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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN a letter from the pen of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle which appears in the correspondence columns of the present issue of this magazine a point of which the full significance may not perhaps be immediately apparent, but the importance of which cannot well be over-estimated, is strongly emphasized. My correspondent, W. K., it will be remembered, took exception to the ascription of the term "spirituality" to the psychic plane, whence emanates that large mass of communications denominated "spiritualistic." W. K. went on to point out that the astral or psychic body, through which the individual functions when he communicates after death, by the aid of a "medium," is no more the immortal soul or spirit than is the physical body, and that to call it a "spirit" is a misuse of the term. Whereupon, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle points out that while it is probable that the Spirit may be clothed in envelopes of varying degrees of tenuity, the term "spirit" is retained for use by Spiritualists for the reason that the fundamental fact in regard to the human entity, no matter how coarse or fine the vehicle in which he may be living, is that he is essentially a Spirit, a spark of the Divine.

It is this potential divinity that the great Teachers of the ages have come to proclaim to a humanity lost in the mazes of phenomenal existence. It is in order to achieve a realisation here and now on the physical plane of this fundamental divinity of mankind that the race is for ever struggling with the great mystery of life. It is for the realisation of this great fact of the immortality of the soul that all religious discipline has been instituted. Man must *know* in his own consciousness that he is divine, not merely accept it as an article of faith. Whether he is aware of it or not, it is to this end that all the strivings and questings of man are made to contribute; it is to this end that all the manifestations of the restless, insatiable spirit of humanity are more or less consciously directed, whether his efforts be along the lines of science, art, philosophy, or material progress. To quote the conventional words, "In the midst of life we are in death"—until we begin to catch a glimpse of the real purpose of existence. Until then, life is a mere shadow-dance, or else a chasing after will-o'-the-wisps that for ever elude the grasp. Only with the dawn of spiritual understanding does death give place to life, and human existence begin to take on some semblance of meaning. Amid the multifarious distractions that constitute life as it is lived to-day, it becomes more and more important that the fundamental purpose of human incarnation should not be overlooked. Some there are of whom that upward striving towards the Spirit is a permanent characteristic, an instinctive and habitual attitude of soul. Ardent natures of the type so graphically portrayed by the late F. W. H. Myers in his immortal poem, *Saint Paul*, yearn for nothing less than the very Light Itself. To live in that Light is the crown and summit of human evolution. Having reached so far, man stands indeed "on the threshold of divinity." Only the purest and noblest souls, however, the very flower of human kind, by strenuous endeavour, may hope for occasional illumination from the Light within, let alone live entirely in the radiance of the Spirit.

Does this seem to put the consummation of human existence far beyond our reach? Yes, if we reckon in terms of a single life; but the soul's eternal destiny is not decided in one mortal span. Essentially we *are* Spirits, even though it may take some unawakened souls millenia, as we count time, to realise it.

Again, that realisation, or spiritual awakening, must take place within the consciousness of the man himself, whatever may be the nature of the initial stimulus which evokes his response.

It is an experience of the inner life, the fruit of prayer and aspiration, coupled with unremitting endeavour to conform the personal self to the loftiest ideals revealed in moments of open vision.

Taking into consideration, then, how hardly this inner illumination is to be won, the question naturally arises, how far the phenomena associated with the séance room and known as "spiritualistic" partake of this spiritual nature. If it is so difficult a task to come into contact with one's own Spirit, how far will intercourse with the departed, through psychic sensitives, conduce to this end? And with what amount of confidence may we look forward to being able to come in touch with the Spirit of another? We are afraid that the answer to the first question is that communication with the deceased through mediums will in no way contribute towards this end; and that the possibility of coming consciously *en rapport* with the Spirit of another before we have come in touch with our own inner Spirit is not only negligible, but non-existent.

As a matter of fact, it is largely a question of juggling with words. The intelligent spiritualist does not dream of giving the same definition to *Spirit* (with a capital letter, as used in the preceding paragraphs), as to *spirit* (without a capital) as used by spiritualists generally. All that the unbiassed psychical investigator pretends to do is to demonstrate the survival of human personality after death. Put in another way, spiritualism is directed towards establishing communication between Spirits still clothed in the body of flesh, with Spirits clothed in the psychic body. In such intercourse, Spirit draws no nearer to Spirit than is the case when both are tenanted physical vehicles. In reality, the reverse is rather the case; for the Spirit deprived of its physical vehicle and using its psychic sheath, is compelled in the séance-room to borrow the etheric and nervous organisation of another—the medium—in order to establish contact on the material plane.

Take, as an illustration in point, the case of Mr. and Mrs. White, the subjects of the voluminous psychic records collected and collated by the secretary of Sir Oliver Lodge, Miss Nea Walker, in *The Bridge*, a notable work just issued from the house of Cassell.* This is frankly, as its title in detail states, an attempt to establish the fact of survival after death. Mrs. White lost her

* "The Bridge; A Case for Survival." Compiled by Nea Walker. Introduced, with a Prologue and Epilogue, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Cassell, 21s. net).

husband at a comparatively early age, and the endeavour was made by psychic means to prove the actuality of his personal survival. The experiment was carried out with meticulous care and attention to detail over a period covering several years, and it may be confidently predicted that only the most exhaustive and minute analysis of the countless items embodied in the records will serve to bring to light any really defective link in the chain of evidence. Of glaring discrepancies there is an entire absence; and personally I am content to leave to the sceptic the task of endeavouring to pull to pieces the fabric so carefully woven by the enthusiastic investigators. As Sir Oliver Lodge says in a personal note at the end of his prologue to the work in question:

“It has been noticed that many of my recent utterances and books have been characterised by an optimistic and, so to speak, religious tone. This is mainly due to my gradually-grown firm confidence in the demonstrated truth of survival of personality, with all that that involves, including the power still to take interest and give help in mundane affairs. The full evidence of that serious conviction is too bulky to be given in full, and the mass of relevant literature is often only referred to in passing. I am challenged to produce more of the evidence—fresh and fresh—so that others can judge of it. Very well, here is a sample, which I believe will stand careful and critical examination. Moreover, it is calculated to discountenance some of the alternative explanations or hypotheses which are frequently and conscientiously put forward by those to whom the facts make some appeal, but who are rightly cautious because the immense importance of anything like a scientific proof of survival constrains them, as for a long time it constrained me, to emphasise the difficulties surrounding any admission of the continued activity of the discarnate.”

It would ill become even the most sceptical to accept in a spirit of carping criticism the fruit of a vast amount of work which only the fine generosity of Sir Oliver Lodge has made possible. As Miss Walker explains, none of the work would or could have been done but for the fact that Sir Oliver retains her as his special secretary to deal with psychic matters. The work of trying to help bereaved people which he started during the war grew to such proportions that it soon became necessary to keep a special assistant for the purpose. The generous help and the free hand which he allowed Miss Walker alone made it possible to obtain the evidence here presented “Nothing could have

been done," she remarks, "had he not carried on this work for the bereaved, begun by him during the war."

It is not so much with any attempt to combat the evidence for survival contained in these records that I am
 CHARACTERISTIC
 MESSAGES concerned, as with certain peculiarities which are revealed by a perusal of the messages brought through. The outstanding impression one gains of the communicating entities is that the messages come from quite ordinary, decent-minded, respectable middle-class personalities of not more than average intelligence, and manifesting no degree of spiritual unfoldment beyond that of the normal "good citizen." There is no hint of the possession of any remarkable spiritual insight into the mysteries of life and death, or pleasure and pain, or the deeper issues with which the spiritual consciousness is so closely concerned. For the most part the communications are in regard to all those trivial and intimate personal details which loom so largely in the consciousness of people whose thoughts and emotions revolve continually round one another. The following, extracted from the record of an anonymous sitting of Mrs. White with the medium, Mrs. Leonard, is a typical example. It concerns an old medicine bottle, and a razor :—

"He shows a bottle in connexion with him. He saw you touching it not long ago. Not ink; something to take. He thought you had an idea of putting it in another place.

"'White, White, White,' he calls out. To do with a bottle. He laughs. A word written on it, a name, he says: 'White, White, White.'

"He points to himself.

"It must be himself.

"He laughs. He is so pleased.

"'Isn't *White* written on the bottle?' he says. The word is written on. An old bottle. You'll be interested in it. A medicine bottle. It gave him an opportunity to get the name through, so he led Feda up to it by showing her the bottle, and saying it was on the bottle. 'A leather strap belonging to him. Cut, cut. He's laughing, 'I had it for cutting,' he says. A strap to do with cutting. There's a hole by which you hang it. He laughs and says it was very useful. He fastened it on to something and pulled something up and down it.]

"'Rail, ray, razor, razor. That's it.'

"And the old razor, you've still got that? He had handled it so much, and it was personal.

"Did he complain about his face growing so quickly? And grumble at it? He says it doesn't now—he controls it by concentration and thought."

Immediately upon this follows some conversation by the medium's "control," Fedá, with regard to some "spiritual" cuff-links to which the deceased is attached, because they remind him of the wife whom he has left behind on earth. All this is typical, and evidential enough, but trivial to the point of puerility. Judging from the remarks about the beard, it would seem that this soul, bound to earth by the ties of affection, was just beginning to realise the impermanent and illusory nature of that intermediate plane upon which he was waiting for the coming of the one for whose presence he longed so intensely.

Never do the communications exhibit any spirituality on the part of the "spirit" beyond that average stage of religious sentiment, which, it is to be inferred, he frequently manifested on earth. It must not be concluded, however, that all the messages are so banal in their character as the one above quoted. This is, as stated, fairly typical of the general tone of the whole collection, although occasionally the records are redeemed by a glimpse of a wondrously tender affection on the part of the communicator. It almost seems, indeed, a desecration to lay bare to the public gaze some of the intimate self-revelations of these two discarnate lovers.

Biddy, Biddy, Biddy.

You *are* my world.

Through you I love God.

Through God I love you.

I know our love has made you see the beauties of Nature—the beauties of God—more than anything else. To you there is so much in the fragrance of a flower, in the trembling of a leaf, through the Vision given to you by our love.

Don't regret being separated for a little while.

If only you knew it, these few years are earning an eternity of love.

Of love for us together.

An eternity.

So it will be such a little while.

It's worth waiting for.

Waiting not only patiently but joyfully.

Of course I'm so looking forward and making such plans that time flies.

But for you it does drag, Biddy.

But never mind, while you are waiting you'll get closer and closer, and more conscious of it.

Oh, the pity of human suffering from the tyrannous sway of the great deluders, Time and Space ! And there can be no escape from the pain of separation until we allow ourselves to be entirely purged of attachment to life in form, and enter that Place of Peace where pain is swallowed up in everlasting joy. It can be done. It has been done. The world's saints and martyrs have borne witness to it. All the great Spiritual Masters through the ages have taught it. It is difficult. The gate is narrow and the way is strait, and few there be that find it. But it is worth while. It is what we are here for, and it is a lesson which we shall learn even if we have to return again and again to this realm of suffering and limitation in order to master it.

If a soul is spiritually unawakened here, the mere fact of dying will not confer the blessing of open sight. **SPIRITUALITY** The psychic plane is not the plane of illumination.
AND
SPIRITUALISM The multitude of psychic records now published are invaluable, as offering material for analysis and classification with a view to extending the scope of human knowledge to regions beyond the confines of purely physical science. Experimental psychology and psychical research are twin sciences. A study of psychic records, in fact, quickly proves that after death the liar and mischief-maker remain as great a menace as they were on earth ; that lust and greed are quite as characteristic of the denizens of the astral plane as they are of the inhabitants of the physical realm. We search in vain for proof that death in itself brings spiritual enlightenment. Evidence there naturally is of a certain amount of disillusionment on the part of many who, during earth life, have been content to accept uncritically conventional conceptions of heaven and hell. It is, however, a far cry from this to spiritual illumination.

When, in cases of what is known as " religious conversion " we see the whole trend of human nature entirely changed from evil to good, from sin to purity, from weakness to strength, we witness the manifestation of a power which is spiritual rather than spiritualistic. We witness the effects of the most significant fact in human experience. Such happenings are intimately associated with religion, and are rightly considered as the special province of religion. It is to be feared that there are many who, falling prey to the insidious lure of the séance-room, endeavour to find in spiritualism a substitute for religion. Spiritualism, however, while it may form a useful ally, can never replace religion. It

cannot be too often repeated that spiritualism is fundamentally concerned with the fact of human survival; not with spiritual unfoldment. What is there of inspiration to nobler living or higher endeavour in the vast flood of "communications from the other side?" So little as to make it scarcely worth while to search in that direction.

All too frequently we have noticed precisely opposite effects upon the frequenters of the séance-room. We know of many otherwise estimable people who have become so spiritually asleep that they are quite content to spend their lives in attending spiritualistic séances and feeding upon the banalities which emanate from the average "spirit circle." Little though they realise it, they are more dead to the realities of the truly spiritual life than are many of those whom, in their secret hearts, they despise because they cannot or will not accept that evidence which to them proves so satisfying.

Even more disastrous effects may be noted in some cases. A particularly sad example of *facilis descensus* came under my own observation some years ago, in the case of a bright and intelligent girl who took up enthusiastically the personal investigation of psychic matters. In her case, unfortunately, it took the form of attempting to develop mediumship. When we met from time to time she would refer glowingly to the progress she was making in her "sitting for development." Finally, after a rather longer interval than usual, we met by chance in the street and entered a tea-shop, where we talked over psychic matters. She was getting along splendidly, according to her own account. She had her own special guide who advised her in every detail in the conduct of her life. In fact, she pricked up her psychic ears—to use a figure of speech—during the act of sipping her tea, and set down her cup while she made a note of the name of a horse which was a "cert" for the race next day. Thereafter the war intervened, and we lost touch with each other. Heaven only knows what subsequently befel her. One can only hope that by some miracle she was dragged back from the edge of the abyss towards which she was so surely drifting.

In all fairness, however, it should be pointed out that not every case of mediumship exhibits such baneful symptoms. The work and character of Mrs. Osborne Leonard, for instance, whose psychic powers are held by Sir Oliver Lodge in such high esteem, are too well known and respected for any shadow of aspersion to be tolerated. As a matter of fact, the mediumship of this lady

provides the most conclusive evidence of any in the book. It should be understood that messages were obtained through several independent channels, of which Mrs. Brittain and Mrs. Leonard were perhaps the most important and convincing. So thoroughly consistent are these diverse fragments with each other that it is the hope of Sir Oliver Lodge that the case may survive the closest and most exhaustive scrutiny and analysis.

