to red-and-black colour schemes are either consciously or unconsciously (hypnotically) under influences hostile to all that is cleanest, noblest and best in human life. Admitting this, however, let us not make the mistake of supposing that all who adopt blue-and-white are necessarily on the side of the Heavens—“sailing under false colours” is as common a *ruse de guerre* to-day as it was in the days of the high sea pirates, whose flag, be it noted, was a black one!

Yours very truly,

HEIMDALLR.

"SEEKING THE MASTER."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The hackneyed quotation that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" seems the only possible comment on the letter signed "Ion" in your April issue. Anyone who asserts that "The power which is used by all priesthoods of all churches wherewith to impregnate their sacraments or holy water is nothing more nor less than that form of magnetism known technically as akâsa or astral light" clearly knows nothing whatever of spiritual matters.

The depth of his abysmal ignorance is even more patent in his reference to "seekers after Truth" and the "True Mystic." Does "Ion" suppose that every seeker after Truth is necessarily a Mystic? Does he really believe that frail humanity can stand on its own feet and live a life of purity and service with no spiritual help from more advanced entities? If he had the slightest glimmering of what the spiritual life implies, he would be the first to seek a guide to direct his own faltering steps along the hard and narrow way. As for mysticism, "Ion" has quite obviously not the smallest idea of the meaning of that exalted spiritual state, nor can he ever have read the lives of any of the great mystics.

If "Ion" is not too proud or self-sufficient to accept advice from a humble seeker after Truth who remembers with gratitude the spiritual help given to him at many critical moments, I suggest that he might do well to enter a church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and pass half-an-hour in candid self-examination before it. So far from coming to any harm, he will, in some measure at least, get rid of the astral entities by which he is clearly obsessed.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL.

THE MASTER JESUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to Bishop Pigott's statement in your last month's issue that the Liberal Catholic Church "is very much concerned with the Master Jesus," can he explain why the Name Jesus is deliberately omitted from the blessing in their liturgy for the Holy Eucharist? (pp. 243 and 262).

"May the peace of God which passeth all understanding . . . and of His Son (Jesus) Christ Our Lord, etc."

It is otherwise an exact copy of that used in the Orthodox Church.

Is it because the ritual, which was designed to perpetuate the memory of the death and sufferings of Jesus, has been borrowed to advance the cult of the Lord Maitreya? (One sees His picture prominently displayed in their Church, and hears his name frequently used.) Or is it due to the fact that the one who reconstructed the borrowed ritual was discharged from holding office in the Church which exalts the Name Jesus above all other Names?

Yours faithfully, A. V. O.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH gives the verbatim report of a lecture at the National Laboratory by Dr. Hans Thirring, who is Professor of Physics at Vienna University. It discusses the position of science in relation to the psychical subject and offers wise recommendations to the reflection of both sides ; but the living interest will be found in Dr. Thirring's story of the circumstances which led him to investigate, the difficulties which he encountered, the experiences which brought him to a certain qualified acceptance of some elementary phenomena and the definition of his standpoint at the time of speaking. His judgment is that " the probability of the existence of telekinetics and other psychical phenomena is considerably greater than the average scientist realises," though he questions whether the evidence as it stands now is calculated to convince the mind of science or the public at large. He looks to the National Laboratory as to an institution which may do good service in opening up new ways of research, and recommends those who are concerned to realise their great and responsible task.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and THE HERALD OF THE STAR both issue Mrs. Besant's further particulars concerning a new "centre" for the Star in the East Order at Ojai in California. There is a glowing description of the place, which apparently is to be known henceforward as the Happy Valley, while the claims respecting the projected foundation are put forward in unmistakable terms. It is to be a cradle in America for that " new civilisation " which " has already another cradle in the Old World," that is to say, at Ommen in Holland. This civilisation will be founded by the World Teacher, who is " ever with us," and Krishnamurti ; his " vehicle " will spend some three months of every year in the Happy Valley, which can be visited " for short periods " by " those in America who seek His *personal* teaching," meaning that of the Master, using his chosen mouthpiece. There follows an appeal for help, since " it is obvious that very large sums of money are needed " for the launching of such a scheme. THE HERALD reports also a Star Meeting called and held at Ojai so far back as January last, in the course of which Mrs. Besant informed her audience that Krishnamurti's " third initiation " took place in the Happy Valley, the first being in Adyar, she being present, but not in the " physical body." The locality of the second does not emerge in the story. We learn also from the same official organ that Mrs. Besant has distributed a statement to the Associated Press of America, in the course of which it is remarked that " the Divine Spirit has descended once more on a man " described as " one who in his life is literally perfect." It is affirmed further that " the Christ spoke through him " not only in India at the close of 1925 and at Ommen in 1926, but on December 28 last at Ojai, and there also in January of this year. The " talks " of

