

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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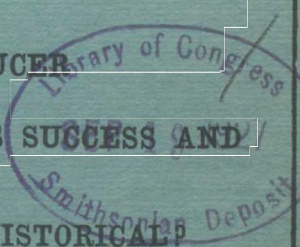
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PERIODICAL LITERATURE  
REVIEWS



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# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT is a curious psychological characteristic of London crowds that they will gather more densely round the park or street-corner orator who harangues them in broken English than they will round a speaker who is obviously one of their own countrymen. What is the reason for this? If they reflect at all, do they really think that an alien can tell them better than one of their own nationality the best way to manage their affairs? Or is it that the alien is merely regarded as an object of amused curiosity? Personally I think the truth will be found to lie between these two extremes. The average Londoner nowadays is neither so insular as to want to stand gaping at the stranger in foreign garb—such a sight is common enough—nor is he so foolish as to expect the alien agitator to understand better than the Englishman the essentials necessary for the efficient regulation of his home affairs. On careful analysis it will be found as often as not that the individuals composing the crowd are animated by a more or less definite desire to obtain if possible



an insight into the other fellow's way of thinking, to learn how the Englishman and his affairs appear to the stranger, to gain a new point of view from which to look at his own problems. Unfortunately the professional agitator from abroad such as one may find addressing a London street-corner gathering is not of the calibre to contribute any particularly striking or original thought to vital political problems. He is a mere radiator of astral vibrations of hatred and discontent, with nothing constructively useful to offer, and actuated only by a senseless desire to tear down and disintegrate. The measure of attention accorded him is no gauge of the extent to which his audience actually agrees with his views. And it is not only among the class that foregathers at the corner of the street that the abovementioned characteristic manifests itself. Every open-minded thinker is glad of an opportunity to consider an outside point of view, not only in regard to politics, but in connection with any subject of which he would like to gain a better grasp. Wherever one turns the same phenomenon is to be seen. It is only necessary for a Hindu, for example, to announce himself as a yogi to ensure for himself a respectful hearing. In the churches and chapels, too, the evangelist converted from another faith may confidently anticipate being accorded a hearty welcome, and to be treated with more consideration than is generally bestowed upon the resident pastor. Let it not be inferred, however, that the above comments necessarily carry any implication of disparagement. It is not mere curiosity, but a genuine desire for truth which makes, for instance, a Hindu interpretation of the Christian religion of particular interest to those who have been born and bred in that faith. Such interchange of views stimulates thought and arouses the flagging energies of those in whom the spirit of devotion has become dulled by the dry formalism of orthodox Christian interpretation. The practical importance of such exchange of thought cannot be over-estimated, for the deeper and more varied the individual spiritual estimates of Christ and his religion, the greater the gain for humanity in general.

None but the most intolerant will deny the exceptional  
 THE RELIGIOUS      mystical genius of India ; and to the religious  
 GENIUS OF            leaders of that country, from time to time, we  
 INDIA.                are indebted for several illuminative expositions  
                              of our Christian faith. Take the case of the  
 Brahmo Somaj, whose propagandists were so active in the early  
 'seventies, especially its famous leader, Keshab Chunder Sen.



In a lecture delivered to a native audience he once pointed out how much nearer in reality was the spirit of Christ to the heart of the East than to that of the West. The essential truth of his remarks is as applicable to-day as it was in 1879, when the words were spoken.

“Why should you Hindus,” he says, “go to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not Christ’s native land nearer to India than England? Are not Jesus and his apostles and immediate followers more akin to Indian nationality than Englishmen? Are not the scenes enacted in the drama of the Christian dispensation altogether homely to us Indians? When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land? Why should we, then, go to a distant country like England in order to gather truths which are to be found much nearer home? Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of His glory and in the fulness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. Why do I speak of Christ in England and Europe as the setting sun? Because there we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; because we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. But if you go to the true Christ in the East and his apostles, you are seized with inspiration. You find the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent.”

Christ came from the East, and temperamentally the East is more en rapport with the essence of Christianity than is the West. There is more than a little ground for justification of the complaint once made by Keshab that Christ as brought to India by the Western evangelist was essentially an Englishman, with English manners and customs, and stamped with the British temperament. This stricture upon missionary activity arose from no spirit of intolerance. Indeed, the intimate sympathy of this leader of the Somaj with the vital principles of Christianity was sufficiently deep to inspire the following generous comment.

“Jesus,” he says, “lives in all Christian lives and in all Christian influences at work around us. You may deny his doctrine, you may even hate his name, but you cannot resist his influence. Christ exists throughout Christendom like an all-pervading leaven, mysteriously leavening the bias of millions of men and women.”



But still more intimate may the rapport of Keshab Chunder Sen be shown to be with the inner spirit of the Christian faith. Starting out in 1869 with the mere recognition of Jesus Christ as a great reformer, we find him ten years later admitting his divine humanity, and in 1882 acknowledging the Founder of Christianity as being identical with the Second Person of the Trinity, the Logos. He writes :

“ With the evolution of man, creation is not exhausted. It goes farther along the course of progressive humanity. In the earliest phase of his life, whether in the little infant or in the primitive barbarian, man, with all his highly finished organism, is but a creature of God. Through culture and education he rises in the scale of humanity till he becomes the son of God. See how the Lord asserted his power and established his dominion in the material and the animal kingdom, and then in the world of humanity. When that was done, the volume of the Old Testament was closed. The New Testament began with the birth of the Son of God.”

The mainspring of missionary activity is the conviction that Christianity is universal. For the narrow Christ of orthodox theology, however, Keshab has no use. “ I deny and repudiate the little Christ of popular theology, and stand for a great Christ, a fuller Christ, a more eternal Christ. I plead for the eternal Logos of the Fathers, and I challenge the world’s assent. This is the Christ who was in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and India. In the bards and the poets of the Rig Veda was he. He dwelt in Confucius and in Sakyamuni. This is the true Christ whom I can see everywhere, in all lands and at all times. He is not a monopoly of any nation or creed. . . . Begotten by the ‘ volition ’ of Almighty God, as Tertullian says, the Spirit-Christ spread forth in the universe as an emanation from the Divine Reason, and you can see him with the eye of faith underlying the endless varieties of truth and goodness in ancient and modern times. . . . Scattered in all schools of philosophy and in all religions, among men and women of the East and West, are multitudinous Christ-principles and fragments of Christ-life, one vast and identical Sonship diversely manifested.”

What is this but the mystical or Platonic view of Christianity of which Dean Inge is so able and eloquent an advocate ? The innate idealism of the East makes the acceptance of the mystical view almost a temperamental necessity.



Another Eastern mind which has brought to the interpretation of Christianity much that is helpful and inspiring is that of P. C. Mazoomdar, a personal friend and disciple of Keshab Chunder Sen, and also an active member of the Brahmo Somaj. In his early days, he tells us, he was never brought up with any leaning towards Christianity. Perhaps it was his early contact with Keshab that awakened in him the sense of need for "the grace of a saving God." Whatever it was, the life and teaching of Jesus Christ held for him a remarkable and unaccountable fascination. After a period of spiritual conflict, Mazoomdar experienced a definite conversion to the Christian faith. One hot, sombre night, while he sat alone in the haunted silence, he fell into dreamy contemplation. Here is his self-revelation in his own words :

"In my spiritual wretchedness I prayed and besought heaven. I cried and shed hot tears. It might be said I was almost in a state of trance. Suddenly it was revealed to me that there was close to me a holier, more blessed, most living personality upon whom I might repose my troubled head. Jesus lay discovered in my heart as a strange, human, kindred love, as a repose, a sympathetic consolation, an unpurchased treasure to which I was freely invited. The response of my nature was unhesitating. Jesus from that day to me became a reality whereon I might lean. It was an impulse then, a flood of light, love and consolation. It is no longer an impulse now. It is a faith and principle, an experience verified by a thousand trials."

Like other Orientals, Mazoomdar was acutely conscious of the distinction between the Eastern and Western conceptions of Christ. The doctrines of the orthodox exponent of Christianity he found to be historical, exclusive and arbitrary. The missionary continually talked of blood and fire, and cast ridicule on the faiths of others, however conscientiously held. No religious ideas were sacred to him unless he taught them. All self-sacrifice which he did not understand was a delusion. In the Western Christ, Mazoomdar saw "the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force." Compare this with his own picture of the Prophet of Nazareth.

"His presence is the presence of all that is good and loving, his memory is a benediction to all. Babes and children he calls unto him, but the wise and self-righteous he puts away. . . . Wherever he treads, flowers spring under his feet ; wherever he stands, all sorrow and self-complaint are hushed. His uncut



locks, in which the zephyrs of the mountain play; his garments of seamless white, for whose touch the diseased and sinful eagerly long; his beautiful feet, washed with precious ointments and wiped with women's hair; his brightened forehead, his absent eyes, which show his spirit is far away communing with beings we do not see—all these point him out to be the prophet of the east, the sweet Jesus of the Galilean lake whom we still see in our hearts. . . . His patience and meekness are an everlasting rock. His poverty has sanctified the home of the poor; his love of healing fills the earth with innumerable acts of benevolence and sympathy, and fills with hope the sick and dying. The wild genius of Mohammed knew and adored him. The love-intoxicated soul of Hafiz revelled in the sweetness of his piety amid the rosebuds and nightingales of Persia. And here, too, in India, we Hindu Aryans have learned to enshrine him in the heart of our philosophy, in the core of our exuberant love."

To the Eastern imageries, parables and allegories of Christianity Mazoomdar, like his friend and teacher, brings the sympathetic imagination of the Orient. The character and mission of the man of Galilee take on an intensity of life which many amongst the most sincere expositors of the West are unable in such a degree to impart to them.

At the present time much attention is being directed towards the message of the East to the West as conceived by the Sadhu Sundar Singh—"This Christian apostle of the present day, whose life is a veritable 'Mirror of Christ'" as Dr. Friedrich Heiler describes him.\* The Sadhu was born into the Sikh religion in 1889. His mother, a cultured and religious woman, carefully trained him in habits of devotion. To her prayers he attributes his first impulse to embrace the spiritual life. Death parted the boy and his mother when he was fourteen years of age, and to this day the memory of his loss dims his eyes with tears, and brings an expression of pain to his face. "My mother," he says, "prepared me for the work of God. . . . She would have become a Christian if she had lived longer. . . . I thank God for such a mother. I have seen many Christian women, but none of them came up to her."

After his bereavement, Sundar Singh apparently tried to seek forgetfulness in the study of his sacred books. When his father

\* *The Gospel of Sadhu Sundar Singh.* By Friedrich Heiler, Ph.D., D.D. London: Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.



ventured to remonstrate with him for his over-eagerness, Sundar Singh replied, "I must have peace at all costs. The things of this world can never satisfy me." Meditation and yoga he practised for hours on end. By prolonged concentration he seems to have been successful in inducing a lower form of trance; and he complains that he came out of the state no wiser nor better than when he went in. Nevertheless, as will be seen later, there is reason to believe that his yoga discipline, far from being fruitless, prepared him to become the pronounced ecstatic that he is. The sadhu himself hints as much:

"As long as I was a Hindu I spent hours in meditation every day. That may have helped me to cultivate my spiritual faculties, but I did not understand spiritual Reality. . . . A simple prayer to Jesus helped me more than all my meditations. In Christianity I find one very simple method: prayer—the way to follow at all times. . . . Prayer enables us to distinguish the genuine inspirations which come to us in meditation from those which are valueless; for in real prayer God illumines the deepest and most sensitive part of the soul, the conscience."

When first brought in touch with Christianity at the mission school of his native place, Sundar Singh would have none of it. He even incurred the disapprobation of his father by wantonly destroying a copy of the Christian Bible. "What!" he exclaimed—"our religion, Hinduism, the most beautiful religion in the world, doesn't give me peace. How, then, can any other religion give it to me?" Unable to find the rest for which his heart so sorely languished, he resolved to end it all by suicide. Next morning he would throw his body before a passing train. Early on the fateful day he prepared himself, according to Hindu custom, by taking a ceremonial bath, and before going out knelt once more to plead with God to show him the way of salvation. Suddenly a great light shone in his room. He looked out, thinking the house was on fire. There was no fire. He continued praying. Then dawned a wonderful vision: in the centre of a luminous cloud, the radiant face of a Man. He thought it must be Buddha or Krishna, but to his astonishment he was addressed in his native tongue with the words, "Why do you persecute me? Remember that I gave my life for you upon the Cross."

"What I saw," Sundar affirms, "was no imagination of my own. Up to that moment I hated Jesus Christ and did not worship him. If I were talking of Buddha I might have imagined



it, for I was in the habit of worshipping him. It was no dream. When you have just had a cold bath you don't dream. It was a reality, the living Christ. *He can* turn his enemy into a preacher of the gospel. He gave me His peace, not for a few hours, but throughout sixteen years. That which other religions could not do for many years, Jesus did in a few seconds. He filled my heart with infinite peace."

The psychology of religion has a sufficiently rational explanation to account for such conversions, but one and all fall short of accounting for the tremendously dynamical effects of such a revelation upon the subject of the experience. The Reality behind the veil may indeed make use of accidental historical influences which govern mental life and growth, as Dr. Heiler points out, but it is Itself that "wholly other" which lies far beyond all the laws of psychology and breaks through them in the act of revelation. Again and again the mystics of all religions testify to the reality of Divine Grace.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Sundar's gospel is his emphatic insistence on the vital importance of prayer in the Christian life. "In the Christian history of prayer," remarks Dr. Heiler, "the sadhu takes a special place, not only because of the decision with which he affirms the centrality of prayer in Christian experience, but also on account of the ludicity and depth of his conception of prayer. To many of our contemporaries, both in the East and the West, he has opened up the world of prayer."

In the light of occultism, prayer is seen to be the very Path itself. From the humble petition for spiritual enlightenment, to the heights of mystical contemplation, prayer is the very life of the soul. In prayer the deepest, purest essence of the man is freed, and floating upward draws nearer to its Source. It is with that finer essence of himself that the man is expected to "ask" before he may hope to "receive." Spiritual gifts are not to be had for asking with the mind alone. True prayer is itself a form of divine inspiration. "Teach us how to pray" is one of the purest types of supplication. Well may we echo the cry of Matthew Arnold :

When the Soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer :  
When the Soul, mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher :  
But the arch-fiend Pride  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise,  
Sealing her eagle eyes,



And, when she fain would soar,  
 Makes idols to adore ;  
 Changing the pure emotion  
 Of her high devotion,  
 To a skin-deep sense  
 Of her own eloquence :  
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—  
 Save, oh save.