It was Miss Nea Walker herself, in the first instance, who undertook, on behalf of Mrs. White, to obtain psychic evidence of the survival of her husband, and in the course of her investigations sat with Mrs. Leonard. Thereafter Mrs. White herself held sittings with the same medium. In this connection, it is of interest to note that from first to last Mrs. White remained anonymous so far as the medium was concerned. There was, as Miss Walker points out, "no normal clue to a connexion with N. W. (Nea Walker) or her communicators." Every precaution was naturally taken to guard against the sitter "giving herself away." It was more difficult to guard against the possibility of telepathy between the medium and sitter—a possibility which Sir Oliver Lodge himself admits still remains one of the chief difficulties to be overcome. He puts it on record, however, as his considered opinion that "on the whole I am sure that the hypothesis of telepathy from the sitter is not one that can be stretched so as to cover all the facts. Things are often not got which are in the sitter's mind, and things are got which either he has forgotten or has never known. But still, so long as the series is conducted mainly by members of one family, it is difficult to be always quite certain as to what is known and what is not known, or had never been known, or could not be guessed. In the present case much of the evidence was obtained by strangers who knew next to nothing of the facts reported, so that telepathy from them was impossible."

To the problem of survival Sir Oliver Lodge brings the keen intellect of a world-famous scientist. To the same problem he brings also the tireless patience, the scrupulous exactitude, and the judicial calmness of mind which characterise the successful investigator of the laws of physical science. He grants that the present case, taken in its entirety, constitutes a long and involved record which is apt to prove tedious to the superficially-interested lay reader. The work, however, is not primarily intended for this class. "Anyone," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "who wants to get the benefit of this case will have to stand or sit a great deal

more than he or she runs ; will, in fact, have to go through some of the labour which students of science go through to attain results of a different character."

The more the matter is considered, the more deeply-rooted grows the conviction that the scientific spirit is the only one in which psychical investigation should be undertaken. The deliberate cultivation of mediumship should not be attempted except under the supervision of a competent and experienced psychical researcher. Should he have had the advantage of a scientific, medical or psychological training so much the better. To blindly face the perils of the Unseen by regularly holding sittings in "home circles" without expert guidance is to invite disaster. Those who have the misfortune to be suffering from any form of nervous instability would be well advised to leave the personal investigation of psychic phenomena severely alone. For such people there is ample scope for the exercise of a purely academic interest in psychic science. It should also be borne in mind that under the stress of bereavement the personality may be rendered temporarily helpless against the intrusion of foreign entities, which are only too likely to be contacted in public "circles." Even those who, while apparently normal in every respect, are sufficiently sensitive to find themselves "washed out" and depleted of vitality after being present during spiritualistic manifestations should exercise the greatest caution. If none of these things apply in one's own particular case, then by all means personally investigate. But, above everything, cherish a sense of proportion, and beware of being drawn into a psychic vortex where the judgment is blinded and confused and the miasma of the astral plane is mistaken for the radiance of the Spirit.

The enthusiastic response of the public to the course of free lectures introduced last season by Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, has decided this enterprising firm of London booksellers to commence a new series with the beginning of October. Readers will be interested to learn that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has promised to lecture. Those who would like to attend should apply for a syllabus, which will serve the purpose of a ticket for admission

EQUILIBRIUM AND INITIATION

By A. BUCKLAND-PLUMMER

STUDENTS of occultism are often inclined to regard initiation as a process which gives strange or miraculous powers. One hears of Eastern adepts who produce phenomena which appear to be unaccountable on any ordinarily known basis, and one is inclined to feel that the way of human salvation is indicated by the cultivation of such inner powers.

We shall try to give another view of the object of initiation in this article, based upon personal experience, which, whilst it is not intended to discount the practices of others, may possibly suggest a more rational outlook to those who feel themselves far removed from the realms of the magical or miraculous.

As most occult students are aware, man has several bodies or vehicles, besides the physical envelope, through which he may function. His physical body lives only so long as it is animated by vitality. It moves consciously to the extent it is directed by feelings, thoughts and will. Were it devoid of consciousness and still animated by vitality, it would probably grow, mature and in time decay, much in the same way as a tree.

Everyone is more or less conscious of being the victim of forces which are constantly pulling one or pushing one this way or that. There is first the pull of the earth, which says in effect, "You must acquire materiality, or you die; worship me, and I will sustain you." Next there is the pull of the emotional nature, which says, "You must have pleasure, sensation and excitement; worship me, and I will give you happiness." Then there is the intellect, which says, "Without ideas you are a clod, your salvation can only come from feeding your brain; worship me, and I will make you superior." Lastly, there is the will, which is silent, but if it could speak might say, "I am waiting to take command."

So long as man is subject to one or all of these "pulls" he is necessarily enslaved by them, during life and after death. Students who have had experiences with so-called earth-bound spirits will understand something of what we are driving at. Investigations made in the etheric body of the spheres close to the earth show these to be the thought-forms of people whose earth-lives are or were concerned with the ideas gained from contact with materiality, and to a large extent obsessed by it.

We have often visited regular cities of the dead where the inhabitants, who looked much like earth people, lived lives almost identical with those to be found in almost any London suburb. This condition results from people's habits and ideas becoming set and conforming to a mode suggested by material conditions.

Perhaps a story of an actual occult investigation of this phenomena may be interesting. Soon after we had learned to move consciously in other bodies than the physical, and adventure, within limits, in the inner worlds, we used to like to move about in the air for a bit and then drop off wherever we found anything that looked at all stable. It was on one such super-physical excursion that we landed in a sphere that might have been the astral reflection of a number of streets in either Brixton, Balham or Tooting. The houses were all most ordinary, resembling in appearance the rather dismal, dirty brick things we knew so well on earth. There were a few shops dotted about, and a number of people, each one of whom looked most depressingly like the others. They were all dressed neatly, but badly, and all bore the familiar suggestion of poverty and respectability

We noticed the figure of what appeared to be a man standing hatless on the doorstep of a corner house, and we selected him as our victim for analysis. He was bald, had a cold, rather strained face, a chin as weak as a rabbit's, and eyes that were a very weak shade of blue. He was dressed in dark lounge clothes, and had the air of a retired butler. By way of opening we asked him about directions in the City. He replied very laboriously. Not a word of what he said do we recall, as we were concentrating closely on the form, and trying to understand its real nature. While he was talking we glanced over the side of the house and noticed that it was falling away, and we remarked, "What a charming house you have." All he said was, "Thank you, sir." Then we very maliciously decided to see if it was possible to raise a little excitement in a lower middle-class dead thought-form, so we pretended to go, turned quickly and asked, "Do you know you are dead?"

It worked! The figure seemed to shiver slightly, and then stammered, "No, sir. No; that is, it did take me some time to realise I was not still on the earth, but everything here is much the same. I have my shop, and my wife, just as before." And then he became almost confiding as he said, "There's two things different here, though. Everybody seems to want the same sort of things, and there are no children here."

"No, thank God," we thought, "Children belong to heaven."

Here was the case of a man who during earth-life had lived a very dull unimaginative existence. His limited feelings and ideas were all derived from the monotonous round which he pursued. Consequently, he had built round him an aura of thought and feeling that was distinctly earthy. In this aura he had planted a sort of photograph of himself and his life, and it was to this and the sphere affinitised to it that his consciousness was transferred after death.

Supposing such a type on earth became discontented with things, and the discontent grew to the point of inducing change, the first step in initiation would be under way, the earth trial would be in progress. As the ordeal proceeded he might conceivably break away from his family, go into one business after another, make a little money, fail, try something else, go on adventures round the globe, become a gambler, writer, anything, gradually gaining experiences which would give him the necessary confidence in himself and understanding of life to live fairly freely on the earth, without being bound by any special set of customs or conditions.

As he pursued such a round he would unfold slumbering emotions, tastes and appetites, which heretofore were dead. He would naturally be inclined to express these, and in time come to depend upon their gratification for his happiness. Then he would have reached the point of falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. Having emancipated himself from the pull of the earth, he had become a slave to his emotional nature. Therefore he would have a battle on his hands with his desires. In time (which would probably cover several earth lives), the sufferings occasioned by his enslavement might wake him up to the futility of a life of desire, and then he would strive to bring his desires under the control of the more elevated ideas which were taking hold of his consciousness. Thus, the second ordeal in his evolution would be under way—the ordeal by fire

But poor, poor man, even if he came through the fire trial with his sanity fairly intact, he would still be in for something infinitely worse, and more subtle. Had not his consciousness been introduced to the treasures of the mind? Had he not found a saviour at last, in the shape of ideas? Thus, he would enter upon an often endless search for that alluring but elusive young lady called Truth. Science, natural and esoteric, would claim his attention. Philosophy, ethics and religion would weave

their spells around him. And all the time he would imagine that it was he who was searching, when in reality he was being caught in the most subtle web which his Satanic majesty has yet devised to catch the educated and cultured.

Thus the many-sided being called man, built for unlimited expression, would in time become a dull, solidified thought form, obsessed by philosophy, science or religion, lacking resourcefulness or initiative, dependent upon ideas and more ideas to sustain him in life and after death. He would observe uneducated people animated by the heroic virtues of courage, love, faith and imagination, walking off with the prizes on earth, and others endowed with greed and unscrupulousness doing likewise. He would feel frightfully superior, but be utterly incapable of preventing them, or of helping himself.

How many fall beyond reclamation at this stage! How few ever come to the realisation that even the most plausible or relatively true ideas hold only for a season, and that their value depends upon the extent to which they are constructively used?

In the inner worlds one can find temples, meeting places, philosophical and occult societies, where these thought-forms gather, discuss things much as one does on earth, listen to masters expounding all sorts of scientific ideas, and generally pursue the researches and aims with which they have started on the earth. Quite large numbers of people living in physical bodies attend these meetings during their sleep. A few have learned to dissociate themselves from their physical vehicles consciously, and are able to carry back to their physical brains memories of the knowledge they have gained from the superphysical worlds. But, for the most part, they are unconscious of the process involved, and the knowledge gradually comes through to them in the form of sudden "hunches" or inspirations, which lead them off on a line of scientific or philosophical research. Scientists suddenly get inspirations without knowing in the least where they come from. Many inventors get their ideas in a similar way.

All these things are very good until they reach the point of forming an appetite for knowledge which grows by what it feeds on, and makes excessive claims upon the attention and life of the individual, rendering him useless for productive or creative work, and incapable of natural enjoyment,

This has actually happened to an alarming extent in India and throughout the East, where millions of people have become slaves to esoteric ideas, venerating those who have attained proficiency in handling thought-forces, just as, at the other extreme, Americans are inclined to worship those captains of industry who have acquired the art of exploiting the material universe.

In either case a lack of equilibrium is indicated which stands between man and a normal, free and happy life.

The next ordeal for those in whom the urge towards progress survives is that known as the water trial, which gradually educates man in the control of ideas which flow naturally into a receptive organism with the rhythmic and easy action of water. If he comes through this safely, he will then become a being of the air, moving under the impetus of his spiritual ego, able to use his vehicles of thought, feeling and physicality, to move normally on the various planes to which they are affinitised.

Thus we suggest that Cosmic initiation is concerned with producing EQUILIBRIUM on all planes. It is the essential basis from which alone man's ultimate freedom must proceed. It does not involve producing strange psychic phenomena, or in performing miracles. It aims at reaching the normal in all things from start to finish. There are well-defined and ascertainable laws of Nature and of the Cosmos evolved by the Supreme Magician which exceed in perfection anything the greatest adept can ever hope to equal on his own account, no matter how much he develops his inner powers. And as man brings one vehicle after another under his control, and begins to see life on the various planes with a clear perspective, unclouded by personal ideas or preferences, he learns to conform to these laws, greatly to his advantage.

As he does this his will and movements begin to correspond with the will and rhythm of the universe. He begins to understand many things which in the days of his personal culture appeared mysterious. He understands the real meaning of "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," and he appreciates the utter futility of opposing the Cosmic will, whilst he perceives very clearly the tremendous suffering which man experiences from his attempts to oppose that will.

One of the first effects of attaining equilibrium in the various bodies is to produce a loosening between such vehicles, so that man is able to begin to move in other planes and worlds whilst

still preserving the physical organism in its normal condition. If this results from the process indicated, it is not at all necessary to seek to force it by strange methods of breathing, or by weird occult exercises, which feed one vehicle at the expense of another. The higher one rises in the worlds of soul, the freer one becomes. The most perfect work is performed in the easiest and most harmonious manner, with a quite wonderful economy of movement. And the motive inspiring such work becomes ever clearer. The Angels, masters and other beings who serve God, do so solely under the impetus of love. There is no other force that could possibly bind them to Him, or ensure their performing His work with the most perfect artistry. Quality and perfection are the watchwords of the spiritual hierarchy. They have nothing in common with the standardisation or quantity-production methods of earth-beings. All such things are left to those who work under the inferior motives of fear, necessity or duty. No, doing one's duty will not carry one to God, but loving with a consistent passion the highest of which one is conscious, and ever living, suffering and striving to attain perfection in expression, animated solely by love, will one day invite the attention of pure and strong beings who will gradually lead one through one trial after another, until the "pull" of the various vehicles has ceased, and one becomes a being of the free air, moving harmoniously, an embodiment of Cosmic Law and rhythm, neither dominating others, nor permitting oneself to be dominated by them, possessing on earth the brain of a master and the heart of a little child.

We suggest, then, that the object of initiation is to become a pure lover, directed by the pure universal will, and the precedent to this is the attainment of equilibrium.

Man in his blindness has laid down the Law of self-preservation as the first law of Nature, but God in His wisdom evolved a greater law, which may be defined as love through selfless expression. Even on earth the unprejudiced mind can easily determine which is the truer law. Every great work of art that has endured stands as a monument to the expression of man's love in his labour. And every shoddy suit of clothes and inartistic building provide living condemnations of self-interest or preservation, as worthy motives.

Not until man once more unfolds the heroic qualities which prompt him to live for love and die cheerfully for freedom will economic, political or social conditions assume a form that will make the earth a habitable place for spiritual beings.

BLACK MAGIC IN INDIA

By ETHEL ROSENTHAL

BLACK Magic or "Bhanamatti," derived from the Sanskrit words "Bhan," meaning the present state of mental faculties, and "Matt," madness or intoxication, still plays an important part in the life of the peoples of India. In Southern India in particular, many illnesses and misfortunes are attributed to Black Magic, and, although its victims are usually to be found amongst the lower classes, a strongly-rooted belief in sorcery also exists in the upper strata both of Hindu and Muhammadan society. Indeed, there is a tendency to regard every obstacle and disappointment as the machination of some wicked magician. Quite a number of Europeans who commenced the dispassionate investigation of the dark art have become convinced of the working of supernormal forces for evil.

