

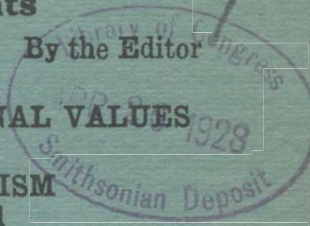
MAY, 1928.

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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHAT a wealth of significance lies hidden beneath the simple statement in the Christian Gospels that the divine Mother and her Child were crowded out of the inn at Bethlehem. It is ever the fate of life's deeper issues to be swept aside from the attention of men through lack of time, and the obtrusion of a multitude of superficial interests. There is no room for them in the bustle and confusion of the busy world to-day. Not only are Christ and Mary, and the divine things which they symbolise, crowded out: they are in many cases entirely forgotten. The masses have lost touch with the inner source of their own existence. It remains to the obscure "leaven" to arrest the corrosive action of the purely material mind on the social fabric of modern civilisation.

Physical science has "advanced" so rapidly along its own lines that humanity is in danger of destroying itself by the monster it has created. There is a deep truth underlying the conception of the army of soulless Robots which turned upon

their creators and usurped control. Even to-day the strain of living in our great cities has become abnormal, as witness the number of cases of breakdown, loss of memory, suicide and crime, to say nothing of the universal unrest and discontent. While sociologists seek in all directions for some adequate explanation of the prevailing tension which sets whole nations "on edge" and ready at the least provocation to fly at each other's throats, the plain fact that physical science is advancing beyond the adaptive powers of the individual nervous system is either ignored or overlooked.

The advent of each new "conquest" by science strengthens the veil of illusion which so effectually deludes and bewilders the soul. In the consequent mental distress and confusion the inner life is as nebulous and obscure as the mind of the man who has lost his memory. The soul knows not whence it has come, nor whither it is going; nor can it distinguish its friends from its foes. Lost and bewildered, life for the helpless soul is one long distressful search for something which ever eludes the searcher. That unknown something is sought for in pleasure, or maybe in power, but with equally futile results. There is no satisfaction in either.

Yet, strangely enough, some of life's so-called "failures" appear to catch a glimpse of something which makes
 WHEN the gold of earth appear as dross in comparison.
 "FAILURE" Sometimes a man is foolish enough, in the view of
 MEANS the unawakened, to throw aside the prize of power,
 JOY which is apparently within his easy grasp, to
 "sacrifice" everything for love. He certainly
 discovers something which transforms his life. His enemies
 may say he has been drugged, or perhaps bewitched. He is
 content to smile, for he *knows*.

True love, indeed, is one of the surest ways of escape for the soul from the gloom of the self-centred life in the lower worlds into the sunshine of a higher order of consciousness. We do not speak of lust, for that we share in common with the beasts. Its pursuit leads only to chaos and destruction.

Again, misfortunes will sometimes drive the soul to that brink where one further step may lead to a new order of life—or to despair, insanity and death. Those who are strong enough make the final effort which lands them on the other shore. They awaken to a higher order of being, and surprise their neighbours by the evidence they offer of the possession

of a secret source of strength which is beyond the understanding of the unilluminated man.

But it is by no means inevitable that the soul should be either driven by despair or led by love. There are many roads, despite the preference of different temperaments for their own particular paths. The essence of spiritual unfoldment is the power to see more deeply into the heart of life, to take one's stand closer to the centre of being, to gain a new perspective and assess at their proper value the things of the lower world. It does *not* necessarily imply a greater freedom from the trials and troubles of this life than that enjoyed by other men. Rather does it imply the possession of that deeper joy which arises from the power to suffer all things gladly for the sake of the Ideal, as witness the eagerness for suffering exhibited so prominently in the case of many Christian and other religious mystics. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and the lower type of happiness gives place to a higher and finer one, which is only another way of saying that it is a law of nature that in the process of refinement the lower must definitely be relinquished or "sacrificed" before the higher order of life can be established. When the higher order of consciousness is attained, the tyranny of the lower world is ended. It is seen in its true proportions.

The process of attainment to the wider life may be one of gradual unfoldment, or the change may, so far as FROM SEED the outer consciousness is concerned, take the TO form of a spontaneous illumination, the result of FLOWER processes silently at work in the background of consciousness, like the action of the forces of nature on the seed buried in the soil. It is difficult to conceive of even "divine grace" acting arbitrarily. The whole universe, to the extent of the finite view of man, is apparently governed by law. Is it not fair, under the circumstances, to conclude that the reign of law is universal, extending even into those realms which are beyond our present ken? "As above, so below," runs the well-known Hermetic axiom; and reason, at any rate, sanctions the adoption of such an hypothesis.

The distractions of modern life, however, are such that the soul which is not firmly established in its realisation of the spiritual world is effectively held captive and prevented from even suspecting the existence of a larger life. The "man in the street" finds so many calls upon his time and energy, whether in the search for pleasure or success, or maybe even for a bare

physical existence, that he has none to spare for indulging in what he conceives to be unprofitable speculations in abstract philosophy, not to mention religion, which he considers to be entirely superfluous. The things of the soul are crowded out. Again, there is no room for Mary at the inn.

Mary may with justice be taken as symbolising the divine feminine, woman made perfect, the apotheosis of womanhood; in the same way that Christ symbolises man made perfect, the apotheosis of manhood. Throughout all the great religions of the world may be found this constantly recurring idea of the duality of the Divine in manifestation—the divine masculine and the divine feminine, Christ and Mary. The two are complementary, inseparable.

Christ and Mary stand for aspects of the Divinity which is latent in every personality that is not entirely without soul. But it is again significant that in the Christian tradition Christ is born of Mary. In other words, there can be no true manifestation of spirituality without the presence of the divine feminine. If this statement is to represent anything beyond a mere string of words, it would be as well to pause and consider its implications.

What precisely, is meant by that Divine Feminine which lies hidden within the soul? The task of clothing an abstract conception with concrete symbols is always a delicate one, but it is essential that the endeavour be made to convey the idea in written words. By the term "Divine Feminine," then, is meant the adumbration of those ideal qualities of perfect purity mercy, love, understanding and forgiveness, tenderness, patience, sweetness and grace so intimately associated with conceptions of the ideal Woman, the Virgin Mary, the *Heavenly Beautie* of Spencer's *Hymne*.

In passing, it may not be amiss to stress the fact that the reference is not intended to apply to sex, although it is impossible to find adequate means of expression in terms of the physical plane without employing words denoting sex distinction.

More than anything else the Woman aspect of the Divine has been crowded out of life. Steadily, through long centuries, with the rise to power of the material intellect, it has been forced further and further into the background; and with it the expression of the Christ ideal has suffered equally

In vain the churches of Christendom try to revitalise religion. Without the unfolding of the womanly qualities of the soul, Christ cannot manifest. It is impossible to find any manifestation of the Christ spirit without the complementary manifestation of the womanly qualities of the soul, as figured in the ideal of the

Virgin Mary. Who can forget the womanly cry of
THE DIVINE Christ over Jerusalem? The strength of Christ and
FEMININE the tenderness of Mary are indissolubly united.

With the imperceptible rise into supremacy of the material intellect, even religion has almost entirely forgotten the importance of the feminine ideal. So complete is the supremacy of the intellect that women themselves are mistakenly endeavouring to suppress the manifestation of those very qualities of the soul in which lie the hope of salvation for the Western world—qualities which temperamentally they are the better fitted than men to express.

Only the silent and unrecognised influence of the Divine qualities of womanhood in the past has prevented the more rapid approach of the crisis with which we now face to face. In their distress and bewilderment the masses are in a mood to try any desperate experiment to remedy a state of affairs which they instinctively feel to be "all wrong," although in precisely what way they cannot explain. The leaders of men are driven to all kinds of expedients to try and maintain the balance, and a very thin line holds back the forces of anarchy and disruption.

Prominent figures in the world of occultism, where insight into the hidden nature of things would supposedly be a prime requisite, appear to be equally at a loss which way to turn. The attempts of the more venturesome to found a religion of their own to meet what they conceive to be the special needs of the time, would appear to the onlooker to be resulting in dangerous schisms within what is undoubtedly at the present time one of the most influential of the numerous occult movements. Meanwhile, the general confusion is heightened by the various lesser lights separating themselves from the main body and setting up little coteries of their own. At this period of crisis let us be charitable and ready to credit all with sincerity of purpose, even though the differing views—including those of the present writer—cannot all be accurate. Taking into account, however, the steady suppression through the centuries of the feminine ideal, what hope is there of a spiritual outpouring through the projected new religion, until that ideal has been reinstated and

takes its proper place alongside the Christ ideal? Without Mary, no Christ.

Strange as it may seem on first consideration, the course of events in the future would appear to lie more in THE POWER the hands of women than of men. If the power OF which has been placed in the hands of civilised WOMAN womanhood to-day is thrown into the scale in such a way as to still further upset the balance, then we may expect the darkness of *The Shadow*, the knell of *The Tocsin*, and all the other woes with which we stand in danger of being confronted. Let woman cease to suppress those very qualities of soul which she is by nature so much better fitted to manifest than man. The men in whom the womanly qualities of soul are developed are themselves none too eager to express them; yet wherever the divine feminine finds expression, the Christ spirit is present also.

Let it not be inferred that this is an appeal for woman to relinquish the "rights" for the recognition of which she has so vigorously striven, and into the enjoyment of which she has now so justly come. Not by one inch would we deprive woman of the ground she has so hardly won. It seems futile to insist that neither man nor woman is greater than the other; yet this truth seems to be in constant danger of being overlooked.

Nor is this an appeal to woman to revert to her position of subservience to man. It is, however, a most earnest appeal to the hidden Divinity within the soul of woman to rise and manifest in the fullness of its grace and beauty. It is Mary who is so badly needed, not Eve. She is of the old order. The world stands on the threshold of the new. With what amount of pain and suffering the transition will be effected depends upon the influence of woman. The call is to Mary in all human hearts, whether they beat in the breasts of men or women. It is with spirit, not form, that we are concerned. If Mary brought Christ into the world in a lowly manger in the first place, She will bring Him in his glory when He next appears—a saying which should be taken as in the nature of an allegory. Christ has never, so far, come into His own. His kingdom has yet to come into its splendour; and Mary, the spiritual and glorified woman soul, will bring Him back again.

This is not a plea for a revival of the worship of the Madonna, helpful in many respects as it might be. Rather is it a call to redress the balance before it is too late, a call to throw into the

scale over against the material intellect the divine qualities of the Woman, a plea for greater emphasis on the Divine Feminine in humanity, on beauty, purity, intuition and compassion, without which Christ cannot be manifest.

It is not by chance that women have come so much into their own at this critical epoch in the history of Western civilisation. Woman is offered a definite opportunity to make possible that Second Advent for which so many are looking, a chance to hasten the arrival of that spiritual outpouring which shall renew the earth.

Here and there isolated groups of women appear to be answering the call from the inner planes, and it is to be noted with satisfaction that movements such as the League of Motherhood, with which the name of Lady Emily Lutyens is so intimately associated, are being organised. Presumably this League is a branch of Theosophical activity, rather than an entirely independent effort. We are not in possession of full details. Nor are we at all intimately acquainted with the nature of the ideals and aims of the League, if they have yet been definitely formulated. It is, however, an encouraging sign that the spirit is awakening; and it is scarcely necessary to add that although the policy of an independent organ like the OCCULT REVIEW makes it inexpedient for the Editor to become associated too intimately with any particular organisation, any such movement must naturally make a specially deep appeal.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the work of the spirit cannot be restricted to any one form of outward manifestation. The stimulation of the spiritual qualities of womanhood will find expression independently of any organisation on the physical plane. We may therefore hope to see the gradual upspringing of many parallel movements, each tinged with the colouring of the mental class amongst which it makes its appearance. This should in no way vitiate the results. The prime essential is that Mary, the Divine Feminine, should be manifest and give birth to the Christ spirit.

Although the working of the spirit may be expected to influence womanhood collectively, it would seem but natural that individual instances should stand out prominently in cases where the response to the quickening has been unusually great. The soul of which Mary is the prototype, however, instinctively shuns publicity, and is content to work in silence and retirement; so

that Mary may not often be found in the limelight. After all, the busy world of affairs, the realm of illusion in which we play our temporary parts, is not for Her. Her work is in the depths of the human heart. It is She whose voice woos us gently away from the deceptive pleasure of the lower life to finer and more permanent joys. As Her power increases, whether in the soul of man or woman, so does Christ come into His own. May all who feel Her sweet influence, whether men or women, but especially women, be quick to respond, so that the time of travail may be lessened, and Christ's Kingdom be at last firmly established upon earth.

The over-speeding of the process of civilisation by the achievements of physical science is the theme of a work by Sir Philip Gibbs which has, curiously enough, come under the notice of the present writer at this juncture. "I am going to suggest," writes Sir Philip in opening the pages of his book, *The Day After Tomorrow: What Is Going to Happen to the World?** "some of the things that may happen . . . not in the prophetic spirit of H. G. Wells, whose imagination leaps lightly to the future with easy phantasy, but as a humble reporter of the facts and plans of latest science, as far as I can discover and understand them."

Surveying the work which is going on in the secrecy of our laboratories, he is driven to ask how the advance of scientific conquest is going to affect the busy man and woman of to-day. Because, as he points out, it is no longer the philosopher or the idealist, but the scientist who is responsible for the great social changes in the modern world. Radio communication and television, together with the speedy means of transit afforded by the aeroplane are annihilating, or at least profoundly modifying, the limitations of time and space. The physiologist promises perpetual youth, the chemist puts into the hands of men the power of death and destruction on a scale never before imagined. All these things are increasing the physical strain of living. New hopes, new ambitions, new fears assail mankind, and those who pause to reflect ask themselves what kind of destiny man is preparing for himself. "The beauty of the world to come or its ugliness, the happiness of its people or their misery, the downfall of their civilisation or their advance to a more splendid destiny are being prepared now by what is happening in our own minds and by the weakness or the strength that we hand down to them." In such pregnant sentences our author brings us up

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against the real problem. "It is no longer the philosopher or the idealist, but the scientist" who at present sways the destinies of humanity. We stand on the threshold of a new age. Shall it be an age of material science divorced from things of the spirit? If so, then science can prove nothing but a curse. But there are hidden in mankind, and especially in womanhood, qualities of soul which will never be entirely obliterated. To her we must look for the protection and fostering of all that is good and beautiful and true in human nature. Man shall not live by science alone. "I am old-fashioned enough," says the famous author, "to believe that ultimately the world can only be saved by getting back, or forward, to the Christian ideal and law of life, with a spiritual authority, admitted humbly and worshipfully in the hearts of men and women." . . . 'Patriotism is not enough,' said Nurse Cavell. . . . Nor is pure intellect, which fails to reconcile life with death and to explain mysteries beyond the reach of science as science has so far reached. We know too much or too little—I cannot tell which."