As previously indicated, the early yoga training of the sadhu has evidently prepared him for the experience of long periods of religious ecstasy. These periods in his case usually last an hour or two, and although he does not encourage them, he experiences this grace from eight to ten times a month. Sundar Singh gives us to understand that during his state of ecstasy, all the external senses are inactive. Of the physical world he sees nothing, hears nothing, and is sensitive to nothing. On one occasion he was stung by hornets while in a state of samadhi, but felt nothing of it. Ecstasy obliterates also the sense of time and space. "There is neither past nor future," he says, "all is present." It is not a semi-conscious or hypnotic state, but an intensely alert condition of super-consciousness. In it he can think clearly and accurately. It is significant that according to the sadhu, mental activity during this state is quite independent of the usual activity of the brain. "No word is spoken, but I see everything in pictures ; problems are often solved in a moment without the slightest difficulty or effort." Apparently he holds communion with discarnate entities, whether saints or angels, and when he returns to normal consciousness it is with his soul refreshed and strengthened, and his powers renewed for further work.

Commenting upon the frequency of the sadhu's periods of ecstasy, Dr. Heiler naïvely remarks that "we must realise, however, that the Oriental temperament, and especially the Indian, has a far greater tendency towards this kind of experience than the Western. The Indian temperament is so deeply aware of the unique reality of the Divine, and the nothingness of all that is merely earthly, that this makes it far easier to detach oneself frequently and for long periods from the external and visible world."

What more is this than a confession that the Eastern devotee is more in tune with the spiritual life than is the case with his more materialistic Western brother? What is it but an admission



that the East knows more about Divine realities than does the West ?

Some contemporary Western theologians have found it a matter of regret that Sundar Singh should have ever left his native country to visit Europe and America. It is to be suspected that one of the chief grounds for their disfavour is the sadhu's love of the wonderful. He is an ardent and confirmed believer in "miracles," no few of which, he claims, have happened in his own case.

The significance of Sundar Singh for Western Christianity, however, does not lie in the nature of any external marvels, so much as in the nature of that spiritual miracle of the inner life which is the most wonderful of all. In the message of Sundar Singh, Dr. Heiler sees a powerful reminder of the central facts of Christianity, and an insistent call to the conscience of Christendom to face the supreme challenge of its faith. The mission and personality of the sadhu, he says, constitute the most apt and searching criticism of the superficialities and errors so manifest in modern Western religion. "The whole history of Western Christianity," he continues, "presents the spectacle of an ever-renewed drift away from the centre, a continual flight to the circumference. Again and again the Christianity of the West has lost itself in externals, in dogmatic formulas, in ecclesiastic organisation, in theological dialectic, in undue stress on intellectual culture. Again and again it has mistaken the rind for the kernel. The West has not lacked holy men who by life and word have called Christendom back to the Living Christ . . . but the present day is not rich in such saints. There are many theologians . . . but few men of God. . . . In this Christian sadhu, Western Christianity sees such a man of God."

At the root of the troubles of Europe to-day is the fact that we have lost touch with the spiritual life. The spiritual intuition has been dulled. It is not only the over-development of the concrete mind that has caused this atrophy, but, as Dr. Heiler points out, the promulgation of rationalistic theological and philosophical ideas, which must also bear part of the blame. It remains to be seen whether Christendom is too proud to accept illumination from an Eastern source.

THE EDITOR.



## UNSEEN HORRORS

By AGNES BLAKE

THE ability to "see" clairvoyantly is, I believe, no longer scoffed at, even among the Old Guard of the more materialistic public. "There may be something in it," they will tell you—and cautiously leave it at that. There are, however, certain visitations which, owing to the absence of anything in the shape of what we might call "clairvoyant evidence," are far more difficult to account for, and it is of these I would write, giving as illustrations such as I have myself experienced, as also those recounted to me by friends for whose veracity and general "level-headedness" I can vouch.

I will begin with my own two experiences.

A good many years ago I had occasion to take a flat in Earl's Court, not far from the station. I furnished it with my own belongings, having given up my house owing to frequent visits to the Continent making the upkeep both inconvenient and expensive. The rooms were charming; freshly decorated and light, while the house itself and the people about it made a pleasant impression on all visitors.

For the first month or so I hardly stayed there at all, excepting to sleep a night or two. Then it so happened that I was obliged to stay the remainder of the winter in London after all.

It was, I remember, a very foggy season, and I spent the evenings mostly at home. As time went on I used to feel more "drawn" to retiring early and sitting over my bedroom fire—a habit I had constantly been twitted for at home. Why I did so now, I could not quite say. Somehow I know that in spite of its cheery fire I had a "chilly feeling" when alone in my sitting-room. . . . I would become depressed for no apparent reason, yet depressed with a nameless sort of gloom such as I had never felt before. Then, when I got into my bedroom, this departed—it lifted, as it were, like a cloud that has darkened a landscape, but, of course, it took some time to realise definitely all this. Then came one particularly rainy night—the wind-up of several days' fog. I settled down to a quiet evening's reading, feeling in a perfectly cheerful frame of mind, in good health and at peace with the world in general. The time passed. It was about nine o'clock, and the house very quiet, when I began to sense



that "chilly feeling" which I had by now come to recognise. I put down my book and felt restless. It so happened that I *wanted* to read, and to *read where I was* . . . to try and break the habit of always reading in bed. There seemed to be a slight wind in the room, though the windows were closed, as was also the door. There was no possibility of any draught. The feeling then began to grow on me. . . . At first I would not give in, but at length I pushed the sofa, on which I had been lying, back against the wall. The feeling increased. I felt that I was getting thoroughly unnerved. I did not even dare to turn round and go out of the room, for *Something was there* . . . and it might be behind me! I had put down my book by now (by the way, I was reading Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, hardly a work to bring about a condition of nerves!), and was gradually working my way towards the wall. . . . I needed something to stand up against, something behind which It could not get at me.

How long this state of things went on I cannot say. I felt in a condition of suspense. My heart was beating violently and I was breaking out into a cold sweat—and all the time that curious little wind was passing through the room. . . . I could see the leaves of the open book stirred by its breath, yet what I sensed far more acutely beyond all this was a *Presence* . . . and I can only describe it as the presence of some unseen Horror.

Gradually I worked my way along the wall towards the door and—having once reached this—with my eyes still seeking to pierce visibility and get at the *cause* of this mystery, I grasped the handle of the door and, opening it, rushed out.

In the hall I caught up a cloak, and hurrying downstairs I got out of doors and wandered about in the pelting rain for some hours before daring to return to my own rooms again. Then, with some caution, I ventured into my bedroom. Here all was as usual. I felt no further fear, and retired to rest. In the morning I looked out before the house was astir, or the maid had come up to "do the rooms." The door stood wide open, just as I had left it at the moment of "wild escape," the furniture stood in confusion . . . just as I had pushed it in my painful backward progress towards the wall. The morning sun was shining in. No scene could have been less uncanny . . . or more untidy.

Circumstances soon occurred, compelling me to give up the flat, but during the short time I still had it I never sat in that room at night unless friends were there. Of its history I have



no idea. As to its former inhabitants, I was unable to ascertain anything beyond that a lady (a well-known actress of the day) had for a time lived there. In later years I remember reading that she had died by her own hand under very distressing circumstances in Australia.

My next experience of a similar nature was on the Veld, in Mashonaland, on January 17th, 1899, to be exact. We were on the trek, and having made the most of an interval of fine weather, such as you get from time to time during the "rains," had out-spanned for the night at the foot of a high and partially wooded kopje, some thirty miles from Christmas Pass, on the way down to Umtali.

After calling a halt I noticed that the "boys" seemed to hesitate—indeed, a man of the party said: "Those black devils don't seem to like this place, but it's near water and close to the sweet veld . . . so I don't see that we can do better."

The night passed all right, and the next day—being still fine—was devoted to "shooting for the pot." Some of the party went further afield, but I stayed near the waggon, seeing to the commissariat. Towards evening we were going to have a big feed, so all the "billies" were planted in and about the great veld-fire. Being busy, I had hardly noticed how the time had gone, yet suddenly I became aware that night had descended with all the swiftness common to those climes—and that I felt chilly.

I now realised that the "boys" had not yet returned with the horses and the cattle—a most annoying discovery. Nor was our dog about. I called, but no answer came—they were evidently too far off. I sat down near the fire, but the same feeling I had known in the room at Earl's Court, years before, now overcame me once more. *Something was there*—I should never see it, but—should I put out my hand I felt it would be certain to come into contact with *Something*. It seemed so close to me . . . and I sensed the same coldness and the same nameless horror. How long could I go on standing it? Then at length I became aware of sounds in the distance—the neighing of my horse, the stamping of the oxen as they came into the out-span; the voices of the "boys" and—best of all—the cold nose of my terrier, Gyp, thrust against my hand. Soon, too, the rest of the party rolled up, and the night seemed "itself again." After supper, however, one of the men said: "Look here! Shilling" (he was our foremost "boy," and the driver) "says he and the other



chaps don't like this place ; I can't get anything out of him beyond *maninge schellem* [very bad] but the thing is that if *we* stay, *they* will most likely slope——” Well, the night passed without any incident, and the next day we moved on, but “knowing my public” I never mentioned what I had sensed during that hour before their return to camp. Some months later, however, I happened to describe that particular outspan to a well-known hunter, and he told me that the kopje was one on and about which the Mashonas had buried their dead. This would, he said, have accounted for the native boys' objections. I did not mention my own experience.

A friend to whom I have spoken of these happenings, tells me that three times in her life some unseen presence has—as she puts it—“tortured her.” The first time it happened was when she was staying in a boarding-house in Torrington Gardens, in the West Central district in 1900. It was also in the winter and at night, and—to quote her own words—she “felt it coming across the room. . . though nothing was there! It came and lay on the bed beside me—I could feel it . . . yet *there was nothing* and still *it pressed up against me.*” And she felt herself paralysed with the same horror I have experienced under similar circumstances. At length the release came—“It seemed to fade away,” she says. Both this lady's next experiences were in Berlin, and in 1911, but each time the “visitation” occurred in a different house ; indeed, in houses at a considerable distance from each other. On each of these occasions did she again sense its approach—feel it coming nearer and nearer. The first time, she tells me, she nearly fainted, but on the second occasion, by some sort of divine inspiration, she managed to raise one hand and make the Sign of the Cross . . . and the Thing went, its going as unseen as its coming. Never was anything seen clairvoyantly.

The last experience of this kind I have to tell is that of a friend who was at the time in the Indian Army. He and some other men—under what circumstances I do not now remember—were spending night in some rather out-of-the-way parts, and had to make the best of a shake-down in an uninhabited and unfurnished bungalow, where they lay “heads and tails” wrapped in their rugs. They were all very tired, and slept the beginning of the night “like tops.” Then at about midnight, my friend awoke and became aware of “some noiseless and invisible thing approaching.” I use his own words. It came nearer and



nearer. "with an even, measured stride—but if you had paid me, I couldn't have moved," he said. At length It was there! and It strode over each of those recumbent figures, out again on to the verandah—and left! As soon as the Horror had lifted, so to speak, my friend sprang to his feet, and was out of the place like a shot, but what was his amazement to find himself accompanied in his flight by every other man who had been lying beside him on that floor. Each one, it subsequently turned out, had "felt the darned Thing"—felt it coming and stepping over him, yet had seen nothing, though the moon was shining "like day."

This ends the list of such Unseen Horrors as I can vouch for. I have as yet never heard any reasonable theory advanced to account for such uncanny visitations.

## QUEST

Hold not the very dear  
Too near :  
Meet, do not mingle.  
The little heart of man  
Has yet so vast a span  
That, grasping anything,  
It knows itself still single,  
Still empty, unappeased,  
Not stayed, not eased,  
But again on the wing.  
No peace has a man while he lives  
But what some long, unwilling renouncement gives :  
In that high agony  
He may taste of ecstasy ;  
In striving never ended,  
In glory and anguish blended,  
The longing, the despair,  
The cry on the empty air  
For that which, being granted,  
Is never again dream-haunted. . . .  
Here lies the one end to the quest  
Of man's heart for rest.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



# THE MODERN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS

By D. D. HOME

(PART II)

[THE Society for Psychical Research has recently acquired from the heirs of D. D. Home a large collection of documents, letters and other papers, photographs, etc., etc., relating to that famous medium. Among these documents probably the most interesting is a lecture by Home himself, in his own handwriting, and hitherto unpublished. It is this MS. that is here printed for the first time, exactly as left by Home. Not only is it interesting in itself, but as emanating from the most famous of all modern mediums, the only one of whom it is said that he was never detected in fraud. In common with all those interested in psychical research and spiritualism and their history, I have to thank the Council of the S.P.R. and Mr. Theodore Besterman, the Hon. Librarian, for the opportunity of publishing this document.—ED.]

WHILE Spiritualism has thus been marching forward in its career of conquest, battering down the old ramparts and defences of an atheistical philosophy, it has at the same time made corresponding progress on its first crude methods of intercourse by rappings and alphabetic communications. It was soon found that with certain persons, spirits could so control the hand as to write by it without the intervention of the mind of the medium ; in other cases, the hand is used to draw forms sometimes of things in the natural world, at others, of things affirmed to be in the spiritual worlds, or again, these drawings convey some lesson by symbol and correspondence. These drawings are frequently done by the hand of persons ignorant of drawing, and in their normal state incapable of executing them. Spirit-drawing and writing have even been obtained without the intervention of mortal hand or agency. Some instances of this are given by Mr. — as occurring in his presence, and in the presence of other witnesses, with every possible precaution against fraud, in his work on *Spiritualism in America*, and Baron Goldenstubbe, of Paris, in his work on *The Reality of Spirits and the Marvellous Phenomena of their Direct Writing Demonstrated*, has furnished incontestable evidence that this direct spirit-writing, in Greek, Latin, Esthonian, German, Italian, English, and other languages ancient and modern, has been obtained. In his book sixty-seven facsimile copies of these spirit-writings are given. Other persons again have, by no visible agency, been thrown into an unconscious or trance state, in which they have personated departed persons, frequently unknown to them, but in a way so striking as to be at once recognised by the relatives



or friends present. More frequently persons in this unconscious condition of trance are impelled to respond to inquiries, or utter unpremeditated discourses sometimes on abstruse subjects, beyond the knowledge or normal capacity of the medium, who may be, and sometimes is, illiterate and uneducated; at other times, languages will be spoken of which the medium knows nothing. In a letter to the *New York Tribune*, Judge Edmonds gives the names and addresses of thirty-five mediums who have spoken in languages with which they were unacquainted, in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, and under circumstances precluding all idea of collusion, and establishing the fact as conclusively as human testimony can do so. Among other persons who have thus spoken, he tells us, were his own daughter, and his niece. He says, "My daughter, who knows only English and French, has spoken in French, Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, Hungarian, and several dialects of the Indian." Some mediums are transported in vision into the invisible world; some are rendered clairvoyant, describing disease, designating remedies, and healing by laying on of hands; others improvise music, some again behold visions in the mirror or crystal. In short, almost every conceivable method of appealing to the senses and the judgment to bring about a rational conviction of their presence and agency has been adopted by the spirits. Other phenomena which I have not referred to are enumerated in a Memorial to the Congress of the United States, presented in 1854, and signed by thirteen thousand citizens (the name of the ex-Governor of the State of Wisconsin being at the head of the list). The Materialists petitioned for the appointment of a Scientific Commission, to whom the whole subject of spiritualism should be referred.