Amongst the Hindus, the oldest book on Magic is the "Arthava Veda," containing a collection of formulæ connected with sacrifice and injury. Many of the practices connected with Black Magic are extremely revolting from a Western point of view, and it is difficult to investigate them, as the sorcerers are afraid of demonstrating their craft before civil authorities, whether Indian or British, for fear of being arrested for illegitimate extortion of money and blackmail. It is easy to comprehend that in a country of superstition like India, Black Magic affords many facilities for blackmail, which terrorises the people. The police have great difficulty in convicting culprits, as the victims of Bhanamatti fear that, if they complain, their persecutors will punish them by occult means. Bhanamatti is supposed to have originated with the Guru (or teacher) Goraknath, who was a Rishi, and the votaries take the name of the Guru whilst practising their rites. Most of their "mantras" conclude with an invocation to the Guru and many of them are suggestive of Shakespeare's lines in Macbeth:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting;
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

The usual method adopted to damage or injure an individual by means of Bhanamatti is for the magician to make a doll or

"putli" with movable limbs to represent his victim. If a male, the doll is left uncovered, if a female, then it is draped with a "sari" and a necklace is hung round its neck. It is then placed at midnight within a magic circle or triangle, together with a variety of articles such as a human skull, grain, camphor, etc. Incense is burned, and after the invocation and consecration ceremonies, which usually last about a fortnight, the doll is wounded with a needle or thorn in the same spot in which it is desired to wound the human victim. There are as many charms or "mantras" as there are forms of Bhanamatti. Whilst performing the Bhanamatti "puja" (worship) most sorcerers have in their possession a portion of some garment of the person whom they wish to injure. Kali (the non-Aryan form of the wife of Siva) is worshipped by the followers of Black Magic. She is a repulsive figure, usually represented as black of hue and wearing a necklace of skulls. Formerly human sacrifices were performed in her honour. Her non-Aryan attributes appear in her names of "Kali," meaning the "Black One"; "Bhairavi," the "Terrible One"; and "Chandi," the "Fierce One."

Siva, the Destroyer, is also worshipped, and in the Deccan, with its vast plains covered with granite tors, the votaries of Black Magic frequently assemble at some desolate spot, where they form their magic circles or triangles. Some of the rocks produce a hollow sound when struck, and by carefully exploring the lonely country it is possible to discover groups of cliffs where traces of these circles are to be found, and where the votaries of Black Magic invoke their savage deities.

In certain districts of Southern India cases of Black Magic occur continually. Women more frequently than men are victims of the Black Art, and are usually afflicted by this scourge when they have repulsed the advances of importunate strangers. Respectable "Purdah" women have been discovered lying nude in the roads at considerable distances from their homes. They have also been found suspended by their hair to trees, whilst blisters and "bhilawan" marks appear on their bodies. "Bhilawan" is a kind of nut used for marking clothes.

The sorcerers usually appear to be of the Sudra class, the servile caste of ancient India, whilst the magicians, according to some authorities, learn their art by the assistance of a prostitute of the commonest stock who is possessed by a devil and able to foretell the future.

An interesting case of Bhanamatti, in which the villain of the

story was a woman gardener or "Malin" of easy virtue, was brought to my notice quite recently. Her mistress, a very wealthy and highly educated lady, noticed that her head gardener was looking very unwell, and upon inquiring the cause of his sickness and of the neglect of his work, he confessed that he was obsessed by the thought and vision of the "Malin," who had recently left his mistress's employ. He said that the woman, who was living apart from her husband, had cast a spell over him, and had induced him to lend her money. Now that she was away from him he could neither eat nor work, and, in confirmation of his story, his wife came weeping bitterly to her and complained of his ill-treatment. He asked for leave to visit a magician, and on his return he informed his mistress that the sorcerer told him he had swallowed a love potion, and gave him something to make him vomit. In the course of the succeeding twenty-four hours he brought up two large lumps of wax, in the shape of a small doll. The magician informed him that if these had remained in his stomach, hair would have grown on them and he would then have died immediately!

After his system was rid of the poison contained in this mysterious substance, he returned to his wife, and was troubled no longer by the image of the "Malin," who, it is believed, must have administered the venom in his food or drink.

A fluid distilled from the heads of first-born children who die in infancy is considered to be a potent ingredient in the concoction of love charms, and Mr. Edgar Thurston, C.I.E., mentions in his *Omens and Superstitions of Southern India* that a hole made in the top of the head of an infant at the time of burial is supposed to prove an efficient protection against sorcery.

Fires ignited without a cause which destroy property, stones and filth thrown by invisible hands into houses, trees that wither as the life of a person ebbs away, food turned to filth in the mouth of the victim, all these phenomena are regarded as the results of Black Magic.

Only a limited number of persons possess the power of counteracting these infernal practices, which are acquired usually from some "Guru" or from a mysterious book which contains "Amals" or charms, in Sanskrit or Urdu. By means of this work the student learns the art of invoking devils who serve him. One exorcisor will break the spell of Black Magic by throwing the victim into a trance, commanding the devils and fairies to bring the "putlis" or dolls, show them to the victim, and then destroy

them by fire. During this ceremony he will make many hypnotic gestures and burn large quantities of "Ood" or incense. The victim, certain that the "putlis" have been consumed by flame during the "Uttara," is convinced that the spell is broken and that no further persecution will ensue. Afterwards, however, it is customary to wear some charm to insure immunity in the future, and the tooth and claw of a tiger are considered to be effective mascots against demons.

One curious effect of Bhanamatti is to cause the victim to utter words in a language with which he or she is totally unacquainted. This phenomenon is explained as follows: namely, that the devils whereby the person is possessed are speaking. In Malabar, devil-dancers are in demand to free human beings from evil spirits. The dancer gradually works himself up into a frenzied condition, and may even bite live cocks, and drink their blood. The blood of fowls figures conspicuously in the cures for magic and evil spells. When a sorcerer is attacked by a victim, one of the first blows of the injured person is directed against the wizard's front teeth, as there is a fixed belief that, without his teeth, the magician is unable to pronounce his charms sufficiently distinctly for them to be understood by the demons whom he wishes to invoke. In Northern India, Bhanamatti appears to denote hypnotism rather than Black Magic, and the exponents of Bhanamatti are regarded as jugglers, although the fear of their powers is almost as strongly marked there as it is in the Deccan.

In addition to the two kinds of Black Magic known as "Bhanamatti" and "Kiakamatti," there is a White Magic, practised solely by noble characters for the purpose of doing good. Examples of it unfortunately are much rarer than of Black Magic, but it may be found in the form of acts of gratitude and the cure of disease. A beautiful instance of White Magic was brought to my notice by one of the persons who had benefited by its effects. An official of high rank, who was suffering from severe fever, was visited by an old dervish to whom he had shown much kindness. The dervish, who had experienced great difficulty in being admitted into the presence of the patient, removed his high, curiously-shaped hat, when a miraculous shower of roses, fresh as though they had just been gathered, fell from the lining. He next demanded some flour and water, with which he prepared a paste in the shape of a doll, and whilst he was thus occupied he muttered charms and incantations. During the manufacture

of this charm the watchers at the bedside saw that the patient had broken out into a profuse perspiration, and in the course of a few minutes the fever left him. The old dervish then quitted the sickroom, assuring the watchers that the patient was cured. There was no return of fever, and the official was enabled to resume his duties the next day. He was afflicted no more by sudden attacks there.

The effects of "Bhanamatti" are not necessarily confined to Indians; indeed, many Anglo-Indian families have been its victims. Sometimes the throwing of stones and filth is preceded by the manifestation of a figure, either male or female, who appears possibly to warn the sufferers of the evil which is about to afflict them.

Europeans who are haunted by spirits, and who are psychically sensitive, have been known to undergo similar experiences in India. One peculiar case which has been authenticated consists of the following phenomenon: A lady, whose home was in India, married into a distinguished English family interested in psychic matters. Whenever a death was to occur in this family the household was disturbed by the appearance of a carriage and pair which drove up to the front door at dusk, and disappeared before the door could be opened. When the lady returned, for a holiday, to her people in India, she was distressed to find that her sister had a similar vision of a carriage and pair, which drove at dusk in front of the bungalow without halting. She dreaded to receive bad news from England, and the meaning was made clear to her when she heard within a month of the demise of her husband's mother. The death must have taken place about the time that the carriage drove into the Indian compound.

Another curious spectacle which is witnessed regularly each year, during the Muhammadan festival of Muharram by a large number of Europeans, is Fire-Walking. During the thirteenth night of Muharram large numbers of believers walk barefoot through the flames unscathed, in the wake of a saint who has accomplished this feat for many years.

In the Nilgiri hills the Badagas perform the ceremony of Fire Walking to propitiate their deity, Jedayaswami, and if anyone is hurt it is believed that the deity is angry with the victim. Various explanations are forthcoming, but none of them account satisfactorily for the fact that of the large number of persons who walk through the flames each year only a small proportion receive any injury.

THE CONTROL OF DREAMS

By L. SANNADASARYA

THE mystery of sleep and dreams has never been solved to the satisfaction of the Western mind. What becomes of the consciousness during those hours when the body lies dormant? Can consciousness cease to be aware? If it can, how is it that it returns to the waking state?

To assert that consciousness can lose awareness is equivalent to saying consciousness can lose consciousness—lose itself! This is a paradox which no reasonable philosopher can admit, as it is equivalent to declaring a thing can lose its own nature; not presumably, but actually.

The guru and often wiser fakir, sadhu, and ascetic will never fall into this error. They know that mind can never lose itself, that man is always the Thinker, both when he sleeps and when he wakes. How, then, is it that during his waking state he knows not what happened to him while he slept? It is because when he wakes only a part of his consciousness is active, a highly specialised part, just so much as will serve his purpose for functioning intelligently in the world of Maya—illusion. Until this is realised no man can hope to solve the mystery of dreams.

The truth is that during sleep we are too much awake, too intensely conscious for the limited terrene mind to comprehend it. The burden is too heavy for the brain to bear, and a wise Creator has taken care not to strain or overwork the handmaiden whose task is to deal with the experiences of earthly life, that it may perchance strengthen the true ego and help to emancipate it from the deceits of a three-dimensional world and time and space.

Into a life of three dimensions cannot be pressed the experiences gained in a life of many dimensions; and to him that Knows, of no dimensions! To talk thus seems meaningless, a mere play on words; yet it contains a truth which during sleep everyone knows.

In respect of dreams, primitive man has always been nearer the truth than civilised man, because the latter, having aimed almost entirely at conquering matter for purely temporal purposes, has developed logic and focussed his waking thoughts on physical objects and laws.

Primitive man, much more subconscious—to use a popular Western term—than his elder brother, is able still to feel the truth about sleep, and sometimes to realise it with undeniable clearness. He therefore claims with confidence that when he sleeps he goes to a world of spirits, commingles with the shades of the departed, learns from them, and even reads the book of Fate.

Said Cheta to me: “My friend, I talked with the spirit of my father in the presence of a deva last night. I feel sure my doom is sealed, my end is near.” He was only too correct. That very day he and his companion were foully murdered. He knew that he had read the Records and that his higher self had conjured up an image for the purpose of informing his waking mind, according to the popular belief of those parts, respecting the interpretation of dreams.

That is the usual way of the ego when desirous of conveying information to its distorted earthly representative. Out of the Records it will take a line and symbolise it in a dream which the waking mind may understand; but even then it is often too complex to be rightly construed.

This dream symbology is one of the most important and interesting factors in psychology and deserves much more attention than it has received. Anyone can study it, and if they did they would be saved many a pitfall and gain many advantages in the race of life. The task is by no means difficult; all that is required is the determination to read the Records and send the information through via the dream consciousness. Then be not hurried in the interpretation of the “visions of the night.” It is here that many will go wrong. The dream or symbol, with practice, may become simple and clear, easily to be understood, as in Cheta’s case; or it may be ill-formed and hard to read. But there is another factor which none can hope to overcome: Karma may interfere. Only adepts can hope for freedom from error.

Quite recently I experienced an excellent example of this. A friend of mine challenged me to discover the winner of the recent Derby race. Doubtless his object was to benefit by any information I could get. I was equally sure that Karma would see that no mistake would be made; but that I could discover the winner I had no doubt, although the fact might not be evidenced until after the race.

On retiring to bed I willed that I should read the Records

connected with this event and should transmit the information to my waking mind through a dream. On the second night I dreamed I saw a horse-race won by a boy riding a horse which dashed with extraordinary speed past all the other horses as they approached the winning post. Immediately afterwards an official came into the enclosure in which I stood, loudly calling out the name of the horse that had won.

When I awoke the two features of the dream which impressed themselves most upon my mind were that a boy had won and a man had called. But fate had determined to obscure the truth by calling the name of the winning horse—a purely fictitious name—and not the name of the boy. Without comment I informed my friend of my dream, and he concluded that if it signified anything it must be that the horse who was to win would be ridden by a boy. This interpretation events showed was wrong. Immediately the race was over the interpretation was clear, the principal features of the dream representing Call Boy.

A medical friend of mine has in this respect an excellent karma, and for seven years in succession has dreamed the winner of the great classical race. This year his waking mind was much set on Hot Night, and but for his capacity to dream he would have retained his confidence in that horse.

Determining to read the Records, he dreamed that he was standing between a temple and his father's house in Madras on an oppressively hot night. The stars shone brightly and a new moon rose charmingly above the horizon. Everything was calm and peaceful; and except for the intense closeness of the air he felt happy viewing the beautiful scene. Wiping the perspiration from his brow he thought, "How hot the night is." Then a feeling of unrest and uncertainty came over him and he felt a storm was brewing. Gradually the sky became overcast and a terrific storm burst, a flash of lightning striking down a man standing some distance off.

Shocked at this misfortune my friend ran towards the prostrate figure, and as he did so a voice called loudly, "Call, boy, call!" With these words ringing in his ears he awoke, confident that Call Boy would win the Derby and Hot Night lose by a small margin.

With practice a symbolical system can be formed so that the interpretation of dreams becomes much more easy and reliable. This has long been known among students of occultism in the

East, especially those who have made great progress in spiritual purification. It accounts for the different methods of dream interpretation, which, although so unlike, are equally useful.

Occasionally people dream clearly and unmistakably, the events depicted being identical or almost identical with the events they represent. The symbolism of others is governed by the law of opposites. That is why some people who dream of death, for instance, regard it as indicating news of a birth, and *vice versa*.

I knew two ryots who were celebrated for their dreams about the weather, an important factor in the part where they lived. When rain was about to break a drought one would invariably dream that he was swimming in a pool, the depth of the water varying with the degree of the impending rainfall. The other would dream that he was wandering through an arid desert, parched with thirst, the size of the desert corresponding with the quantity of rain foretold. Their forecasts were much valued by the local farmers and peasants, who relied upon them. There was also an old priest, much attached to a Christian missionary who learned to respect his gift, who had cultivated the art of dreaming, but rather loosely. His dreams took different forms, and were often difficult to interpret. In any case they bore on the matters concerned with extraordinary aptness, a fact not always appreciated until after the event.

Certain articles of diet are helpful in producing controlled dreams. In the Western world carrots, slippery elm bark and filtered water taken just before retiring are particularly helpful.

THE COURT OF STARS

By PHILIP HARRISON

WHEN a poet, who is also a scholar and a mystic, essays, under the guise of a romance, an allegory of the Quest, we are justified in anticipating that the result will be both intellectually satisfying and spiritually helpful. Mr. Arthur Waite's latest work*—a prose-poem, a fairy tale and an allegory in one—will be found to fulfil the highest expectations based on the author's reputation and the subject he has chosen.