Yes, salvation is only to be found by getting nearer to the Christian ideal, an ideal to which humanity so far has never shown any disposition to draw very close. By himself man is not strong enough. Woman must show him the way. Let her not fear to don the mantle of Mary, when the inspiration of her spiritual grace will draw men upwards, until they realise a larger life, and the spirit of Christ is born within them.

From far-off Peking a notable little volume has arrived at the office of the OCCULT REVIEW. It is a faithful A NOTABLE reproduction of the London edition of 1889 of the REPRINT *Voice of the Silence* by H. P. Blavatsky. It is identical, even to the design on the cover, and only differs in so far as obvious printer's errors have been made good. From the Editorial Foreword by Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump we gather the interesting fact that the present reprint has been undertaken as part of a definite work for the cause of Buddhism at the direct request of H.H. the Tashi Lama of Tibet, "as the only true exposition in English of the Heart Doctrine of the *Mahayana* and its noble ideal of self-sacrifice for humanity." It has been printed at Peking, under the auspices of the Chinese Buddhist Research Society, and carries the endorsement of the Tashi Lama himself, together with the reproduction in facsimile, as a frontispiece, of some lines written in his own hand in Tibetan script.

In the supplementary Editorial Notes by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump is to be found some interesting information in regard to these Tibetan characters. Among other things we learn that "The Tashi Lama also uses a private script, unlike Tibetan, which is probably one of the cyphers of Senzar" (the reputed mystery-language of initiates). Incidentally, valuable evidence is brought forward in the notes by the Editors in support of the claim that H. P. B. obtained *The Voice of the Silence* from original sources, and that it is not of her own devising.

In view of the fact that the first edition of this valuable gem of esoteric literature was the only correct one, and is now unprocurable, it will be seen that the new publication is of the greatest interest, and should be in the hands of all students and admirers of the work of Madame Blavatsky. It is obtainable in England from the offices of the Blavatsky Association, 26, Bedford Gardens, W.8, price 2s. 8d., and 3s. 3d. post free.

Mention of the name of the Blavatsky Association, by the way, reminds us that in our recent comments on Mr. Kingsland's defence of H. P. B. entitled *Was She a Charlatan?* we omitted to state that this is one of the publications of the Blavatsky Association, from whom it can be obtained for 1s. 8d. post free.

Despite the efforts of the editor to hold the balance impartially as between rival occult organisations, he is not to escape the imputation of unfairness. For the publication of Col. Peacocke's letter, and the curtailment of the communication from his Hon. Treasurer, the President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society feels that he is entitled "at least to some expression of regret." This we willingly accord, the more so as it is possible that Mr. Rooke's arguments may have been inadvertently weakened. Not partiality, however, but considerations of space, and the dignity of our correspondence columns, dictated the use of the blue pencil. If only the disputants in such controversies could settle their differences amicably, thus giving practical expression to the ideal of brotherhood, the cause of *true* Occultism would not be so severely handicapped as it unfortunately is. We feel that an apology is due to our readers for the loss of valuable space which might have been put to so much better use.

THE EDITOR

POETS AND THE ETERNAL VALUES

By H. McDONALD

ONE of the most valuable contributions to philosophical thought is the classification of eternal values—Goodness, Truth and Beauty. Dean Inge and others, notably Miss Maude Royden and the late Mr. Clutton-Brock, have stressed this classification and have preached, or continue to preach, the following of these ideals ; but it is Dean Inge who has given the widest publicity to eternal values. This is not an essay on Religion, but one may say that if Christianity be interpreted as teaching a way of life from the material towards the spiritual, then it must be accepted that it is only in the following of spiritual values that the way to God lies. Had the Christian Churches held and practised that truth, as the poets have held and practised it, organised religion would not be in the condition of spiritual apathy in which it finds itself to-day.

In considering the teaching of the poets in regard to these values, it is simpler for us to consider them as Love, Truth and Beauty. The term "Goodness," as used by Dean Inge, is beyond the comprehension of the average man, and tends only to produce confusion of thought among those persons whose ideas of goodness are limited to going to church on Sunday and living in a state of exaggerated respectability during the remaining six days of the week. The word "Love" conveys a more definite impression to the ordinary mind than does the word "Goodness." It is, however, by no means as easy of comprehension as thoughtless persons would have us believe ; and before proceeding to a discussion of the poets' treatment of "Love" it is desirable that we should arrive at an approximate understanding of what we mean by "Love." There is no word in our language which has been more misused, more distorted, more degraded, than this one ; it has even been used as a synonym for lust. We cannot begin in a better way than by disentangling it from this connection.

Love is of the spirit, spiritual.

Passion is the physical and temporal expression of Love, which is spiritual and eternal ; and lust is a physical appetite, and is as far removed from Love as is Hell from Heaven.

Psychology tells us that Love is the desire to establish ourselves in intimate and sympathetic relationship with the persons or

things which we love. It is the antithesis of Self—it is a reaching out. It is not limited to persons, it touches all things, as Dostoievsky tells us.

“Love all men and all things: neither be ashamed of that love: cherish it highly, for it is the gift of God, a great gift: nor is it granted to many, but only to the elect.”

And again: “Love all God’s creation, both the whole and every grain of sand. . . . Love is a possession dearly bought, with much labour, and in long time; for one must love not sometimes only for a passing moment, but always.”

We may say of Love that its spiritual value is in inverse ratio to that of self. We reach out and out, and the farther away from self we get, the nearer do we get to God, until the Love which succeeds in the complete annihilation of Self becomes an attribute of God. Then and then only do we realise that God is Love. This surely is the message of the Cross—the death of Self—the triumph of Love—which is God. It is because this message has been so distorted and so misrepresented that so many poets—poets so widely different as Shelley and Rupert Brooke, for instance—have called themselves atheists. It would be difficult, perhaps, to think of two poets so different. The one is a pigmy perhaps and the other a giant, but it is not only there that the difference lies. It is a curious fact that each died before reaching the age of thirty, and yet the one had attained maturity and the full expression of his power, while the other was still immature, was still struggling in the stages of growth. Rupert Brooke was an unconscious disciple of Love. Like Dostoievsky he loved all things and all persons. “I roam about places . . . and see the essential glory and beauty of all the people I meet. . . . I suppose my occupation is being in love with the universe.” And “I have been so great a lover: filled my days so proudly with the splendour of Love’s praise. . . .

“These have I loved:

“White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faëry dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood.
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers. . . .”

but unlike Dostoievsky he had not experienced the maturing effect of a great personal love, the love which is

“not sometimes only, for a passing moment, but always.”

Lust he has described in moments of bravado, but he does not commit the unforgivable crime of associating it with Love. The key to his immaturity is perhaps to be found in his beautiful sonnet :

"I said I splendidly loved you ; it's not true.
 Such long swift tides stir not a land-locked sea.
 On gods or fools the high risk falls—on you—
 The clean clear bitter-sweet that's not for me.
 Love soars from earth to ecstasies unwist.
 Love is flung Lucifer-like from Heaven to Hell.
 But—there are wanderers in the middle mist,
 Who cry for shadows, clutch and cannot tell
 Whether they love at all, or, loving, whom :
 An old song's lady, a fool in fancy dress,
 Or phantoms, or their own face on the gloom ;
 For love of Love, or from heart's loneliness.
 Pleasure's not theirs, nor pain. They doubt, and sigh,
 And do not love at all. Of these am I."

But in spite of his immaturity, in spite of much that is crude in his work, Rupert Brooke belongs to the long line of immortal poets. There is in his work a beauty, a sincerity, a vital spark, which will keep it alive, long after the reams of sterile verse which are turned out by the poseurs and sensationalists of to-day have sunk into the oblivion which they deserve.

Of Shelley's teaching on Love as a spiritual value I will not presume to speak, for this aspect of his teaching has been interpreted far better than I could ever hope to interpret it by Miss Maude Royden in her beautiful discourse on Shelley, which I advise all who are interested in the subject to read. Shelley was, indeed, the most passionate worshipper of the eternal values—Love, Truth and Beauty—who has ever lived, but of the three he was dominated most by a passion for Truth.

Robert Browning has given us a more comprehensive view of Love than has any other poet with the exception of Shakespeare. No other poet deals with so many aspects of Love. Knowing the wonder and the power of a great spiritual love, he could depict passion with purity and with fervour—and appreciating the full force of passion, he could write the only poem in existence which is an epic on the Love which transcends self and achieves its triumph as a purely spiritual value—*The Ring and the Book*. Read *Earl Mertoun's Love Song*, read the sonnet *Now*, and then read *Any Wife to Any Husband*.

"Oh, I should fade—'tis willed so! Might I save,
Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
Joy to thy sense, for that was precious too.
It is not to be granted. But the soul
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;
Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

It would not be because my eye grew dim
Thou couldst not find the love there, thanks to Him
Who never is dishonoured in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark."

No other poet has expressed for us the right relationship of passion to Love. Some have laid too much stress on one aspect, some on the other. Browning alone establishes a just and human relationship, just as Browning alone shows us the wonder of Love which transcends passion, and yet loses none of its force as Love. Read Pompilia's dying speech, her last message to "The heart and its immeasurable love of my one friend, my only, all my own, who put his breast between the spears and me."

"Tell him," she says, as she lies dying of her twenty-two dagger wounds—

"... say, from the deed, no touch
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,
Not one faint fleck of failure! Why explain?
What I see, oh, he sees and how much more!
Tell him—I know not wherefore the true word
Should fade and fall unuttered at the last—
It was the name of him I sprang to meet
When came the knock, the summons and the end.
'My great heart, my strong hand, are back again!
I would have sprung to these, beckoning across
Murder and hell gigantic and distinct
O' the threshold, posted to exclude me heaven."

And then her final testimony—

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

In all his work Browning bears his testimony to Love as an eternal value.

Of Life he writes—

"For Life, with all it yields of joy and woe, and hope, and fear,
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning Love."

And of Love which survives beyond Death—

“Never may I commence my song, my due
To God Who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again might be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward. . . .”

In this testimony to Love as an immortal and eternal value he joins hands strangely, with a hand reaching up from depths in which Browning had no place nor part.

From the depths, Ernest Dowson flings his testimony to that Faith which gives him a share in the immortal heritage.

In the one line—

“Life is a little while, but Love is long,”

a whole philosophy is condensed; and although he failed to live up to his faith, he never failed to pay homage to it. This is the difference between the great soul and the little. The great soul, even though wandering from “the light,” yet never fails to realise and pay homage to “the light” which the little souls, with all their faculties intent only on the saving of their own souls, never even see, much less pay reverence to. It might well have been of Dowson that Omar sang—

“One glimpse of it within the tavern caught
Better than in the temple lost outright.”

Ernest Dowson associated with revellers and pleasure-seekers, but he paid no homage to the gods of the pleasure-seekers, he assessed no false values, no low standards. His standard remained high, although he allowed himself to fall so far from it; and so he writes in incomparable music,

“I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yes, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.”

The thread of our testimony has swung far, from Shelley to Rupert Brooke, from Browning to Dowson, but it only serves to show that, great or small, the poets who are the seers of every age all bear the same testimony.

I might go on multiplying instances—of Dante who wrote of Beatrice, who inspired all his life with a love which was pure spirit—

“If it be His pleasure from Whom is the life of all things that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman.”

And so made her a partaker of his fame, so that we cannot now think of Dante without at the same time thinking of Beatrice and of that love, the eternal value of which is apparent even to the most limited vision, the love of which he writes—

“Love never certes for my worthless part,
But of his own great heart
Vouchsafed to me a life so calm and sweet
That oft I heard folk question as I went
What such great gladness meant.”

Volumes might be written of Shakespeare, who loved his fellow-men so well that he has been able to see and depict them as they have never been depicted before or since. But to strengthen our connecting cord let us take four more quotations only, from such widely different poets as Shakespeare, Coventry Patmore, Tennyson and Wordsworth, and see their faith in the Love which is an eternal value.

Thus Shakespeare—

“Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.”

And thus Coventry Patmore—

“Who say, when somewhat distanced from Love's heat and fiercer might,
'His brand burns us no longer; it is out,' use not their sight,
For ever and for ever we are lighted by the light.
And ere there be extinguished one minutest flame Love fann'd,
The Pyramids of Egypt shall have no place in the land.”

And again—

“You love? that’s high as you shall go;
For ’tis as true as any gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.”

Thus Tennyson in *Love and Death*.

“‘You must begone,’ said Death, ‘these walks are mine.’
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, ‘This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of Life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of Death;
The shadow passes when the tree doth fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.’”

While Wordsworth sums all up in the lines from *Laodamia*:

“Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love”—

adding an illuminating link to the chain of testimony from great thinkers of all ages that Love is indeed an eternal value, and an attribute of God.

SPIRIT AND SPIRITUALISM

By WILLIAM KINGSLAND

MODERN Spiritualism is undoubtedly a great movement, and might well develop into one of the very greatest for the spiritual regeneration of the world.

Its claims for the validity of the phenomena connected with the term become with every year more and more accredited as a matter for scientific investigation ; more particularly in connection with the science of psychology. At the present time, whilst the facts are admitted by psychologists, the tendency is to strain the subconscious and telepathic theories to breaking point. It is very notable of the change of opinion in this matter that such a strictly academic quarterly as the *Hibbert Journal* has an article in a recent number on "The Phenomena of Mediumistic Trance." The writer is most unwilling to go beyond the telepathic hypothesis.

"Belief in the reality of telepathy may make belief in survival easier, but at the same time it makes proof of survival more difficult, just in so far as we are ignorant of the limits of telepathy between the living."

It might perhaps be said that whilst at the present time many competent scientific investigators have come to the conclusion that *some* of the phenomena are due to discarnate entities, they are by no means satisfied that this is the case with the whole of those usually claimed by the Spiritualists. There is an outspoken editorial in the spiritualistic journal, *The Two Worlds*, Dec. 9th, in which the Editor gives it as his opinion that :

"When we consider these masses of what are called automatic scripts, a close examination of them convinces one that though they may be surprising and satisfying, it is probably true that 90 per cent. of them involve no spirit other than the spirit of the writer."