Two cases of remarkable mediumship are specially deserving of note, as each may be regarded as the representative of a class, Andrew Jackson Davis representing its scientific or philosophic phase; Thomas L. Harris its poetic and devotional aspect. Mr. Davis is the son of a poor village weaver and cobbler. He received no other school education than five months' teaching at the village school, where it was found impossible to teach him anything. The teacher voted him "a blockhead," his sister "a dummy," and his father averred that he would never earn his salt, that he "hadn't the gumption enough to make a whistle." During his childhood, and in the open fields he saw visions and heard voices and mysterious music in the air. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Poughkeepsie: while there, in consequence



of some lectures that were given, mesmerism became a general subject of conversation in the village; among other places in the shop where Davis was at work. A tradesman of the place, boasting there of his success as a mesmeriser and finding Davis interested, proposed to experiment on him. This was done: Davis was found to be clairvoyant. Distance and solidity were no impediment to his vision: he saw into the life of nature; he saw the metals in the earth like living flames, and lights and flames emanating from every portion of the living structure of men and animals; he saw into the human body, and diagnosed the nature and seat of disease. Soon his clairvoyance developed into clairscience; he not only saw things, but, like Swedenborg, Boehme, and Fox, he saw their essential nature and properties, so that he was able to prescribe appropriate remedies, and by this means performed many wonderful cures. After a time he was able to pass into this "superior condition" as he called it, independent of mesmeric aid. In this state he announced that he was to go to New York where certain lectures of importance were to be given by him, but of the nature of which he was kept uninformed. His apprenticeship had been cancelled, and he now proceeded according to the instructions given through himself to New York. Witnesses and a scribe to take down the lecture were appointed, and the lectures were begun November 28th, 1845. Davis being then nineteen years of age. This was nearly three years before the knockings in Hydesville had commenced. One hundred and fifty-seven lectures were thus delivered by Davis. In their published form they occupy nearly eight hundred pages in large octavo. In this book the evidence authenticating the lectures is fully set forth. The manuscripts are attested by 267 witnesses. Among other witnesses of note are Edgar A. Poe, and Professor Bush. The latter distinguished scholar, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, of September 1st, 1847, thus speaks of the work: "Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the Philosophy of the Universe; and for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopaedical range of subjects, I know of no work, of any single mind, that will bear away from it the palm. To every theme the inditing mind approaches with a sort of latent consciousness of mastery of all its principles, details, and technicalities, and yet without the least ostentatious display of superior mental powers. In every one the speaker appears to be equally at home, and utters himself with the easy confidence of one who had made



each subject the exclusive study of a whole life. . . . The grand doctrine insisted on throughout, is that of spiritual causation or in other words, that all natural forms and organisms are effects, mirrors, and expressions of internal spiritual principles that are their causes, just as the human soul is the proximate cause of the human body. These spiritual essences are from God, the Infinite Spirit ; and they work by inherent forces which are laws. As a necessary result, there are no immediate creations by a Divine *fiat*, but a constant evolving chain of developments, in an ascending series from the lowest to the highest. This theory is reasoned out with consummate ability, and its application to the geological history of our globe, and its varied productions, forms one of the most finished specimens of philosophical argument which is to be met with in the English language. Yet the scope of the work is as far as possible from being purely speculative. It constantly aims at a practical result—the reunion of the race in a grand fraternity of interest and affection.”

I will only add, as evidence of Mr. Davis's sincerity and disinterestedness, that when the work was ready for the press, he voluntarily renounced all claim to any pecuniary interest in it. Since its appearance, he has, under the interior illumination of the superior condition, delivered many public lectures, and written many books, some of which books have had a circulation of more than ten thousand copies.

In Davis there is, however, little fervour or depth of religious feeling, his spiritualism is not so much Christian, as theistic, or pantheistic ; the mediumship of Harris, on the contrary, in its later phases at least, is profoundly religious and Christian in its spirit. He affirms that his interior being has been so opened as to become a channel of Divine communication. As the bodily lungs inspire and respire air, so he contends the spiritual lungs may inspire and respire the Divine aura, and thereby (for thought follows inspiration) the man be brought into harmony with the Divine thought. However this may be, and it is taught also by Swedenborg and others, few have heard him without feeling that in his preaching there was a power and a charm as of inspiration forming a striking contrast to the formal, cold, conventional preaching of the day. It is, however, not to the mediumship of Harris as a preacher, but as a poet, that I would more especially direct your attention. As Davis in the entranced state, delivered scientific lectures, replete with abstruse and varied knowledge on subjects of which in himself he was utterly ignorant, so Harris,



when entranced, without premeditation, without consciousness during their delivery, has uttered poems, whole epics, which claim to have been dictated by the spirits of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and other distinguished poets who have left the earth-life.

These poems have been thrown off with, I should think, unparalleled rapidity. The *Lyric of the Golden Age*, a poem of 381 pages, was spoken by him, and written down in ninety-four hours. In the same manner and with like rapidity were produced many other verses such, as the *Lyric of the Morning Land*. It has been so much the practice of dishonest or ignorant critics to represent all the poetry that has been given through conscious and avowed spiritual mediumship as trash and doggerel, and to support their assertion by carefully selected instances of a kind to give colour to the statement, ignoring everything of an opposite kind, that, as a matter of justice, I am impelled to lay before you one or two extracts. My quotations are from the *Lyric of the Golden Age*. The first is from the Preface, in which the authors state the purpose of the Bern, and their reasons for projecting it from the spiritual, into the natural world

## POEM

## I

Night overtook me ere my race was run,  
 And mind, which is the chariot of the soul,  
 Whose wheels revolve in radiance like the sun,  
 And utter glorious music as they roll,  
     To the eternal goal,  
 With sudden shock stood still. She heard the boom  
 Of thunders ; many cataracts seemed to pour  
 From the invisible mountains ; through the gloom  
 Flowed the great waters ; then I knew no more  
 But this, that thought was o'er.

## II

As one, who, drowning feels his anguish cease,  
 And clasps his doom, a pale but gentle bride,  
 And gives his soul to slumber and sweet peace,  
 Yet thrills when living shapes the waves divide,  
     And moveth with the tide ;  
 So sinking deep beneath the unknown sea  
 Of intellectual sleep, I rested there :  
 I knew I was not dead, though soon to be,  
 But still alive to love, to loving care,  
 To sunshine and to prayer.



III

And life and death and immortality  
 Each of my being held a separate part :  
 Life there, as sap within an overblown tree ;  
 Death there, as frost, with intermitting smart ;  
     But in the secret heart  
 The sense of immortality, the breath  
 Of being, indestructible, the trust  
 In Christ, of final triumph over death,  
 And spiritual blossoming from dust,  
     And human with all the just.

IV

The soul, like some sweet flower-bud yet unblown,  
 Lay tranced in beauty in its silent cell ;  
 The spirit slept, but dreamed of worlds unknown  
 As dreams the chrysalis within its shell,  
     Ere summer breathes its spell.  
 But slumber grew more deep till morning broke,  
 The sabbath morning of the holy skies—  
 An angel touched my eyelids and I woke ;  
 A voice of tenderest love said, " Spirit, rise "—  
     I lifted up mine eyes.

V

And lo, I was in Paradise. The beams  
 Of morning shone o'er landscapes green and gold,  
 O'er trees with star-like cluster, o'er the streams  
 Of crystal, and o'er many a tinted fold,  
     A patriarch as of old.  
 Melchisedec might have approached a guest,  
 Drew near me, as in reverent awe I bent,  
 And bade me welcome to the land of rest,  
 And led me upward, wondering as I went,  
     Into his milk-white tent.

The above beautiful little poem is, we contend, greatly superior to anything to be found in Southey's poetry ; nor is another, which is thus introduced to us by the author of *Sights and Sounds*, unworthy of the spirit of the rare poetic genius to whom it is ascribed.

The writings of the deceased American poet, Edgar A. Poe,



have not, hitherto, attained any great degree of European celebrity. His curious poem, the *Raven*, published in the *Illustrated London News*, and since principally known, and like many other pieces of rare desert, by its numerous burlesque imitations, affords but an indifferent example of his peculiar style of thought and diction. Written with excessive care and labour it must, after all, be considered rather as an able and finished specimen of poetic mechanism, than as offering a fair reflex of the . . . [The MS. is here defective.—Th.B.] But it would be impossible by way of extract, however copious, to convey an adequate idea of the varied wealth of thought and imagination, sometimes bursting forth in sweetest flowers of song, at others into grand and stately march as of solemn music, with which this magnificent, composite poem is so abundantly stored. In the words of Professor Brittan: "Those who would become acquainted with the intrinsic merits of the *Lyric of the Golden Age* must read the entire poem. . . . The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos, and almost unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime concord, while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty, and divinely just; and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. All forms of evil are condemned and spurned; truth and love are crowned with divine honours; while personal virtue, practical justice, and universal holiness are hymned as the appropriate graces and accomplishments of purified and perfected humanity."

I am unwilling to speak much of myself, but it will, perhaps, be expected of me, and it will be but fair to the subject that I should here give some account of my own personal experiences. Before, however, doing so, I would interpose one remark. It is often asked, "What constitutes mediumship?" To this, I answer frankly I do not know; any more than I know what it is which constitutes one man a genius and another a blockhead; one man a mechanical inventor, and another man a poet. Some physiologists will tell you that these differences are a consequence of differences in the volume, quality, and disposition or arrangement of the brain; just as it is asserted that the specific *differentia* of the medium is to be found in the peculiar character or proportion of certain chemical constituents in his physical organism. But whether the cause be purely physical, or partly physical (and this is a point I do not profess to determine), one thing is clear that no more merit attaches to a man for being a medium than for the height of his stature, or the colour of his skin. It is no indication of moral or intellectual superiority. A medium is



simply a bridge by which those on the opposite banks of the river of life may hold communication. It is a channel or conduit through which may be poured either water or wine ; a speaking tube through which may be uttered the word of wisdom or of folly—a musical instrument, on which, according to its power and tone, the musician, as he has the skill, may play what time he will. The medium, in short, as such, is simply negative to a higher positive will ; so far, at least, as the manifestations of a spiritual intelligence are concerned.

These manifestations began with me when I was an infant in my cradle, and they have since, with few exceptions, formed a part of my daily life. They came to me unsought ; and I have not, and never had, the slightest power over them, either to bring them on, or to send them away, or to increase, or to lessen them. I cannot, toward the close of a lecture, enter into details of my personal experience ; nor, perhaps, is it advisable. I have related them at large in the work entitled, *Incidents in My Life*, which has been largely circulated, and to which I must refer those who are interested. You, probably, know by report, the general character of the facts witnessed in my presence. I do not refer to those of my private experience, such as spiritual visions, dreams, forewarning, presentiments, and providential interpositions to which I owe the preservation of my life ; but to those facts of spiritual agency which do not rest on my averment, but are certified by witnesses of undoubted character and credit. Beside the more usual physical phenomena witnessed at *séances*, as the rappings and table-tilting and levitation ; there have been such as the following, which occurred at the house of Mr. Partridge, in New York. I quote it from a report by Dr. Hallock, a well-known physician of that city.

“ Mr. Home said a male and female (spirit) were present who wished to commune with Mr. P.

“ Directly, sounds and motions were made as of a violent storm—the roaring and whistling of the winds, the rushing of water, and the breaking of waves—sounds as if a vessel was straining at her anchor and labouring in a heavy sea, amid which she was held by her chain cables—her joints creaking and she rolling from side to side. The picture of a shipwreck was so true, that it made the cold chills run over me. The medium spoke of a boat with machinery in it, and went through the motions of dying 'mid the raging waters and a dark storm. The spirit making these demonstrations to identify her presence



is one whose life was lost by the wreck of the steamer *Atlantic* in November, 1849."

The fullest accounts given to the public of my *séances* are the one given by Dr. Wilkinson, which appeared originally in the *Morning Advertiser*; and that by Robert Bell, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These narratives, written by careful observers, and confirmed by other witnesses, relate, among other phenomena, the playing on musical instruments while held in the hand of one of the visitors, or placed under the table; the music being both that of known times, and of spiritual improvisation; the manifestation to the sense of both sight and touch of spirit-hands; and which in some instances of peculiar conformation have by that means been identified as the well-known hand of a departed friend or relative; and my being raised in the air (a fact attested) also by many other writers, as witnessed on several occasions.

One of the most interesting class of manifestations is that in which evidence is given not only of a spiritual presence, but of personal identity. I will refer now to only one such instance out of many. Col. H. C. was in Paris soon after the Crimean war, with his two sons, and they together visited a medium there and were told that a spirit named Gregoire was present, but nothing more. Gregoire was the name of a friend of young H. C. whom he had left in the Crimea slightly wounded, so slightly indeed that it occasioned no anxiety. As the young H. C. was going out to Canada immediately to join his regiment, he had no time to inquire into the truth of the alleged death of Gregoire, which he did not believe, but his father promised to do so, and the result was that ten days after his son sailed, Col. H. C. wrote to him: "It is all bosh about Gregoire. I find that he is alive but not in Paris." A short time after this letter was despatched, Col. H. C. and another son met me, for the first time, in Paris at an hotel in the *Boulevard des Italiens*. The conversation turned upon apparitions and second-sight. Whilst talking, loud sounds were heard, coming from a distant part of the room, and slowly approaching us. I suggested to my companions that some spirit desired to communicate with us. The unseen one assented to this by making the sounds for the alphabet, and the name "Gregoire" was spelt out, and the time of his departure from earth was given. The spirit said he wished to tell his friend that he had been "wounded at the Mamelon, taken to Sentari, died of gangrene." Proofs of identity were given, and manifestations, including sounds like the firing of



musketry, were made. Col. H. C. now felt sorry for the letter he had sent his son, but it could not be recalled. In due time he received a letter from him in reply, containing the following passage: "It is not all 'bosh' about Gregoire, for I have had a message from him. I had had a tiring day's work writing for the mail, and sat down at the end of it to smoke a cigar in my arm-chair, leaving my table covered over with letters, papers and pens and ink. Presently, I saw a pen lift itself, for I saw no hand. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and called to my servant, who was brushing my things in another room, and said, 'What is that?' He looked much startled, and said, 'Indeed I do not know, sir. I never saw anything like it before.' As we continued to look, the pen dropped on the paper, and I then went over to the table to read what was written, 'Gregoire wounded at the Mamelon, taken to Sentari, died of gangrene'—these being the very words which had been given to Col. H. C. in Paris through you nearly at the same time."