these two out of the four occasions are given by the HERALD, and those who are at the pains to read them shall be left to judge for themselves: our own impression is that "Krishnaji" is growing up. We observe meanwhile, according to NEWS AND NOTES, a kind of official programme concerning Theosophical activities in the British Isles, that "the new civilisation" will be explained by Mrs. Besant at Queen's Hall, London, on the four Sundays in June.

We have received certain issues of THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC, an official organ of that which is termed a Church under the denomination in question. It bears on the cover a *symbolum magnum* of the Rosy Cross; it contains occasional articles on such subjects as the nature of Mysticism and on the mystical way; but we observe that the apotheosis of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater proceeds in the ascending scale from more to more therein. The characteristic title of the Roman Sovereign Pontiff is *Servus Servorum Dei*; but the adulation of this so-called "presiding bishop" appears to exalt its subject as if the servants of God were his servants. He has been said otherwise to stand on the "threshold of divinity," so almost we are expecting to hear that he is the supposititious Master whose occult powers have found their "perfect" vehicle in the not uninteresting but, on the whole, rather trivial Krishnamurti. We have no ground for suggesting that these things are of his own seeking, but they are suffered apparently, if not approved by him; and when it happens that below the Rosicrucian symbol, on the cover of the periodical under notice, we find the Papal Keys, it seems time to glance at the authority on which these claims of liberal catholicism appear to repose. It happens opportunely that the CRITIC of Washington has been producing its views and evidence on the orders claimed by the hierarchy of the Liberal Catholic Church, and we present a sum of the statements, so far as this is possible without touching on subjects which are unsuited to these pages. (1) The source of their consecrations is the Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, who held his own episcopal status from the Dutch Old Catholic Church. (2) In 1910 this deceased ecclesiastic repudiated all connection with that religious body, the evidence being a letter which he addressed to the CRITIC on Dec. 10, 1918. (3) "The Dutch Old Catholic Bishops, assembled at Utrecht, April 28 and 29, 1920," affirmed that his consecration "was surreptitiously secured by the production of false testimony," which amounted to "sacrilegious fraud," but declined to discuss the question whether an ordination so obtained could be valid. To be fair on all sides, we register at its value our personal opinion that the consecration of Mathew was in fact valid, because the consecrators did consecrate, and their own orders have not been challenged by Rome. (4) On Oct. 4, 1926, the present Dutch Old Catholic Archbishop F. Kenninck informed a correspondent by letter that the alleged Apostolical Succession claimed by the Liberal Catholics is not recognised by the Old Catholic Church of Holland, because Mathew obtained his consecration "in an unjust way." We fail utterly to see that this

disqualified the prelate in question : it shows only that he received a grace unworthily ; the Eucharist is still the Eucharist, even when it is administered to a person in what is called mortal sin. (5) There came a time—but no date is given—when Mathew consecrated as Bishop an English clergyman named Willoughby, whose orders are denied by Rome but not apparently by Utrecht, Mathew himself having been at one time a Roman priest. (6) In 1916 Willoughby consecrated Mr. J. I. Wedgwood, presumably in orders, but the fact does not emerge in the source from which we derive. (7) Later on—but again a date is wanting—Wedgwood consecrated Leadbeater, himself in Anglican Orders. Here is apparently a clear issue at its value, and if Utrecht recognises the apostolical succession of the English Hierarchy we should be disposed to admit hypothetical succession in the case of Liberal Catholics, because Archbishop Kenninck has failed to show that the consecration of Mathew was not duly performed. But on July 2, 1918, Mathew's secretary wrote at his direction and stated, among other things, that there were "certain providential omissions" at the consecration of Willoughby, who presumably therefore received nothing and could pass nothing on. It may be suggested that Mathew was lying and was not above lying : this is not impossible, but of course we do not know. Liberal Catholicism is therefore under a cloud in respect of its claims on the past, and the position is complicated further by the fact that the Lambeth Conference of 1920 declined categorically to recognise the orders of "the so-called Old Catholic Church in Great Britain," being that, namely, "under the late Bishop Mathew and his successors." It has seemed desirable to make an unbiassed statement on this subject, so far as materials are provided by a periodical which is militantly hostile to the so-called Church in question. We have no concern in apostolical succession *per se*, and still less in the Theosophical foundation which is preferring claims thereon ; we have our own views on the personalities of its fantastic hierarchy, and on the Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, from whom its being is derived ; but on the "apostolical" hypothesis the case against "orders" and "succession" in the Liberal Catholic Church seems no better, if it is no worse, than the case in their favour. The affirmation of Mathew on "providential omissions" is worthless as it stands, apart from all particulars ; that of Archbishop Kenninck does not touch the root-matter, which is one of valid consecration, not of recognition or non-recognition at a later period ; and the same remark applies to the decision of the Lambeth Conference. As regards Rome, the position is clear and logical, as usual ; whatsoever derives from Willoughby is of no effect or consequence.

The REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE opens a new volume with an account of a new Polish medium, Mlle Sabira, who appears to have exceptional gifts in psychometry and clairvoyance. Dr. Watraszewski of Warsaw certifies to her conspicuous success in the diagnosis of disease and to her power of reading by the score at very short intervals the written

contents of sealed envelopes. In this respect the correct results obtained are not less striking than those of Pascal Forthuny, whose séances at the Metapsychical Institute created a great impression some eighteen months ago. There is also a translation of Dr. Schrenck-Notzing's article in ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR PARAPSYCHOLOGIE on a laboratory of psychical research installed at Munich some twelve months ago by Herr Karl Krall, who has been experimenting in devices for the control of mediums by means of electricity. Mons. C. de Vesme has written a voluminous HISTORY OF EXPERIMENTAL SPIRITUALISM, the publication of which is pending, and he presents meanwhile a summary of its general standpoint as a study of the rôle of metapsychical phenomena in the origin of religious beliefs. We look forward with no little expectation to the appearance of a serious work which turns in this direction rather than to the familiar postulates of the anthropological school, according to which the mysterious forces of Nature and the phenomena of death, syncope, sleep, dream, echoes, the projection of his own shadow, and so forth, led primitive man to a belief in spirits, including a spirit residing in his own body. These postulates are false, according to Mons. de Vesme, the origin of beliefs being explicable by veridic psychic occurrences and not by "superstitious" inferences of savage fear and wonder. . . . LA REVUE SPIRITE is publishing a series of articles on wireless telegraphy and mediumship, which includes a speculative thesis on the evolution of the soul and the universe. Mons. Léon Denis glances at Druidic beliefs and maintains the antiquity of the Welsh Triads on the evidence of Diogenes Laertius, by whom they were quoted in the second century of the present era. Another paper suggests that the official prejudgments, the will to reject and to look for fraud only in psychical phenomena, are the salient characteristics which govern university professors in their casual investigations, and that they are worse than fraud itself. It is difficult to agree with this proposition or to take it in a serious sense: on the contrary, imposture is the only real enemy with which the research is called to grapple; no others count in comparison, and, as we have said in these pages previously, the approval or disapproval of professors has been exaggerated far and wide in respect of value. There are questions of fact at issue and of nothing except fact. . . . We observe that a writer in PSYCHICA proposes the foundation of an Academy of Occult Sciences, divided into as many committees as there are aspects of occultism. It is apparently to protect their professional exponents after examination and issue diplomas to authorised mediums, astrologers, fortune-tellers, dowsters, and so forth.

THE NEW ORIENT, published at New York City in magnificent form, continues—at least by its hypothesis—to work for a better understanding between East and West, on the basis apparently of national self-determination. There is one article by Mr. Bertrand Russell on Great Britain and China, and a panegyric of Mrs. Besant respecting her political activities in India.

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P. S. WELLBY.

THE MODERN MYSTIC. By E. Wilmot Lambert. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 20. Sutton, Surrey: Wm. Pile, Ltd. Price 1s.

THIS little work has a message the importance of which is out of all proportion to the length of the Book in which it is contained. Mysticism is one of the most vitally important factors in its bearing upon the spiritual well-being of humanity; and the call to submit oneself to the necessary discipline, whereby the self may attain to illumination, is one which it is to be hoped will find a responsive echo in many hearts.