Now if Modern Spiritualism is to become a real power for the spiritual regeneration of the world : replacing by positive evidence the hitherto vague and superstitious beliefs which have attached to the question of death and the life hereafter : it would appear to stand in need of considerable reform in at least three directions. In the first place, it must assume a strictly scientific attitude in connection with the phenomena, reserving its conclusions with

regard to the origin of these. There has been, and is still, far too great a tendency—once the spiritualistic hypothesis has been accepted—to run to an extreme of credulity in the acceptance of messages, statements, and phenomena that purport to come from “the other side,” and to accept such messages as being necessarily authoritative simply because they do purport to come from the “spirit world.” This is very largely due to the fact that we are by no means rid of the old superstitions attaching to centuries of ignorance and theological dogmas. These still have a very considerable hold on the minds of many people, Spiritualists as well as others—perhaps quite unconsciously on their part. At all events the Spiritualists do not as yet appear to have realised how necessary it is to rid themselves of the conventional language attaching to these superstitions. Their very language in calling the next world the “spirit world,” and in talking of what the “spirits” do in the séance room, is a survival of the old notion that there are only two worlds: the present material world, and the “spiritual” world. In the same manner we still have the arbitrary division between “time” and “eternity”; as if time were this side, and eternity the other.

We would say, then, that in the second place what Modern Spiritualism must do is, to rid itself of all the old terminology of the superstitions attaching to theology and priestcraft, whereby the Church has endeavoured to exercise sway over the minds and actions of men by inculcating a superstitious *fear* of the next world. The term *supernatural* is by no means obsolete, nor is the dread of “supernatural happenings” by any means extinct, notwithstanding that no rational man can hold to-day that there is any break in natural law between the seen and the unseen.

Spiritualists are founding their own “Churches”; are making a religion of their cult. But the real fact is that there is nothing any more inherently religious in the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism than there is in the phenomenal facts of physical science. There is nothing any more “religious” in the fact of dying than in the fact of being born. We can make the facts of physical science contribute to our religious beliefs and endeavours; and, indeed, the very fact that Ecclesiastical Christianity has hitherto tried to be independent of the knowledge acquired by physical science is what has led to its present loss of prestige and its hold on the community.

Spiritualists cannot inaugurate any new or distinctive religion based on their phenomena—unless, indeed, they set up, what it

almost amounts to in some cases, a superstitious worship of "spirits." As in the case of physical science, they may make the phenomenal facts contribute to a better understanding of the constitution of man and of the Universe in which he lives, and thereby attain to a more rational view of the fundamental principles which govern our evolution—for evolution *is* religion; it is our return journey to the Spiritual Source of our being and nature; that Source *in* which we, and the whole Universe, "live and move and have our being."

This leads me to the statement of the third requisite for Modern Spiritualism. I have stated that it must become (a) more scientific, (b) less superstitious, and now, (c) I would say that it must become much more *philosophical*.

At present it has no philosophy. Its present use of the terms "Spirit" and "spirits" is utterly unphilosophical, and is simply a survival (of the astral "shell"?) of the old theology to which I have already alluded.

We do *not* enter the "spiritual world" immediately we drop our physical bodies. We do not *become* spirits when we die. Spiritualism itself teaches that much; yet all its language implies that we do. The spiritual world—if indeed it can be spoken of at all as a "world"—is here and now just as much as it is in any "other world," or "plane," or "sphere," or "level" to which we may progress in the hereafter. We have our inmost spiritual principle here and now: veiled and obscured, however, by the various bodies, sheaths, or vehicles in which it functions for the time being, on the physical, the etheric, the astral, and the mental planes of consciousness.

The only true philosophical concept of Spirit is that it is the root and source of all that exists. In theology it is termed God; in philosophy it is termed the Absolute. In Reality it is the ALL; but viewed by the intellect or formal mind, in terms of time, space, and causation, it *appears* to be something which has to be distinguished from matter or phenomena; and as God it *appears* to be distinguished from man. And so we have to speak of it as the *innermost*, whilst matter—or the *objective* world on any plane of consciousness—is the *outermost*.

Viewed thus as the innermost from which the various planes of matter or substance are emanated or evolved by a series of gradations down to our apparently coarse physical matter, we see that our progress back to our Source—which progress I have previously identified with *religion*—must be effected by dropping

one by one the limitations of the various bodies or vehicles on the various planes of Substance in which Spirit manifests for the time being, *apparently* in an individual manner. But this appearance is only because we so readily, but mistakenly, identify *ourselves* with our bodies. All the records of Spiritualism go to show that this identification is so complete, that immediately after death we appear to have a body in every way identical with the physical body with which we have just parted—so much so that we may even ask for whisky and cigars. "Spirit" asking for whisky and cigars! How can any of these *material* things exist in a Spiritual world? Whether this apparently physical body in which we are told we shall find ourselves immediately after death is an absolute illusion; whether it is a "dream" or a "reality"—that is to say that the mental image which we have of "ourselves" actually moulds the substance of the etheric or astral plane into the semblance of the physical body—I need not discuss here. The point is—in view of the necro-pathic communications from "the other side"—that if we can be said to be in any sense whatsoever any *nearer* to Spirit than we are now in our physical bodies, it is only because we have dropped those bodies; because we have dropped the lowest of the many sheaths or vehicles which veil the inner Spirit from our perceptions as to the true nature of the Self.

Perhaps this veiling of the true Self has never been better expressed than in Browning's well-known lines.

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

This "wall upon wall" is constituted of our inner bodies, each one remove further from Spirit as we descend to physical matter. The existence of these inner bodies or vehicles has been taught for ages by Eastern and Occult Science, but entirely ignored in the common religion and philosophy of the West. They would appear, however, to have a chance of becoming better known in the immediate future, both by reason of the discoveries of psychical research and through the teachings of Theosophy.

I find Sir A. Conan Doyle saying, in the OCCULT REVIEW for October last, that: "There may be, and probably are, many covering envelopes, each more tenuous than the other." Well and good; but the confusion of terms in this matter is only too

evident when he goes on to say that the discarnate individuals are called spirits, "since the spirit within is the essential thing." Then why are we not called spirits here and now? Some time previously he took great umbrage at a statement by a theosophical writer that "Pure spirits . . . cannot, even if they would, span the abyss which separates their world from ours"; and he characterised this as a statement which "goes out of its way to offend." When taken to task and asked wherein the offence lay, he was silent. Pure spirits must necessarily be those who have dropped all the "walls"; and it was pointed out to him that it was actually a Spiritualistic teaching that the discarnate individual passes on from the plane of consciousness on which he at first finds himself, and from which he can communicate with the earth plane, to a higher one from which he cannot, or does not commonly, communicate. There may, of course, be exceptions.

In *The Blue Island* I find it stated that from one of the higher planes or "spheres"—which the supposed communicator, the late Mr. W. T. Stead, calls "the Return or Stay Sphere"—reincarnation may, and often does, take place; but that those who have reached this sphere "and are purified and qualified in themselves, those who stand the test and pass out as Grade I, pass to another and altogether different and lighter land—and each becomes impersonal. Impersonal in the sense that they are no longer Jack Brown or Madge Black; they are now *pure spirit people*."

Now if they have ceased to be the personal Jack Browns, or Madge Blacks, or W. T. Steads, and even in the lower sphere have "forgotten in detail their association with earth," how on earth can they be supposed to communicate with earth in the character of their former personalities? Do not Sir Arthur's statements clearly show that the Spiritualists have no real philosophy of Spirit, but use the term in all sorts of promiscuous and unjustifiable ways?

As a matter of fact, we have no right to speak of "spirits" at all: for Spirit is one and indivisible. We are told in the Bible that "God is a Spirit." But if so, then there are other Spirits besides God, and He is not "All and in All." And if we are told that the translation should stand "God is Spirit," we agree; but then in that case *we* cannot be "spirits," but only, in our deepest inmost nature, *Spirit*. There is no such confusion of thought and terms in the Eastern philosophy of which to-day Theosophy is the representative. Spirit in the philosophy of the *Upanishads*

is *Atman* or *Brahman*; but these terms are never used in the plural to signify human *personalities*, neither as entities on any phenomenal plane of consciousness, nor even as the Higher Self, the *individuality*—Atma-Buddhi-Manas.

But pure Spirit—on its own plane, so to speak, and using the language of the formal mind—is “birthless and deathless and changeless.” It no more “comes down” into incarnation than the Sun comes down in order to vivify this earth. It no more splits up into “spirits” than the physical Sun splits up into suns.

In a recent and most excellent little book, *A Common Sense View of Religion*—with a preface by Sir A. Conan Doyle—I find the same confusion of thought and terms. It opens with the statement—in capitals—that “WE ARE SPIRITS HERE AND NOW.” Most excellent, save for the use of the word Spirit in the plural. But it goes on to say: “At death, the spirit with its etheric body separates from the physical body, and continues to function in one of the spheres.” But how can Spirit, which is *universal*, and the informing energy of all that lives and moves and has its being, “separate” from the physical body? It is the inmost energy and life of every atom as well as every “body.” The *personal* unit of consciousness which has hitherto identified itself with the physical body may, and does, fall back upon the more inner etheric or astral body. But we are not *spirits* here and now: we are *Spirit*—if we only knew the real *Self* and did not identify “ourselves” with our bodies.

Then we have: “The spirit automatically gravitates to the sphere it belongs to, ‘goes to its own place.’” What an utter lack of philosophical thought is here! How can Spirit which is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent “gravitate” to any “sphere”; or to a sphere it has never left?

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

We might as well talk about the sun gravitating to its own sphere when the change of seasons brings about the frozen death of winter, or a plant dies from lack of sunshine.

Again: “The most important thing for the spirit, either here or hereafter, is to go on perfecting its character through all eternity.” Really! Is then Spirit, the root and source of all that ever was, is, or can be, so imperfect? Besides, we have

always understood that with Spirit there is neither a here or a hereafter. Alternatively, are we to conceive that these individual "spirits" which the Spiritualists talk about so freely are little imperfect *bits* of the One all-pervading Spirit?

The fact appears to be that Spiritualists are so much occupied with the business of getting phenomena and necropathic communications from the "spirits," that they have no time to study the philosophy of SPIRIT, and to bring their own facts and nomenclature into line with the Wisdom of the Ages, with the ancient *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad Gita*, with Plato and Plotinus, and the Gnostic and Hermetic philosophy. It is Theosophy to-day, not Spiritualism—or, rather, Spiritism—which presents the real philosophy of Spirit: the Ancient Wisdom, summed up in the great aphorism of the *Upanishads*, *Tat tvam asi*, THAT ART THOU.

CREATION

By RUPERT W. BELL.

Great thy attainments, scientific lord!
 Thy honours well deserved, and thy reward
 Commensurate with fame; but hast yet sought
 All Nature's hidden secrets? Fully taught
 Of mysteries on every hand—around?
 That daily seen are not the less profound?
 So great thy quest for slaughter and the gas
 That meditative mind may think, alas!
 The line thou dost pursue has but the goal
 We term "Annihilation"; when the soul
 Like wandering comet, chases endless time
 And unaccomplished is the Plan sublime!
 And so I ask, nor wish to prove discreet,
 If nought there is at scientific feet
 That aught avails, or serves thee to dissolve
 The mysteries that Death and Life involve?

IN LA TOUR JEANNE D'ARC : A VISION

By DIAN SHORE

"The cobble-stones of old Rouen
Are hurting my feet again."

WHEN I visited Rouen *for the first time*, at Christmas, 1926, I could not imagine why this little sing-song couplet was continually going through my brain. It seemed that I had invented the lines, for no reason.

The "cobble-stones of old Rouen" must indeed have been there, as someone remarked, since the year One. But I had no recollection of having ever felt them before, or of their having hurt my feet, but only my shoes!

When I was a girl I used to sit in the garden of my father's old house and write stories and verses. The stories were usually concerned with fairies—for even when I grew up, I had a great interest in fairies—and a half-belief in them!

My verses were, some of them, of pine-woods and the "whispering winds" in them—there was a "fir-cone wood," as we called it, not far from the house—and others were war poems.

I knew nothing of war—in this life—but had always an idea that I used to know something; and always loved to hear and recite any war poems.

From a child, I have always had a recollection, vague and dim, of having at one time ridden on a very nice white horse—which is what I have never done in this life. And I have been told that I was born with a little horse-shoe mark, which later disappeared.

Waking once, when I was a girl, with a line of poetry in my head, as it were the last line of a song I had been hearing in my dream, I tried in vain to recall the other verses. The line was:

"Could I remember Lorraine!"

I have never, to my knowledge, been in Lorraine.

When I visited Rouen a second time, in the summer of 1927, it was to stay in a very old house, built on the ancient ramparts of the city. And a couple of streets away stood *Le Tour Jeanne d'Arc*—said to be where she was imprisoned.

I did not visit it. For one thing, I took no special interest in Jeanne; for another, the *Rouennais* seem to consider the *Tour* a bit of a fraud, as they say it is very much restored and built up, and with no actual proof of her ever having been imprisoned there.

At the time of my arrival, the Festival of Jeanne d'Arc had just come to an end.

Though not what is usually called a psychic, I have had communications many times—visions and voices; though I could never be a professional medium, having no knowledge of when messages may or may not come. I have heard voices, every now and again, since the year 1915. I have heard music—tunes that I have never been able to keep—but never saw any lights, which seems to be a common experience with others, including Jeanne d'Arc.

Previous to my first hearing the voices in 1915, I felt sure that it would alarm me to see anything in the nature of a ghost, but when it happened the whole thing seemed quite natural. This *may* have been because of my having had the like experience in a former life.

When I had the visitants again—last summer, at Rouen—I knew them to have been the same as those that had come twelve years previously. I have reason to believe that one or two persons in the house felt there were strange influences about, though I was glad to think that none of them knew I had anything to do with it.

The visitant—a spirit-guide—had told me, at his first appearance, that I had lived another life on earth; but I *have always had a dislike to the theory of reincarnation*, and always tried to reason to myself that I had heard incorrectly.

He reminded me now of my childish fancy of having ridden on a white horse, and asked me:

“Do you remember anyone else besides your horse? Have you any recollection of the war—of your lover—of the little child?”

I told him, “No.”

And then came over me a sensation that I have had before—of being transported elsewhere in my astral body, whilst in the material body I was still in my own room.