Wherever I have been (with few exceptions) in America, England, France, Italy, Russia—there spiritual manifestations in my presence have occurred, and they have been witnessed by persons of the highest rank, character, and social position, I need not go outside my own experience to answer the question "Of what use is spiritualism?" I have known it overturn the philosophy of a lifetime, silencing the sophisms of the [word illegible] and demolishing those atheistic logic-castles which had been laboriously constructed and defended during half a century. I have seen it, aye, again and again, bring hope to the despairing, and comfort to the sorrowing, and faith to the unbelievers, and the expression of fervent gratitude to Heaven from lips all unused to the language of devotion and a renovation effected by it in . . . [the end of the peroration is missing.—Th.B.]



## THE ASTROLOGY OF CHAUCER

By MARGARET MANSON

THERE is a very general belief that Astrology is no longer to be accounted among the accredited sciences, that the Education Acts of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries have resulted in the discrediting of the accepted faith of centuries. This idea is entirely erroneous. Astrology, admittedly, has no longer that place in the life of the ordinary man which it occupied from its reputed beginning, about 3,000 B.C., to about the middle of the seventeenth century, but its votaries may still be numbered by tens of thousands, and it at least merits recognition that their number includes many men of eminence in the world of science, who approach the subject from the scientist's standpoint, making their deductions from empirical observations, unbiassed by any *parti pris*. At the present day, indeed, the science of Astrology is undergoing a miraculous rejuvenation—and yet not so surprising when we contemplate the miracles of this present age, the miracle of "wireless," the marvel of life-destroying and life-giving rays, the acceptance of psychic phenomena, and the new miracle of television. To us there should be no novelty in the basic principle of Astrology, that we are all receiving stations, attuned, some to the finer, and some only to the coarser vibrations of the planets.

It is temerity to set aside lightly a science which has been accredited by such men as Tycho Brahe, Roger Bacon, Usher, Dr. Dee, Lilly, Francis Bacon, Horace, Melanchthon, Dryden, Bishop Hall, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Thomas Browne, Kepler and Lord Napier, which too, has received the sufficiently serious treatment of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Congreve, Bulwer Lytton and Sir Walter Scott, as to indicate their interest in the subject and their reluctance to dispute the possibility of planetary influence.

Allusions to Astrology and to the skill of the Astrologer abound in Shakespeare and, in their nature, attest his acquaintance with the principles of the science.

The astronomy of Shakespeare's age was still largely Ptolemaic, for it was not till 1543 that Copernicus published his work on the revolution of the heavenly bodies. The new faith was confirmed by Kepler in 1609, and by Galileo in 1610, with what dissent and opposition from the public is well known. Milton seems not to have accepted the theory of Copernicus and Galileo



till towards the close of *Paradise Lost*. And the Ptolemaic theory is obviously accepted in *The Twelfth Night*, when the clown says to Viola, "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere." The Ptolemaic theory, of course, in no way invalidates the figures and the conclusions of the astrologers, since the planets retain the same relation to the earth and to each other in the signs of the Zodiac.

But, as is to be expected, astrological phraseology bulks much more largely in Chaucer than in Shakespeare. Indeed, an intelligent reading of Chaucer is hardly possible without some knowledge of astrology. The most cursory reader of Chaucer must be struck not only with the number of astrological allusions, but with the intimacy of Chaucer's knowledge of the subject.

Of Chaucer's own attitude to the claims of astrology, we must assume his scepticism, if we judge from his preface to the *Treatise on the Astrolabe*. The *Treatise* belongs to the year 1391 and the preface was written earlier; therefore it is possible that Chaucer might have changed his opinions by the later date. Though innumerable passages in the poems, which cover a period of from about 1366 to 1385, seem to express conviction of the truth of the claims of astrology, it is nevertheless unsafe to found any theory as to Chaucer's belief or scepticism, upon the astrology incidental to the poems.

Two passages clearly giving the diverging views are of interest. The *Treatise on the Astrolabe* was to consist of five parts, the fifth of which was to deal with the general rules of astrology, with tables of equations of houses, dignities of planets, and "other useful things." But part V. was never written. Chaucer may have changed his mind about the necessity for writing it, for we find him declaring, "Natheless, these ben observauncez of iudicial matiere and rytes of payens in which my spirit ne hath no feith." On the other hand in the *Man of Law's tale*, we find this passage:

"Paradventure in thilke large book  
Which that men clepe the heaven, ywritten was  
With starres when that he his birthe took  
That he for love should have his death alas!  
For in the starres, clearer than is glass  
Is written God wot, whoso could it read  
The death of every man withouten drede.  
In starres many a winter therebeforn,  
Was writ the death of Hector, Achilles,  
Of Pompey, Julius, ere they were born



The strife of Thebes, and of Hercules,  
Of Samson, Turnus, and of Socrates  
The death ; but mennes wittes be so dull  
That no wight can well rear it at the full."

Chaucer's allusions to astrology are of a technical nature that show a very intimate knowledge of the subject. In the *Legend of Fair Women*, he refers to the influence of the malefic Mars being weakened by house and aspect. In the same work, Hypermnestra's death in prison is made to bear out the law of astrological necessity.

"To badde aspects hath she of Saturne  
That made her for to deyen in prisoun."

Chaucer's characters are almost always described in astrological phraseology. Of Hypermnestra again we read,

"For tho' that Venus yaf her great beautee  
With Jupiter compound so was she,  
That conscience, trouthe and dreed of shame  
And of her wyfhood for to keep her name,  
This, thoughte her, was felicitee as here."

The Wife of Bath's description of herself would look strange in a modern novel.

"Venus me gave my lust and likerousness  
And Mars gave me my sturdy hardiness.  
Mine ascendant was Taure and Mars therein ;  
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin ;  
I followed aye mine inclination  
By virtue of my constellacion."

The disfiguring birthmark on the face, which was often an accompaniment of Mars on the ascendant, is noted too ; "Yet have I Martes mark upon my face."

The association of particular planets with particular signs of the Zodiac, and their potency and significance therein, are alluded to frequently.

"Each (*i.e.*, Mars and Mercury) falleth in other's exaltation ;  
As thus God wrote, Mercury is desolate  
In Pisces, where Venus is exaltate  
And Venus falleth where Mercury is raised."

There is a parallel passage in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*.

"She (*i.e.*, Virgo) is the welthe and the rysynge  
The lust, the joy and the lykyng,  
Unto Mercury."



In *The Merchant's Tale*, we have Cancer noted as the sign of Jupiter's exaltation.

The characteristics of Venus badly aspected by Mars are very apparent in the Wife of Bath's description of herself. It is entirely in astrological phraseology.

"I had the print of Sainte Venus seal  
For certes, I am all Venerian."

In the *Franklin's Tale*, occurs an interesting passage in which Aurelius invokes the benefic aid of "Lord Phoebus" to cause all the rocks along the coast of Brittany to disappear, in order that he may win Dorigen according to her promise. The Franklin, in relating how the brother of Aurelius called in the aid of a clerk or a magician to bring about an illusion of the desired miracle, speaks of the twenty-eight mansions of the moon.

"And such folye  
As in our dayes is nought worth a flye."

The whole plot of the tale is based on the magician's trick of illusion and the above passage does not discredit the science of Astrology but the many pseudo-astrological studies of the charlatan.

That there were such, was inevitable, and to their false predictions is due largely the later discrediting of Astrology. False prediction however, was a hazardous thing. In the Pardoner's Prologue we read :

"I pray to God to save they gentle corse,  
And eke thine urinals and they jordans,  
Thine Hippocras and eke they galiens,"

a passage which alludes to part of a punishment meted out to a pretended "phisicus et astrologus" who had deceived the people by a false prediction.

Chaucer employs astrological terms in his description of the seasons no less than in his description of character. In the opening of the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* is the familiar passage.

"The younge sun  
Hath in the Ram his halfe course yrun."

Here occurs one of the very rare inaccuracies in Chaucer's astronomy, and it is probably due to the fact that Chaucer wrote, as a



rule, hurriedly. The sun is in the Ram, in March, but according to the first line, the month was "April with his showres sote."

In the Squire's Tale, the season is again indicated in astrological phraseology. Phœbus was

" Nigh his exaltation  
In Martes face and in his mansion  
In Aries, the choleric hot sign."

In the Franklin's Tale, there is no other indication that it was January than in the line,

" But now in Capricorn adown he (i.e. Phœbus) light."

In *Troilus and Cressida*, the allusions to astrology are numerous, the subject perhaps, as in the case of Shakespeare's tragedies, inviting more than comedy does to the acceptance of a law of planetary compulsion. Venus, we are told, was by house and aspect not "all a foe" to Troilus. Cressida laments that she was born "in corsed constellacion." Troilus appeals thus to all the planets.

" O fatal sustren which, eer any clooth  
" Me shapen was, my destene me sponne."

In *The House of Fame*, the faithlessness of Æneas to Dido is attributed to the influence of the planet Mercury which compelled him to journey.

" The book seth Mercury sauns faile  
Bad him go into Italie  
And leave Auffrykes region  
And Dido and her faire toun."

Troilus searches for a planetary cause for his misfortunes.

" And if I hadde, O Venus, ful of murthe,  
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturn,  
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe."

In Book IV. of the same poem, "astronomy" is used synonymously with "astrology," in the prediction of the burning of Troy.

" On peril of my lyf I shall not lye  
Appollo hath me told it faithfully,  
I have eek found it by astronomye,  
By sort and by augurie eek trewely."



In the *Compleynt of Mars*, Chaucer employs a term intelligible only to readers who have a knowledge of astrology.

"Now fleeth Venus unto Cylenius tour,  
With voide cours, for fere of Phebus light."

The term "void of course" is applied to a planet which makes no aspect to another planet or to the sun or moon before leaving the sign in which it is placed.

Occasionally it is the astrologer alone who is able to settle disputes regarding textual difficulties. Such an instance is found in the *Parson's Prologue*, in the lines,

"Therewith the moones exaltation,  
In meane Libra alway gan ascend."

Only readers who have some knowledge of astrology can fully understand and appreciate Chaucer, for, to do so, we must identify ourselves with his age and thought, and from these astrology is inseparable.

The subject of astrology in the poets, more especially perhaps in Chaucer, in Milton and in Shakespeare, opens up a wide field for speculation; how far did they conform to the belief of their contemporaries; where, in all the divergent views presented in their work, do they give their own convictions. Yet this after all matters less than the fact that astrology once occupied and now again occupies largely the interest of literary men; that it has left indelible traces upon our language and is inextricably bound up with so much of what is best in our literature.



## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE :

### Its Success and Limitations

By E. J. MILLS

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE was introduced to the world by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy about the same time that Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott began to spread the teachings of Theosophy in America. Since that day Christian Science has done much to shake the world out of the gross materialism into which it had fallen, and to bring home to the churches and medical profession the fact that the mind can be utilised in the cure of diseases and other troubles.

Christian Scientists believe that God is Good, and that Good is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient ; and they believe that as they pass from the mere belief into the certain knowledge that this is so, in that same ratio do all inharmonious conditions, such as sin, disease and poverty fall away from them.

If we examine a number of Christian Science patients we discover that on this physical plane the same fate appears to befall them as patients undergoing any other kind of treatment—some recover ; some remain much as before ; others die. The deaths among Christian Science patients may appear to be higher than the average, but it must be remembered that many persons suffering from incurable complaints abandon their most cherished creeds, their doctors and their friends, and go to Christian Science as a last resort.

Mrs. Eddy claims to have based all her teaching on the Authorised Version of the Bible. Years ago she decreed that the Bible and her Textbook should be her only preachers, and she abolished oral addresses, lest false doctrines should creep into the Church.

It is evident from this that no fresh light from any direction can be brought to bear on Christian Science. Anything not in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* is taboo, therefore the Christian Science Church can never progress. It is able to break down many old Christian dogmas, throw a new light on the Christian Scriptures, take its followers to a certain point of enlightenment, after which it has nothing more to give.



Christian Science does not admit the laws of reincarnation and Karma, and, not doing so, loses one of the keys to the riddle of existence. It does not realise that individuals, owing to their past mistakes, are born into the world to suffer in one way or another, so that the Ego may again experience and thus develop. In cases such as these, no treatment of any kind would give lasting improvement. It is necessary to Christian Science practice that Christian Scientists do not know this, for if they did it would be impossible for them to realise the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, or Good, and consequently the nothingness of evil or sickness, which latter they look upon merely as an illusion of the physical senses.

Most of the Christian Science practitioners are self-sacrificing and devoted men and women, who spend a large part of their time in meditation on the omnipotence and omnipresence of Good. I can quite believe that occasionally some of them may be able to lift their consciousness to a high spiritual level, and by that means heal a patient whose Karma makes this possible. I also see no reason why it should not be possible for a Christian Scientist, after years of prolonged meditation, to obtain a considerable amount of command over the functions of his physical body, in a similar manner to that of the Yogis of India.

Many of the Christian Scientists who give public testimonies of healing would have recovered under any treatment, or none at all, when the physical trouble had run its course. An optimistic Christian Science viewpoint would brace up the mentality and would assist the recovery, but what of other patients? Theirs is no enviable lot. Usually they have had to break away from some branch of the Christian Church, and are looked at askance by friends and relatives as a species of heretic. They give up doctors and drugs; for obviously if they rely solely on omnipotent Good they have no need of them, so they miss the alleviation that drugs might give. Then they struggle with *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, and try to realise that "There is no life, truth, intelligence, or substance, in matter," etc. They may struggle on for week after week and month after month, getting worse instead of better, and feel their new friends are looking on them more in sorrow than in anger, and believing that they themselves are to blame for their inability to realise the "truth" of the nothingness of disease. The time comes when their Christian Science practitioner decides that he cannot succeed in seeing the "truth" in their case and suggests they



should try another practitioner, and it often ends in the patient's friends calling in a doctor, who orders the case to a hospital, where the patient dies, feeling deserted by both God and man.