"From the outset of this mystical romance, full of the fragrance of rare imaginings," says the publisher's foreword, "the reader will feel that the author is not a mere teller of stories writing for the sake of making a book, but a gifted mystic turning the ripeness of his knowledge and the beauty of his poetic faculty to a new and full account." Publishers are apt, excusably enough, to exaggerate the merits of their wares. It would have been difficult for Mr. Waite's publishers to over-praise *The Quest of the Golden Stairs*, from whatever point of view it may be regarded.

Considered only as romance, it will delight all readers who still retain the priceless possession of a child-like heart. The story of Prince Starbeam's adventures, not only in quest of the Golden Stairs which lead from Faerie to the Court of Stars, but also in pursuit of a certain magic ring the possession of which will win him the lady of his dreams and the throne of Faerie, is, in outline, identical with that of many of the old fairy tales, the names of whose authors have been forgotten or have never been known. But Mr. Waite, being a poet, has flung wide the "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn," and shown us the world of Faerie in an unforgettable setting of a delicate and stately poesy. Clothed in Mr. Waite's tapestried diction, the fairy tale becomes a pageant, a prose-poem, of knightly adventure and high romance.

But even this is but the frame-work of the building, the casket which holds the jewel. From the first word to the last, the book is an allegory—an allegory of the eternal quest of the soul for its ultimate spiritual home. But it is not the half-hearted, or even wholly unconscious, progress of the ordinary

* *The Quest of the Golden Stairs*: A Mystery of Kinghood in Faerie
By Arthur Ernest Waite. The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd.,
London: 10s. net.

pilgrim that Mr. Waite narrates—though that, too, is touched on. It is of the adventures of the lonely soul on the path of mysticism that Mr. Waite has to tell us ; of the tests and trials awaiting the seeker on that path ; of the dark hours when all seems lost and no help is near ; of happy interludes of refreshment and communion with higher souls ; of renunciation and self-sacrifice ; of love and loving-kindness ; of patience, long-suffering and triumph. Prince Starbeam is the Galahad of this Quest and, like Galahad, he wins his throne and crown “ far in the spiritual city.”

As an allegory, the book is a very wonderful piece of work. Mr. Waite writes of what he knows, of the inner life of the soul, and all who are struggling, however feebly and uncertainly, on the road that leads through Faerie to the Golden Stairs and the Court of Stars cannot be otherwise than conscious of the wisdom and insight which have gone to the making of the allegory. Each reader, in applying the allegory to himself, will interpret it in a different way, for though the goal is the same for all, it is reached by many routes, and experiences of no two men are precisely the same. And any allegory, to be of value, must be capable of these diverse interpretations and evoke various responses. As Mr. Waite himself puts it :

The haunting voice had stirred deep wells of memory : for one it seemed the tones of his mother calling him in childhood from glens and woodlands to his home ; another remembered the deep murmur of the sea, as he had heard it in youth and had longed for the free life of a rover ; while in the ears of a third rang faintly and far away a convent bell, and he remembered how once he had served at a high altar. Thus each was carried to a sacred moment of life or the memory of a great intention.

This passage will perhaps also serve to explain why I have called the allegory not only intellectually satisfying but “ spiritually helpful.” For Mr. Waite does us no small service when he reminds us, in an unforgettable phrase, of those “ memories of a great intention ” which, for so many of us, remain as memories alone, if indeed even the memory of them remains.

There are many such memorable phrases scattered throughout the book. But, apart from these, there is a real spiritual value to be gained from the allegory as a whole. Most of us must often have felt that to attempt to live, in however humble a fashion, the spiritual life is well-nigh impossible under modern conditions.

In any other age it would surely have been less difficult. Is it fanciful to suggest that by an external visualisation of ourselves as the hero of an allegorical romance, a knight enduring physical discomforts and fighting visible enemies, by, in short, watching ourselves acting the leading part as it were in a romantic drama, a sense of adventure may be infused into our humdrum existence, which, in a measure, may help us along what seems a colourless and dismal road? If such a fancy has any reasonable basis, Mr. Waite can surely help us. Without presuming to compare ourselves with Prince Starbeam, we can, at least, follow him in his Quest of the Golden Stairs and hearten ourselves with the knowledge that for each one of us, too, "a sceptre of green malachite and an emerald crown" are waiting on that day when we shall have mounted the Golden Stairs and achieved the Quest.

I have said that Mr. Waite has cast his allegory in the form of a fairy-tale. And the fact gives rise to a speculation which it may not be out of place to hazard here. The old authentic fairy tale, springing from a source unknown and handed down from the remotest ages through countless generations, is ever the same story of the achievement of a Quest and the winning of a crown. And the hero—whether peasant or prince—is always one marked out in some way from his fellows by the possession of unusual qualities. Further, certain conditions are laid down which must be fulfilled before success can be won, tests are exacted and trials imposed; while, more curious still, help and comfort is given, in the darkest hour, by mysterious strangers who, like guardian angels, seem to be watching specially over the welfare of the struggling hero.

Perhaps it would be going too far to suggest that such fairy tales were written consciously, like Mr. Waite's magnificent Romance, as allegories of man's spiritual Quest. Yet the occult tradition tells of a golden age when the world was veritably ruled by the Elder Brothers of the race. May it not be that these fairy tales echo or embody the teaching then given to our simple-minded forefathers, serving to keep alive, among those far removed in time from the primitive wisdom, some dim knowledge of the Quest on which all men must some day consciously set out, and the high estate upon which it is man's destiny finally to enter?

Whether there be any truth in such a theory or not, Mr. Waite has, I am sure, done wisely in taking the raw material

for his allegory from such old models. By the magic of alchemy, by his gift of poetry, by his mystical intuition, he has transmuted the baser metal of these models into a casket of pure gold, worthy to contain the very precious jewel—the “pearl of great price”—without knowledge and possession of which it were hopeless to attempt the Quest. The reader's debt to Mr. Waite for *The Quest of the Golden Stairs* can, in part, be repaid by an appreciation of the beauty and poetry of the book, and a recognition of the skill and artistry which have gone to its making; but for the help and inspiration which those seeking the Path will derive from the counsel and wisdom to be found on every page no repayment is possible, save that of gratitude to the giver. Nor would Mr. Waite expect or ask for any other reward.

GOD'S WORLD

By HILDA M. WESTROP

A rain-soaked earth ;
A wind sweeping past with a wailing cry,
And dull grey clouds scudding over the sky—
Is this God's world ?

A bleak, wild moor
Wrapt close in a mist and shrouded deep,
The only life a few cowering sheep—
Is this God's world ?

A small, new grave ;
While a mother weeps in her agony wild,
“ Ah, God, give me back my little child ! ”—
Is this God's world ?

A battlefield red ;
A shrieking shell, the dull roar of a gun,
And a widow mourns for her only son—
Is this God's world ?

A wee, white flower ;
It peeps from the earth with message of cheer,
“ Be comforted, see, the Spring draweth near ”—
Yes, this is God's world.

SOME OCCULT TEACHINGS OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA

By ALLAN NEVILLE TAYLOR

WE do not know for certain when he was born or when he died ; some are not sure that he ever lived at all, though the evidence of his actual existence (such as it is) has been thoroughly sifted by numerous scholars and more or less generally allowed. The life of Apollonius has, however, been so overlaid with romance and fable that it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. Rather than ask who he was, it seems more pertinent to question *what* he was. Theosophy acclaims him as one of a long line of Initiates—an exponent of the Wisdom-religion. Others have labelled him a charlatan, an itinerant sophist, a sort of Simon Magus ; while Christian tradition condemns him as a poor imitation of Jesus, whose life and works it is asserted he attempted to emulate—no mean ambition, even if true.

There is almost no doubt, however, that Apollonius was a real person. His deeds we cannot vouch for, but much of his thoughts and teachings have been preserved for us by Philostratus, who seems to have had access to certain memoirs compiled by a disciple of the sage. In the sack of Damis' exuberant fancy and intense hero-worship we can with care separate from the dross much bright ore, and at once the Master's doctrine begins to resolve itself more clearly.

“ On ne sait s'il faut le compter parmi les sages, parmi les fondateurs religieux, ou parmi les charlatans,” says Renan in a well-known passage. A religious founder such as Jesus, Buddha, or Mohammed he certainly was not. His particular sect scarcely outlived him—or rather, lived on indeed, but not in his name. For on examination it becomes obvious that the doctrines of Apollonius were neither new nor original : he was merely one of the conductors of a definite line of thought which began in the East, and came to the West through Pythagoras, *via* Egypt. He added little or nothing completely his own ; such is not the function of a Teacher. Apollonius was a means—a mouthpiece—for the diffusion of knowledge—a particular knowledge, which, following an accepted custom, he often chose to put forth in the guise of allegory.

Apollonius, nevertheless, was always a Hellenist, and his allegories are in the manner of Plato. But he had a profound respect for science, and because of this his teaching became essentially *practical* in import. He preaches (and practices) the manner of right living. The example he himself set has remained a model of how such a life should be conducted. "Live unobserved," he declared, "and if that cannot be, slip unobserved from life." But this, of course, does not mean that (like another philosopher) he looked upon life as a preparation for death. Like Jesus, Apollonius praises the joy of living and the cultivation of a happy temperament. He modifies and controls the practical side of living in order to acquire this tranquillity of soul. "He had a genius for good-fellowship and good humour," Philostratus tells us.

Nevertheless, he determined to master the body that he might open his mind to inner vision; the only way, as the lives of all the mystics indicate, that the Light of Truth may enter in and exalt the spirit to communion with the Divine. Apollonius, like the Hindu ascetics, fasted. Following the custom of the gymnosophists of Egypt, he renounced wine and flesh diet, and existed only on vegetables and dried fruits. Wine, however, he did not condemn, except that it "clouds the ether of the soul," and, as such, is foreign to a mystic's purpose. Carrying out to the letter the instructions of his predecessor, Pythagoras, he held no connexion with women, wore only linen, and, above all, undertook successfully the truly gigantic feat of keeping an unbroken silence for five years. A man who has done this may well be confident of having little to fear from domination by his astral or emotional self.

But apart from subjugating the body, this period of silence had another and perhaps more important purpose. It was a period of meditation. Meditation is one of the first stages in the path of illumination: it is a method of arriving at the true nature of things and discovering their intimate correlations one with another. Meditation enables one to reject that which is false though not apparently so, and thus make place for the true. It is a well-recognised form of yoga practice, of which Gautama himself was not ignorant under his bo-tree, nor Jesus when he retired into the wilderness "to be tempted of the devil" (that is, appearances) for forty days, at the end of which time he perceived the Light—or, as Matthew naïvely puts it, "angels came and ministered unto him."

Following his teaching as to the right manner of living, Apollonius advised that one begin each day by "communing with the Gods," and then to commune *about* the Gods—before any human affairs influenced the mind. All the mystical and devotional works that have of recent years been given to the world insist upon the advantages of such a practice for its purifying and elevating moral effect.

As a mouthpiece for the passing on of fundamental religion he was dogmatic—as Buddha and Christ were dogmatic. "I know," "You must know"—such were his constant modes of address, authoritative and even oracular. He had no doubt as to the verity of his destiny. "I must go where a Higher Power guides me," he said on one occasion. The visible manifestation of that "Higher Power" was, to him, the Sun—a tenet identical with that promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where the Sun is looked upon as the literal heart of our solar system, and the source of the life-stream which vivifies every living thing.

The soul Apollonius regards as an intellectual Christian might: "The methods of divine providence, the principles of acceptable worship, the nature of virtue, of justice and of temperance, these are the secrets which neither Athos or Olympus . . . can display for those who climb them, unless they have spiritual discernment: for the soul, when pure and undefiled it addresses itself to these tasks, can, I tell you, easily outsoar this mountain of Caucasus." The doctrine he teaches of the separate existence of the soul precludes the idea of death, except as the disintegration of a temporary garment of the *ego*, or soul. "The world says that you are dead," he states of a Greek hero, "but I do not allow this motion."

It was after his visit to the Brahmins, however, that Apollonius' doctrines acquired a more definite tinge of oriental mysticism. Here in India he was at the fount of occult wisdom, the same that had been imbibed by Pythagoras several hundred years before. We at once notice how his philosophical scheme of things becomes profounder, and set upon a more determined basis. He discusses reincarnation in the flesh with Iarchas, the chief Brahmin, and henceforth the added importance of this belief in relation to the progress of man on the Path is apparent in his discourses. He is convinced that it is possible to remember one's condition in a previous existence—provided the mind is closed against all impressions derived through the physical senses.

He is a believer in the prophetic power of dreams which come during natural sleep, *i.e.*, sleep not induced by narcotics or wine. Astrology, too, found a devout exponent in Apollonius, who is said to have been the author of a work in four books, entitled *Prophecies of the Stars*. He insists, however, that a knowledge of the future can be obtained only by a perfectly pure and impersonal mind through the agency of God direct—by which we may understand the theosophic doctrine of becoming one with the memory of the Logos, and thus being enabled to range equally in the far past or the future, both of which are instantaneously present in the mind of the Logos as the Eternal Now.

But that it is absolutely necessary, if one would advance towards God, to overcome the handicap of a physical envelope, is the teaching Apollonius never wearies of inculcating. He puts this very well in his figurative way: “. . . the air is the Sun's vehicle” (in other words Karma—the Path towards Divinity). “And such as hope to celebrate his praises worthily must rise above the earth and walk on air like the god: *this is what all men desire.*”

I have italicised the last words because they are an extremely important commentary on what precedes them. He realises that “all men”—for which “all creation” may be equally well understood—desire to attain to that perfect state which they are innately conscious of lacking: the perfect state being, of course, unity with God, when Truth will become apparent, and individuality, as such, cease to be. All things desire perfection instinctively or intuitively, probably because *something* within us remembers that state ere a precipitation into partitive conditions took place. It is because and through that desire that creation progresses at all towards a definite end. This, a doctrine propagated partly by Buddhism, is the gist of Apollonius' occult and philosophical discourses, and, on careful consideration, shows great similarity with the teaching of Jesus, almost his contemporary. He has absorbed the divine knowledge of the Orient, from which all the great religions that have actuated humanity have emanated; but, unlike Jesus, he gave that knowledge no particular and individual form which, by appealing directly to a certain sect or community, would serve as the foundation of a new religion—or rather, the old and universal religion displayed from a new angle. His teachings, however, are as true to-day as they were then, and in one form or another are accepted by four-fifths of humanity.

ETHER : THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSE

By C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S., D.Sc.

When the mechanism of this Universe is explained in such wise that no discovery of Science can ever disprove but must rather support it—when the Essence of the Immortal Soul in Man is described in clear and concise language—and when the marvellous action of Spirit on Matter is shown to be actually existent and never idle—then if the world still doubts and denies God, it will only have itself to blame!

— MARIE CORELLI,
(Ardath).

PRESENT-DAY thought—scientific, religious and philosophic—will be considerably influenced and may be modified by a more profound knowledge of the ether, its nature and functions.

Ether is the substance of the visible and invisible creation, the raw material of which the tangible universe is built, and the efficient cause of all phenomena.