I found myself in a bare circular chamber where I had never been. I was standing by a wide chimney-place; facing me was a long narrow slit of a window, and beneath it what I took to be a wooden table. To the right hand was a door, leading to a winding staircase.

I was not in the least frightened—only interested. I was, the guide told me, in the *Tour Jeanne d'Arc*.

A black-bearded man, whom I did not see very distinctly, opened the window and put some food on the board below. But I took no notice of him, and kept repeating to myself, in a quite expressionless tone, what sounded to me like nonsense words:

“Too Remy—too remy—ah too remy—faquin——”

And I wondered whether *remy* was a name, and whether *faquin* was.

I heard the spirit-voices observing:

“She does not know in the least what she is saying.”

And then, suddenly, I uttered the words with vigour:

“A tout remis! A tout remis! Faquin!” and knew what the first three meant.

After this there came to me the recollection, as it were, of some baby child; and I kept repeating a word that I took to be “Psychiatrice! Psychiatrice!”—which I thought sounded like “Cockatrice,” and also wondered whether it meant “Sorceress.”

Suddenly I felt assured in my own mind that I was merely repeating nonsense words, that there was no reality in the vision. And, as I thought this, I found myself again in my own room, and the experience was at an end.

I was told afterwards that it could not continue after I began to disbelieve

I think the words I spoke were not exactly modern Parisian French.

“A tout remis”—*to remit everything*.

“Faquin,” *scoundrel*, was a word I did not know, but I found easily.

“Psychiatrice” I had great difficulty about, but at last discovered it as two words—“*Sacqui attrisse*,” *begotten to make sad*.

Some persons whom I told of this assured me that it could not have been Jeanne, for that she never had a lover or a child.

I only knew that all this came to me without any effort on my own part.

Reading books afterwards about Jeanne (whose life I had never before specially studied) I discovered that, like myself, she had always had interest and belief in fairies (as, of course, many people had in her day) and in pine-forests, and that she saw visions, sitting in her father's garden. And, of course, warlike spirits came to incite her to take part in the war.

Following on this experience, I, of course, visited the *Tour Jeanne d'Arc* in actual fact. She was imprisoned there for precisely twenty-one days before her death.

I mounted the staircase, and on the first story came to the very room where I had been myself in my vision. I recognised it at once—the staircase, the chimney, the window, just the same and in the same places. The only difference was that what I had taken for a table was a wide, flat window-ledge.

On the second and third stories were rooms that were not just like that one.

Later on I read in a description of the tower :

"Telle que nos la voyons actuellement, la Tour Jeanne d'Arc est le resultat d'une restauration. Sont seuls anciens la base, le rez-de chaussee, le premier etage et la partie inferieure du deuxieme."

I have tried once or twice to remember something on my own account—the examination, or the crowds, or the fire.

But I can recall nothing.

A STROLOGER'S PRAYER TO VENUS

By EVA MARTIN

When the heart desires
Life, and the splendours of life, and the fires ;
When the soul sleeps, drown'd
Beneath waves of illusion, and bound
To an alien place ;
When the mind craves
To have and to hold, and saves
No strength to render
Homage to aught beyond Self and Here and Now :
Then, Thou
Of the quiet footstep, the peaceful brow,
Unveil thy fair face,
Lean over the slumbering spirit, lean long,
Till the wild thoughts, stilled,
Turn again to thy deep wells of Love, where the song
Of creation is born, and the mind becomes filled
With the light of thy tender
Grace.

Lean over the spirit, thou, gentle and wise
Dove-haunted goddess of evening skies.
On to the mind's clear mirror breathe
Dreams of thy beauty, and silently wreath
Flowers of forgetfulness round the dim bowl
Whence the flame of Self ever
Strives up to the soul.
Quench the flame with pure snow,
With water from magical fountains,
And, when it burns low,
O, feed it anew with the love that upsprings
From the source of all Beauty, the love that demands
Not possession, nor self-satisfaction, nor joy ;
That dwells at the core of the world, that dies never,
Nor tires ; that withstands
Deepest wrong, darkest grief ; that no pain can destroy,
And no mirage decoy ;
The love that has wings
To uplift it beyond earth's delectable mountains ;
That murmurs and sings
In thy heart, and is throned in the light of thine eyes,
O gentle and wise
Dove-haunted goddess of evening skies !

PSYCHIC FACULTIES : THEIR BIRTH AND EVOLUTION

By TUDOR A. MORGAN

At what chronological period of his evolution man became conscious of his consciousness will probably never be known, but of two things we may feel reasonably sure ; first, that when man emerged from his final animal stage his encephalon was perfectly developed ; and second, that it was capable of registering nothing but the instinctive remnants of his animal apprenticeship. It is also reasonably sure that man's first knowledges were not received by sense function, but were transmitted by the intuitive or psychic faculties to the brain and senses.

That man possessed psychic faculties immediately upon his entrance into manhood is a reasonable premise—if the laws of evolution be true—because psychic faculties are discoverable in animals such as cows, horses, dogs and cats. Instances of the sixth sense of these animals are plentiful, and their presence indicates that we must get back to the beginnings of life to find the beginning of psychic development.

The unicellular organism has no visible means by which it functions, yet it betrays signs of exact knowledge and, moreover, the ability to recognise and to act upon that knowledge. The exact knowledge that is unconscious must be intuitive, and intuitive knowledge necessitates a spiritual administration. Häckel, *Animal Intelligence*, pp. 21-22, says, "We meet with the weighty fact that sense function is possible without sense organs, without nerves." The microscope reveals no alternative system, and we may only surmise that the arrangement, although present, is invisible. It has been observed that the amoeba has intuitive knowledge which enables it to detect the difference between a particle of food and a particle of sand.

"There are evidences in the *Mimosa pudica* and among the Infusoria, as well as most of the lower organisms, that before a nerve was formed and the sense of feeling instituted, Nature felt for the organism, and this was intuitive feeling." (J. W. Thomas, *Intuitive Suggestion*, p. 77.)

Swedenborg asserts that by virtue of its very method of creation, unconscious life possesses this faculty. In his philosophy, the spiritual degree is the containant of the Divine and

celestial degrees, and as the spiritual degree becomes as a new end in its relation to matter, the spiritual is the inmost of the degrees of latitude in the organisms. In the Divine and celestial degrees are the will and goodness of God, and in the spiritual, His wisdom. Therefore in every organism there is resident life from His will, and knowledge from His wisdom. The medium between these faculties and their expression is the ectoplasm, which is susceptible to differences in vibration set up by the wants of the body, and is influenced by undulations from the spiritual to satisfy those needs. (The ectoplasmic part of the organism corresponds to the etheric body of Theosophy and Spiritualism, and the limbus of Swedenborg.) Following this out, every cell in the forms of organised matter has its own intuitive faculties, and the whole is co-ordinated by the nervous system in the higher forms.

“ The formation of nerve did not give rise to feeling, for this already existed in the intuitive condition ” (*Intuitive Suggestion* p. 82). The nervous system carries to the brain the feeling of irritation received on specialised surfaces. This is sensation. Then there is the feeling aptly termed awareness. This belongs to the province of love, or life, and cannot be discovered in terms of nerves or brain-cells. This awareness is intuitive ; it arises from the inner degree of latitude, the spiritual, and the life and knowledge is drawn from the corresponding degree of altitude. Its quality and quantity are determined by the capacity to receive, and this again is dependent upon the amount given out, or used up. In Swedenborg’s phraseology, according to the uses performed, so does the form draw the necessary influx.

It is interesting to read the confirmation of Swedenborg’s philosophy of the degrees of latitude and altitude in *Intuitive Suggestion*. Mr. Thomas says :

“ Regarding Infinite Spirit as the very inside—the very heart of matter—then around Infinite Spirit is a region where all knowledge is stored. Next to that, and in closest touch with it, is the region where all power is found. Near this region is the location of the most tenuous forces connected with planetary matter, such as the so-called ether, and all these are invisible regions filling the whole of matter and yet distinct from it.”

Students will immediately recognise in this description Swedenborg’s Divine Wisdom, Divine Will, Divine Proceeding, all contained within and permeating matter, yet all in discrete degrees.

M. Fournier D'Albe in his *New Light on Immortality* shows that the most vital part of the cells of the body is not necessarily visible, and proceeds to do mentally what death does actually, namely, eliminates the material portion of each cell, leaving a body consisting of all that is vital in every single cell.

In order that intuitive faculties may operate in the unicellular organism it must be in contact with, and receive influx from, Infinite Spirit. This is a general influx which permeates all nature. Man, in addition, has a particular influx in correspondence with the conscious love of God. Within, and permeating the organism, is spirit-substance and ectoplasm. Any change or variation that occurs in the structure of the organism is foreshadowed by a design of the proposed change, etched, as it were, in the spirit-substance, and followed by a model in ectoplasm to which, finally, the matter is adapted.

As an illustration of my meaning, consider the proposed change from invertebrate to vertebrate. The Divine Will, acting through the Divine Wisdom, caused the Proceeding Forth which impressed the spirit-substance in the vicinity of the subject. The result is the design of the spinal column. *Via* the auric ether the stimulus is conveyed to the ectoplasm, causing an organisation of particles into the desired form. By the same method of stimulation and attraction, particles of matter are disturbed, causing a flying-off of electrons from protons, and a regrouping around the new centre of attraction—the ectoplasmic model—which now becomes visible as the cartilaginous vertebra of the amphioxus.

The fact that this illustration covers an extended period, involving hereditary transmission, raises points that would involve lengthy explanations. For a simpler illustration, covering only a short period, I quote the classic experiments of Hunter and Holmgrén. In one instance, sea-gulls, kept in captivity, were fed solely on grain; in the other, captive pigeons were given an exclusively meat diet. In a short time the sea-gulls developed the true grain-feeding crop, while the pigeons transformed their digestive organs into the carnivorous stomach.

Environment can in no way account for these developments, except as mere exciting cause. When the lives of the birds were endangered by the inability to digest their unsuitable food, the intuitive faculties would suggest what organs were required. The result would be similar in particular to Swedenborg's theory

of creation in general ; *i.e.* the suggestive idea becomes embodied in the cause—a plastic substance—and projected into the effect.

The suggestion that certain digestive organs were needed would cause such idea to become embodied in the ectoplasm, the motive power being supplied by the vibrations set in motion by the suggestion. New cells would gradually be built up around the ectoplasmic model until the work was completed.

These explanations and illustrations have been a lengthy, yet necessary, prelude to my next point. It has been shown that spiritual and ectoplasmic counterparts are necessary to the organic form, not only for changes and development, but for maintenance of very life. As in the instances just described, changes of physical form, or structure, are always preceded by changes in the spiritual and ectoplasmic forms, and in both the form is maintained until further development or alteration is necessary. Whatever form an organism or collection of organisms presents to the eye, has its counterpart in the spiritual, and whatever change is seen to overtake the physical, that change was presaged by the spiritual.

From a superficial viewpoint one is tempted to ask why, if the intuitive faculties are so amazingly accurate and apparently all-sufficing, should nerve, brain and mind be evolved? A little thought shows us that without sense organs there can be no consciousness of feeling, and without nerves, no co-ordination of the multicellular bodies that would permit of the evolution of complicated structures and forms. Further, organisms without sense function could not acquire knowledge by experience, without which no being can be held responsible for his actions. The intuitively guided organism is but an automaton.

Nerve is discoverable in the Cœlenterata, and as this development was first presaged by the spiritual, the spiritual and ectoplasmic counterparts would both function by nerve sense. How nerve and brain structures were developed until they resulted in the perfection exhibited by the mammalian order and, later, by man, is a matter of biology. The one point of interest to this article is that physical perfection of nerve structure implies, by its method of formation, spiritual perfection! Thus we can now think of three bodies, physical, ectoplasmic and spiritual, each replete with brain and nerves, surely a marvellous organisation! In the first, we have the province of spirit, of motives, of desires; in the second, the region of mind; and in the third, the sphere of action, of execution, of satisfaction of desires.

Thus, in the animal stage we have intuition, sensation, the rudiments of mind and, by virtue of the fact that the intuitive faculties are linked up by nerve systems, the rudiments of psychic faculties. Nothing can be felt by the physical that is not instantaneously transmitted to the ectoplasmic and spiritual. And conversely, the directions of the spiritual are reduced to physical action. There need be no wonder at the exhibition of psychic susceptibility by animals, because the organisation for such receptivity has already been formed. One can understand the terror an animal feels at the threshold of the slaughter-house—and the reason for it.

The particular line of descent destined to become man emerged from its animal ancestry in physical perfection, having a perfect nervous system, a perfect brain ready to receive the sense impressions; a mind capable of little more than the intuitional and instinctive knowledges of the animal; a spiritual body complete with brain and nervous system ready to convey impressions from the Efflux of God *via* the ectoplasmic organisation to the physical.

At what point of his development did man become aware of his consciousness? This is a difficult question, and one that I do not recall having seen answered. I would suggest that when man first felt the need of something more than the gratification of his instincts, he thus telegraphed his desire to his interior degrees of latitude, and received the reply into his physical brain. Then, what had previously been perception became conception. He was aware of something that was with him and yet did not seem to be of himself. In his perplexity a second request would be all unconsciously despatched, and a second reply received. This process would soon have become habitual, and we may feel reasonably sure that man acquired most of his early knowledge of earthly things by the use of his psychic and intuitional faculties. At the same time he would be instructed in heavenly matters, and thus the Biblical statement that man walked with God in a state of felicity comparable with life in the Garden of Eden would be no exaggeration. The Fall marked the decision of man to be master of himself, to obtain knowledge by the aid of his senses alone. The Deluge signifies the sea of degradation in which his choice ultimately plunged him.

The author of *Intuitive Suggestion* expresses the opinion that man must at some time return to the psychic and intuitive methods. The first faculty was purely automatic; in the second

stage, intuition was allied to sense function ; the third stage included the animal grade of consciousness ; in the fourth, awareness of a higher administration placed the ordinary animal intuitive and psychic faculties upon a spiritual basis. The addition of intellect to the existing faculties increased the moral obligations of man, enabling him to live, if he so desired, without conscious use of his psychic faculties. In this, the sixth stage, man could only maintain a high moral and spiritual standard by a balanced use of all his faculties, by submitting his sense-acquired knowledges to the judgment of his interior faculties, and receiving the Divine pronouncement. A glance over the pages of ancient and modern history will illustrate how feeble a thing intellect is compared with the Divine inspiration of the intuitive, psychic and spiritual faculties.