The Christian Scientist has been taught to look on his physical healing as the proof of his religion. He does not know that he has had many physical bodies, and that the slipping out of one that is decayed or worn out is of no great consequence. The tremendous struggle he goes through to raise his consciousness to a higher level; the energy he expends in concentration and meditation; the mental and physical suffering he endures for what he believes to be the truth, will no doubt help the Ego to develop at more than normal speed, and thus the man will reap the reward of his exertions, even if in the meantime he may die in the effort, a seeming failure.

When we look at the Christian Science Church as a body, we must admit that it has done a work in the world that no other body has succeeded in doing on such a large scale. It has brought home to many who were tied up in the shackles of orthodoxy that the teachings of the Bible were intended to be applied practically to the affairs of daily life. It has penetrated to every part of the civilised world where the English language is spoken, and caused people to realise that there are other methods of healing than by the drugs of some school of physicians. It has caused doctors to investigate methods of mental healing, and even made the orthodox Christian Churches remember that at one time physical healing was part of the Christian's programme; but the greatest work it has done is the training of an army of many thousands who have realised the power of thought, and who have endeavoured to train themselves to instantly reverse all thoughts of evil or sickness with thoughts of good and health, whether the evil or sickness is in themselves, or whether they contract it from without.

Strong thought-forms of this nature, emanating from every Christian Science Church and Christian Scientist in the world, must be a great influence for good, and help on the evolution of the race, even if its authors do not theoretically understand the forces they set in motion.



## BUDDHA, MYTHICAL OR HISTORICAL ?

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

THE latest contribution to the extensive series known as *The History of Civilisation*, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, is a volume entitled *The Life of Buddha as Legend and History*, by Dr. Edward J. Thomas (12s. 6d. net). The Western study of Buddhism has until recently suffered from an almost fundamental ignorance of the original texts of Buddhist belief, and in view of this it is not surprising that even well-equipped scholars failed to find any real historical basis in the material at their command. Not only were the Pali Scriptures practically a sealed book to European scholarship until some sixty years ago, but their investigation is yet far from being completed. Nor will it serve to trust exclusively to Pali sources, which, because of their comparative novelty to Western scholars, have somewhat obscured the longer-known Sanskrit writings. Since the publication of the works of Rhys Davids, Kern and Oldenberg, the sources for the history of Buddha and Buddhism have been multiplied exceedingly, but until the appearance of the present volume this new data has not been incorporated or compared with previous results, nor has any attempt been made to modify earlier conclusions by its aid.

Dr. Thomas, in this interesting and most readable work, has attempted to provide a clear general conspectus of the whole question of Buddhist origins, both historical and legendary, relating to the founder of the cult, and to the cult itself, and this he has achieved by means of the approved apparatus of scholarship, but in such a manner that his methods and results, the process of reasoning and the conclusions gathered therefrom, can not only be readily comprehended by the uninitiated, but also appreciated by the learned. The book might, indeed, be described as "essence of Buddhism" contained in 288 pages, and that it will rank as a volume of reference for both the scholar and the lay reader is most probable.

The most intriguing, and possibly important, parts of a work dealing with a religious philosophy which has made an appeal to such vast numbers of the human race, are those connected with the recently discovered data relative to the life of Buddha



and his teaching. Was Buddha a real man, or an imaginary personality created by tradition to account for a great traditional body of thought, just as a certain school of Hellenic scholars believe "Homer" to be nothing more than the convenient mythical author of extensive traditional collections of Greek verse? Dr. Thomas indicates that the oldest accounts of Buddha's ancestry "appear to presuppose nothing abnormal about his birth, and merely speak of his being well born both on his mother's and father's side for seven generations back." It is only later legends which imagine him as a divine and heaven-descended being. The influence of Hindu puranic tradition is apparent both in the Buddhist account of the origin of things and the genealogy and traditions of Sakyamuni's ancestry, but the basis is the historical fact of the actual existence of these ancestors, the Sakyas and Koliyas. The real Buddhistic story is obscured and almost obliterated by the growth of centuries of tradition and myth; nevertheless the figure of Buddha stands out, dimly perhaps, yet quite visibly, as that of a real human man who taught and lived in India twenty-four centuries ago.

The main tendencies of the original Buddhist religion are equally difficult to discover. "The most primitive formulation of Buddhism," writes Dr. Thomas, "is probably found in the four Noble Truths. These involve a certain conception of the nature of the world and of man. The first three insist on pain as a fact of existence, on a theory of its cause, and on a method of its suppression. . . . It is this way of escape from pain with the attaining of a permanent state of repose which, as a course of moral and spiritual training to be followed by the individual, constitutes Buddhism as a religion."

Buddhism, thinks Dr. Thomas, may originally have been a revolt against the Brahmanic dogma of dharma, or "the law," a moral system governing every form of human action. In the sixth century B.C. protests had already arisen against the Brahman notions of what constituted dharma, as regards the non-priestly castes, and numerous teachers and ascetics were in revolt against its provisions. Buddhism was antipathetic to the system of dharma, although it recognised and taught that the prevailing notion of karma, or action determining the future, and samsara, or rebirth, were incontrovertible. Thus Buddhism was unfriendly to sacrifice, and to the indiscriminating worship of the six world-quarters without a recognition of their symbolic



meaning. But, fundamentally, it inculcated the following of the Path; in the first stage the destruction of the belief in a personal self and the mistrust in good works, in the second the reduction of passion and hatred, and in the third the rebirth to a higher existence whence the stage of arhatship might be reached.

“In considering the subject historically, it is natural to ask not merely what we find in the developed system, but what we may hold to have been actually taught by Buddha,” writes Dr. Thomas. “We can point to certain elements which must be fundamental, and to much which is certainly scholastic addition, but no distinct line can be drawn between the two. The first thirteen suttas of the *Digha*, for instance, contain a list of moral rules known as the *Silas*. This has no doubt been inserted by the redactor, who has adapted it to each of the discourses. Yet it cannot be called older than the present redaction of these discourses. But other portions of the discourses are evidently ancient, and may belong to the primitive teaching. They are sections which occur repeatedly in other places. Like all these passages intended for repetition they would be liable to be added to, and all that can be claimed is that if they are not the ipsissima verba of Buddha: they are the oldest passages which represent the Doctrine as it was understood by the disciples. By taking one of these discourses it will be possible to see what the teaching was at a certain stage, and from this to judge the attempts that have been made to extract or reconstruct a primitive teaching. As a matter of fact the portions that appear to be additions do not seek to modify the doctrines or to introduce new and opposing principles.”

The chapter on “Buddhism as a Philosophy” and “Buddhism as a Religion” are admirable contributions to the literature of Buddhist exegesis; and especially absorbing and enlightening is the chapter on Buddhism and Christianity, which summarily disposes of the frequently offered hypothesis that the Indian religion had any influence on the Palestinian. Dr. Thomas, however, says nothing regarding the strange resemblances between Buddhist and Catholic costume, ritual and monasticism. Are theories founded on those resemblances equally vain, one wonders? The volume will be eagerly greeted by all interested in Buddhist scholarship as providing a vade mecum of the sources and literature of Buddhism and a trustworthy account of the problems surrounding the shadowy career of its founder.



## HAVE I LIVED BEFORE ?

By MAUD NISBET, Author of "Many Altars" and "The Way of Things."

WHEN I was a child I was punished for telling other children that I had once lived in Spain. Nevertheless, I continued to make the statement, and my parents were amazed at my persistence in what they considered an untruth. Actually I had never been out of England, and yet, in some strange fashion, I *remembered* being in Spain. I think that subconscious memories of this sort are frequently very strong in childhood, and that children are often punished unjustly for "romancing" when in reality they are speaking the truth. I know that at the time I felt the injustice keenly.

After I grew up I visited Spain. During the intervening years, the feeling, so strong in childhood, had grown fainter, but when I found myself actually in Spain it came back in full force. Though to all intents and purposes a first visit, it was less like a visit than a coming back. To the people who looked upon me as a foreigner I longed to say—"Once I was one of you." For so I felt. The life, particularly the national music and dancing, seemed like things that I had known intimately once. . . . A passionate, tempestuous life with laughter and tragedy closely mingled. . . . Even now I can never hear Spanish music or see Spanish dancing without a strange feeling at my heart. . . .

The sea also plays an important part in these queer memories of mine. In all its aspects it has always seemed strangely familiar. I know that I took long journeys on it in days when travelling was not as swift and easy as it is now. . . .

The most strange and impressive of all these echoes of the illimitable past, however, came to me in South America. My husband and I had occasion to stay for a time in the province of Salta in the north of the Argentine. The day after our arrival we were out riding and came upon the ruins of an ancient Jesuit settlement. There was an eerie fascination about the place. It had been destroyed probably about 1767, at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits, those subtle strangers from Spain who for two centuries had ruled this savage but rich and fertile country. Even in the silence of decay this former stronghold of theirs still seemed to breathe forth power and indomitable purpose.



We drew rein and looked at it. At last my husband said, "I wonder what it was like long ago, when all those walls were standing?"

My voice, when at length I replied, hardly seemed like my own. . . . I described buildings of which there was practically nothing left . . . an encircling wall . . . and a church tower dominating all. . . .

"Imagination!" my husband laughed, and imagination I suppose most people would have considered it to be, but a few months later I saw a picture of the settlement as it used to be in olden times, and *its aspect was exactly as I had described!* . . . How can this be explained? Coincidence? Perhaps. . . .

All the time I remained in this district the strange sensation of possessing pre-acquired knowledge of it was with me. I seemed to know by instinct points about the landscape, such as the bends of the river and where the best crossings would be found. My husband called it "a wonderful sense of country," but was it that? Was it not because, centuries ago, I had been there before?

The scene of one of my novels is laid in that same romantic country of the Andes. The heroine is a Roman Catholic, and her strict adherence, in the face of disaster, to the tenets of a Church whose teachings on the indissolubility of the marriage vow and the negativeness of divorce are so definite and irrevocable, is the principal feature of the story. More than one reviewer commented on the force and clearness with which the Roman Catholic view is presented, in spite of the fact that, as they gathered from various little interspersions of dissent, the author was not of that persuasion. I am not, and never have been, in this incarnation a Roman Catholic, but I am firmly convinced that I was one in a previous existence, and that perhaps is the explanation.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, these memories of the past are never complete—always fragmentary, vague, confused. My own, perhaps, are more definite than most people's. Almost everyone, however, I think, is haunted at times by a queer sense of something familiar about the unfamiliar—of actions done, of things seen, which they know have never actually entered into their experience in this life. But the feeling is there, deep down. Then again, among the people with whom one comes into contact, occasionally one has the strange sensation of having met someone before. . . . Where? When? Not in this life, but in some



other. . . . The feeling is always strongly mutual. There is a keen pleasure in meeting these people, in discussing, in trying to recall the parts we played long ago. It diminishes the loneliness that every soul experiences in its passage through this world.

After all, the belief in reincarnation is natural, one might almost say inevitable. It explains many things that would otherwise be inexplicable. The babe that dies in infancy; those who are cut off in early youth. It is but reasonable to suppose that they will pass through this world again. Not in one life, even of the full allotted span, can one learn all that one has to learn. It is quite obvious that the people around us are in different stages of progress. Some through the furnaces of many existences have burnt the dross out of their natures. These are the characters that here and there stand out by their nobility and unselfishness. Others again are quite obviously making their first blunders.

How many times do we live? That depends upon how long it takes to purge us of the great besetting sin of selfishness which is at the root of every other sin. We are all struggling upwards, struggling against the evil within us, against circumstances working our way through stress and difficulty towards the goal of ultimate perfection.



## MIRACLES UNAWARES

By S. STANMORE

MY early home was situated in a sparsely populated district in the North of England. My father's elder sister, a worthy and very capable woman, who lived about six miles away, was in the habit of driving over with her husband to spend the day at our house, at almost regular intervals throughout the year, from the time of my first recollection up to about when I was in the middle of my teens. It was therefore a very memorable occasion when we had the sudden news of my aunt's death, in the prime of life, and after an illness which had aroused no alarm until just before the end.

Her husband, a kindly and religious man whom we all much respected, was terribly distressed, and as the weeks passed on after the funeral, he seemed to be sinking more and more deeply into a state of depression from which he could not free himself. My parents were much concerned and did all in their power to help him, but without apparent result. Some months later, however, he decided to come over and spend the day with us again as of old. When he arrived we saw at once that he was better and more like his old self than we had seen him since his wife's death. My mother, noting this, expressed her pleasure at the change, for his own sake and for the sake of his family, and warmly commended the resolution by which (as she supposed) he had regained reasonable cheerfulness after his loss. He heard her in silence and then said, "Yes! There *has* been a lightening of my sorrow, or I could not, I think, have borne up until now; but it did not come by any effort *I* could make or any resolution *I* could show. It was an act of God."

We waited to hear, and he went on to tell us how life itself had seemed to be passing away from him day by day as though a wound were bleeding and could not be staunched. No help came to him from any of the means to which he had always turned in the past, nor could he find relief, under the awful depression which had fallen on his mind, by considerations respecting his home and those still left to him.

At last, one day when he was feeling unable to continue the struggle longer, he was seized, whilst out walking in an endeavour to distract his thoughts, by a strong desire to go back to the old



sleeping-room, in which his wife had died, and which he had not since occupied.

He could not account for the desire, which became more insistent as the day wore on. In the evening he mentioned the matter to his daughter, asking her to get the room ready for him again to sleep in. It was too late to prepare the chamber that evening but she promised to have it in readiness for the next night.

During the whole of the next day the thought of the room was in his mind, bringing with it an expectation, how arising he could not tell, of some kind of relief or comfort which was to meet him there.

When the evening came he took possession of the room with the first feelings of renewed hope in his heart that he had known since his loss.

Being worn out he slept almost immediately, and did not wake until early dawn. He found himself lying on his back looking towards the foot of the bed, and *there*, looking most earnestly upon him with the most tender and comforting expression he had ever seen on her face, stood his wife. He was unable to move, but lay murmuring over and over again, "O, my dear Saint ; O, my dear Saint," until slowly she passed from his sight.

He rose refreshed with hope and with confidence renewed, knowing that in some way his wound was healed. Sorrow of course was there still, but the sting was taken out of it, and had never returned.

That comfort, or "healing" was, of course, the significant feature of the story, and a little later this significance was deepened and confirmed by an experience connected with another person which became known to me.

The vicar of our parish had lately died, but his widow, having a house of her own in the village, continued to reside there. Always a frequent visitor at our house, this social intercourse after her bereavement gradually ripened into personal friendship, and it was then that she told me her story.