Our modern conception of the ether is but a more scientific and rational presentation of a very old idea, dating back probably several thousand years. Chaos is one of the oldest terms for the ether of space. Many mythical and symbolic designations in the olden times seemingly point to the idea of the ether. The Akasa of the Hindu Initiates is the ether. In more modern times we have the *materia prima* of the alchemists, the Od of Reichenbach, the Vril in Lytton's *Coming Race*. Physical science has now taken up the idea and investigation of the ether, and although it cannot be actually handled either physically or chemically, it can be conceived and treated philosophically and mathematically.

ETHER IS SPIRIT. Ether is undifferentiated, unmanifest, universal spirit—the union of three cosmic elements or principles, co-existent and co-extensive, infinite and eternal, namely, Love, Mind and Life.

When differentiated and in manifestation, the grouping and inter-action of these three universal elements constitutes both the visible and the invisible universe—the world of matter and the world of spirit.

In the ether these three principles or elements are absolutely balanced, undifferentiated and at rest : the three are One. We therefore may regard the ether as triune spirit. Ether is the source of and embraces all being and all existence : it is the Absolute, the One Reality, the All—or, as Sir Oliver Lodge

beautifully puts it : " Truly it may be called the living garment of God." Space, time, matter and motion are relativities.

Ether in manifestation is the basis of matter, light, magnetism, gravitation, life, soul, mind and self-conscious spirit (or monad).

We define ether as infinite, eternal, triune spirit, in which the properties of electricity, magnetism and consciousness are inherent in a balanced, static and undifferentiated state. Ether is homogeneous, structureless, infinitely limpid and frictionless. Whether the ether is quiescent or in motion we cannot say, for we have no means of gauging any movements, if there be any, whether they be currents, rays or vortices. Even if such movements were detected, they would be only relative to the stellar bodies moving in space, and could not be referred to any stable or fixed point in the ether.

There appears to be no attraction in ether, and therefore no cohesion, no gravitation or density, such as we find connected with matter.

The difficulty in dealing with the ether is in dissociating our thoughts from the ideas and habits of thought we have with regard to the properties of matter. Ether appears to have none of the properties or attributes of matter.

Ether seems to be the most perfect medium and permits of a frictionless, waveless passage of electric and light emanations, both of which presumably are sub-states of matter.

Our sun, like the rest of the great galaxy of self-luminous stars, uses the ether for the life and existence of its offsprings, the planets and their satellites. Our sun may be regarded as one of the great cosmic commutators of the ether, which by solar activity is turned into matter, life, intelligence and all the forces which are connected with these three states of cosmic existence, namely, electricity, magnetism, light, cohesion, gravitation and all chemical and physical attributes of matter, likewise all vital activities, such as growth, metabolism, movement and reproduction and the expressions of intelligence—sentiency, consciousness in all its aspects, memory, thought, telepathy and so forth.

All this, which constitutes the visible and invisible universe, is dormant in the triune ether, but is differentiated or created by the sun from the illimitable, infinite ether, and radiated into space, where it is absorbed or re-created into denser forms of life and matter by each planet.

The three principles which are inherent in the ether and which

are separated by the action of the sun are: (a) the electric principle or radiant energy, (b) the magnetic principle, or dualistic element (attraction and radiant heat), and (c) the psychic or mental principle, the source of all sentient and intelligent existence.

Electricity, the first of these principles, is essentially energy, when dissociated from its parent stock, the ether. It always proceeds or radiates in straight lines from its source, unless deflected by attraction or the gravitative force of the magnetic principle.

The second, or magnetic principle, is also energy of a dual character. In one mode it is magnetic force or attraction, and in the other it resembles the electric principle, inasmuch as it radiates outward, a mode of manifestation we term heat. This dual mode of inward and outward flow of the magnetic principle may be regarded as cosmic rhythm or pulsation. It flows probably over a path which is either circular or elliptic, and may be conceived as an immense vortex, which, however, cannot be further dealt with within the scope of a brief article.

The third, or psychic principle, unlike the other two, is not energy, but in its function is directive, constructive and organisative. It controls and governs both electric and magnetic energy in their combinations for a definite purpose, namely, that of forming or shaping matter into objects. It is the foundation of both atomistic and biological sentiency, of consciousness, and all psychic functions, and of the mechanism of life. It is the effective cause of progressive sentiency and expanding consciousness, usually called Evolution. In a yet higher aspect or function the psychic principle combines with the magnetic principle, and thereby is raised to its highest power and forms imperishable units or spirit-monads, which can function through a lower or material vehicle or body.

These three cosmic principles in their various combinations are responsible for every mode of existence of phenomenal manifestation. They constitute the soul of the universe.

Light is radiative energy which has for its base the electric principle, which appears to be combined with, or at least in some way modified by, the magnetic principle. These two principles apparently form groups of corpuscles like, or at any rate akin to, the electrons and protons of the atoms, but of a more attenuated nature. These corpuscles may be considered to be a substate of matter. Groups of such sub-material corpuscles being projected or ejected by a luminous body, radiate uniformly in all

directions, *i.e.*, in concentric spheres or shells, at the velocity of light, meeting with no resistance or friction in their passage through the ether. The emission-theory of light of Newton will be found to be nearer the truth than the later undulatory wave-theory, when we know more about the ether. The subject is very intricate and beyond the scope of this essay.

Matter is the product of the union of the electric and magnetic principles, and according to recent scientific discoveries the former principle forms the electrons, the latter the protons within the atom, which were considered to be the smallest particle of a chemical element. The protons may be regarded as the solid magnetic nucleus of the atom, round which a great number of electrons of the electric principle are circulating in astronomic orbits, like small planets, at a terrific speed.

Thus electrons and protons form a miniature stellar world, and collectively constitute the atom of matter. Science has made great progress during the last few years in its investigation into the nature and constitution of the atom, and thereby appears to have entered the domain of metaphysics.

Life in its wider sense of sentient existence is the product of the union of the electric (or vital) with the psychic or mental principle. This union appears to be of so intimate a nature that vitalised or organic matter very tenaciously retains the life principle, and can pass through many changes, including putrefaction and decay, without yielding up the life principle. It can pass from the vegetable to the animal kingdom and back again repeatedly, and retain its organic or sentient nature, which only great heat or chemical processes can expel. The primary form in which life appears is protoplasm or life-jelly.

It may be taken for granted that every living organism (as distinguished from inorganic matter) has a soul, which controls its functions. The soul differentiates one form from another, one plant from another, one animal from another. It determines the characteristics of the living entity, and moreover controls the aggregate of the cells which constitute the living plant or animal.

The psychic principle is the basis of all psychic functions, of life and of consciousness up to a certain point. In its higher dynamic functions it is thought and telepathy. In its static state it is memory, habit, and vital automatism, which are functions of the so-called subconscious mind.

The two cosmic principles—the magnetic and the psychic—

form combinations which are of a purely spiritual or non-material nature. In its higher or spiritual function the magnetic principle is love. In its higher or spiritual function the psychic principle is intelligence, knowledge, understanding, wisdom, beauty and grace. When these two principles combine or coalesce they form spirit-entities of a permanent and cumulative nature. These are self-conscious, self-active, creative, spiritual entities, which are devoid of the properties of matter and, moreover, free from the limitations of thought and emotions of the soul. The great philosopher and mathematician, Leibnitz, called these undying spirit-entities monads. The innermost self of every human being is a monad.

The monad has no power to act on or express itself in matter or a material body. It creates or clothes itself in a vehicle for that purpose, which is the soul. The latter in turn creates the body through which it can contact the material world, and thus the visible man is constituted of body, soul and spirit, all of which have their origin in and consist of the three primary elements of the ether. Above the human monad there are many degrees and many ranks and orders of monads connected with a planet such as our earth. These monads constitute its celestial hierarchy. This, however, is the domain of metaphysics.

Etherology, to coin a new expression, appears to shed fresh light on evolution, the orderly process by which the progressive scheme of the universe is worked out, as far as we can judge from limited terrestrial experience. This cannot be explained here, but may briefly be summarised in the assumption that evolution is essentially a spiritual or inner process of expansion of consciousness, of which the evolution of the physical form or living organism is but the outward manifestation. Life is the energy which generates this process of development, but behind the life-force there is the spiritual control of mind and love, the idea which has a definite purpose or design to accomplish, the highest point of which in man is the perfect expression of love, wisdom, life and self-realisation.

It must not be inferred that ether and God are to be taken as interchangeable terms. We may be sure that God is not only all that which the triune spirit of the ether expresses; namely, love, mind and life, but far more than the circumscribed human mind can conceive.

The ether is immanent in all, and is the soul of the world, but the Spirit of God is transcendent to all. The innermost self or

monad of man intuitively knows God, but the mortal mind cannot conceive or define Him, and therefore it is useless to argue about God. We know intuitively that the cosmic laws are the expression of a beneficent Oversoul, in whom we live and move and have our being, and therefore they are immutable and just, and never vindictive. The object of man's incarnation is to gain knowledge through experience and work, until through progressive mental and spiritual evolution he attains to self-realisation, freedom of the soul, and cosmic consciousness. In this process of spiritual evolution, etherology is of great help, for it not only harmonises science, religion and philosophy, but points to the oneness of the whole universe of which man is an integral part.

TO THE POWERS THAT BE

By KATHARINE BEDFORD

Give me a dream for the darkness
And though I seem to lie
Under the grass, away from the rain,
Forgotten and gone to dust again,
Who so alive as I?

Alive with a tense emotion,
A flame more keen and pure
Than, walled by this flesh, the senses know
Under the stars where the strong winds blow,
And the mountains stand secure.

A dream for the outer darkness—
And, granted what I crave,
They who shall tread on the soil above,
Shall have less life and shall know less love
Than I within my grave.

"ONE LIFE IN ONE WORLD"

By EDITH HARPER

" Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled ! "

— BROWNING.

IT is interesting that this year 1927, which marks the Golden Wedding of Sir Oliver Lodge, should also see the publication in volume form of his lectures in connection with the "Halley Stewart Trust," under the title, *Science and Human Progress*;* for it seems as though in this work the famous scientist has given us the quintessence of his conclusions as a *savant*, and his inspirations as an interpreter of the ineffable possibilities of the human race in its progress from the dusk to the dawn. Sir Oliver himself says: "I have a message to deliver. . . ."

In December, 1924, the Halley Stewart Trust was founded. Its aim, in brief, is, "Research towards the Christian Ideal in all Social Life." It is explained that the term "Christian Ideal" is not to be understood in a "dogmatic, theological or ecclesiastical" sense; but, in the words of the Trust, "to express the Mind of Christ in the realisation of the Kingdom of God upon earth."

At one time, in the minds of the mass of people, the term *science* practically stood for *materialism*. Religious folk of the orthodox kind were rather afraid of it! And still some of those who recently listened to Sir Arthur Keith's Presidential Address to the British Association at Leeds are inclined to agree with Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

" A pagan, kissing for a step of Pan
The wild goats hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns back
The strata . . . granite, limestone, coal and clay,
Concluding coldly with " Here's law! where's God? "

Now comes Sir Oliver Lodge, like the world-policeman in Algernon Blackwood's enchanting tale, with the Constellation of Orion and the Pleiades glittering on his shoulders. With his magic key he opens the imprisoning walls, and we soar into "a universe of boundless possibilities."

* *Science and Human Progress*, Halley Stewart Lectures, 1926, by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 40, Museum Street, W.C. 1. Price 4/6 net.

Not so very long ago, a luminary of the English Church declared, in effect, with ponderous and gloomy finality, that had communication with the departed (I think he called them “ the dead ”) been possible it would have been established long ago. But what says Sir Oliver ?

“ . . . Evidence is accumulating that humanity as a whole is not isolated in the Universe, as it used to think it was, but that we are in close and affectionate touch with a higher order of beings, who realise our difficulties, help our struggles ; and who, recognising the vital importance of this earthly period of existence, are straining their faculties to the uttermost to step in wherever they are given an opportunity—not by force, not with any compulsion, but by permission, by good-will, or in response to entreaty—so that, by co-operating with us, they can contribute to the advancement of the whole.”

Stumbling along the two stony roads of scientific materialism and cast-iron orthodoxy, as so many bewildered pilgrims have done, there was little to guide weary feet or to comfort aching hearts. But, as the darkness deepened, stars began here and there to show their light. Science might be after all as the smoked glass through which our anxious eyes could gaze more securely upon a wider aspect of the glory and majesty of the Creator and the wonders of His Universe. Sir Oliver has shown us how science and religion most truly go hand-in-hand. That which has in all ages been inspirationally felt by poets, seers, saints (and maybe a few sinners), is shown to be the heritage of mankind. Immanuel Kant’s assurance that “ The other world is not another place, but another view,” is no visionary’s dream. Sir Oliver Lodge thus confirms it : “ Every truth, no matter how small, has a great influence. There are no half-truths : if a thing is true it is completely true, and its consequences may be infinite. Once a truth is realised, we find that it has always been there : it is our recognition of it that is new. Electrons, X-rays, all the multitude of recent discoveries have been in existence all the time ; only we did not know.”

“ So it will turn out with this question of spiritual existence and survival. We are in process of discovering a whole new world, nothing less.”

And again :

“ The conditions of the whole Universe are unchanged by death. Death is a subjective thing ; it belongs to the individual. His outlook, his awareness of the Universe, has changed. He was

aware of this set of things ; he becomes aware of another set of things. Everything is there all the time. We call it the next world, or the future state, but it is all in this one Universe. There is no other world, in one sense, though there are many habitations, many resting-places."

This, I take it, is the very heart and soul of Sir Oliver's message : an echo of the glad tidings of great joy of nineteen centuries ago.

SHADOWS

By FRANK LIND

We drift amidst them in the street,
With scarce a glance, no word to greet ;
Our brother souls.

Here falls a tear, there voices sing,
Some hasten to a christening :
For some the last bell tolls.

Both young and aged, rich or poor,
Are moving shadows, little more ;
Upon earth cast.
Life comes and goes, a happy sigh ;
Is like a cloud in sunny sky,
Too quickly speeding past.

The hidden world within the brain,
Its brief sweet joys, its lasting pain—
Who can impart ?
That inner self revealed to each,
Those tender thoughts unwed to speech,
Are known but to one heart.

THE OCCULT PAINTINGS OF HEINRICH NUSSLEIN

By IVAN BAKER.

OF the many forms of psychic manifestation which come under the notice of the researcher, not the least interesting and puzzling is that of inspirational drawing and painting. Much attention is being attracted in occult circles to the works of Heinrich Nusslein, an exhibition of whose psychic paintings it is proposed to arrange in a London Gallery at an early date.

Herr Nusslein, the occult painter of Nuremberg, was unaware of the remarkable powers that lay dormant within him until he had reached middle age. Early this year, responding to an irrepresible urge, he began to paint, without previous training or preparation. His output was at once so prolific that several hundreds of his paintings are now available for an exhibition of his works. He paints with astonishing rapidity, applying pigment to canvas with brush, palette-knife or even the hands, with equal facility. The time he requires for finishing a large picture varies between ten and thirty minutes. Such methods of work are doubtless rare, and in opposition to the generally accepted plan of procedure in painting; yet Herr Nusslein's work possesses much of the atmosphere that beautifies and enriches paintings by illustrious artists of the past, who worked with painstaking slowness and meticulous care.