The seventh stage is the one that is upon us, namely, highly developed intellect returning to the conscious use of the psychic and spiritual gifts. This stage marks the beginning of the last phase of evolution, when the figurative heaven upon earth will have given way to the literal.

RICHARD WHITWELL : MYSTIC

By JOHN EARLE

WHOM may we term a Mystic ?

Ælfrida Tillyard, herself a writer on Mysticism, defines a mystic as one "to whom the spiritual world is more real than the material world. A seer who has fallen in love with God . . . a follower of the Inward Light." This is indeed a happy description, for it aptly sums up the position of those who (however humbly) profess a higher and more intimate knowledge of divine or spiritual things than their fellows. The subject holds some measure of allurement for most of us—even if we do not regard ourselves as members of the Great Brotherhood; and it is always a matter of deep joy and a source of comfort to meet those whose minds and emotions have undergone that necessary yet subtle clarification which results in illumination from within. It is true that the tranquil voice of the Mystic is drowned in the babble and bustle of our over-active civilisation; it is true that little heed is paid to his utterances. Still, they serve their hour—and the time will come when at last the unawakened majority will realise that in very truth it is impossible to "live by bread alone."

It has recently been my pleasure to read three books, *The Gold of Dawn*, *The Cloud and the Fire*, and *The Fellowship of the Kingdom* * by a sweet-voiced mystic, Richard Whitwell. Mr. Whitwell is a Christian Mystic who seeks, through the medium of a style akin to Whitman and Carpenter, to crystallise into words, at once fragrant and beautiful, "various modes of the great Christ-melody," as James Macbeth Bain phrases it. His is the language of a soul set free from the trammels and restrictions of the lower mind: beyond the veil of the transient he perceives the transcendent. In fine, Richard Whitwell is a mystic who possesses the rapturous gift of a consciousness of Divine Immanence. His is a melody of joy, of love, and peace, and to him

"The sense of fellowship is grown
A radiant Mystery. . . ."

To Richard Whitwell, values have changed, and his writings disclose that he has glimpsed a fragment of the Divine Plan.

* Published by H. T. Hamblin, Bosham House, Chichester. 2s. 6d. net each volume.

He descries in a blade of grass, or maybe in the first evening star, the wonder, the majesty and the power of God. The secret of happiness," he declares, "is the transfiguring of the commonplace."

The most trivial thing is a source of inspiration to him; yet, with true humility, he experiences moments of overwhelming gratitude, as witness the lofty utterance :

"O God! The magnificence of Thy brightness is too great for mine eyes. Let me but see the reflection of Thy Glory in the spaces of my Spirit. Then will I retreat before Thee, building Altar upon Altar within my soul. Thou, O my God, wilt ordain the Sacrifice."

What is the secret of the mystical Christ-consciousness? Is it for the favoured few, or is it attainable by all? Whitwell answers our question in unequivocal terms :

"The heart needs to be disciplined by sorrow and disillusionment that it may discern life's true values. It must separate the real from the unreal, ere it can enter into the joy-experience of Unity."

"A word," he remarks elsewhere, "that was spoken two thousand years ago, is being uttered to-day. It is that the ideal is *possible* in the actual, and that the perfect experience may be realised in the present."

It will be conceded by all who give the matter serious consideration that the development of a consciousness wherein God and His Universe are perceived as inextricably one, is the be-all and end-all of our existence here upon earth. If we but strive to perfectly unfold the inner spiritual consciousness, then indeed will that external thing we call Life reflect the beauty and richness of our hidden wealth "The beauty of the King's Daughter cometh from within."

The true mystic is not a being apart from his fellows. Rather may he be described as one who, whilst functioning here on the physical plane, is able, at will, to escape from the sphere of ordinary consciousness and to ascend to the realm of eternal Beauty, there to bathe his soul in peace and taste of the delectable joys of the Spirit vouchsafed only to those who "seek the kingdom of Heaven within." Like the saints of old, he does not enjoy uninterrupted beatitude, but is subjected to trials and testings which call for the full measure of faith and spiritual tenacity. God, it seems, sometimes hides His Face; the light of inspiration is clouded, and then is experienced what St. John of the Cross so fittingly calls "the dark night of the soul." At

such crises the mystic is enjoined to maintain his soul in patience, ever "watching and praying"—for without these periods of spiritual aridity, the strength of the soul's wings could not be proved. The mystical life, then, is the true life; for it deals, not, as is generally thought, with shadows and illusions, but with the deepest reality the soul can apprehend.

Through the spiritual experience enjoyed by the mystic the soul *knows* the Truth which sets it free. This vital inner *knowing* is all-sufficient for him who experiences it—let the theologians cavil and dispute never so vehemently.

"The sun smiles, knowing well his strength."

Richard Whitwell should be read for the strength and beauty of his message, no less than for his understanding and spiritual insight. These musings of a modern mystic are satisfying and very lovely.

THE SENSE OF CERTITUDE : SOME NOTES ON INTUITION AND REASON

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc., A.I.C.

THE other day I had to meet, in a public spot, a friend whom I had not seen for a considerable time. I arrived at the meeting-place somewhat early for the appointment. My mind was rather ill at ease ; I was a little disturbed by the thought that I should not recognise my friend. I endeavoured to picture him in my mind ; but I am a bad visualiser. I remembered certain characteristics, which stood out boldly in my mental image. The rest was vague, so that what I had before me was a caricature rather than a picture of the man.

A man approached. Was he my friend ? I *reasoned* rapidly. Yes ! he was the right height, his carriage was that of my friend and he wore clothes similar to those in which I had been accustomed to see him. Certainly, this was the right man. But when he got nearer, and I saw his face clearly, I realised that I had made a mistake.

I caught sight of a face in the crowd. By Jove ! I said to myself, this must be the man. I remember that he had a nose of just this peculiar shape and a rather small mouth without a moustache. But another look at him convinced me that I had again made an error. This man was not my old friend after all.

I became more perturbed than ever. I had, I thought, certainly not remembered his appearance accurately or I should not have made these two mistakes. I should certainly not recognise him at all ; and, no doubt, he would similarly fail to recognise me. Was this the man, or this, or this ?

And then a man appeared, and *at once* I knew that he was my old friend. I knew beyond question or doubt. How I knew was another matter. Certainly I was not conscious of having arrived at the result by any process of reasoning from this peculiarity in the appearance of the man or that. I just *knew* he was the right man. I could have confirmed this knowledge in a multitude of ways. But this was unnecessary. I greeted him and plunged at once into the business that was the occasion of the meeting.

In the sense of being unique or merely unusual, there was nothing remarkable to me in this occurrence. I have had

similar experiences before, and I imagine that many of my readers have experienced much the same sort of thing. The remarkable character of the experience only appears on reflection and resides in the overwhelming sense of certitude which seems spontaneously to arise from nowhere and without the aid of reason.

I can see analogies to this sense in other forms of experience. There will be those of a romantic turn of mind who will say that it is not unlike the certitude of love. The young man may be attracted by this girl and that, and may ask himself: Do I love her—or her? And then his true mistress comes into his life and he asks no more. It is certainly analogous to the intuition of which the mystics speak. Perhaps an analysis of the sense of certitude in connection with a simple mundane experience such as the one I have related of myself may assist us in arriving at a better understanding of the mystery of intuition.

Undoubtedly the mind is larger than our consciousness of it. The term "subconsciousness" has been introduced to connote the sum of those of its activities of which we are not aware. Seeing the remarkable character of these activities, the term "superconsciousness" might be better; but quarrelling with terms is an unprofitable business, and I will use the generally accepted word. It seems to me certain that, in any act of observation, a great deal is lost to the conscious mind which is stored in the subconscious, and equally certain that the subconscious mind is able to form judgments based upon the material which is presented to it. These judgments may or may not be conveyed from the subconscious to the conscious mind; but, if they are they seem to arise from nowhere, and they possess a force and power peculiarly their own. They carry with them *the sense of certitude*

Intuition, therefore, can be regarded as the form in which a subconscious judgment is conveyed to the conscious mind.* Such a judgment is, of course, not infallible, and intuition is seen to be a sort of reasoning, superior, however, to ordinary reasoning because based upon far wider observation.

In the case under consideration, for example, I must have observed a multitude of little peculiarities characteristic of my friend, which I had forgotten. The memory of these, however, persisted in my subconscious mind, where there was a perfect picture of the man, unlike the caricature which was the best

* I have developed a similar view of premonitions as the products of subconscious judgments in a paper entitled "Premonitions: Some Suggestions towards Explanation," published in *The Quest* for July, 1918 (vol. ix. pp. 633-642).

image my conscious mind could produce. The first glance at my friend when he actually appeared was all my subconscious mind, armed with these memories, needed to establish his identity, and the judgment of this identity surged into consciousness as an intuition, a conviction seemingly coming from nowhere and carrying with it the sense of certitude.

In claiming for intuition, however, that its sense of certitude is one on which we can rely, the fact has to be noted that conviction and truth are not necessarily identical. Men have clung and still cling with the utmost tenacity to ideas of a highly preposterous character; and, if such a one challenges me on the score of the quality of his ideas, I can meet him by acquiescing in his particular set of delusions and pointing to the other fellow who holds a contradictory set. The question arises: How is intuition to be distinguished from that which resembles it but is of an unreliable character?

Modern theosophical writers draw a useful distinction between impulse and intuition. These, in theosophic terminology, are, the first a surging of the astral body (desire), the second an item of knowledge coming from the higher mental plane. They seem at first to be alike. Calm consideration and delay, according to Dr. Besant, causes the first to die away, the second to increase in strength*

I would add, moreover, that it seems typical of intuition that the sense of certitude accompanying it leaves no room for doubt, not even that subconscious doubt that causes the mind to seek for reasons to bolster up its most cherished beliefs.

However, I question, in the light of the history of man's thought and its strange aberrations, whether either of these two peculiarities provide an infallible criterion for distinguishing between intuition and the conviction which is borne of desire, though as guides both are certainly useful.

I have a profound faith in and a considerable distrust of that wonderful faculty of the mind we call Reason—a confession of faith of, seemingly, so contradictory a character that some explanation is necessary.

Let me say, then, that if we give up reason we are not merely like mariners adrift in a rudderless ship, we are in the sea without a ship at all. But just as a ship is a machine, so must we remember is reason a machine. A ship will carry us in this direction

* See Lt.-Col. A. W. Powell's *The Mental Body* (1927), p. 123.

or that according to our desires, and it is desire that uses reason to achieve its ends.

As Mr. W. Trotter points out in his *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*, many of our reasons are mere afterthoughts. We do this, we believe that, because we *desire* so to do. Afterwards we invent reasons to justify our actions and to validate our beliefs, the process being largely a subconscious one which deludes us into thinking that we really acted as we did and really hold the beliefs that we do because of these reasons. As the old adage has it, "the wish is father to the thought."

Listen to almost any argument : how great a display of reason is there here—and what an unprofitable business it is. Each disputant wishes to prove the other wrong (and probably does to his own satisfaction). Neither really desires to attain to the truth about the matter under discussion, though possibly both delude themselves into believing this to be their aim.

I am convinced that the Quest for Truth is a much more difficult task than appears at first sight. In the domain of the physical sciences much has been achieved, though even here petty personal strife and men with pet theories are not quite unknown. But outside, in the domains of Religion and Philosophy, and of all those things which affect man most intimately and at first hand, the Quest is hardly yet begun. We have not yet learnt to follow the advice of good old Locke, who admonishes us that "we should keep a perfect indifference for all opinions, not wish any of them true, or try to make them appear so ; but, being indifferent, receive and embrace them according as evidence, and that alone, gives the attestation of truth."*

Perhaps it is difficult for us to do this until we know more concerning our own minds, and have learnt to control our desires and thoughts. Here are problems with which the occultist is particularly concerned. They are problems of the highest moment.

* *Of the Conduct of the Understanding.* §. 34.

THE ART OF SILENCE

By J. C. WRIGHT

THE Art of Silence is almost a lost art. It has been said that if every person would think without speaking for five minutes every day the world would be a better world. We have all heard the story of the wealthy man who, when dying, called his profligate son to him and told him he would leave his money to him on one condition—that he should each day spend one hour alone. The son promised to obey, and became a renovated character. Solitude for one hour out of twenty-four made him think.

The need for mental stillness, for poise and balance, is obvious. We are apt to become one-sided and make mistakes because we do not wait long enough to see both sides of a question. We are naturally prone to speak without sufficient thought. Yet fruitful effort always comes from reflection. "Nowhere," says James Martineau, "can you find any beautiful, any noble design, any durable endeavour that was not matured in long and patient silence." John the Baptist and Paul were trained in the desert of Arabia; Buddha and Mahomet both found inspiration when separated apart from men; and to come to recent times in our own land the soul of Milton was "like a star that dwelt apart," and Wordsworth had visions that "flashed upon his inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude."

There is a strength that comes to us in solitude which cannot be gained from the crowd. Ordinary folk do not yield to the cultured man or woman much aid. Shelley discovered this when he begged his second wife Mary to go with him away from the haunts of men, where he might "build a boat and shut upon his retreat the flood-gates of the world." But Shelley was not an ordinary man. He felt that all great truths are unuttered, that words alone do not accomplish anything; for there is an inwardness, a stillness, proceeding from the soul which speech cannot give. Carlyle discovered this when he uttered those well-known words to describe his loathing for the noise of the outside world: "Vox is the God of this universe." But as we crave for the stillness of the inner life, outward things lose their apparent importance. The hidden treasures are found in that "inmost centre of ourselves where truth abides in fulness."

Remote from the tumult of the world we hear the voices of the Unseen.

There are times so sacred, so personal, that the individual soul can reveal itself to none save God Himself. These are periods of solemn silence when communion with God can be experienced—nay, *enjoyed*, for not only is there “a rapture in the lonely woods,” but there is a joy, a satisfaction, when we meet alone with God. At such times “the still, small Voice” is heard when man can find communion with his own soul. Only in solitude he finds himself master of his own actions, for he is then able to lay hold upon the Unseen. It is then that strength comes to him. He is alone and yet not alone. The door is closed upon the world, but it is open Godward. Epictetus felt this when he said: “When you have shut your door and darkened your room, say not to yourself you are alone. God is in that chamber of yours.” And have we not the same teaching in the Psalms? “He maketh the storm a calm, so that *the waves thereof are still*: then are they glad because they be quiet.” And we remember in later times the Apostle’s words: “*Be ambitious to be quiet.*”

Though it may be urged that solitude does not afford some of the advantages accruing from social intercourse, the compensations, on the other hand, are great. “The lonely man is lord of his own hours, and of his own purse; his days are long and unbroken, and he may live, simply and sincerely, in great calm breadths of leisure.” Such a one can indeed say:

“O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone.”