She and her husband had often talked of what might lie "beyond the veil," and had made an agreement that whichever of them went first should endeavour to communicate with the one left behind. He died when her youngest child was barely a year old, and besides her sorrow and loneliness, she had causes of disquiet arising from other circumstances, and was hardly



able to bear up under her burden. She thought continually of the agreement with her husband, and earnestly desired some token of remembrance, but never obtained the least sign of it until she had almost reached extremity. One day, whilst walking in a country lane, an unusually severe fit of depression came over her—a depression so terrible that she could only bow her head down on her hands and *pray*—she hardly knew whether to her husband or to God—for some kind of help.

As she raised her head again, a bright light arising from no apparent cause flooded all the lane wherein she stood, and as it passed away again she felt that *by some means beyond her understanding* her trouble was assuaged; nor did it ever return to any extent beyond her power to control, and not only was her sorrow healed, but the untoward circumstances which had greatly deepened it proved also manageable when she again endeavoured to deal with them.

I may say here that the lady had never before been subject to influence of that kind, nor had she the slightest connection with psychic or spiritualistic matters.

This second story deepened the impression which had been made upon me by the first, and I began to perceive that, all unknown to us, there are laws which govern prayer.

In each case there was extreme distress of mind driving the sufferers to crave vehemently for relief, and there was the *instinctive* turning to the Source from which it was obtained; and I believed (and believe still) that, under the guidance of those two mighty influences—Great Need and Great Desire—they unwittingly touched an unseen spring and wrought a miracle within themselves.



## 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.]

### ON IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of Claude Trevor interested me because I, too, have thought much on the subject of immortality. At first I agreed with those who said we could not prove it, but have since come to believe that it is a great—I think I may even say holy—and wonderful truth. Soul I think of as the spirit-body, the spirit itself being the innermost part of every human being, that “something of God in every man” that George Fox the Quaker so often speaks of. This spirit cannot die, but must eventually return to God Who gave it. But how about the interval? We are, individually, like a drop of water on the seashore, for the moment separated from the ocean. By ever aspiring heavenwards, and becoming more and more spiritually minded, we shall, I believe, become absolutely selfless, conscious of nothing but God, till eventually we are absorbed in God. But this is not to lose our individuality. It will be like the drop of water when absorbed by the incoming tide, which then becomes conscious of the wonders of the endless ocean, and though absorbed by the ocean still conscious of self, though selfless.

Yours sincerely,

A. S. W.

### SURVIVAL AND IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Claude Trevor's “Inquiry” in your last issue is an excellent example of the confusion of thought and language which exists so generally in reference to the above subject.

The statement that proof of survival is not proof of immortality is not “a contradictory assertion” to the teaching that “we all have souls and that such *cannot perish*.” Proof of survival is just—proof of survival, and nothing more. If immortality means endless life, how can there possibly be any *proof* of that? It can in the nature of the case be only a doctrine, or a belief, or a faith, based either on accepted *divine* authority, or else on philosophical grounds. There appears to be plenty of “spiritualistic” evidence that animals have a psychic or astral survival; but I am not aware that anyone has for that reason ventured to grant them immortality.

We may safely postulate on philosophical grounds that nothing that is *phenomenal* is immortal: nothing, that is to say, that falls within the categories of time, space, and causation, even though any



particular phenomenon may last for thousands or millions of years—a Solar System for example.

If man possesses an immortal *soul*, that soul must be something that transcends the phenomenal *personality* which commences its existence in *time*. Nothing can be more absurd than to postulate that the soul can commence its existence when the man is *born* on this lower physical plane of the phenomenal universe, and yet can then continue its existence for ever and ever.

Both soul and spirit are terms that are very loosely used, and so much attaches to them that belongs to a theology now obsolete with all thinking persons, that it is difficult to use them without misunderstanding, or the necessity of a long explanation. Still, it should not be beyond the comprehension of any open mind that the physical body, and perhaps also a mental body—in fact any and all phenomenal *bodies*—are simply *vehicles* of the immortal soul or spirit, in or through which it acts and experiences in the phenomenal world; overshadowing them rather than identifying itself with them.

But of pure Spirit (*pace* Sir A. Conan Doyle) itself we must postulate that :

“ Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall cease to be never ;  
 Never was time it was not ; End and Beginning are dreams !  
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever ;  
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems ! ”

Spiritualists—and Christians also—do not appear as yet to have learnt that the psychic or astral body in which the individual functions after the death of the physical body, is no more the immortal soul or spirit than is the physical body ; and proof of survival of that part of the phenomenal personality is no proof of its immortality. To call it a ‘ spirit ’ is simply a survival of the old theology which recognised only a material world where the individual commenced his existence, and a spiritual world, entered immediately after death—or perchance after a long ‘ sleep ’ until the Judgment Day—when his existence continued for ever and ever.

How much *spirituality* is there in the phenomena of the séance room ? As you, Sir, rightly remark in your editorial notes : “ Of the psychic realm itself, spirituality cannot be accounted an attribute.”

Yours faithfully, W. K.

#### BIBLICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECIES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—The following extract from a short leader which appeared in the London *Morning Post*, July 13th, 1927 (not a paper that makes a feature of horrors and disasters), gives a list of this year’s principal calamities :



" Since the beginning of the year, earthquake, flood, and tempest, separately or combined, have almost continuously demonstrated how insecure is the tenure of man's life upon this fifth-rate star. In January there were earthquakes or earth tremors in Japan, Mexico, the south of France, Portugal, and on the East Coast of England. A tornado swept the United States in February, and there were seismic disturbances in Kamschatka, Shanghai, California, Central Europe, and the Channel Islands. In March occurred the disastrous earthquake in Japan, in which some 3,000 lives were lost and 7,000 people injured. In April, shocks were felt in South America, the Philippines, Johannesburg, New Zealand, and Central Europe, followed in May by an earthquake in China, in June by shocks in the Crimea and on the East Coast of the United States, whose territory was already devastated by the floods of the Mississippi. Last week came the news of the flood in Saxony, and on Monday there was an earthquake in Palestine."

Surely this list should be enough to suggest to Mr. E. J. Copen that there is rather more in the calculations of Sepharial than he seems to think, judging from his letter in your columns.

And as to not a sand-bank having been shifted, well, I am not in a position to say much about sand-banks, but I do know that the cable companies' work has revealed alterations in the depths of the Atlantic on a rather generous scale. I have not the reference at hand, but my impression is that one such variation of depth amounted to about two miles, in the direction of shallower water.

Yours truly,

GRAHAME HOUBLON.

#### THE MITHRAIC MYSTERIES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—According to Porphyry (*De Abstinencia*, ii. 56 and iv. 16) there were once several elaborate treatises setting out the forms and principles of the worship of Mithras, and these have been destroyed, probably by the Christian Church. I think it will be agreed that it is a pity. There is no need to argue the question of their religious value; it is enough to say that gain, and not the loss of knowledge, is the purpose of evolution and incarnate experience.

Is it useless, I wonder, to suggest that the knowledge we once had of this subject should be restored to us by a practitioner of automatic writing? Somewhere it must exist. Possibly Mr. John Alleyne might find it for us. In the course of his work in connection with the lost chapels at Glastonbury he tapped several veins of wisdom that were not Christian in the narrow ecclesiastical sense of the word. I hope this suggestion will somehow come to his notice. It doesn't seem to me that there should be any special difficulty about such an



operation, or that the worship of Mithras should be *per se* any more difficult of access than the foundations of the abbey at Glastonbury.

✓ A certain Theosophist to whom I made this suggestion objected to it on the ground that the proper scope of such a faculty as automatic writing is to give us a hint of wisdom to come rather than to raise the ghosts of lost knowledge. The answer is simple. Some men can proceed by leaps, but most must have a ladder. It is not easy to see whence this ladder is to come if not out of the wisdom of the past. Perhaps it is true that the seed of all needed wisdom is in the Christian religion; if so, the reign of the Christian Church has obscured it very thickly for many of us. This is the penalty of the Christian victory over its greatest rival, and there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that Mithraism, to compensate us, should have retained the advantages of defeat. By that phrase I mean that it probably never changed from being the expression of the religious attitude of the people toward God, to become (or claim to become) the expression of the religious demands of God to the people.

I hope very sincerely that some automatist will at least notice this suggestion and take it seriously enough to explain publicly his reasons for rejecting it, if he must reject it.

Yours faithfully, P. WESTON EDWARDS.

#### H. P. BLAVATSKY AND ALLEGED MEDIUMISTIC COMMUNICATIONS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of a booklet purporting to be a record of messages received by our late Teacher through a spirit medium.

I was personally acquainted with H. P. B. for many years, and attended at her cremation; and can bear witness to the fact, with many others, that she emphatically stated on several occasions that as she considered it possible that after her death some medium or other might possibly feel moved to improve the occasion and inform the world that they had received a communication of some sort or another, whether as a further enlightenment of her teachings, wise or otherwise; that all communications purporting to emanate from her were fraudulent, and of no value, as she would never employ such means of communication.

The history of spiritualism is full of these impersonations, and it is no uncommon occurrence to witness some comparatively humble medium blossom forth as the mouthpiece of a notable personality, and endeavour to use borrowed plumes to clothe their individuality.

However, I feel it incumbent to make my protest, as the gratuitous statement is made that the method of imparting Truth in the future is to be by mediumistic control, under the ægis of Spiritualism.

I am, yours etc., F. L. GARDNER.



## WHO WROTE THE MAHATMA LETTERS?

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—For the comfort of those who believe in the integrity of William Q. Judge and who may be dismayed by the claim of Mr. G. R. S. Mead, in the OCCULT REVIEW, that Mr. Judge made a full confession to him of having forged Mahatma messages, permit me to place side by side with Mr. Mead's present statement what he wrote in his "Letter to the European Section," February 1st, 1895, which was written after the London conference and *after* Mr. Judge had returned to America. This letter was issued as a circular by Mr. Mead, and also published in *Lucifer*, February, 1895. The italics are mine :

*Mr. Mead, Feb. 1st, 1895.*

Mr. Judge also refused all private investigation. *I and others* who had previously stood by Mr. Judge unfalteringly, and proved our whole-hearted confidence in a way that cannot easily be understood by those who were not present during the trying months that preceded the Committee, *could get no straightforward reply to any questions . . .* Mr. Judge could not be persuaded to face any investigation.

*Mr. Mead, Feb. 15th, 1927.*

I would believe no word against him till he came over to London to meet the very grave charges brought against him and *I could question him face to face. This I did in a two hours' painful interview.* His private defence to me was, that his forging of the numerous "Mahatma" messages on letters written by himself, after H. P. B.'s decease, to devoted and prominent members of the Society in the familiar red and blue chalk scripts, with the occasional impression of the "M" seal, which contained the flaw in the copy of it which Olcott had had made, was permissible, in order to "economise power," provided that the "messages" had first been psychically received.

If what Mr. Mead wrote in 1895 is true, obviously the statement of to-day must be untrue, and Mr. Judge made no such confession. It would seem that Mr. Mead, in the interval of thirty-two years, has built up a fiction in his mind which passes with him as "recollection." In any case one feels prompted to take what he writes in his present article with a grain of salt, and a very big one at that.

Yours very truly,

H. N. STOKES,

Editor, *The O.E. Library Critic.*



*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Six months after the publication of my letter on Madame Blavatsky and *The Mahatma Letters* in your magazine, Mrs. Besant has done me the honour to refer to it in the July issue of THE THEOSOPHIST. As the prolonged and interesting correspondence was initiated and continued in your pages I feel it would be unkind and irregular to transfer it to Mrs. Besant's organ, where, indeed, I cannot feel it is likely to be concluded. I, therefore, trouble you with another letter.

I quote the essential passage first, as follows :

"It is not therefore surprising that Mr. Hare bases his final rejection of her [H. P. B.'s] work and of her Masters on the letters which give half the side of a correspondence between her Masters and Messrs. Hume and Sinnett. They are, naturally, difficult to follow by those who have not read the letters to which they are answers. They have, however, convinced Mr. Hare that they were not written by the Masters, and that there no such Beings."

I agree that the letters are "difficult to follow" by those who have read only one side, but in this I am not peculiar, for letters written by Messrs. Hume and Sinnett to the Masters would presumably have found their way to the icy mountains of Tibet. There can be no point, however, in indicating the disadvantage in which I am placed in only having seen one side of a correspondence, unless someone else has seen both sides, and consequently is more fitted than I am to be judge of their contents. I must conclude that Mrs. Besant has seen *both* sides, and is thus in a position to correct me. But where has she seen the letters—for I can readily believe she has seen them—except in the archives at Adyar? This proves, out of the President's mouth, that the letters to the Masters fell into the hands of Madame Blavatsky, and supports my thesis that the supposed replies from the Tibetan adepts were composed by her.

Fortunately, I am able to support this view by quotations from two documents that have lately fallen into my hands.

(1). A statement by Mrs. Besant read for the information of members at the Third Session of the European Convention of the T.S. on July 12th, 1894, contains the following words: "I believe that he [Mr. Judge] has sometimes received messages for other people . . . and has believed himself to be justified in writing down *in the script adopted by H. P. B. for communications from the Master* the message psychically received. . . . Except in the rarest instances, the Masters seldom wrote letters or directly precipitated communications."

(2). Extract from a letter dated February 25th, 1892, from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater to Mr. W. G. John, General Secretary for Australia: "Remember that the letters to Sinnett and Hume were *not* written or dictated directly by a Master, as we at one time supposed, but were



the work of pupils carrying out general directions given by the Masters, which is a very different thing."

Here we have it clearly stated by Mrs. Besant thirty-three years ago, and by Mr. Leadbeater fifteen years ago, that the so-called *Mahatma Letters* were not written or even dictated by the Masters, and in Mrs. Besant's case the surprising phrase is used, "in the script adopted by H. P. B. for communications from the Masters." Am I not warranted in concluding that Madame Blavatsky was the "pupil" who composed and wrote the Letters?

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

#### MEAT-EATING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—I have been much interested in the letters on this subject in the OCCULT REVIEW.

After thirty years of meatless diet, and intimate correspondence with tens of thousands of people during these thirty years, I think that a few notes may be of use.

(1). Mere abstinence from meat (or even from meat and alcohol, as is recommended according to "The Gospel of the Holy Twelve"), is not enough *per se*. There is needed, besides, an avoidance of other errors of diet: for instance, such errors as excess of ordinary white sugar, and excess of acid fruit, strong tea and coffee, and so on. There is needed, besides, balance in the diet, especially in the direction of a predominance of alkaline or anti-acid factors. And there is needed, of course, the right mind and spirit.

Unfortunately, many ardent "vegetarians" see their abstinence from meat out of perspective, and appear to conclude that this abstinence in itself ensures, *ipso facto*, a large number of blessings.