Herr Nusslein is a good-natured, unassuming Bavarian, modest as to his gifts, and desirous, before all things, of being regarded as quite normal. His native place—the ancient city of Nuremberg—with its glowing memories of mediæval culture, provides a fitting atmosphere for the nurture and development of his creative talent. Old houses by the river's brink, old streets and stone bridges bespeak in strange, faint tones the spiritual presence of a noble race of craftsmen whose earthly labours are now ended. Whilst Heinrich Nusslein is not aware of any direct effects of his environment upon his work, his pictures appear to embody a variety of "influences." Traces of the early German and Italian schools are discernible among others.

Much delicacy of feeling, vitality of design, and simple colour characterise his work. His draughtsmanship may be

considered weak, but so was that of Rembrandt and of Cezanne. Like his distinguished antecedents in Art, he makes drawing subservient to the ends of composition rather than an end in itself. Similar considerations probably govern his choice and employment of colour. His poetic fancy, roving freely in Nature's vast storehouse of beauty, gathers plenteous material for a wide range of subjects embracing landscape, figure composition and still life. But he never works directly from Nature or from models, and claims that he paints from occult memory, clairvoyant vision, and magnetic contact with the living and the dead.

Herr Nusslein is pleased to discuss his occult work, and to furnish such information concerning it as he is able, especially in regard to his painting, which is invariably carried out in a state of semi-trance. He advances no theory of occult painting, but favours the hypothesis that the occult artist achieves by some psychic process of the trance state, the dissociation of the abstract counterpart from the objective reality. Thus, in moments of intensified vision, he is able to perceive natural forms and events as mere accentuations of Time and Space

Rhythm is the resultant phenomenon of the balanced recurrence of certain of these accentuations.

It is known only through its effects, the chief of these being the rousing of æsthetic emotion. Thus, the consciousness of the inspired artist is freed from the shackles of Time, and traverses boundless Space. It is imbued with the nascent energy of cosmic rhythm, which the creative faculty transforms, directs and makes static, thus rendering it manifest to less sensitive vision. In the absence, or during the suspension, of suitable executive ability, such accumulated energy may find expression in hallucinations or visions perceived in the mind's eye. A counter view is here worthy of note. It is maintained that images beheld in the mind's eye may originate in entoptic glimmerings furnished by retinal corpuscles which by the aid of the imagination are elaborated into mental pictures.

Herr Nusslein devotes much attention to the investigation of occult phenomena, and has obtained extraordinary results in automatic writing, table tilting and other applications of occult force. Perhaps his most remarkable achievement in this direction is the mummifying of birds, fishes and similar objects by magnetic passes of the hands. A few passes made over the things in question, suffice to set up speedy mummification. A

small collection of such mummified objects were found on examination to have wholly resisted the natural process of decay, and presented the appearance and other characteristics of fossil-hard Egyptian mummies.

Speculation revolves around the possibility of the embalming custom in Egypt having originated in the discovery of some such occult power. The Egyptians mummified their sacred animals, cemeteries full of them having been discovered; birds, fishes, reptiles and even flesh-food offerings that accompanied the dead, were treated in like manner. It is difficult, however, to gauge the true attitude of the Egyptians towards mummification. Doubtless the preservative climate of Upper Egypt, and the Egyptian belief in a life hereafter, contributed to the establishment of the custom. The ancient Peruvians were able to preserve the dead without any embalming process, owing to their desiccating atmosphere and the salt soil of the Peruvian caves.

Herr Nusslein is also able, by magnetising cut flowers, to prolong their period of freshness by several days. Even then they retain most of their colour permanently, after acquiring a parchment-like texture.

Whatever theories may be forthcoming in explanation of Herr Nusslein's unusual abilities, certain of his pictures cannot fail to arouse widespread interest. One is conscious, in their presence, of an uncanny nearness to the fundamental core of all things. It is as though the veil had been torn from Nature's profoundest mystery

The whirling impetus of planets in motion, the gravitational pull that holds the stars in place, something strangely akin to these mighty forces, animates his compositions. His singular powers of vision and abstraction afford him experience of a unique order, and he has succeeded in communicating not a little of the emotion engendered by it.

Judged by these criteria rather than by conventional standards, his paintings, despite certain immaturities of technique, reveal much of the permanent quality of spiritual greatness.

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.]

ALLEGED CHANGES IN OCEAN DEPTHS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Grahame Houblon, in the September number quotes an interesting extract from the *Morning Post* showing the number of cataclysms of various kinds that have taken place all over the world since the beginning of this year. At the end of his letter he says: "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."

Now, in the interests of all who wish to keep a balanced judgment and an open mind in the midst of all the current prophecies of imminent disaster, and alleged confirmations of such prophecies, I should like to challenge this statement.

I am not aware of the reference to which Mr. Houblon alludes, but I think it may possibly be a passage that occurs in "Coming World Changes," by H. A. and F. H. Curtiss. On page 36 occurs the following: "The rising of the Atlantic bed is *one of the most vast and important changes in the earth's surface*. It was discovered when the Eastern Cable Company's cable between Cape Town and St. Helena broke, some 800 miles north of the Cape. The repair ship, instead of finding it at the depth it was laid, in 1899, of 2,700 fathoms, or just over three miles, picked it up at only a little more than three-quarters of a mile deep. Therefore *the ocean bed must have risen more than two miles within the last twenty-five years*." (This paragraph is given in the above work as a quotation from *The Literary Digest* of Jan. 1925).

On the previous page the authors of "Coming World Changes" also quote from *Psychic Science* of Jan. 1926, the following:

"One thing is certain, namely, that the bed of the Atlantic is rising, and rising rapidly in certain places. In the Bay of Gascony there was an ocean profundity which fathomed, we understand, *two and a half miles*. At one point in this area the commander of the French transport *Loriet* found no more than 132 feet of water."

A few months ago, for my own satisfaction, I took the trouble to enquire into both the above statements. There is in London a certain firm of submarine-cable consulting engineers who have records of every cable that has ever been laid and also of almost every ocean depth that has ever been plumbed. They watch ocean depths as a

cat watches a mouse-hole ; and reliable information as to any considerable change is of the most vital importance to them in their business. To a friend in this firm I submitted the above quotations and asked for his unbiassed comments. His reply was as follows :

" I can give tremendous evidence that the floors of the Pacific and Atlantic are *not* rising to any noticeable extent. The Exchange Telegraph Company example quoted is entirely wrong. There has been no remarkable change of depth. Cables are laid blindfold, the charts having only soundings at perhaps 60 or 150-mile intervals. If, years later, a cable is broken, and a depth of 400 fathoms found where 2,000 fathoms was expected *by chart*, the meaning merely is that the cable has gradually chafed through because it was laid over an unknown peak. We have many examples of that.

" We laid 5,700 miles in the Pacific last year, N.E. to S.W., and a line at right angles to San Francisco to Shanghai has not been interrupted, except at the shore end, for twenty-one years. *Our soundings all agreed with those of 1901.*

" The Bay of Gascony (Biscay is English for it) example was from a French destroyer which got into trouble in bad weather and reported a sounding of much less than expected. (We had it here, and at the time were interested in cables going that way). The Notice to Mariners concerning it subsequently showed that the destroyer was close to the land and had taken some soundings to verify her position, with surprising results. But the surprise was that she was much closer to land than she thought, and the newspaper report must have been from a deck hand. These soundings were reported for information, but were not at all strange in the locality."

Now, sir, I do not wish to contend that the ocean floors are *not* rising, or about to rise, or that the predicted world changes are not imminent. But I do most strongly protest against ill-founded reports of this kind being blindly accepted as *evidence* to bolster up certain theories, and given a wide circulation. Most of us wish honestly to deal with facts and facts alone ; but it is not everyone who happens to be in the position of being able to check such statements when they are advanced as indisputable facts by responsible writers. The majority are forced to accept them therefore as undeniable evidence, and may be misled accordingly.

There is no doubt that the writers of books upon theosophical and mystical subjects (particularly American writers) are often unfortunately inclined to adopt a pseudo-scientific tone in their explanations, and to advance " scientific " arguments of the most unsound description in support of their theories. Such arguments may impress the unscientific, but their effect upon those readers who can perceive the haziness and incompleteness of the writers' scientific knowledge is to produce a revulsion from any of the remaining teaching which would otherwise have made an appeal.

I am afraid that some of these works deserve, in part at least, the description recently applied to them by an unsympathetic journalist, of: "religions, made in America, composed of execrable English and pseudo-scientific jargonese."

The need becomes daily more and more urgent to bring our religious beliefs to the bar of reason. There is no room for errors of fact or woolly half-truths. I trust that you will therefore kindly give publicity to the above, in order that this apparently widespread misconception as to the evidence for recent major changes in the ocean-bed of the Atlantic may be to some extent corrected.

I may add that I wrote to the authors of *Coming World Changes* some months ago, pointing out that the paragraphs quoted above seemed to require closer examination. I have received no acknowledgment of my letter.

Yours truly,
HUBERT STRINGER.

MAN IS A SPIRIT

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Since "W. K." uses my name I must tell him that before he lectures Spiritualists he should gain some idea of what it is that they teach. We are all well aware that the spirit is an infinitely refined thing and that the etheric or astral body is merely a temporary covering for it. There may be, and probably are, many covering envelopes, each more tenuous than the other, but since the spirit within is the essential thing, that term is used in descriptions.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

SURVIVAL *v.* IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Claude Trevor should have been able to get a reply to his question. I rather fancy that he misunderstands F. W. H. Myers' statement that definite proof of survival is not proof of immortality. Does he not confuse "survival" with "immortality"?

"Immortal" means "Having life that shall never end."

"Survival" means "Living beyond an event" (the event in this case being the physical body's death).

It is obviously not practicable to prove that we are immortal but it can be proved that we survive; at any rate, it is reasonable to presume this from the available evidence.

Immortality can only be presumed, as Dean Inge points out in his *Outspoken Essays*, by showing that goodness, truth and beauty are immortal realities and that the spirit or soul of man is also a reality of the same nature as these. Reality meaning true, actual and therefore immortal.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD McLELLAN.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would assist me by giving publicity to the fact that I have resigned from the presidency of the Christian Mystic Lodge of the Theosophical Society and severed my connection with the T.S. altogether.

Official non-co-operation and unofficial persecution made work for the Master Jesus too difficult for it to be worth my while to try to continue under such adverse conditions.

I would be glad if you would allow me to register my protest against the conditions prevailing in the Theosophical Society, and to say that I have never condoned them nor acquiesced in them.

I am now organising my own society for occult work upon Christian and Western lines and shall be glad to send particulars to those who are interested.

I am also issuing a magazine dealing with mystical and occult subjects—a free specimen copy of which I shall be glad to send to inquirers.

Yours faithfully,

DION FORTUNE.

WHO WROTE THE "MAHATMA" LETTERS?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope your readers will not have been misled by a small, though serious printer's error in my letter which appeared in your last issue. At the foot of p. 193 the date given should be 1912, as will be seen from the reference to "fifteen years" on the next page, and I write this in order to correct it as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

A PROPOSED OCCULT SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I trespass upon your kindness by asking you to insert this letter of appeal for help in your valuable journal?

We are a small party of earnest Spiritualists and it is our desire to form a society in Norwich which will welcome to membership all earnest seekers after truth. It is proposed to begin our efforts by holding a weekly meeting for investigation with the view of gaining a sufficient number of interested persons which will enable us to engage a hall and form a properly constituted society. We are in need of a kindly-disposed friend who would offer us a room and seating accom-

modation, say for fifteen persons, for a start. We have an excellent clairvoyante, one who has proved her power and ability. We should run our meetings on perfectly open lines, barring no one, no matter what their beliefs or opinions might be, and we should do our best to deal with questions and difficulties presented for our consideration.

There is a great need of a society here of an open-minded character.

If any Norwich reader feels disposed to help us in this matter, will he or she kindly write to me? I will make arrangements for an interview, in which I could the better explain our requirements and motives.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours very sincerely,

F. VAUGHAN (Regulus).

UNSEEN HORRORS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The article in the OCCULT REVIEW on "Unseen Horrors" recalls an experience of my own.

Some two or three years ago, when in bed, before going to sleep, I became conscious of being oppressed and almost suffocated by an unwholesome and disagreeable presence, which, from previous experience, I divined to be an evil spirit: as I always do, I prayed for deliverance, and it was removed. Next day I consulted a medium I was in touch with at the time about it. She said, "Have you a book in your bedroom with a cross on the cover?" I said "Yes"; and she explained that had something to do with it.

I forthwith got rid of the book, and was not again afflicted: it had lain on a table not far from my bed.

The book had been a present, and was the *Life of Bishop Hannington*, the first Bishop of Uganda in Central Africa: he was murdered in Africa on his way to his diocese.

The book contains this account, and other gruesome details of African life, the record of which in some way attached some ill-disposed entity in the spirit-world (possibly African) to the book or its surroundings; and finding me as a sensitive, he tried to control or manifest through me in an aimless way.

The cover of the book contained a picture of a sword, assimilated to a cross, as an emblem of the spiritual work dealt with inside the covers. If the diagram had been a conclusive cross, possibly its influence would have been to repel, rather than attract, an evil spirit.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. MACDONALD.

IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Trevor's inquiry, it is to be feared that so long as he or others seek to be convinced of the soul's immortality by a consideration of phenomena (spiritualistic or otherwise) he must necessarily suffer disappointment.

If, however, he will consider the nature and capacities of the soul : how readily the intellect of man, for example, overleaps space and time, he will clearly perceive that there is that in us which is *essentially* deathless ; and he will have no need to study books or phenomena with regard to this question.

Yours truly,

CHAS. ED. CARTER.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your contributor, E. J. Mills, makes the following statement in your last issue regarding the efforts of the Christian Scientist :

“ 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.”

The quarrel which many of us have with Christian Science is that the Christian Scientist does not attempt to raise his consciousness to a higher level ; that he does not understand the meaning of meditation ; and that his too-material outlook, so far from helping the Ego to develop at more than normal speed, acts only as a brake, retarding its progress.