These words were written before the days of aerial flight, when the silence of the land had not been invaded by the aeroplane and motor. The stillness of Nature—a stillness that may be almost felt—is now rarely experienced. Yet silence is not mainly external; it is internal and Christ Himself has taught us that the place of prayer must be unobserved, and free from all distractions.

“When from our better selves we have too long
Been parted from the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign is solitude!”

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.]

THE SCRIPTS OF CLEOPHAS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—In the Editorial Notes for March on *The Scripts of Cleophas*, a point is raised which I, as a witness of the production of this interesting work, had debated in my mind. Allusion is made to the method of communication. How does the Messenger communicate words not known to the writer? Although Miss Cummins is widely read in modern literature, she has never studied or been interested in the literature of the early Christian period. There is, of course, the possibility that words, of which she has no conscious recollection, may have been read by her years ago. Is it possible that these words may be remembered from a previous incarnation? I do not mean that she necessarily lived at the period about which she is writing. But she may, in a fairly recent incarnation, have been a student of early Christian history. How otherwise account for such names as Megacles, Chrestus, Menehas, Capiton, Acrocorinthus, Pheidon, Pharena, Archisynagogos, Shedim, Shuan, Arata, Tyrronnis, Gelasius, Euobarbus, Arria, Cratones, Rimena, Benaden, Asiarch, Mausolus, Nearchineus, Proconias, Cyriacus, Zeisinius, Eirene, Metrophilanos, Celer, Carianus? These are a few of the unknown names that have appeared in the later writings. Miss Cummins knows no Latin, Greek or Hebrew, and has not had a classical education. Numerous other individuals, whose names appear in the Epistles, are also mentioned. In this connection it may be of interest to state that on mentioning the name "Nearchineus" to a friend, he remarked that he doubted the existence of such a name. "The Messenger" once wrote that a confusion had arisen over certain letters in a word and remarked that it was "the thought that sounded." Perhaps this statement can be applied to the word, "Nearchineus." The nearest symbol to "the thought that sounds" may be reproduced by the subconscious mind of the sensitive.

It is suggested that too many psychical experiences, too many signs and wonders, "happen to the characters in these Scripts." We must remember firstly that it was an age in which phenomena, that would now most certainly be ascribed to natural causes, were attributed to supernatural powers. Secondly, I believe that if the Gospels and "the Acts of the Apostles" are carefully analysed it will be perceived that, in proportion to their length, they contain the report of quite as many signs and wonders as those given in "The Cleophas Scripts." Furthermore, it was necessary that the editors should cut some of the writings owing to exigencies of space. This has helped to lead

to that apparent preponderance of miracles which would have been less obvious if it had been possible to print the whole of the text consecutively. The Cleophas writings amount roughly to half a million words, and the published volume is a first instalment. The later writings contain less of the miraculous element and more spiritual teaching including much concerning the epistles written to the various Gentile Churches.

Yours faithfully,

E. B. GIBBES.

REINCARNATION

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I was astonished to read in Part II of an article on Reincarnation by Dr. Jean Delaire in your last issue the following statement :

“ . . . and yet the doctrine of the soul's evolution, in many lives, on this as on other planes of being, may be said to be at the root of Sufism, as of other forms of esoteric Muhammadanism, finding its most perfect expression in the ecstatic poems of Hafiz and his followers.”

If Mr. Delaire suggests by this, as I suppose, that the Sufis teach the doctrine of the reincarnation of the human soul, he is, I am certain, wrong. Never in my reading of the Sufi poets and philosophers have I found any reference to this belief at all, while the late Professor Browne, perhaps the greatest authority on the matter in recent years, states categorically in his *A Year Amongst the Persians* that “metempsychosis, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is uncompromisingly denied by all Persian philosophers.”

The attitude of the Sufis to the question is best explained in a statement on the subject by a well-known Sufi mystic, the late Inayat Khan. He was asked one day by a Hindu *Guru* about the theory of reincarnation which is, the latter claimed, absent from Sufi writings and never expounded in their schools. The *Guru* added that he could not understand how such great and perfect beings as there are among the Sufis, known and recognised by the spiritual world, could ignore this idea, and enquired if the Sufis held to any definite belief in the matter. Inayat Khan replied that they were, indeed, aware of this problem, but that for them it was beside the point. The principal business of a Sufi is to deny his limited personality and affirm the sole existence of God, in order that the false ego, which is subject to births and deaths, may fade away, and the true ego, which is the Divine hidden in man, may rise and discover itself. In this lies the fulfilment of the main object of creation. The Sufi thinks that what is past and unknown to him, is of little use for him ; what is coming and not known is an unnecessary worry for the present time. He believes *just now* to be all that is important, and if *just now* can be made to be as he wishes it to be, he desires nothing better. Among the

Hindus, continued Inayat, the belief in reincarnation is prevalent, and yet the greatest principle of the *Vedanta*, from which all the different beliefs of the Hindus are derived, is "Adwaita," or "no duality"—in other words, "unity." "May I then ask," he concluded, "if this, the principal teaching of the *Vedanta*, is better promulgated by thinking about the doctrine of reincarnation, or by leaving it alone?"

Yours very truly,

RONALD A. L. MUMTAZ ARMSTRONG,

(Editor, *The Sufi Quarterly*).

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The Christian mystics make no reference to the meeting with the Dweller on the Threshold, because they are more concerned with the effect of the meeting on their minds than on the actual experience.

That effect is an overwhelming sense of sin—overwhelming because that glimpse of themselves as they really are; "their own greatest enemy" as the author of *Light on the Path* says; has for its background a clear knowledge of what they ought to be.

Sooner or later the trial has to be passed before the path of purification can be entered on. It is impossible to evade it and the password is *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. I am a God in the making is the source of strength to endure. That is why the teaching, now so much in vogue in certain circles, that we need not worry about our faults, is pernicious nonsense.

A. M. K.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your previous number your correspondent, R. E. Bruce, enquires about the nature of the Dweller on the Threshold, and I assume that he refers to the astral experience detailed by Lord Lytton in his occult novel, *Zanoni*. The experience there described gives as faithful a representation as can be drawn down to minute details, and is the same for those who enter into the astral world in a lawful manner as for those who, like Clarence Glyndon, broke into it. But the results are widely different. In the case of the neophyte who enters by the right door and masters the phantom there is thenceforth no more trouble under this heading; but in the case of him who unlawfully invades or breaks into the astral domain, and, as in Glyndon's case, breaks down the veil between the physical and astral world without being able to draw it again, the result is well described by Lytton.

As to the identity of the Dweller, this is not perhaps so clearly

disclosed by Lytton, but, to quote the words of another occultist, it may be described as the embodiment of all one's past evil deeds that have not been expiated and await payment in future lives. Before the neophyte is permitted to enter the inner worlds consciously and attain to a full knowledge of the conditions there, he must face and acknowledge this entity as a part of himself, created by his own deeds and dare to prove it. He must take a solemn vow to do all things necessary to cancel the debts of which it is an embodiment and also the vow of silence concerning all therein involved. This gruesome spectre is composed of coarse desire stuff, and while it always seems to be oneself, still it is always of the opposite sex.

Ordinarily it is invisible to its creator, even between death and re-birth, until he seeks conscious admission to the invisible worlds; then it appears at the entrance and challenges his right to enter. When once the Dweller is passed the neophyte has no further trouble in entering the higher realms.

Yours faithfully,
FRA : B.

A CASE FOR THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGIST

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I sympathise with your correspondent, but I would suggest that the people to whom he refers are entirely innocent in the matter, and would probably be much upset to know that they are regarded as the perpetrators of so much annoyance.

There are in existence powerful entities of negative origin, and certainly negative effect, who are adept impersonators, and who are ever on the watch for sensitives upon whom they can play insidious pranks. It seems evident that these unwelcome guests have been able to obtrude themselves upon your correspondent's mind in such a way as to become, in effect, a part and parcel of his own constitution; and, doubtless, he is as completely under their influence as though he had contracted some incurable disease.

He may console himself with the reflection that there are many similarly afflicted; and who have their liberty further curtailed by confinement in mental hospitals. The dividing line between the opposing worlds of sanity and insanity is fine, but sufficiently distinct. If one is able to cope with these intruding voices (which the medical fraternity still regard as imaginary) without attracting undue attention, one may perhaps pass for sane. But if the process of combating them causes annoyance and concern to others, then it would appear that the case is one for hospital. The orthodox and the unorthodox, the positive and the negative phases of existence, must be alienated.

Yours faithfully,
J. O. THAIN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter from your correspondent complaining of psychic persecution opens up a subject which is of great importance to both occultists and psychopathologists. During the days when I was working at a psycho-therapeutic clinic we saw many such cases. Some were packed off to the asylums as neither more nor less than mad, but others could not, or, rather, should not, be so treated.

One would need to know much more of the case of your correspondent before one could give an opinion as to the cause of his condition. A judgment would turn principally on whether the demands for money were made in writing or by the "voices." A knowledge of the methods of telepathic suggestion, however, lead one to the opinion that it is unlikely that a psychic persecution would be kept up over such a long period of time if it were yielding no results. Moreover, in my experience, and I have seen a good many such cases, if a psychic attack fails to make good its footing at the onset, it appears to be working on a falling tide, and the onslaughts gradually lessen in severity and finally peter out to nothing. If the victim can hold out till the new moon, the chances are in his favour.

I would not lightly dismiss even the most fantastic tale as being groundless. Money, sex, and love of power provide potent motives, especially when, as often happens in occult work of the left-hand path, drug-taking is indulged in.

On the other hand, we must remember the flights of the hysterical fancy, and that "hell knows no fury like a woman scorned." The evidence must be judicially weighed in the balance and motives sought, but although, when so weighed, hysteria and spite will have to be cancelled out in large quantities, there remains a residuum which is worthy of attention.

In my book, *The Secrets of Dr. Taverner*, I have given an account of some of my own experiences in esoteric psycho-therapeutics. These tales are not romances, but careful studies in occult psychology, put in the form of stories in order that they might gain a wider hearing than they would receive if put out as a serious contribution to psychology and criminology. Some of the stories are composite pictures, made up of instances taken from several cases; others, however, are nothing more or less than case reports, with only the names and places altered sufficiently to prevent identification. I published these stories because I think it very desirable that the general public should know that such things do happen, and are well-authenticated.

In one of the Taverner stories, *The Death Hound* (which originally came out in the *Royal Magazine*), a case of psychic interference is described, and its resemblances to your correspondent's case will be readily observed. I have seen several such cases in my own experience; they are not at all uncommon.

In my opinion your correspondent, at the present time, is suffering from the reverberations of his own subconscious mind. But what started those reverberations? Were the neighbours who attracted his attention really experimenting with occultism? Evidence in support of your correspondent's statement is not available for us, and in the absence of such evidence we must return an open verdict.

Many cases of so-called insanity accompanied by hallucinations, *but not delusions*, are due to the opening of the psychic centres in an improper fashion. If there are hallucinations only, but no delusions, it is always well to look for incipient psychism. In any case, occult science gives a wonderful insight into psycho-pathology.

I have been carrying on research work for many years on these lines, and should much like to get in touch with other workers similarly interested.

Yours faithfully,
DION FORTUNE.

FACTS ABOUT THE *SECRET DOCTRINE*

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just come upon a piece of evidence which appears to throw new and decisive light on the much debated question of the third and fourth volumes of the *Secret Doctrine*.

In an article on this subject Mr. G. R. S. Mead, some months ago, wrote :

“The repeated statement made by H.P.B. in the first edition, that material for an additional volume, or two volumes, was already largely in existence and in process of completion, is not in accordance with fact . . . in sober reality, her repeated categorical statement on the matter is, to say the least of it, a ‘terminological inexactitude’ . . .”

The evidence to the contrary of Dr. Archibald Keightley was set aside by Mr. Mead on the ground that “he simply trusted to H.P.B.’s assertions in those volumes.”

But Colonel Olcott’s testimony, which has not, I believe, been quoted in this discussion, is on the side of H.P.B.

Speaking at the Twelfth Convention and Anniversary of the T.S., held at Adyar, on December 27th–29th, 1887, Colonel Olcott said (*vide* Report, p. xvii) :

“During the past twelve months she [H.P.B.] has sent me the MSS. of four out of the probable five volumes of the *Secret Doctrine* for examination, and it is expected that the first volume will issue at London during the coming spring season.”

If the MSS. of four volumes were thus in existence in 1887 when H.P.B. wrote the words stigmatised by Mr. Mead as a "terminological inexactitude," then the fact that no MSS. of volumes three and four were found at Avenue Road after her death, four years later, does not in the least prove her wrong and him right.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

R. A. V. MORRIS.

PROFESSIONAL FEES

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—It is hard to believe that your correspondent "A" in the March number of the OCCULT REVIEW really looks on the refusal of a fee for the use of occult powers as an infallible proof of unselfishness and a hallmark of the worker for the Great White Lodge, as his letter would seem to imply. As a matter of fact it is neither. The refusal of money may arise from many motives, such as pride, or a desire to pose as a benefactor, etc., etc. There is a great deal of confused thought on the subject, and the Black Forces are quite alive to the advantage it gives them. The gifts of the Spirit are not for sale; neither can adeptship be gained by taking a course of lessons even if the remuneration is left to the grateful student. The treatment of a psychic complaint by an occult physician is a very different matter. The trained occultist will have given the Great White Lodge ample proof of his unselfishness both in this and previous incarnations. Should one so qualified make it widely known that he was willing to give treatment to all comers free gratis and for nothing, he would be overwhelmed by requests for interviews by psychic hypochondriacs. Jusqu' à la bourse is a test, human nature being what it is, that the Great White Lodge is capable of applying. Those in real need will never be left to suffer for want of funds. The psychic physician will have his free list like his more orthodox medical brethren. Why should this particular use of occult powers be singled out as the one for which no fees must be taken. Books are published giving the results of clairvoyant investigation, but I have never heard of their being sold at cost price or published in penny numbers. In conclusion I should like to state that I have no personal axe to grind in the matter as I have no such powers and live abroad.