(2). Again and again I have found that, whatever may be the first motive which leads people to give up meat—whether it be economy, or humaneness, or the desire to cure some trouble, or the desire for athletic endurance, when once the habit is started, provided that the diet is well chosen, the other motives are likely to be added. Thus, a well-known sportsman first took up diet on hygienic grounds. Afterwards he found that the humanitarian motive became the strongest.

(3). The good results of abstinence from meat, provided that the proper food-bases be taken in place of it as mainstay foods, are extraordinarily varied. Very few people who have not studied the matter have any idea of the all-round blessings which come from a balanced meatless diet.

(4). But the worst of it is that, when people try to give up meat, they often do not study what are the meat-substitutes. They simply rush into a meatless diet, giving up meat, and eating more of the rest;



and "the rest" largely consists of devitalised vegetables, with their juices boiled out of them and thrown away, and very likely devitalised white flour and sugar.

The fault rests largely with the word "vegetarian," which, to ninety-nine people out of a hundred, means a diet of vegetables. Such a diet is not recommended for ordinary people.

Yours faithfully, EUSTACE MILES.

#### DIET AND SENSITIVENESS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—Your correspondent signing "Grahame Houblon" says: "... low astral entities swarm about slaughter-houses and butchers' shops attracted by the blood, and . . . grave danger may be incurred from them. Undoubtedly, if the person involved has *by any practice\** laid himself open to invasion by such things, avoiding butchers' shops and meat-eating will not save him. Others, who are not thus open to attack, would seem to be in no more danger from this direction than they are from the attentions of tetanus bacteria, when they have no wound through which the microbes can enter."

But is it not correct that the student, when working on right lines, sharpens up and quickens every faculty he possesses? That every sense becomes keener, more acute—and vivid, more highly sensitised? This must make him more accessible to outside influences, whether good or bad.

Without any of those pernicious practices which break down the protecting doors or sheaths of the personality, doors normally shut against astral invasion, those sheaths or doors become—in occult training—far more susceptible to being broken down than in the absolutely untrained person. The student, at any rate the student who has not advanced very far, must make a conscious and deliberate effort to repel these low entities, if he goes to an environment which they frequent.

Those who are in the least danger from attack would seem to be the normal, healthy people to whom "occult" is an unknown or meaningless term. Reason would argue that the highly trained are also immune, but if so, why is it that the fully trained "yogi" cannot live in the world, because its coarser vibrations would shatter him?

Man's goal is union with the Infinite, but each step on that upward spiral path makes him what doctors call more "highly strung." How resist the breaking point? Must we surround ourselves continuously and permanently with a protective aura?

This seems to me a very real problem, to which the unsatisfactory answer, that to avoid this danger we must not desire to grow spiritually, is the only one I have yet heard.

Yours faithfully, R. E. BRUCE.

\* Italics mine.



## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE last issue of *PSYCHE*, in almost every article, must be described as the work of specialists for and on behalf of specialists; those who would read it but are not of this category will require a Greek lexicon for light upon words which appear to have been coined since the last Webster came out, not to speak of the Oxford Dictionary and its vast array of volumes. It is not to be questioned that psychologists, pathologists, biologists, etc., who hold the fields of knowledge "in the foremost files of time" are entitled to decide on the kind of verbal mechanism which may make their meaning clear; but whether the truth of things can be reached only through all these clouds of formulæ is another question. In any case, and at the fact's value, it happens that the terminology of Paracelsus and "the dark disciple of the more dark Libanius Gallus" is simpler by comparison to ourselves; but if this statement is ruled out as *nihil ad rem* it will be our part to submit and assure the Masters of all these new sentences that, in the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, whatsoever is agreeable to them is agreeable to us in their agreeable debates. And we shall continue to read *PSYCHE* as an admirable intellectual exercise, having perhaps wearied a little of Hegelian dialectic and the metaphysics of Franz von Baarder. Mr. C. K. Ogden, the editor, has a dry and quiet humour: he shall speak to us more fully than he has in the present number on the science of symbols and the "special language or notation" which is the symbolism of each science. He is perhaps a little bit on our side, since he mentions the "verbal dope" which is destroying just now "the natural American sense of values." Mr. I. A. Richards, who is Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, defines consciousness as "an affair of integration under difficulties" and believes that the universe "contains nothing so puzzling." The "oddest thing" of all is that we "know so little about it," though its definition is apparently possible. There is reason, moreover, to think that we are "becoming more conscious," which seems to suggest that we must be moving on a path towards knowledge. Might we get further perchance by the use of yet more "special language" and more "notation" yet, or, alternatively, if some—even much of our symbolic baggage were heaved over among the rubbish? Dr. W. M. Marston, of Harvard and the Psychological Laboratory of Columbia, holds that "the phenomena believed by most neurologists to be imposed upon reflex arc conduction by synaptic influence are the very phenomena most closely resembling the usually agreed upon characteristics of consciousness." Having decoded this for our personal benefit, we are disposed to hope that it may be of use to Mr. I. A. Richards, because it is something surely to have caught the characteristics in our notation mesh; and one may hope



to get further presently. As all experts must surely love one another, they will be gladdened also surely when it is suggested that from time to time it may happen that they help each other. And this reminds us somehow of our own duty, which is to remember the "lay" reader; and in case he has been offered so far some overstrong meat, as well as in justice to one of our favoured quarterlies, it should be said that *PSYCHE* does not fail us, even on this occasion, to offer relief and refuge. The illuminating persiflage of Dr. F. G. Crookshank has often served: now it is Mr. Winthrop Parkhurst, who presents his personal findings on the dogmas of science in contrast to those of theology, the thesis being that there are "neither more numerous nor more grievous dogmas in the one temple than are found, upon due inspection, in the other." The discourse produces the evidence and drives it home, with a sense of joy in the doing. It sets, moreover, the special language or notation of St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez side by side with that of Huxley and the chemist, to no special advantage of the two latter.

There are two points of view from which it is possible to approach Theosophical periodicals as they exist now among us, the first being that of their articles within and without the general Theosophical subject, those excepted, which belong to the second point, being all things concerning the advent of a World-Teacher and claims advanced on behalf of certain personalities in this untoward connection. Among those of the first class, the monthly editorial article which appears in *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW* deserves an important place. It touches upon many subjects, is always vital in the mode of their treatment, and conveys very often what may be called a quickening sense to those who read. There are words of this kind in the current issue concerning the Way of Peace, with United Italy as something of an object-lesson, leading on to the idea of Europe in similar bonds of freedom and to the vision of a federated world. . . . *THEOSOPHY IN INDIA* is not as a rule of any considerable moment, and for those who stand, like ourselves, outside the movement, it is difficult to see why it exists at all, as *THE THEOSOPHIST* of Adyar seems to cover all the ground and is of very much more consequence than the little Benares publication, which depends a good deal, moreover, on borrowed matter. But it is justified occasionally of itself, and the last issue promises something unusual, for it contains a first instalment of *Teachings of the Holy Twelve*, by a native writer belonging to the religion of Islam. The Twelve in question are Ali and certain succeeding Imams, Ali himself being the "great disciple" of whom the Muslim prophet said: "I am the city of knowledge and Ali its gate." The teachings so far given concern the Supreme Being and breathe the pure spirit of Sufi Mysticism. . . . There are poems also at times, and *THE HERALD OF THE STAR* has one in its current number, entitled *The Balance Sheet*, by Mr. E. A. Wodehouse, which should be included among great religious poems in any English anthology. . . .



It may happen also, but on rare occasions only, that there is a serial story, and Mr. Michael Wood, who is known among theosophists, and perhaps also in wider circles, is publishing one in the THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. It is called *White Island* and tells of a boy who, even at six years old, suggests a state of luminosity to one observer, communicates to another by his mere presence a feeling that eternity is our "natural dwelling place," becomes conscious at twenty that "Something" holds and claims him, and that this something is God, a Power which flows down upon him and in which he feels to be drowning. At this stage he is described by another who sees him as "a crystal cup for Living Water." We are reminded of course of Copper-Top in *The Joyous Adventurer* of Miss Ada Barnett; but whether the one has been fashioned in the likeness of the other is not posed for our consideration: we are at the beginning only of the story about René Clinton.

And now in respect of alternate Theosophical concerns, so far as they unfold in the materials here before us. The official NEWS AND NOTES, circulated in the British Isles, gives account of Mrs. Besant's plans for a continental tour and states that she will lecture in London, this coming October, on the work of the World's Teacher and some of its results. There is also a report of a seventeenth annual convention held in Edinburgh on July 2nd, and followed by a meeting of the Star in the East, when Mrs. Besant informed her audience that Krishnamurti's body was "not so much" used now by "the World Teacher," as it "had been on two occasions," but "rather that there was a blending of the two consciousnesses." It is some time since we ventured to forecast that the claims would grow from more to more, and it is obvious that things are beginning to move rapidly. Meanwhile a few verses of this highly inspired personality are published in THE HERALD OF THE STAR under the pleasant familiar title of *My Beloved and I are One*. They belong to that new school which follows the line of least resistance and has abandoned therefore the trammels of measure and rhyme; but the specimen before us corresponds to what was once described derisively as "prose cut into lengths," while the subject-matter is mere echo and reflection of Sufi symbolism, with the meaning petered out. It is hollow enough, as at Ommen, to have heard the voice and found no word therein; but here is neither word nor voice.

THE SUFI QUARTERLY has entered on its third year as "a philosophical review" and is still published as well as printed at Geneva. It appears, however, to represent a Sufi Movement in London, and is not unconnected with a Summer School which meets in the vicinity of Paris, being a foundation of the late Inayat Khan. In Geneva itself there would seem to be a Publishing Association only; but it must connote a centre of interest, however small. As a fact, lectures are delivered occasionally, for they are printed in the quarterly review.



We mention these matters in order to clear the issues and discover, for ourselves and others, where the undertaking stands. There was surely never a publication dedicated to an important subject which has been conducted on such inscrutable lines. The last issue has various advertisement pages ; but it indicates no distributing London Agency beyond the address of the Movement mentioned above, and this is in Westbourne Grove, far from the book centres. It happens at times with ventures of this kind that the position on the external side is reflected from things within, and *THE SUFI QUARTERLY* is another case in point. Our sympathies have been with it from the beginning and our desire for its success ; there is not only room for such a publication but a wide field corresponding to a real need. As, however, an elementary business knowledge is not found in its arrangements, so it fails to meet the need, and thus cover the field, for want of adequate equipment : in a word, the review exhibits no scholarship respecting its own subject. Being produced with considerable care, it looks quite well ; but the pages are filled as best the editor can, in such a place as Geneva. The result in the present number is that we who are seeking knowledge on Sufi literature and Sufi history find the place of honour allotted to a long extract from an American work on Buddha. This is followed by another extract, being one of Prof. Browne's translations from the Persian. We have every opportunity of knowing these things at first hand, and so also the further citations which eke out the issue. A "philosophical review" is not a mere anthology, and the official organ of a Sufi "movement" should have discovered long since that the real matter of the work was not in "the late Pir-O-Murshid Inayat Khan," while the editor's lectures, delivered in Geneva, are amiable and pleasant enough, but they are "about it and about" only.

*THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH* has an excellent biographical notice of Joanna Southcott, and Mr. G. E. Browne concludes his study of stigmatic phenomena to which we have referred previously. It embodies a careful review of the whole subject in the light of its chief examples, with a critical account of scientific and other explanatory hypotheses, that of unconscious auto-suggestion being apparently the direction towards which Mr. Browne inclines. Curiously enough, we learn that it was propounded first of all by St. Francis de Sales in respect of St. Teresa. Mr. H. Ernest Hunt offers a working theory regarding sleep phenomena, namely that man is formed of (1) a natural body ; (2) a living soul, or psychic individual ; (3) a pure spirit, using the soul as its vehicle. The key of dreams and other events in sleep is to remember that "the night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul." . . . We have received the first number of *L'ERE SPIRITUELLE*, which has a plan to acquaint the occultists of Paris with the pretended Rosicrucianism of Max Heindel. There is an article on "Rose-Cross" philosophy" which is "false in seeming and fictitious in story," as usual.



## REVIEWS

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN PROBLEMS IN PSYCHOLOGY.  
By Major J. W. Povah, B.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.,  
Ltd. Price: Paper covers 3s. net, cloth 5s.

MAJOR POVAH has a strikingly original mentality, and if it sometimes runs away with him into his own hypotheses, one can face the cold blast with equanimity because whatever this writer says is never hackneyed or unrefreshing. As a psychologist he treats biblical problems with breadth of outlook and a modern mind freed from bias and scientifically dispassionate. Also he is a true believer, and enjoins us again and again to worship the True and Only God. He sums up the doubters and mockers of to-day magnificently in this passage:

"Men's refusal to face Yahweh's (Jehovah's) true character leads to the perversion of the energy for worship with which he has endowed them. They worship a caricature of Yahweh; but the energy with which they worship this caricature comes from Yahweh himself."

A knowledge of Hebrew and the classics has further authorised and endowed Major Povah in the capital discharge of his present task and theme.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE RETURN OF GLORIA. By Jessie A. Davidson. London: Andrew Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.

It does not need the publisher's reminder that Mrs. Davidson is the author of another Malayan romance to assure us that she knows Malayas well, for she reproduces its Oriental atmosphere with great felicity in the novel at present under discussion, and writes of this Oriental *milieu* with the same familiarity as Sir Frank Swettenham. Here, however, praise must end, for the book is extremely slight and improbable. Alice Perrin has treated the same question, albeit in an Indian setting, far more powerfully in her book *The Stronger Claim*.

The best characters in the novel are the young Malay, Nayan Rasheed, and the aged native who dabbles in witchcraft by resorting to that age-old rite of melting wax images and burning or impaling them. This touch of occultism may interest readers, but otherwise *The Return of Gloria* seems rather a purposeless performance.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

WHERE IS HEAVEN? By Ben Adhem. (Allen Clarke.) Palatine Book Company, Blackpool and London. Price 1s. net.

THE style and spirit of this little volume are calculated to disarm the captious critic. It is so colloquial, so homely and so cheerful, and all the writer's quotations from the ancient Greek sages, from Dante, Milton Swedenborg and the rest, utterly fail to impart to it even the semblance of a formal literary treatise. Through chapters on the idea of Heaven in Celtic and Druidic teaching, Egyptian and Babylonian myths, the recorded sayings of Christ on a future life, and the symbology of the Apocalypse, Mr. Clarke's ready pen flows artlessly on. We pause awhile in our hurried



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In his "Postscript," on page 60, Mr. Clarke takes us into confidence regarding the genesis of this book. "These chapters first appeared serially in the *Liverpool Weekly Post*." And he goes on to tell us how they were written during the long and serious illness of his wife, and how "it did seem a little bit queer to be writing about the Next World under the shadow of the Invisible Reaper." It is, however, easy to guess that it must have been a big solace and distraction; and we have not the least doubt that a great number of those who read these genial and hopeful little articles in the *Liverpool Post* will be glad to possess them in this cheap, handy and clear-typed form.