Yours faithfully,

O. O. O.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Third International Congress of Psychological Research at Paris will be drawing to its close when this issue of the OCCULT REVIEW first reaches its readers, and we shall look as usual to the REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE for a full account of the proceedings and for the publication of the most important papers. In the issue now before us there is a wide programme tabulated, and it would seem that an unabridged report might fill a considerable volume. The Congress will be held under the general presidency of Prof. Charles Richet, and there is a notable list of speakers in the various sections. In addition to the President himself, they include Sir Oliver Lodge, the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, Mr. E. G. Dingwall, Mr. Harry Price, who is Foreign Research Officer of the American S.P.R., and Mr. Malcolm Bird, who is the Home Officer, if this is the correct term. There are well known French names which do not need recitation, and among other Continental investigators it should be sufficient to mention Dr. von Schrenck-Nötzing. Prof. Racco Santoliquido and M. Ernest Bozzano are not in the enumeration. We note, however, with satisfaction, the name of our old correspondent M. W. Wrchovsky of Vienna who is giving an account of his experiences with a medium named Dagma. . . . The REVUE in its current issue has a study of importance by Dr. E. Osty on a certain Practical Utilisation of Supernormal Knowledge: it is concerned with cases of crime and their psychical detection. The examples are many, beginning with the historical instance which has been cited so often under the name of Jacques Aymar, a so-called sorcerer who tracked certain murderers by the aid of a Divining Wand. It belongs to the end of the seventeenth century, but is even now one of the best cases on record.

We are reminded of "Margery" and her mediumship by a recent editorial note in LIGHT, and register our complete agreement when it dwells on the undesirable results which never fail to follow if a circle for spiritistic research is thrown open almost indiscriminately, or to "inquirers of many kinds." Here was the course adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Crandon of Boston, Mass., and the results have been with them, as in a sense they have been also with us, who have read and reviewed so much of the great unending debate. We have, moreover, to thank our contemporary for clearing up one issue which is not without importance, being the alleged fact that Dr. Crandon is always present at the séances. The implication is obvious in the mind of hostile criticism when we remember that Mrs. Crandon is "Margery"; but it happens that "at least thirty circles producing evidential results have been held when he was absent," some of them "in other cities than Boston" and some "in houses to which the medium was a stranger." We observe in conclusion that LIGHT "had never any doubt, even from the commencement, of the reality of the

phenomena produced through the mediumship of Mrs. Crandon"; and we trust with all our hearts that, if ever the debate is settled, this faith, *ab initio*, will be justified by the event in full. "Margery" meanwhile is herself a great event in the annals of psychical research; the limelight of test and criticism has been cast upon her from every quarter, and this last utterance on the subject affirms not only that "the mediumship has survived" but that it "has grown stronger under the ordeal . . ." Our old friend THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT is virile and good always—perhaps even better than ever and still more virile during recent months. How much is owing to its editor, Mr. W. Britton Harvey, in these respects and in others, must be evident to all its readers in Australia, as it has long been to ourselves here, more especially in those editorial notes to which we have referred in the past, at least from time to time. Just recently, however, he has been recounting "tests of evidential value" within his own experience at first hand. We may not be able to say that all of them will pass as such; but there are several good cases.

LA REVUE SPIRITE has a short study of dreams from the psychic point of view, a chief intent of which is to dissuade its readers from entering so mysterious and problematical a domain, failing a robust, well-balanced nervous system and a keenly critical mind. . . . The PSYCHIC MAGAZINE of M. Henri Durville has been giving illustrations of folk-lore magic in Normandy, some of which are curious and a few outside the common track of superstitious observance, while others are familiar enough—though with certain variations—in occult chapbooks and grimoires. . . . We drew attention long since to a proposal for the foundation of a Psychic Church on the part of M. Durville; and though we learn now that its realisation is still remote, in view of *la dépense énorme*, we note that a subscription list has been opened and has passed at least the not altogether discouraging figure of fifteen thousand francs. Temples are not built in a day, more especially when they are to restore the Rites of Initiation; but some of us may yet live to see a neo-Eleusis at Paris. The editor of PSYCHIC MAGAZINE might fill the purse more quickly did he promise to officiate as hierophant. He does nothing of the kind, unfortunately, but in a sister magazine, entitled JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME, he dilates upon a vast library, a Temple clinic and laboratory, in terms calculated to overwhelm possible subscribers. . . . LA REVUE MONDIALE translates from the Italian a remarkable study of Edouard Schuré, who is known chiefly in England by Mr. Fred Rothwell's popular version of LES GRANDS INITIÉS: it would seem that there are other writings of the occult romanticist which would appeal to his readers here—for example, his GRANDES LÉGENDES DE FRANCE. Schuré was born as far back as 1841 and his last published work, MERLIN-L'ENCHANTEUR, is described as a philosophical poem, apparently in dramatic form: but whether it is a prose poem or in meters does not appear from the references. We learn that Gabriele d'Annunzio terms Schuré *le grand poète voyant*.

LE VOILE D'ISIS announces another of its attractive "special numbers," devoted on this occasion, and apparently at full length, to the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. We look forward to it with no small expectation, remembering the less or more historical volume of Sédir, long since out of print, and hoping, if we may dare so to do, that the lyrical zeal of *les voyants de Paris* will be tempered by discovered facts concerning the mysterious Order. The Rosy Cross can be surveyed no longer through the seering glass of ZANONI.

Those meanwhile who are not in search of reality on the subject, or even of mere invention, may turn, if they please, to LA ROSE CROIX, in which M. Jollivet Castelot continues to bewail, either in his own person or in that of his cronies, the reprobate sense of Sorbonne Professors and experts of State Laboratories who will not examine his claims or confess that he has transmuted metals. *On répond par des injures à une demande si naturelle*, says one of the expositors, and he appeals to the State itself through the Minister of Public Instruction. M. Jollivet Castelot, on his own part, establishes his proud position in still wider terms, claiming that he holds "the key to the regular and even the industrial fabrication of gold." What would happen to the gold standard in such case does not happen to emerge—a point which we have mentioned previously. Awaiting more favourable stars, the French alchemist has the gift of finding asylums "far from the madding crowd" of official experts, and from one of these houses on the way he is writing just now on the Religion of Science and the Science of Religion. He is looking also for a coming Congress of Religions, at which Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Evangelical and Reformed Christianity, Islam and Judaism may join hands and do something thereby for the construction of an Universal Religion, even if Roman Catholicism should elect to stand apart, as there is little doubt that it would. We venture to suggest that M. Jollivet Castelot and M. Henri Durville might come to an understanding, and then the new Eleusis at Paris could appear on their *planche à tracer*, not only as a Psychic but even as a Hermetic Temple.

The new issue of ANTHROPOSOLOGY is denominated a "Rudolf Steiner number," and this is exhaustively correct, though it may seem at first sight redundant, seeing that the "quarterly review of spiritual science" is always and only a Steiner quarterly review. The meaning, however, is that from the first to the last page every article is by the founder of the movement which ANTHROPOSOLOGY represents. They are nine in number and occupy 145 pages. It is to be observed that there is considerable variety in subject-matter, the myth of St. Michael and the Dragon being considered in the first place, while views on Capital and Credit are unfolded in the last. Between such beginning and end there will be found articles on Buddha, the Religious Education of Man, the social problem of Hygiene, and even a Lecture on Pedagogy. As Dr. Steiner was a frequent and almost incessant lecturer and as all his utterances are of high authority with his

followers, it is obvious that many such issues might and may be proposed in the time to come. Of the present experiment it must be said at least that it is a notable testimony to the faith and zeal of the Anthroposophical Society in Great Britain, which is content, moreover, to publish at its own headquarters, as far westward as 46, Gloucester Place.

THE HERALD OF THE STAR issues a "preliminary Congress number," that is to say, the "Camp Congress" at Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and many columns are devoted to matters of programme, since there are great changes pending. The Order of the Star in the East is now, and will continue henceforward, the Order of the Star only, and its official HERALD becomes THE STAR simply, without apology to the London evening newspaper which is of world-wide knowledge under that title. The reason of these things is not left to our seeking, for a matter of logic is involved. The Star is no longer in the East, but has either reached the zenith or is moving in that direction; the golden dawn is over, the hour of noon is nigh, and any herald of the morning must lay down his wand of office. Mr. J. Krishnamurti as Head, Mrs. Besant as Protector, and the Chief Organiser, Mr. D. Rajagopal, explain how it comes about. Krishnamurti has "attained Liberation," and—*ipse dixit*—it is "well established" in him. Furthermore, we have it on his own authority that he has "conquered" himself, has united "the source and the goal" and has become unified with his Teacher. This being the position in a nutshell, it is unfolded by Mrs. Besant in an affirmation concerning "the supreme truth," namely (1) "that the World-Teacher speaks through Krishnaji"; (2) that "his deliberate statements are the teachings of the World-Teacher," which is to say (3) that they are not those of Krishnamurti. It would appear also, if words mean anything—which may be doubted sometimes in these occult circles—that what is said or written by Krishnaji, who is Mr. Krishnamurti, belongs to the order of "deliberate statements," of things delivered in the state of "identity" or union; but what is written or said by Mr. Krishnamurti, who is Krishnaji, belongs to the normal output of text and talk. This notwithstanding, Mrs. Besant advises us that if Krishnaji announces his intention to go out for a walk it need not be understood allegorically and is not a "new gospel." Hereof is the welter. It is Krishnaji in any case who utters the words of welcome to the Congress and also farewell words are printed in the current HERALD: it is he who in a luminous utterance tells us that what he has found for himself "will be eternal"—yes, it is put like that by him, the World-Teacher, the mouthpiece, or what not. But it is Mr. Krishnamurti whose lyric on the death of his brother appears on the forefront of the magazine with special "leads" about it. The presumably inspired utterances are mostly "wash," but this is mere "ooze." We should like to hail a new poet and we might do with a new teacher, if needs must; but for Star presentations in either of these capacities we have no use whatever.

REVIEWS

THE HOUSE OF CHEYNE. By Peter Brook. London: John Long, Limited. Price 7s. 6d.

AN enthralling book! Its background of Psychology not only gives import but lends an added interest to all its action and circumstance.

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But to the Spiritualist, deeply interested in all its paraphernalia as he may be, its greater spell will lie in its revelations of intercourse between those who have passed to still farther unfolding life and those who remain to carry on. Despite the narrow conclusions of Theology, Spiritualism offers the only explanation of the life of Jesus Christ—the linking together of God and Man.

The novel is doing a valuable work in presenting these truths in an appealing form!

FRANCES TYRRELL.

REPRIEVE. By Halbert J. Boyd. London: Crosby Lockwood, 7s. 6d. net.

MAN being in general a sociable biped, the idea of absolute isolation appals him; and "better dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in this horrible place," in the mouth of Cowper's Selkirk, is perhaps one of the most appreciable sentiments in the realm of rhetoric. The gifted author of "Reprieve" has brought into romance a weirdly spiritual loneliness which is eased by sudden incarnation in the form of a man. More or less passing muster as a shipwrecked stranger deprived of memory, "Mr. Maris" finds himself the guest of a bigoted clergyman with a psychic wife, a crippled son-in-law (Clayton) and a beautiful high-spirited daughter (Stella). It is necessary for the stranger, if he is to disenthral himself from horror, to link himself by pure love with humanity, but he is sorely tempted to attach himself by a physical bond to the cripple's wife. However "reprieve" is not for him an irony: the white magic of Christianity works effectively for him, and he grandly rises both as friend and lover. The mystical end of this remarkable novel is not free from supernatural artificiality. One feels that Mr. Maris should have had a larger career in his remarkably

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handsome body, and Stella's resumption of orderly sweet wifhood is difficult to visualise. Nevertheless much literary skill and some interesting inventiveness are displayed, and if it come my way, I shall pounce for enjoyment on Halbert Boyd's next romance.

W. H. CHESSON.

TALES OF MYSTERY. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott.
London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

THE mysterious is in us and with us, and nobody should be too engrossed by Hansard and Trollope to read ghost stories. In this sometimes profoundly interesting volume more than a score of eerie narratives are assembled, differing very much in merit, though never sinking below the level of readability. The modern eerie story necessarily regards respectfully the legal inferences which we make from a consideration of a large number of authenticated cases. It is true that, if we accept at its face value Defoe's narrative of "the apparition of Mrs. Veal" (one of the items in this book), fictitious ghosts who appear sublimely independent of medium and rites of evocation seem justified by precedent, but one Sinbad does not make a navy, and so I cannot rate highly "The Four-Fifteen Express," by Amelia B. Edwards, much as I esteem that authoress. The masterpieces of this book from an artistic point of view, are in my opinion "His Mother's Eyes," by Philip Macdonald, "A Cry in the Night," by C. A. Dawson Scott, "The Barometer" by Violet Hunt, and "The Moth" by H. G. Wells. In 1905 "The Star" was picked out as "My Best Story" by Mr. Wells but without private conviction on his part. Certainly "The Moth" is immeasurably better, for it is not the height of the subject but the quality of the invention which makes a story good. The contributions by Arthur Machen and Edward J. O'Brien, especially the former, have an occult flavour very superior to the crisp journalistic shockingness which Barry Pain mercifully thwarts in "Not on the Passenger-List." Many will be glad to read here "The Horla," Maupassant's longest weird story, announcing with despair the arrival on earth of invisible beings who trifle with man's property and privacy.

An excellent feature of the book is a few merely true narratives. One of them ("Peter," by Herman Ould) is an example of the delusive character of certain spiritualistic phenomena, which should be very widely read. Nothing injures the average spiritualist's reputation for sanity more than a confusion between truth and marvellously imparted information. All people who hear what they call "Voices" and prefer La Planchette to the G.P.O. should read "Peter."

W. H. CHESSON.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 9d.

CLEARLY printed on a hundred and sixteen pages of excellent paper, pleasant to handle, this booklet will not disappoint the reader. Nor is it surprising to find that it has been twice reprinted in this separate form, since it first appeared as its popular author's contribution to a volume entitled *Survival*, by several well-known writers.

Sir Arthur is necessarily brief in the limited space at his disposal, but he is as usual forceful and to the point. After a categorical statement of his

many and varied experiences in—may one say—practically every kind of psychic manifestation, he thus drastically and justly comments :

“ If a man could see, hear and feel all this, and yet remain unconvinced of unseen intelligent forces around him, he would have good cause to doubt his own sanity. Why should he heed the chatter of irresponsible journalists, or the head-shaking of inexperienced men of science when he has himself had so many proofs ? They are babies in this matter, and should be sitting at his feet.”

But the scepticism of resolute ignorance is well-nigh invulnerable. W. T. Stead was fond of remarking, “ If a man thinks he *knows better* than Plato and the Apostle Paul, there is no more to be said ! ”

For the open-minded there is always hope, however, and to these I heartily commend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's most convincing *brochure*.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THEY ALL COME BACK. Personal Interviews with Departed Relatives and Friends. By W. Britton Harvey. Author of *Science of the Soul*, and editor of *The Harbinger of Light*. Melbourne, Australia, Austral Buildings, 117 Collins Street. Price 1s.

THIS booklet from the energetic pen of Mr. Britton Harvey, the editor of *The Harbinger of Light* (described as “ the recognised exponent of the *Spiritual Philosophy* for the Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand), is well worthy of its author's previous record. Mr. Britton Harvey is an ardent and enthusiastic propagandist, and, well aware of the value of personal testimony, he has gathered together some of the most striking of his own experiences, which have turned him from scepticism to absolute belief. Messages from close relatives and old friends form a goodly array of testimony, which cannot but strengthen the cause he has at heart. Among several interesting quotations from eminent Thinkers, these words from the Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington Ingram), are ever memorable, spoken in honour of the gallant Canadians, who fell in the Great War : “ They are yours to-day, and you are theirs, the bond is unbroken ; the family circle is still complete ; you are never alone ; unseen hands uphold you ; unseen spirits speak to yours ; close by, though hidden by a veil, the real and lasting activities of the other world proceed apace ; death has been for them a great promotion ; they long for you to share their honours. These heroic sons and brothers of ours are still alive, and we pray for them as we prayed for them when we saw their dear faces.”