KEM.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE last issue of LA REVUE METAPSYCHIQUE is, if possible, of more than usual interest because of two remarkable studies, one by Dr. Osty on an impressional or mediumistic artist and the other on experiments with the Mexican cactus plant Peyotl, the psychical effects of which have come into a certain prominence during recent years. There are thirteen decorative page-plates illustrating the work of Lesage, a miner belonging to the Pas-de-Calais district, who was born in 1876, whose ancestors followed the same occupation, and who, up to the age of thirty-five years, knew nothing of the artistic world, had no idea of draughtsmanship and not even a rudimentary attraction towards pictures. In the year 1911 he began to hear voices in the mine, when at work alone therein, and a recurring message informed him that he was destined to become a painter. The result was stupefaction and a fear that he was losing his senses. It happened, however, that some of his comrades in toil had heard of Spiritism and began to make experiments with a table, when elementary phenomena led to the formation of a circle which met regularly, which Lesage joined from curiosity, and in which he developed the gift of automatic writing, so far at least as concerned communications to himself on his alleged vocation. He was to be a painter one of these days. The story of his disbelief, his fear of ridicule, and how he was led with trepidation to procure colours and canvases, is not a little diverting and sounds the note of sincerity. Once started, the work went on continuously and—large or small—he has done some fifty pictures, some of which have found a place in the Salon des Beaux-Arts. Normal artists have testified to their originality, diversity, imaginative quality and intelligence of treatment. . . . The peyotl is still apparently used by Mexican Indians in their religious ceremonies. The visions produced in the course of experiments by M. Robert Desoille are tabulated with much care. It seems to be a dangerous toxic but remarkable in its psychical results.

The THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW has issued its last number and will belong henceforth to history. A monthly official publication called NEWS AND NOTES, issued by the Society in the British Isles, explains that financial considerations have governed the decision to suspend, and the warm appreciation of the National Council is conveyed to the editor, Mr. S. L. Bensusan, for his work in connection with the REVIEW. It is regrettable and a little surprising that it should end almost at the beginning of the fourth annual volume, when it might have been terminated with the third in December last. We shall miss the periodical on account of the Outlook articles, which constituted a chief feature and were from the editor's pen: they were valiant independent reading, actuated by a desire to find some *via media*

amidst the conflict of theosophical opinions during the last three years. . . . Mr. J. Krishnamurti contributes further specimens of verse-craft to the most recent issue of the *STAR REVIEW* ; but without dwelling on these we may pass to a prose discourse on the Door of Liberation delivered last summer at Ommen. It explains once more that he has found liberation and become the path of peace ; but unfortunately for his ardent believers he does not carry liberation itself in his hands and cannot distribute it to others : he is only the door through which they can see that which they desire. The imagery is somewhat mixed, as there is apparently a manner in which people can pass through Mr. Krishnamurti to attain their own freedom. He wishes that he could reproduce himself in each of them, for then they would attain to-morrow, indeed, " at this very moment." Again it is ill-starred symbolism, and there is more to follow, for, although (1) he is the door, as we have just seen, (2) there is no such door, but (3) " that door is yourself." For the rest, the way is through intense devotion, otherwise, burning desire, leading apparently out of material things. It is desirable also to tear the veil from one's eyes, destroy oneself and open the gates of the heart. Surely this kind of expatiation can lead no one anywhere : it is a mere chaos of casual notions, reflecting indiscriminately from every quarter of light mystical sentiment. . . . There is also the *STAR*, published monthly at Los Angeles as official organ of the Order of the Star in America ; but it demands no special notice as it consists mainly or exclusively of things which appear otherwise in the English publication. . . . The *THEOSOPHIST* advises us, in the person of one of its contributors, that " the speech of the angels produces colour and form rather than sound," such production, however, being not of a conscious kind but the natural—and presumably automatic—results of angelic thought impinging on " the matter of the subtle planes." The author would seem to have been " skrying " in the celestial and has discovered these things psychically. We hear also about Nature Spirits, especially sylphs, and as there are evidently many " visions about " we are to learn more hereafter. Another writer proposes to connect Schopenhauer with theosophy in an article which fails to mention this German philosopher except in its title. There is some talk about the " will to live," which is bracketed with Karma reveries. A certain political complexion tinges Mrs. Besant's notes of the month ; but it is possible to agree cordially with the Vice-President of the Society when he warns people that it would be fatal to turn the words of the alleged Masters into " any kind of a gospel." His meaning, of course, is that it would be fatal to the Theosophical Society. We learn elsewhere that an American engineer has discovered a new law of motion connected with " the earth's axis and its relation to the ecliptic." It is affirmed to be an occult law and is mentioned as such in *The Secret Doctrine*. . . . We are glad to note that the red rose is something very much more for the LIBERAL CATHOLIC than merely a red rose.

It is "an idea in the mind of God manifested in beauty on the physical plane" and "an actual channel of the Divine Love." There is consolation in this, if it does not beget conviction, for we remember, *e.g.*, the deadly nightshade and speculate—on the hypothesis that this also is a Divine idea—what it may convey symbolically on the physical plane. We defer tentatively to another view of the same writer, namely, that Rose Angels are present when the Sovereign Pontiff consecrates the Golden Rose in the Vatican. . . . The CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHIST proposes to pour new light on Christianity by restoring to it the Ancient Wisdom—however this may happen to be understood. In the case of its editor, Mrs. Muirson Blake, it is understood as Modern Theosophy from the Adyar standpoint, including possibly the Divine Mission of Mr. Krishnamurti. It began as a minute publication and has now started a new series, extending to twelve pages. Except as the official organ of a Christian League Lodge under the theosophical ægis, it is difficult to see what ground can be covered by such an undertaking. The Ancient Wisdom is a vast subject by title, and as to Christian Doctrine, not to speak of origins and history, we are wondering what can be said of it in perhaps the smallest publication now issued in London. The experiment is not, however, without a certain interest, if only as an example of the desire for expression on the part of so many persons, qualified and otherwise, who feel that they have something to say and that it ought to be said in print. We have not met with any wisdom, whether old or new, in the issue before us, but there is a useful summary of facts about early Gospel texts, and we are reminded incidentally that a Pope of the sixth century was condemned for heresy. . . . We commend the CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST to the consideration of spiritists, on the hypothesis that they may feel intrigued by purely dogmatic affirmations on their own subject. It will inform them (1) that the soul is the centre of consciousness; (2) that it eludes analysis and is incapable of comprehension; (3) that its nature can be only conjectured; (4) that it is an unit; (5) that when it passes from the physical body it carries remnants of molecular matter, through the medium of which it can sense dimly the things of earth; (6) that souls in *kama-loka*, a state grouped in correspondence with the Purgatory of Catholics, can communicate with this world, but under exceptional circumstances only, it being understood also that they are "the very lowest and most material of all"; (7) that, however, outside all this, there is "a means of communicating with the dead as well as with the living, ever at hand" and "this is through the higher faculties of the soul," which are "equally active in life or death." Ancient wisdom or latest woof of speculation, we are left wondering on what evidence, real or alleged, these things are justified; but it may gratify a very few spiritists that according to theosophical reveries the dead do return, or at least some of them—sometimes.

There is a little publication entitled TRUTH AND FREEDOM which

has existed for something like three years in an unobtrusive manner and is about to open its fourth volume. It is described as issued by a Committee of Lay Workers belonging to the Christian Evidence Society and is published at 34, Craven Street, Strand, at three halfpence. It connects with our subjects chiefly on the side of religion and philosophy, but we are impelled to notice the fact of its existence because of its excellence. The last number has an article by Professor R. M. Craven on the question whether Science can abolish Religion. There are also the last words of a critical study by Mr. Howard Nash on the "Jesus a Myth" speculations of Dr. Brandes, which attracted attention on its translation into English some time since. It has been treated harshly in competent quarters but nowhere so ably as in the columns of TRUTH AND FREEDOM. That we do not stand alone in its appreciation is made evident by the fact of its contributors, who are often distinguished on their several subjects. Sir Oliver Lodge is among them and so is Professor D. Fraser-Harris. It is a journal of Christian evidence in the broadest sense of the term. . . . The LINK is a quarterly founded for the study of Superphysical Science, Psychology, Philosophy and Mysticism, and arises out of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and the work of the late Mr. A. P. Sinnett. Dr. W. Coode-Adams writes on the new physics of Relativity, and Miss Charlotte Woods on Eastern Mysticism, being a competent study of the Upanishads by one who is known of old among us. Finally, as we regret to add, Mr. Robert King presents a discourse on Initiation and its supposed results, with special reference to Egypt. We are invited to observe that the mysteries of that land were well defined, clearly outlined and "for women as well as for men." It might be idle to solicit authorities and evidence, as we should be referred probably to Akashic Records. It is to be hoped that the LINK will avoid contributions of this kind if it wishes to take a place among serious periodicals. . . . ASTROLOGY is a quarterly devoted to the "science of the stars" in all its branches and is issued under the auspices of an Astrological Lodge of London which has apparently no connection with theosophy. It is well produced, illustrated by needful diagrams and written by those who know their subject. We note with satisfaction an advice to readers that no professional work is undertaken and that the editor is not engaged in astrological practice.

REVIEWS

MIND AND BODY : A Criticism of Psychophysical Parallelism. By Hans Driesch. Authorised translation by Theodore Besterman. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 6s. net.

DR. DRIESCH is well known in Great Britain and is President of the Society for Psychical Research. We are glad to have this excellent translation of his *Leib und Seele*, a small, but very important, contribution to philosophic thought.

The question of the connection between mind and body is one of the profoundest problems that philosophy is called upon to face. Psychophysical parallelism is—so it seems to me—a doctrine of despair. It evades the problem by declaring there to be no real connection at all, but merely a one-to-one correspondence, between the worlds of the physical and the mental—two worlds otherwise quite distinct. According to it, although there *are* material things, these never produce ideas in my mind nor does my will ever effect changes in the material world. From this doctrine it is an easy step to epiphenomenalism and the virtual denial of reality to the mental.

By a searching analysis of simple facts of normal psychology, Dr. Driesch has exploded this preposterous theory. As he points out, the use of facts brought to light in the domain of abnormal psychology by means of psychical research—which he regards as being, indeed, “the most important part of all psychology”—would have made his task easier, but, for some readers at any rate, might have rendered his conclusions less certain.

The second part of the book is constructive in character and sets out Dr. Driesch's own theory of the relation between mind and body. The distinction drawn between the ego, the self, and the mind is particularly interesting; but the theory seems complicated by the introduction of the concept of the “psychoid,” and one feels obliged to ask if the psychoid does really provide a nexus between mind and body. After all, it may be questioned whether the body—which, be it remembered, is known to us only in mental terms—is anything more than part of the mind, the portion of Soul—as Blake called it—discerned by the five senses.

The book contains a useful bibliography of the author's works, and has been specially revised by Dr. Driesch.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THO' LIVING. By the Rev. Walter Wynn, author of *Christ and a Mad World*. London: Rider & Co., Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

It was by night, we are told, that herald angels sang their glad tidings through the darkness, and an echo of that angelic music is for ever sounding, even to this day. I feel a thrill of it through the pages of Mr. Wynn's heart-searching book, with its clarion call of happiness. No one familiar with this author's vigorous style needs to be told how far remote it is from “prunes and prisms”! He runs the gamut of the sorrows and

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"I am part of all things.

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EDITH K. HARPER.

THE SEARCH. By J. Krishnamurti. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 5 in., pp 75. Eerde and London: Star Publishing Trust and Allen & Unwin. Price 3s. net.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY? By J. Krishnamurti. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., pp. 50. Eerde: Star Publishing Trust. Price 2s. net.

THE former of these latest volumes by Mr. Krishnamurti contains a philosophy of life written in a kind of free verse. It is reminiscent now of one poet, now of another, but as a whole it has a freshness and simplicity of outlook that bears its own stamp and no other. The philosophy itself is the now familiar gospel of happiness:

"As I have gained strength,
So would I give
This Happiness.
As I have gained affectionate detachment,
So would I give
This Happiness. . . ."

The second book contains the Ommen camp fire talks given in 1927, and expounds the same doctrine of life in a lucid and unaffected prose. The talks are not in any way dogmatic, the speaker simply saying what he feels, and it is for the reader as for the listener to take it or leave it.

THEODORE BESTERMAN

THE LIGHT OF A MASTER MASON. By Leonard Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 16, Oakfield Road, Clapton, E.5. Pp. 44. Price 1s. 6d. net.

IN this little volume Mr. Bosman shows how the teachings of *Light on the Path* can be applied to Masonry. He states that in the earlier stages of Freemasonry, the evil as well as the good qualities of the neophyte are stimulated into activity, as the result of the ceremonies, so that the beginner often feels he is worse, not better, for having joined the order. Unfortunately this is usually the case nowadays, but in the days when the Word was still a living force in Freemasonry as a whole, things were very different, since in those days the religious element was predominant. As Mr. Bosman well says:

"This is an age of darkness and struggle, the stage of renewed preparation for a great future of which the wonderful golden days were but the prelude and a promise."

MEREDITH STARR.

THE ASTROLOGICAL TAROT. By Georges Muchery. Translated from the French by Marguerite Vallior. London: Rider & Co. Pp. 312. Price 15s. net.

THE numbers of books on astrology that have poured from the press during the last few months bear striking witness to the revival of interest in this ancient science. M. Muchery has hit on the novel idea of combining Astrology and Cartomancy, and there seems no doubt that remarkable results may be obtained from this system of divination. The book begins with a general summary of the usual methods of judging a horoscope, and a sketch of the influence of the planets in the different houses and signs. Then the aspects and house-rulers are dealt with, and finally the symbolism of the major and minor cards, together with methods of laying out the cards. The pictorial symbols of the cards are extremely interesting, and may be studied with profit by all astrologers, for they are full of suggestion and possible inspiration. For the benefit of those who desire to put the system to a practical test, the publishers have issued special sets of Tarot cards at the price of 5s. per pack. The designs are the same as those illustrated in the book, but instead of being in black and white, they are produced in three colours. The book is most attractively produced, and must be hailed as a valuable addition to astrological literature.

EVA MARTIN.

LES OBJECTIONS CONTRE L'ASTROLOGIE. By Paul Choisnard. Paris: Librairie Ernest Leroux. Pp. 212. Price 25 francs.