G. M. H.

LES SECRETS VIVANTS. Par Luma-Valdry. Preface by Edouard Schuré. Paris: Bibliotheque Chacornac, 11, Quai Saint-Michel. Prix 6 francs net.

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As all students of the spirit of languages are aware, there are fundamental difficulties in the faithful translation of a French book into English, and it is quite possible that some of the subtle charm of *Les Secrets Vivants* would vanish in an English rendering. But, all the same, we should like to see an English rendering! There must be many earnest and devout folk, theosophists and others, who would welcome this book as a companion of their daily meditation; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that, in an anglicised form, it might be adopted by some few Anglican church-people as a new and stimulating "Lenten Manual." The chapter entitled "Le Rayon Fulgurant," which deals mystically with the Passion, and follows, with exquisite reverence (though in heterodox fashion!) "the sad and sinister stations" of the Dolorous Way, seems to us peculiarly appealing.

G. M. H.

ON BEHAVIOUR TO THE DYING. By Edith Lyttleton. London and New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Price 9d. net.

THIS essay is one of several, by various authors, which appeared in a volume entitled *Survival*, and is now reprinted as a separate brochure,



Mrs. Lyttleton touches on the various ideas relative to death and the after-state of the soul, and of the vagueness too often surrounding the attitude of mind of those whose hearts are torn by the loss of some loved one. She adds: "It is my firm conviction that the days of that vagueness are slowly passing away, and the time gradually approaching when we shall know not only that our dead are not dead, but that they can still be near us and influence our lives. . . . I also have a hope that communication between the living and the dead may become more frequent."

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A careful reading of Mrs. Lyttleton's wise and serene counsel should help to strengthen and console those who are called upon to stand outside the little white gate while a loved one is passing within its portals to that condition of life wherein we are assured "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." A glad certainty that the larger outlook of freed souls enables them to see beyond our earthly griefs!

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THE HUNTRESS HAG OF THE BLACKWATER. A Medieval Romance.  
By Sir Harold Boulton, Bt., C.V.O., C.B.E. Illustrated by Doris  
Burton. London: Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., Quality Court.  
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THE DISTINCTIVE CONTRIBUTION OF THEOSOPHY TO CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. By the Rt. Rev. J. I. Wedgwood. London: Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Pp. 24. 6d. net.

WE have here the Blavatsky Lecture delivered at the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in 1926. Bishop Wedgwood treats a large subject with a clearness and conciseness that are admirable. He admits that the ideas called Theosophical are not by any means found only within the precincts of the Theosophical Society, but, he adds: "I do affirm that theosophy as a coherent system of thought brings a new meaning into Christian teaching." This claim he succeeds in substantiating very fully in the course of his twenty-four pages.

One particularly interesting paragraph deals with the "God Without" and the "God Within." After showing how, in old-fashioned religious teaching, God was invariably shown and thought of as external to man, and how a wave of mysticism, laying stress on the Immanence of God, swept in by way of reaction, and swung the pendulum too far in the other direction—as in much "New Thought" and "Higher Thought" literature—the author continues:

If people are taught to look for everything inside themselves, they tend to become self-centred and to lose their sense of values. Theosophy, with its doctrine of the macrocosm and the microcosm, introduces an element of sound commonsense into this welter of emotional subjectivism. . . . Our life is but a slow and gradual process of unfolding the flower of Divinity within ourselves, and that Divinity is often more unfolded in other persons than in us."

This small booklet can be unhesitatingly recommended to all who wish to know how the system of thought known as Theosophy stands in relation to Christianity to-day.

THE SIXTH SENSE. A Physical Explanation of Clairvoyance, Telepathy, etc., etc. By Joseph Sinel, with a foreword by Macleod Yearsley, F.R.C.S. Pp. 177. London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 6s.

MR. YEARSLEY states that Mr. Sinel has been a life-long student of truth, and Mr. Sinel himself claims that this book is the result of forty years' study and experiment. He is a psychic himself and relates some really remarkable experiments that he has made, but without sufficient detail for them to be of great evidential value. Perhaps the most striking are the descriptions and illustrations given of experiments in telepathy made for over eight years with a young girl. Those, reproduced, show a quite remarkable similarity between the drawings made by the operator and those made by the percipient; but the accuracy rapidly decreased with increasing distance between the two. Nine miles' distance seemed little obstacle, but at two hundred miles they were a complete failure. Mr. Sinel seems wholly unacquainted with any other literature on this subject or even with the now classical experiments made between Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden, recorded in the *S.P.R. Proceedings*. Apparently, indeed, he has never heard of the existence of the S.P.R. or seen any of its publications, for he confidently says that no observer but he himself has ever tried to find whether any physical cause may not explain all occult phenomena!

The main purpose of this book is to declare Mr. Sinel's belief that all



living creatures, plants and animals as well as mankind, possess a sixth sense, shown in the homing instinct and sense of direction in insects, birds, etc. In man, this sense, he claims, explains telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., while hypnotism he considers "the alpha and omega of spiritualism"! This sixth sense is, in his belief, located in the obscure pineal body, which is larger in the child than in the adult. The function of this pineal body he declares to be the "reception of etheric rays that elude the ordinary senses. . . . This little mass is the seat of the mysterious faculties which . . . we term Clairvoyance and Telepathy." Mr. Sinel's experiences are of far greater interest and value than his theories, and we can but wish that he would continue these with the greater precautions and safeguards so carefully observed in other recorded experiments along the same lines.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

THE ARYAN ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET. By L. A. Waddell. London: Cuzac & Co. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE object of this book is to show that our alphabet is derived, not from the Phœnician, as is generally supposed, but from the Sumerian. This theory derives from, or is parallel with, Mr. Waddell's hypothesis concerning the Phœnician origin of the Britons. To prove his contention Mr. Waddell prints in this book elaborate comparative tables of most of the known alphabets, and attempts to show the gradual development of the power of the various letters. It is difficult to comment on the author's views without reproducing one series, at least, of these comparative letters. As this is here impossible, I must merely observe that Mr. Waddell's process of reasoning is similar to the famous instance of the man who, challenged to break a faggot, did so by opening the faggot and breaking the sticks in it one by one. In the same way, Mr. Waddell is convincing enough with regard to any particular letter, but far from equally convincing taking the alphabet as a whole. However, this is a subject more suitably discussed in philological journals, and it is by no means to be lightly assumed that Mr. Waddell is without some justification for his distrust of current theories regarding the origins of our alphabet.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE GORGON'S HEAD AND OTHER LITERARY PIECES. By Sir James George Frazer. Large post 8vo. Pp. xvi.+453. London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Price 15s. net.

SOME years ago Sir James Frazer collected his miscellaneous writings into a volume called *Sir Roger de Coverley*, after the opening piece in the volume, a finely-wrought imaginary reconstruction of the life of that equally imaginary worthy of Addison's creation. So faithfully had Sir James performed his task that many people took the essay in fiction for one in history. The title of the book has accordingly been changed, the new title being derived from a beautiful re-writing of the legend of Perseus's search for the Gorgon Medusa. Among the most important of the contents of this volume is a study, written and delivered in French, on the origins of man, which should be widely read. Space does not permit me to give an account of the thirty odd items in the book, but a reference must be made to the preface by Anatole France, and to the portrait of



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THEODORE BESTERMAN.

ART AS WILL AND IDEA. By C. Jinarajadasa. Theosophical Publishing House, Madras.

THIS thoughtful little volume contains six short essays collected from various times and places, all on the central theme of art, and informed by the leading notion of art as will and as idea. Theosophical literature has been singularly inadequate in its enlightenment on questions of art, though two names are prominent: those of Dr. Cousens, himself an artist in words; and the writer of the work here noted, who makes no claim to be an artist. The relevance of art to civilisation is that of the flower to the plant; it is at once the glorious product of the past and the occult precursor of its successor. No complete study of occult things may omit art, which has a primeval relation to magic and to science, as a link between matter and mind, and a form of consciousness having many minor phases. For one who is not an artist, Mr. Jinarajadasa has attained a close understanding of art as it appeals to the thinking artist; and though there are debatable points here and there, these rest probably more in his words than in the ideas he endeavours to express, enlightened as they are by the ancient learning. But the twin phases of art and of science need a closer approach by those working within them, in stating their realities in terms of natural law used by human mind, though we may indeed be grateful that this, and the same author's previous small work, *Art and the Emotions*, should offer some indication that the need is realised.

W. G. R.

THE GODS AWAIT. By Katherine Tingley. Pp. 186. Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, Cal., U.S.A. Price \$2.00.

WRITTEN as a general work suitable for the public, this volume has four sections, each stimulative of thought and possessing something of the real direction of theosophy. The superstition of dogmas is criticised in "Dogma versus the God in Man," and we are urged to seek and trust the inner beauty more than external officials or authorities. Some stringent remarks on "War versus Patriotism"—many years later than they should have appeared—are printed in the next section. "War and preparation for war, these are a confession of weakness." "Our enemies are not outside but within: in our own national mind and customs, our national aggressions and fallings short." These, and many another truth for every "civilised" nation, demand study and reply from us. Another phase deals with the "Downtrodden and Outcast," with the work of helping in and around prisons, in which W. Q. Judge was so deeply interested. "It is not the worst men we hang or imprison." She objects—rightly, we believe—"to that form of murder which is called capital punishment." This thoughtful and sincere little volume should have a real appeal to the intelligent members of the general public, and will awaken many to pursue further investigation

W. G. R.



THE FUNDAMENTAL FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM. By A. Campbell Holms. Pp. 77. The Occult Press : Jamaica, N.Y. Price \$1.00.

THOSE who are familiar with the author's work on *The Facts of Psychic Science and Philosophy* will need no commendation to this small volume, though it is not intended for the advanced student, but framed especially for the beginner, desirous of knowing the general statements made concerning spiritualism. Mr. Holms, once a sceptic and then convinced by irrefutable evidence, presents the leading facts in a singularly lucid manner, and in small compass. He deals in turn with the principal types of manifestation, and with analogous methods of communication, such as have been or still are practised in modern times, and concerning which a large mass of scientific evidence exists. "Psychic phenomena," says the author "can be verified personally by anyone, but as they are not on show they must be sought, and the seeking may involve the expenditure of time, money and patience." The same is true, obviously, concerning the acquisition of any knowledge : even in a court of law, the extraction of simple known facts from people who possess them demands a similar persistence. Why should people expect to have occult knowledge thrust upon them on demand, without their making any genuine effort? This little book contains an excellent introduction to the study of spiritualism, and it may confidently be recommended to the earnest student whose interest is just developing.

W. G. R.

THE LAND OF SOULS AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Wright, of Olney. Fcp. 4to. Pp. vi. + 64 + 5 plates. Olney, near Bedford : Thomas Wright, Cowper School. Price 5s. net.

MR. WRIGHT tells us that a number of the poems in this very attractive volume "owe their origin to the bewitchery of that Queen of the East—Southend-on-Sea, and the near-lying islands, haunt of the ghosts of sea-deities and vikings and dragon ships beached among the sea-wrack."

Southend-on-Sea, I believe, was responsible for inspiring some unknown poet to pen the following lines :

"What we want is higher water here,  
A shorter pier,  
And better beer,  
And the lodgings not so blooming dear,  
And the mud shoved off the front."

The place has had a very different reaction on the mind of Mr. Wright, who here presents us with a number of charming poems, which are admirably illustrated by Mr. Cecil W. Paul Jones. There is a particularly interesting illustration showing a map of the Land of Souls, that mystic land enshrining all earth's best, which exists "behind your brow and mine."

Of the other poems, two, I think, call for special mention : "Naziad" and "The Hedge-Rose." The former portrays the Super-Self, the Spirit of Inspiration, which visits all real artists and men of letters, granting them moments of exaltation, under the veil of a nereid. "Visions," writes the author, who has drunk deeply of the wine of William



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contains their contributions, together with two papers, one by Sir Oliver Lodge in favour of Universities setting up faculties of Psychical Research, the other on "Metapsychics and the Incredulity of Psychologists," by Professor J. E. Coover, which were received too late for presentation during the Symposium.

I can do little more here than briefly state the contents of the book. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes on "The Psychic Question as I See It," as, of course, a convinced spiritualist. Other contributors convinced of the multiplicity of psychic phenomena are Mr. F. B. Bond, "The Pragmatist in Psychic Research"; Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, "The Margery Mediumship"; Miss M. Austin, "A Subjective Study of Death"; and Miss M. Deland, "A Peak in Darien."

Perhaps of greatest interest are the contributions of those authorities taking a more cautious line. Professor W. McDougall deals with "Psychical Research as a University Study"; Dr. Hans Driesch contributes a paper on "Psychical Research and Philosophy"; Dr. W. F. Prince treats of the Margery case in a paper entitled "Is Psychical Research Worth While?"; whilst Drs. F. C. S. Schiller and G. Murphy treat respectively of "Some Logical Aspects of Psychical Research and Telepathy as an Experimental Problem."

Dr. Jastrow contributes a paper in which an attitude is adopted definitely hostile to psychical research; and chapters from the late Mr. Houdini's *A Magician Among the Spirits*, are included in place of the contribution from Mr. Houdini which his untimely death prevented him from making to the Symposium.

A valuable book: our best thanks are due to Clark University.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT. By Henry Thomas Hamblin. Chichester: The Science of Thought Press. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE spirit which breathes through this book speaks not of one who has "got religion," but of one who has found, and still finds, that inner peace which the world, as most of us know it, cannot give. It tells us (and this is the golden treasure of the book) how one "who is aflame with the desire" can find the hidden doorway which leads to the sanctuary of the inner peace, the *adytum* wherein, in very truth, we can see God and hear His still small voice.

Deep within the heart of all is a yearning to find something permanent, something upon which to lean when sickened by the glittering tinsel of the material life and the "noisy brilliance of the town." The kingdom of peace and power is within us. Yet because of our ignorance we fail to feel its influence. But once learn how to enter this kingdom and you will learn how to shut out the idle babble of harsh voices, and the uproar of this fretful life.

Within so limited a space it is impossible to deal adequately with the breadth and depth of Mr. Hamblin's book, but certainly its appeal is rather to the soul which is travelling along the path of mysticism than to the one who relies more on occult discipline.

JOHN EARLE.