Grand words these ! Spoken by our own Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE HEALING OF RODOLPHE GRIVEL. A Series of Letters by Fabre d'Olivet, done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield. London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo., pp. xiii + 273. Price, 18s.

RODOLPHE GRIVEL was a congenital deaf-mute, and this book tells in a series of memoirs, letters and documentary proofs (1) that the youth in question was given hearing and speech by Fabre d'Olivet, described by Miss Radfield as “ savant, philosopher and scholar ” ; (2) of the persecution suffered by the healer in consequence at the hands of Napoleon I. ; (3) of

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a commission which found that Rodolphe Grivel had never been deaf or dumb; and (4) after Napoleon's fall, of the manner in which the truth on the whole subject was brought to light. That which emerges with sufficient clearness is that the cure of Grivel began early in 1811 and that in 1819 a President of the Consistory of Lyon certified that the patient had "conserved the faculty of hearing" and had "perfected himself greatly in that of speaking." What became of him subsequently we do not know; and for the purposes of this notice I pass over some other cures about which the evidence is not so clear, or the permanence is not so certain. As regards the method used by Fabre d'Olivet, he affirms that, though "unknown by the modern savants and physicians," it was known very well by the ancients, was "taught and practised in the ancient sanctuaries," and was "not illusory." He says further that "all the secrets of the Egyptian priesthood" and "the principles of all the sciences" are found in the cosmogony of Moses, not, indeed, according to the understanding of Hebrew, "adopted by the Hellenists in the version called the Septuagint," but as the true meaning was developed by himself in his new Hebrew grammar, new radical vocabulary and translation of the first ten chapters of Genesis. It was from such source that he claims to have discovered a means by which to "facilitate the passing of life into an organ" deprived thereof. About the means itself he explains no further, except that in the case of his patient, it "prepared the auditive organ to receive the impression of sound by re-establishing there the seat of sensibility"; but his letters give some account of certain subsequent practices and modes of tuition. This is how the question stands and how it must be left. It is to be understood that the work has been translated in America, there printed and issued by the American branch of Messrs. Putnam's Sons. It is a testimony to the extraordinary interest taken across the Atlantic in Fabre d'Olivet. We owe thereto the successive publication in English of his *Origin of the Social State of Man*, the *Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, and the *Hebraic Tongue Restored*. Prior to this, Fabre d'Olivet was known to most of us only through Éliphas Lévi and occasional panegyrics of the Martinist School of Paris.

A. E. WAITE.

THE MYSTIC ROSE. A Study of Primitive Marriage and of Primitive Thought in its Bearing on Marriage. By Ernest Crawley. New edition, revised and enlarged by Theodore Besterman. Two vols., pp. xx + 375, vii + 340. London: Methuen. Price, 30s. net.

THE original edition of this well-known work appeared so far back as 1902. and we are told by the editor that it became "one of the very few classics of anthropology and of primitive psychology." There is perhaps no means of knowing and in any case there is no indication as to when it went out of print; but in 1925 the author had decided on a new and revised issue, when his death put an end to the scheme, so far as he was concerned, and the undertaking passed into the hands of Mr. Theodore Besterman, who is known among us as an occasional contributor to this *Review* and in neo-theosophical circles. Speaking solely on the basis of results as presented by the two volumes, it could scarcely have come into more competent and faithful hands. I have seen works brought out after their writers have passed away, and editorial care has improved not only on individual views and conclusions but has made it impossible to distinguish

between author and editor in the transformed text. Mr. Besterman deserves all praise, firstly, for that which he has added, representing "the large accumulations of anthropological material during the last two decades"; secondly, for a valuable bibliography of over forty pages; and thirdly, for the very clear separation of his own work from that of Ernest Crawley. The study which is thus completed and brought up to date cannot be summarised in this brief advisory notice, which has no more ambitious design than that of directing those who are concerned to the fact of the new edition and its considerable claims. The thesis is that, alike in ceremony and system, marriage is "grounded in primitive conceptions of sexual relations"; and seeing that "taboo is the basis of social institutions," the subject is regarded under three broad heads, being (1) the imposition of sexual taboo; (2) its breaking or removal, especially in connection with marriage ritual; and (3) post-nuptial or secondary taboo, as between husband and wife, husband and mother-in-law, in connection with the birth of children, and so forth. One of the conclusions reached is on "the high morality of primitive man," while a "probable inference" is that "a potential religious content" is latent in the functional impulses "not only of man but of at least all higher organisms." That is a consideration which might lead us far beyond what scholarship understands as "anthropological material." Having regard to its connotations in literature, *The Mystic Rose* is surely the least suitable of all titles for this least mystical of all treatises: it is the subject of a casual reference once only, and then in the last lines, as if Crawley had suddenly remembered that something must be done, if possible, to excuse his choice.

A. E. WAITE.

POEMS BY DENZIL BATCHELOR. Publishers: Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 54, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.

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"I called for her 'My darling,
Fled where, oh where?'
And lark and thrush and starling
Alone were there—
And much they care.

But wind from hill and hollow
Did make reply
With 'Follow, follow, follow,
Until you die!'
And so fare . . ."

We expect much from this new writer, and when he has mastered the youthful fault of stretched rhymes, I feel assured we shall gain a bard of no mean calibre.

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THE SUFFERINGS AND ACTS OF SHILOH-JERUSALEM (A Sequel to *The Finding of Shiloh*). By Rachel J. Fox. London: Cecil Palmer. Pp. 540. Price 10s., posted 10s. 6d.

THIS book deals with some of the activities of that off-shoot of (or "graft" upon) the Joanna Southcott writings which calls itself The Panacea Society. Hinted at in previous volumes, it now appears that the followers of the mysterious "Octavia," have definitely accepted her claim to be an incarnation of the feminine counterpart of Jesus Christ, to be the "child" that failed to materialise in Joanna's day, AND the Fourth Person in the Godhead!

On page 332 we read, "You are taught also that there is nothing outside this Visitation which is permanent, true or safe to follow." And on page 337, "Octavia is henceforward to be regarded and acknowledged as our Queen, and on Sunday evening the 25th February, *by the Mother's command* (italics mine), we all took an oath of homage and fealty to her"!

It is quite clear that Mrs. Fox is no conscious accomplice, but this, and the fact that several thousands of persons can be found to share these beliefs, is a startling indication of where credulity, ignorance and vanity will lead those who turn from orthodoxy but who seek literal interpretations of Holy Writ in physical phenomena rather than the Light that cometh from within.

The fact that certain manifestations of "healing" seem to have followed some of the activities of this movement, constitutes, to those who know, no evidence of Divine inspiration.

Should these lines ever reach the eyes of Mrs. Fox, she will doubtless be very surprised (and indignant) to learn that the reviewing of this book has caused the writer very deep pain; and that it has left him with the impression that (though admittedly unintentional on the author's part) no more subtle, blasphemous and profane travesty of the Sacred Mysteries of the Soul has ever been penned. To those who are interested in the pathological states of society arising out of the growing evils of mass-suggestion and group-hypnosis, this book should prove an illuminating study.

S. M.

A NEW ELECTRONIC THEORY OF LIFE. By O. C. J. G. L. Overbeck, F.R.S.A. Cr. 8vo, pp. 256. Chantry House, Grimsby. Price 6s.

THE author is an enthusiast, familiar with most modern developments in electrical research, and the keynote of his interesting volume is that man is an electrical being, composed of and sustained by electrical energies. While such a theory may perhaps reasonably be claimed to be new, in relation to the ordinary physical theories still current, for example, in ordinary school-teaching in physics or biology, it would be much more difficult to assert this claim in face of the mass of teaching and evidence available to students of the fringes of the occult world, during the last half century. We need not further dispute this point, for Mr. Overbeck is a careful and wide student on his chosen ground, and he skilfully brings much evidence of the kind adduced by modern science; that is, of the materially obvious kind, to witness his theories, and he certainly makes a very creditable case, which the "man in the street" if at all intelligent

will not easily rebut or evade. It is made clear that we may absorb electrical energy as directly as we absorb material food or immaterial ideas. Certain ancillary necessities, such as the correct psychological state, and the right time and place, are not so clearly perceived; nor the large number of different types and phases of that force we know as electrical energy. The book is a thoughtful piece of work and will doubtless help many people to realise some of the hidden facts of life.

W. G. R.

ARTICLES AND ADVENTURES IN RIGHT THINKING. By Lieut.-Colonel O. S. Fisher. London: Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book is an enthusiastic exposition of Christian Science. Next to Mary Baker Eddy (of whom the author says ". . . after Jesus, I believe Mrs. Eddy has done most for humanity") the author has been influenced by the late F. L. Rawson, whose tome *Life Understood* is doubtless familiar to numerous readers. Of a truth, many roads lead to "heaven," and it would be presumptuous to condemn the teaching of Christian Science merely because some of its exponents confuse the issues, or else elucidate incompetently. Christian Science demonstrates one of the many facets of Truth.

The perennial question of affirmation and denial again crops up. Says Colonel Fisher:

"To deny is to withdraw attention from, to cease to give thought to, to turn one's back on a thing. . . . Everyone will admit that if one does not deny a thing, it means that he must be consenting to it."

Bearing in mind, however, that according to Christian Science, evil is a non-reality, why deny that which has no existence? Why impress the ever-alert subconscious mind with the existence of something which is merely the figment of an overwrought imagination? It seems, too, irrelevant and inapplicable to quote Christ's injunction,

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me,"

in support of the argument.

Scientific thinking (or the renewing of the mind) is indisputably mankind's only salvation, and in this connection the author cites many instances where "right thinking" has brought about the desired results; in fact, in some cases the issues are remarkable.

Despite the fact that there is much which is incomprehensible, this little work is yet full of healthy philosophy (if one is able to accept it) and an optimism which carries one forward willy-nilly, with admiration for those who can imagine that black is sometimes white!

JOHN EARLE.

A PIXIE'S ADVENTURES IN HUMANLAND. By Jean Delaire. London: The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THIS charming, though somewhat pensive, humanitarian fairy-tale was, presumably, written for children; but we think grown-up readers are more likely to understand its significance and to profit by the lesson it attempts to teach.

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The hero, Pixie White-Heather, has taken a voyage of discovery into the unknown and hostile country of humans; and, on his return home, gives a recital of his experiences to the assembled Pixie tribes. These experiences are, in many cases, more exciting than enjoyable. The consternation and horror of the audience rise to a high pitch, as they hear of the unhappy deeds and unhealthy habits of the Big People; of the miserable conditions under which they live; their complicated, hurried joyless lives; and their hopeless bondage to the rules of King Custom, and his still more odious Consort, whose name is Fashion.

Over the chief city of Humanland there broods an extraordinary and sinister darkness. The houses—save a few which belong to a favoured class of the community called *gardeners*!—have walls which shut out the sun, and heavy-looking ceilings which give a sensation of suffocation. . . . And there are other still worse things which come under White-Heather's observation; for instance, certain evil-smelling and ghastly-looking places known as butchers' shops, and haunts of incurable pains and sorrows, named prisons and lunatic-asylums. . . . Fortunately for the little pilgrim, he is befriended and sheltered in his strange surroundings by a benevolent old London pigeon, and (when this good creature comes to a cruel and untimely end), by a gentle and sensitive child, who, alone of all her housemates, can see and communicate with the invisible lesser lives around her.

It is this child—the dainty and spiritual Eileen—who sounds the note of optimism with which the story ends, and who promises the assembled pixies to go to a big school and learn to be clever enough to convince her elders that the fairy-folk and the fairy-world are real things, and that fellowship with them is the way to real happiness, wisdom, and the fuller life.

A pleasant and well-told story! We can warmly recommend it to parents and teachers in search of a new book to read aloud to that best and most attentive audience in the world—a company of young story-loving children.

G. M. H.

THE VOICE OF OKHARON, from the Golden Book of Life. By Azelda, Melsōna of Harōman. Transmitted through Paul Black and Oliver Fox, Lustrar of the Order of Harōman. London: 22 Poplar Grove, W.6.

As its title suggests, this book is essentially mystical. We are told in a glossary at the end of the book that "the strange words employed in this work are constructed on numerical and vibrational principles; their inner significance is purely esoteric, and they have no connection with words similar—or even the same—to be met with in the languages on earth."

It is difficult to do justice to these messages in a short review; they should be read studiously to be appreciated, and that not once but several times. The whole is extraordinarily beautiful, and at times takes one into a very Blakeish atmosphere.

Okharon is the third bell in the celestial choir, and we are given the seven chimes or bells within the bell. Seven, the number of perfection, is stressed in many ways—the Seven Beings with the Seven Lamps, and the Great Wall which is seven yet also one. We are told that "according

to the altitude of the spiritual observer shall the sight be granted of the walls within the wall." Also that "he who would pass the Sevenfold Barrier must leave at each gateway one of the garments in which he is apparelled," and that the Great Wall is composed of the cast-off garments of the wayfarers.

The Voice of Okharon is a book that should appeal largely to the poet and the mystic (who in the final analysis are really one). Especially should it appeal to the lovers of Blake, and to those who appreciate the writings of Rudolph Steiner; also, we may add, to those who are versed in the wisdom of the Qabala, and who have studied the Neoplatonists and the Gnostics. But its beauty will be apparent to all.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE FLAMING FOUNTAINS. By Winifred Kingdon Ward.

A CORNISH MIRROR. By A. H. G.

THE GREEN COPSE. By Genevieve Hadgraft.

All published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., London.

THERE is an attractive, delicate atmosphere about *The Flaming Fountains*, but the author rather lacks technical experience. "The City," however, is a remarkably fine poem, and contains some lovely lines, such as:

"And little dreamy winds, on quiet wings
Scatter the garner'd richness of the world."

"The Days" and "Et Resurrexit" are promising poems. Miss Ward has the vision of the nature-mystic.

A.H.G.'s poems will be dear to all who love the clean winds, blue skies, and wild coast of Cornwall. Cornwall is a land of magic, of sudden surprises and sharp contrasts, very different from the rest of England. A.H.G. is thoroughly imbued with the Cornish spirit; he writes with power, beauty, and conviction of those simple things out of which the fabric of life is woven:—

"Love's cherished links can turn to galling tether,
Love's flaming rose lose all too soon its hue,
I here at least have still sea, moor and heather;
What, child, have you?"

THE GREEN COPSE is a promising volume of verse. The author's technique is excellent, but perhaps she writes somewhat too easily. There is a decided mystical tendency in many of her poems, but it needs depth and intensity. "The World and the Poet" and "Buried Love" are excellent. "A Little Song of Loneliness" is the revelation of a beautiful soul.

MEREDITH STARR.