M. PAUL CHOISNARD is an ardent defender of astrology, and has here marshalled together many effective arguments in reply to the objections that have been raised against it in both ancient and modern times. He is reasonable and convincing, but the book is perhaps a little too long and too detailed to appeal to the sceptics and critics for whom it is intended. It will no doubt be read by many who are already convinced of the truth of astrology, but the unconvinced will only in rare instances be induced to tackle it. There is an interesting, though necessarily somewhat technical chapter on *Astronomical Objections*; and others on *Collective Accidents*

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and on the *Horoscopes of Twins*. M. Choisnard thinks that the study of astrology by cultured and intelligent people is increasing rapidly, and looks forward to the day when every city will have its astrological institute. By taking advantage of modern methods of investigation, astrology—he thinks—will recover the prestige it enjoyed in ancient civilisations, and perhaps even surpass it.

EVA MARTIN

ASTROLOGY AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION. By E. Parker. Amersfoort, Holland: P. D. Veen. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Pp. 202. Price 10s. net.

THIS translation of the work of a well-known Dutch astrologer is very welcome, for the subject is treated in a fresh and original style which will appeal both to the beginner and to the advanced student. The signs are grouped together in the Cardinal Cross, the Fixed Cross, and the Mutable Cross; then in the Fiery, Earthy, Airy, and Watery Triangles; next, the Houses are treated, with suggestive black-and-white drawings as accompaniment; and finally, the Planets. Instructions for calculating a horoscope are given, and the judgment of a nativity is dealt with in illuminating fashion, and in full detail. Some minor points here and there may invite discussion, but on the whole few readers will find reason to quarrel with E. Parker's interpretations of the signs and the planetary positions. The Progressed Horoscope is also treated at considerable length, and altogether the book can be strongly recommended to all who desire to gain a bird's-eye view of the subject without too much mental effort.

EVA MARTIN.

ZODIACAL INFLUENCES FROM SEED TO FLOWER. By Ethel Bret Harte. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 62. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE author's aim in writing this book has been, she tells us, to give the student "an interesting synthetic mode of studying the Signs of the Zodiac in their relation to human and universal life." The idea of considering the opposite signs—Aries—Libra, Taurus—Scorpio, and so on—as "seed" and "flower" respectively, is certainly a new one, and in the course of her exposition Miss Bret Harte has some very interesting and illuminating things to say. She has obviously studied astrology not only with her intellect, but with her imagination—in the highest sense of that word—and her comments and suggestions are always provocative of thought, and often delightfully humorous. But she does not make it quite clear that a soul's progress through the signs must take place many more than six times (as suggested in her diagram); or what happens when Libra becomes Globe A, with its opposite Aries as Globe G, the positions of "seed" and "flower" being then reversed. Students, however, will find her book distinctly well worth reading, whether they agree altogether or not with the "scheme" outlined in it.

Miss Bret Harte holds that the sign occupied by the Sun represents the lesson the Ego desires to learn in each incarnation, and that by conscious co-operation with, and allegiance to, the Ego (on the part of the personality) many unfavourable aspects may be overcome. She also makes a good

point when she says that the zodiacal influences represent "energies," and are neither good nor bad; but man must learn to use them constructively, "just as he must learn to use electricity, or any other of Nature's forces."

It is a pleasure to come across an astrological book written in so fresh and stimulating a manner.

EVA MARTIN.

TEACHINGS OF AN INITIATE. By Max Heindel. London: L. N. Fowler & Co.

THESE Teachings consist of a series of thoughtful and illuminated essays on the vital themes all seekers for the Divine Ray have closely at heart. An extremely prophetic passage is contained in the chapter entitled "The New Sense of the New Age"—the Age of Aquarius.

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Fact has already proved these assertions of a seer. Floods and climatic changes are with us, light is recorded by scientists to be travelling at a much slower rate, wireless has prepared us for the extension of our other senses, of which vision is the chief.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY. Edited and compiled by H. Burford Pratt. Publishers: W. Rider & Sons, Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price 5s.

THIS is a welcome and serviceable compilation from the secret doctrines of H.P.B. marked by erudition and scholarly selectiveness. The running commentary of Mr. H. Burford Pratt on the text of the famous theosophical writer is most enlightening and stimulating, whilst many of his passages deserve more than a single perusal. As he writes: "In fact, of the ancients it may be said that they built like giants and finished like jewellers." Modern scientific ability does not, as we know, always denote spirituality, but we must remember that ancient science was sacred and under the control of the priesthood. "With them science went hand in hand with religion, and the idea of God was inseparable from that of his works." The higher mathematics, for instance, was concerned with Mystic Number, associated later with the names of Pythagoras and Plato. "God formed things as they first arose according to forms and numbers. . . . The world is then, through all its departments, a living arithmetic in its development, a realised geometry in its repose." (Butler.)

I admire the manner in which Mr. Burford Pratt interweaves his

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REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ETHER. By C. G. Sander, F.R.P.S., D.Sc.
Publishers: Messrs. William Rider, Ltd., Paternoster House,
Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price 4s. 6d.

WHEN Sir Oliver Lodge declared recently that "The ether is probably the link between mind and matter," he was only echoing the teachings of the pre-Christian and immortal Chinese philosopher, the Taoist, Lao-Tze, who averred that all things were in the no-thing or Tao. Dr. Sander has written an illuminating and beautiful book. His mind quests far and strives to solve the divine problem of the created and manifested world. He deals with monads and the three vital principles, psychic, electric and magnetic. I can but echo the inspiring words of his summary: "*Ether is Spirit*, filling all space. We may take it to consist of the cosmic or universal elements or principles, which are co-existent, co-extensive, infinite and eternal, the cause and source of all there is in the tangible and the spiritual universe. These elements are in a static, balanced and quiescent state in the undifferentiated ether. They are the electric, the magnetic, and the psychic principles. In their spiritual form, when differentiated or separated from the ether, they are life, love and mind (or consciousness). In their physical manifestation they are matter in its manifold form, and also the cause of all material forces and phenomena, such as electricity, magnetism, gravitation, light and so forth!"

For sheer clarity and transparent veracity I recommend *The Riddle of the Ether* to every serious inquirer and earnest seeker.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

BEYOND THE GATES OF THE WEST. By the Rev. J. Campbell Murray.
London: Rider & Co. Price 1s.

I HAD not hitherto read any of Mr. Murray's writings, but if they are all of the calibre of this very attractively printed little book, they must be well worth studying. In this, Mr. Murray has collected much evidence, scientific and religious, to show that survival after death is not only a probability, but a certainty. The universal belief in this survival among all nations, ancient and modern, civilised and otherwise, he also considers one of the strongest arguments in favour of this great truth. He does not base his main argument on *à priori* reasoning, but builds up his belief on scientific research: on evolution, on the universal sense of the beautiful, quoting in this connection Max Muller, who wrote, "If anything proves . . . a Beyond, a higher world, a hidden life, it is our faith in the Beautiful." Again, that there are worlds of more dimensions than the three in which we now live, explains much that at present appears mysterious to us. Therefore, as Bergson says, "Let us confess our ignorance, but let us not resign ourselves to the belief that we can never know. If there be a Beyond . . . I cannot see why we should not discover the means to explore it. . . . Sometimes, moreover, the information we imagine to

be far off . . . is at our side, waiting only till it pleases us to notice it." A familiar example of this is found in the vibrations that have always been in the air, but remained undetected by us until made audible by wireless transmission and suitable receivers. A few slight misprints should be corrected in another edition.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

THE "EITHER—OR" OF SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. London: Rider & Co. Price 6s.

MRS. STOBART has written another of her illuminating surveys of the teaching of the past with regard to psychical matters. In *Ancient Lights* she showed the relation of Christian teaching to this subject, and in *Torchbearers of Spiritualism*, in relation to the great teachers of the past, so here she summarises chiefly the knowledge and teaching of pre-Christian thinkers on these lines—that is, of the great Hellenic philosophers, especially discussing the perplexing and disputed Delphic oracles and the Eleusian mysteries.

A brief bibliography is appended of the authorities consulted (mainly in translations) on which Mrs. Stobart bases her conclusions. As she says in explanation of her curious title, "Either Spiritualism is a fact or it is fiction," and her aim is to show that the ablest intellects of the past and the noblest characters made spiritualism, as we understand it, the basis of their teaching; that is, they believed in the reality of the Unseen, in the possibility of communications from those no longer living on earth and in survival after death. If, as she concludes, Spiritualism is not fiction it is a glorious fact—the Open Secret of the Universe.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

LA LUMIÈRE PAR LES RÊVES. By Krimittel (M. Tellalian). Paris: Librairie des Sciences Psychiques. Price 6 francs.

THIS little brochure by the Armenian writer and advocate has a preface by M. Paul Bodier, President of the French Society for the study of psychical phenomena, who considers it quite the best work on Oniromancie, or the interpretation of dreams. It is not only, he adds, a revelation, but all the more important since it confutes the Freudian theories.

The book is written indeed partly to confute Freud, but chiefly to show that dreams are the most obvious proofs of an unseen world. A leaflet inserted says that the book has already made a sensation. The writer places dreams in three categories—first, a reproduction of the life of yesterday; second, *Séméiologie* of dreams, that is, definite symbolism predicting illness, leading sometimes to obsession; and third, true psychical dreams always with definite symbols—advisory, premonitory or prophetic. He gives in detail the symbols seen in dreams, and their meaning, showing that this is often the exact contrary of the symbol: for example, a church or temple would mean an undesirable resort, a friend an enemy; a laugh shows that one will weep or be bored, and so on. M. Tellalian gives some examples of dreams, with his interpretation of them, which subsequently proved correct. Space will not permit further details, but "the aim of the book," the writer concludes, "is to serve a humanity suffering from ignorance. Down with darkness, long live the Light!"

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THE HOUSE OF WONDER. By E. M. S. London: Rider & Co., Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS well-produced and beautifully printed little book is described as "a romance of psychic healing"; but the romance has been woven out of the stuff of contemporary life and "the House of Wonder" has an actual existence in "England's green and pleasant land." E. M. S. has here given us a record of cures carried out at Hulham House, Exmouth, Devon; cures which claim to have been effected by the agency of an spirit-doctor—"one who was once a medical practitioner on earth and who passed over to the other side of the veil feeling that his work on this side was unfinished." A Preface to the book has been contributed by a medical practitioner who is still with us in the flesh and who has been most favourably impressed by the work carried on at Hulham House and by the unselfish uncommercial spirit which animates its devoted staff of helpers. "It is perfect in all up-to-date arrangements, the rooms are light and airy, and there is a great feeling of comfort and no evidence of its being a money-making concern." Every patient, it would seem, is charged according to his or her means; and, whatever those means may be, receives the same care and attention.

An interesting feature in the record is the quite remarkable frankness with which unfavourable, as well as favourable, impressions find a place in it. The *Appendix*, for instance, contains a signed statement from a former patient at the House of Wonder, who describes herself as "one of the failures," and who declares that she was made worse, instead of better, by the treatment given her. Other testimonies, in abundance, speak with gratitude of the casting-out of the demons of disease and of the entrance into a new life of health. The unprejudiced inquirer cannot do better than obtain the book and read the whole record.

We may add that, on page 58, will be found a letter to "E. M. S." from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; and that the paper-jacket of the book is embellished by a view (presumably from a photograph) of Hulham House itself. This house, by the way, the writer is said to have recognised when she first visited it as identical with one which had been shown her in a dream as the place where the spiritual healers would make their earthly home and the centre of their healing activities.

G. M. H.

LES ENIGMES DE LA PSYCHOMETRIE ET LES PHENOMENES DE TELESTHESIE. By Ernest Bazzano. Paris: Editions Jean Meyer, 8 Rue Copenhicne. Price 9 francs.

IN this very complete and exhaustive study, the author sets out to explain the rationale of psychometry. Many illustrations of psychometric contact are given, relating to (1) living individuals, (2) animals, (3) vegetable organisms, (4) inanimate objects; also, instances of "prophetic" psychometry concerning living individuals and those that have passed over. Of special interest is the case of a letter from a young man being handed to a French clairvoyant in August 1913, when she without even glancing at it, immediately described the personality of the writer, and stated that if he were to leave Paris, he would die within two years' time of a wound to his face caused through a "piece of iron,"

and that this would happen on or near to some means of locomotion that was not the railway. The clairvoyant repeated her prophecy on the 17th and on the 24th of November, 1913, and stated that the writer of the letters given her to psychometrize would surely die a violent death if he left Paris, but that events would compel him to leave that city. The author of the letters was mobilised on the 4th of August, 1914, and was killed on the 5th of September, 1914. On the 19th of September the clairvoyant was handed the last letter written by the dead man, and she immediately gave definite and clear details of the manner of his death, stating that he had received a fatal wound to his eye from a piece of shell, and that he had died almost immediately and without much suffering. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that this was true in every detail, and that moreover the man had met his death while carrying a message by motor-cycle to headquarters.

There is also the case of the clairvoyant who, on being given a feather drawn from the wing of a homing pigeon, began immediately to describe the emotions of the bird on its release from the cage, and the beginning and progress of its flight to the home loft.

This book can be recommended to all those who are interested in this little-understood method of divination, as it contains a great deal of information, copious quotations from leading English, French, and American books and periodicals on occult subjects.

M. VALLIOR.

ESSAI DE SYNTHÈSE DES SCIENCES OCCULTES. By F. Jollivet de Castelot. Paris: Emile Nourty, 62 Rue des Ecoles. Price 15 francs.

THIS is an attempt at synthesising the various branches of the Hermetic Sciences, which the author declares to be sadly lacking, and which is, moreover, a difficult if not impossible task, owing to the existing lack of co-ordination. He shows that Astrology, Alchemy, Magic, etc., can, and must, all work together in harmony in the building up of a social system founded upon justice, happiness, and rhythm, in which the various series of individuals will be grouped together in accordance with their tastes and aptitudes, and all working for the common good and the fulfilment of the Divine purpose.

After describing the various schools of Esoterism that have existed throughout the ages of the human race, the author alludes to the work accomplished at the present day by Theosophy, Spiritualism, and Occultism, but while admitting their helpfulness, he is of opinion that they all require to be thoroughly sifted, as much that is written and taught on these subjects could not pass the test of scientific criticism, and it is necessary to separate that which is true knowledge gained by intuition and the supranormal faculties, from that which is mere imagination.

A very interesting and illuminating work, which can be commended to all thoughtful seekers after the inner truths of Universal Law, but we fear it will be rather difficult for English readers, as the book abounds in uncommon and highly technical words.

M. VALLIOR.