What Mr. Lambert has to say on the new method of presentation of mystical truths—the New Mysticism as he terms it—and his wise counsel on the early stages of the Path, combine to make this modest treatise an excellent and inspiring introduction to a subject of inexhaustible interest.

R. F.

THE SECRETS OF DR. TAVERNER. By Dion Fortune. London: Noel Douglas. Price 7s. 6d.

WHAT one may term the novel of short stories threaded by a dominant personality appeals naturally to a large public, for it complies with an important principle of economy. The reader's imagination has gained something complete even if he only reads a section haphazard; moreover this form of art as much urges a writer to be "exciting" as the sonnet urges the poet to beget or borrow a thought worth remembering. It is, however, so hard to write a good short story sequence that I need not bare my feet to find digits enough to count the authors whom I know to be successful therein; and I am glad to say that the brief list includes "Dion Fortune," well-known as a psychic teacher and essayist to readers of this Review.

Like the John Silence of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's imagination, Dr. Taverner gets at the root of uncanny diseases and afflictions, and like Sherlock Holmes he has a chronicler in his coadjutor. The Blackwood influence is discernible in one of the stories ("A Daughter of Pan"), but nearly throughout the book one has a refreshing sense of a vigorously creative pen exercising with enjoyment a fancy fortified by considerable information. Such an ending as Taverner's remark of five words on the fate of a black magician, in "The Death Hound," is ideally shocking and appropriate. The book is not without traces of artificiality and incon-

sistency, but its readableness is well-earned by artistic skill. Its themes include the creation of thought forms, repercussion, payment of karmic debt, usurpation of the living body, vampirism through the etheric double—enough "sensation" to have made Poe forget alcohol for a month. Particularly commendable is the subordination of the didactic to the artistic, and the restraint in word-painting practised by Dion Fortune, to whose Taverner I wish many future draughts of inspiration.

W. H. CHESSON.

POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK. Edited by Keshavlal L. Oza, M.A. Junagad, India: Bahauddin College. Price rupees 3.

ALTHOUGH Pope's "Rape of the Lock" has sylphs and gnomes among its characters one might as well ask an artilleryman to store Tom Smith's crackers among his "munitions" as include this amusing poem in an occult library. Professor Oza has, however, produced a volume which easily provokes criticism and enlists sympathy. A poem of less than thirty pages lodges in a tome of more than 400 pages. Nevertheless, there are only two aspects of "The Rape of the Lock" which specially call for commentary. One is the damage really done to the hair of a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne. The other is the game of Ombre of which an understanding is necessary if one of Pope's cleverest passages is to be appreciated. Pope's language is about as lucid as poetry can be. It is a b c compared with Meredith. Its lucidity is probably allied with firm spiritual and lyrical restrictions past which some obscurer poets easily go. Yet Professor Oza, having no doubt his compatriots in view, not only elucidates Pope's language with a thoroughness suggestive of a dictionary, but paraphrases him with grotesque liveliness, displaying much interesting knowledge. It is a pity that his literary digestion is bad, for the footnote on p. 240 is amazingly perverse and ill-tempered, while the removal for a puritanical reason of a couplet from the poem to a sort of criminal dock among the notes is surely unworthy of a lively and lovable professor. Much more interesting to occultism than Pope's gnomes is the war against artistic liberty and a great part of mundane life carried on by people who ought to be cherubs as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted them—clearly not liable to come under the malign jurisdiction of Scorpio. It is fair to add that Professor Oza's volume contains Lowell's Essay on Pope, an outline of Pope's literary life, and an index. It was a pleasure to read a humorous masterpiece with the prodigality of guidance afforded by Professor Oza.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE FIRE OF CREATION. By T. T. Van Der Leeuw, LL.D. Adyar: The Theosophical Publishing House. Price rupees 4 Annas 8.

THERE is a brief but scholarly foreword to this book by C. Jinarajadasa which concisely sums up the author's aim and creed. "The Reign of the Father is past, the reign of the Son is passing; the reign of the Spirit is at hand." So runs the mystic prophecy of Joachim of Flora. It is the theme of this work. There is hardly any doubt that with the changing of our sun-cycle a new evolution will arise and flourish with all its consequent revolutions in thought and science, religion and art.

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mysteries into poems of reflection. He muses on inspiration and the ever-questing and unresting soul of humanity, that dauntless yet fallible wanderer through the manifested universe. Dr. Van der Leeuw has a true touch of poetic fire in his writings, and many of his discursive passages could be used as prose-poems if divorced from their setting by an editorial hand. The book is worthy of perusal and re-perusal.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

HEREDITY AND REINCARNATION. By Olive Stevenson Howell.
London: The Theosophical Publishing House. Price 2s. 6d. net.

WHEN dealing with this subject a great problem confronts the questioning mind, for there are two forms of reincarnation—that of the soul and that of the physical body with its myriads upon myriads of cells which belonged to thousands of other bodies throughout the ages and at the death of the being they composed reincarnated and built up a new cell-city with millions of inhabitants in some other form.

The present author tackles an extremely difficult theory with conspicuous success. Heredity is in one way a bugbear to reincarnation and as great a barrier to realisation as the subconscious mind to true vision. Yet, whilst having our memory of the past in this life, heredity is as important to the soul as the subconscious mind to the brain. As Miss Howell quotes at the close of her able dissertation: "There are Three Truths," the Master said, "that are absolute and which cannot be lost, but yet remain silent for lack of speech.

1. The soul of man is immortal and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit.

2. The principle which gives life dwells in us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

3. Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decrees of his own life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as is life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them."

Henley was right when he spoke of being the captain of his soul, the master of his fate.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF SPEECH AND GESTURE. By Rose O'Neill.
London: The C. W. Daniel Company. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. O'NEILL'S handbook is founded on the art teaching of the gifted Frenchman François Delsarte, who, when he died at Paris in 1871, left behind him no book or other writings to explain his method, which has had to rely for perpetuation on the memories of his pupils, and on the charts and rough notes he had given them in his lifetime.

Delsarte, a pioneer of his time, was, in the course of his dramatic studies at the Paris Conservatoire, impressed by what he considered the arbitrary methods of that famous school, the suppression of individuality and of natural and spontaneous gestures, and the division made between art and life. He "came to the conclusion that this was not art, but artifice," and that every artist must learn how to develop his art according to, and

along the lines of, his own being. The keynote of Delsarte's method was *self-realisation*, and that not in the narrow one-sided fashion too often encouraged by "specialists," but in the light of the knowledge of the three-fold nature in man: the physical, moral, and mental egos which exist in each one of us, and, in each one, clamour equally for their own adequate expression and satisfaction, to play their respective roles in the rich yet temperate life of a perfectly adjusted human being.

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Since Delsarte lived and taught, much of his philosophy has been assimilated and added to the sum of the world's knowledge. As we have said, he was a pioneer. But there is still something revolutionary and unconventional in his methods and opinions. Mrs. O'Neill is to be congratulated on the faithful and loving record which she has made and given to us here.

G. M. H.

TEACHINGS OF THE TEMPLE. Halcyon, California: Halcyon Book Concern. Price \$3 net.

THERE is really some difficulty in writing a review of this book, or of any of its class; that is to say, if the review is to be a brief, or in any sense a critical one.

In the first place, the volume is bulky, and its six hundred pages are large and rather finely printed. In the second place, it is announced, in its Foreword, as practically an inspired scripture, consisting, in the main, of the utterances of the mysterious "Masters of the White Lodge" with whom the Temple of the People, Halcyon, California, claims to be in direct communication, now by one means, now by another, and whose teachings would seem to be regarded as infallible; as truths to be meekly received rather than disputed about.

The various chapters, described as Lessons, deal with a quite astonishing range of subject-matter. There are authoritative statements regarding the "phosphoric plane," mundane electricity, mediumship, the mothers of the Christ-child, cosmic consciousness, stimulants and narcotics, the separation of sex and the coming Avatar.

The language in which most of the messages is delivered is a curious blend of archaisms and Americanisms; but it is impossible to read them without being impressed by their sincerity and single-mindedness. Also it is gratifying to note that, though there are frequent dark allusions to what the Temple has suffered from slanderous tongues and spiteful calumnies, the spirit of the teachings is prevaillingly benevolent. As we read in the Lesson entitled "Cosmic Pictures": "One who lives in the silence learns to love his fellow men and to understand them so thoroughly that he will not willingly dwell upon the transitory effects of any mistakes they have made."

The book is provided with ten plates, illustrative and explanatory, with a glossary, and a large and detailed index.

G. M. H.