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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

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THE views expressed by Sir Arthur Keith, President of the British Association, in his address delivered on May 9th last at Manchester University, have revived in full strength the old controversy as to human survival which waged so furiously in the days of Huxley. Once more we are carried back to the time when the National Secular Society and its champions, in the persons of Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh, were in the forefront of the battle. It is strange, nowadays, to come across a reversion to the old type of materialistic thinker. To readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, especially, the idea of extinction at death is totally alien; but then, the very basis of occultism is the conviction that man, in his physical embodiment, is something more than the brain, more than the mind; more, even, than the soul—that he is a spark of that divine Light from whence all proceeds, and which, for want of a more definite term, we call God.

There is no qualification about the pronouncement of

Sir Arthur Keith. Every fact known to medical science, he says, "compels the inference that mind, spirit, and soul are manifestations of a living brain, just as flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle." This is unadulterated nineteenth-century materialism, the result, possibly, of over-specialisation. The problem of human immortality is not to be solved merely by the investigations of the physiologist or anatomist. This branch of science is but a small sector of the total sphere of knowledge. No matter how diligently the scalpel of the anatomist, and the microscope of the biological researcher may seek, Spirit will ever elude their grasp. Smaller than the most minute, greater than the greatest that imagination can conceive, Spirit is only to be apprehended by Spirit; and the over-cultivation of the material intellect, if we are to take the case of the great specialist in question, apparently hardens the mental body to such an extent as to make it practically impossible for the Light of the higher planes to throw the slightest ray of inspiration into the dark regions of the unilluminated reason.

Granted, for the moment, that existence is bounded by the span of one physical life, and that death ends all—
 AN ENDLESS "an endless sleep," as Sir John Bland-Sutton
 SLEEP? conceives it to be—then whence springs that
 efflorescence of human nature whose perfume shows itself in deeds of heroism, love and devotion? In what does it have its roots? Whence the urge to sacrifice the separated self for the ideal; for one's country or to save a loved one? Whence, also, the urge to express the beautiful in art, music, poetry and literature? Whence the self-sacrificing devotion of the scientist who not infrequently courts physical death for the sake of gaining knowledge? These things may not make their presence generally manifest without the help of a material nervous system; but they have their roots elsewhere than in the physical body. It is an axiom that the first law of Nature is self-preservation. Reason urges—especially on the assumption that death is the end of all—the maintenance at all costs of that isolated unit of life which we call the personal self. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Why not? Viewed from the standpoint of unadulterated reason, morality has no basis, life no meaning, love no foundation. Briefly, materialism is Death.

But has no other branch of knowledge a right to contribute towards the elucidation of this question? Is psychology, the science of the soul (or mind), to be denied a voice? And is

psychical research utterly to be ignored? The records of the latter branch of knowledge abound in instances of the action of mind apart from the physical brain. Take only one example, a simple case, that of the intricate problem solved whilst asleep. The brain awakens and finds the solution, to all intents and purposes, ready-made. The result is there, and oft-times the proof is only worked out in detail with great labour afterwards.

The realm of dreams, too, offers a promising key to the problem of the independent existence of the mind. A dreamer in a vision learns of the death of a loved one, and shortly afterwards the truth is made plain by the arrival of news. Such cases are not at all infrequent. Or a dreamer may gain accurate knowledge of a scene or event some time before it is encountered on the physical plane.

One particularly apposite instance is that which is to be found in one of the early works on animal magnetism. A lady in the hypnotic state became clairvoyant and predicted that on a certain date she would meet with an accident. The experimenters, forewarned, determined to falsify the prophecy, and with that end in view took the extreme precaution on the day in question of shutting the lady in an empty room with only a chair to sit upon. Confident that nothing could possibly happen, they left her alone, to be surprised later on by a scream. Rushing to the empty room, the investigators opened the door and discovered the subject of the experiment lying on the floor with a broken leg. Suddenly terrified by the appearance of a mouse, the lady with characteristic promptitude attempted hastily to jump up on the chair, slipped, and thus fulfilled the prophecy.

The annals of mediumship, again, provide irrefutable proof of the separate existence of intelligence. To the spiritualist the contention that death ends all is merely farcical. It is far too late in the day to attempt to put aside with supercilious disdain the evidences which abound on every hand.

As a matter of fact, there is abundant testimony, for those who care to avail themselves of it, of the existence within man of something which is independent of time and space—an entity which, circumscribed by the physical brain, is nevertheless in essence not bounded by its limitations. True enough, when the violin is broken no further music can come through it; but sometimes the musician borrows another instrument, and even if he cannot play as well as before, he can at least produce intelligible sounds.

When Sir Arthur Keith, using the analogy—and it should be borne in mind that the illustration is, after all, nothing more than an analogy, and not an argument—when Sir Arthur Keith, then, asserts that “at the moment of extinction both flame and spirit cease to have a separate existence,” he is stating a belief rather than a fact. As indicated above, the evidence of occult science in its many branches points most emphatically to the conclusion that the analogy of the soul to the flame of a burning candle is anything but near the truth. The flame is the product of combustion; the soul, or spirit, or mind, is an independent entity making use of the brain. If psychical processes are the *result* of brain activity rather than the *cause*, how explain those trance phenomena of the higher order in which the physical brain plays practically no part?

Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW may remember a remarkable case which attracted widespread attention some years ago, the case of Dorothy Kerin. Physically on the point of death, she lay on her bed, her friends and relatives gathered around expecting every moment her last breath, as she lay in a state of coma. Suddenly Miss Kerin was so revitalised by the influence of a vision of transcendent beauty and appeal, that she stirred out of her death-trance, arose, and to the amazement of the onlookers proved to be not only full of new life, but free from all traces of the tuberculous condition which had apparently brought her to the very brink of the grave. The account, it will be remembered, was well authenticated, and was backed up by irreproachable medical testimony.

More and more the unprejudiced investigator is forced to the conclusion that the unseen universe, even if elusive and intangible, is nevertheless as real, if not more real, than the universe which is patent to our five normal senses. Even the physicist begins to speak in the voice of occult science. Dense matter is becoming more and more tenuous as he presses his researches further and further into the nature of the physical universe. Already the wonders of radio communication and the closely allied conception of the electronic constitution of matter have paved the way for the construction of that bridge which one day shall stretch across the gulf which at present separates the seen from the unseen, matter from life, and form from consciousness. And even if consciousness may escape the most sensitive apparatus of the scientist, it is yet possible that matter of ever-increasing fineness

may ultimately lead him to the point where the veil is so thin that the Light of Spirit gilds everything with its glory. In the meantime the modern physicist draws a picture which approximates ever more closely to that given by occult science. From the orthodox conception of "solid" matter, to the view of matter as composed of tiny electrons and protons is apparently only one step on the road; for in the newest theories everything in the universe is resolved into ether waves. Both the electron and the proton in the latest mathematical hypotheses are nothing more than appearances, *maya*. According to the theory of Professor Schrödinger, of Zurich University, what we call protons and electrons are only more or less permanent configurations of waves or wave-trains; and his calculations are finding general acceptance amongst mathematical physicists as explaining many hitherto insoluble difficulties in regard to the scientific problems in connection with atoms, waves and the mysterious "quanta" of modern science.

PHYSICS AND PSYCHICS. Physics and the teachings of the *Secret Doctrine*, it may confidently be anticipated, will, with the passing of the years, and the ever increasing advances of science, draw more and more near together. Occult science has nothing to fear from the investigations of the scientist, whatever may be the case with regard to the psychic delusions to which the Theosophical Society appears to be in danger of falling a victim. The contrast between the complexion of the Society in its early days, and as it exists at the present time, is such as to arouse grave misgivings. One has to be in a position to look back over a period of some twenty or more years to appreciate the nature of the change that has so insidiously pervaded the whole organism. A large proportion of the rank and file is either openly or secretly affected on account of the present policy of the leaders, who, not content with antagonising many sincere folk who look upon the Krishnamurti cult as something akin to blasphemy, are now putting forward a young and inexperienced girl, in her early twenties, as the World Teacher's *shakti*, the World Mother—Rukmini Arundale.

Is there any connection, one feels tempted to enquire, between the information of the League of Motherhood, ostensibly an organisation entirely independent of the Star movement, and this latest pronouncement from Adyar? Candidly we suspect an attempt to capture unawares, and line up on the side of Krishnamurti, the many thousands of souls throughout the world

connected with the women's movements. We trust that our misgivings may prove baseless ; for these things can only tend to greater disaffection in the Theosophical Society. There is need for a Women's Spiritual Alliance ; but it should be free from all psychic contagion, and independent of fanciful cults.

Whether the various cleavages from the main body of the T.S. which come to light from time to time are signs of disintegration, or of growth by fission, remains to be seen. It is certain, in any case, that numbers who remain attached to Adyar, as well as those who take the more straightforward course of publicly expressing their disapproval with the present policy of the leaders, are alike being alienated. The case of the two "London Lodges" is merely one instance. Both Lodges are out of sympathy with current tendencies in the Society's activities. In the case of the London Lodge of Theosophy the withdrawal (as distinct from resignation) was duly notified to Adyar as an expression of dissent ; while in the other case, in spite of the fact that at last one prominent Lodge officer has put it on record that he is "equally hostile to Besantism and Blavatskyism," the Lodge prefers to remain "attached" to Adyar, with the implication of a sympathy which is scarcely likely to be existent. As a matter of fact, some documents which we have been shown in this connection throw a flood of light on the subject of the two "London Lodges," the London Lodge of Theosophy and the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

The matter is too intricate to form the subject of correspondence in the columns of the OCCULT REVIEW, besides having an appeal limited only to readers attracted to Theosophical Society intrigue. For all who are sufficiently interested the Committee of the London Lodge of Theosophy, through its President (Lieut.-Colonel Peacocke, 5, Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10) is willing to produce documentary evidence sufficient, in our opinion, to disprove to the satisfaction of any fair-minded investigator the allegations made against his Lodge in the course of the recently closed controversy in these columns. The statement, amongst others, that Lieut.-Colonel Peacocke has left the Theosophical Society, has no basis in fact, since proof positive is forthcoming in the shape of the signed receipt from Adyar for current dues as an unattached member. Nor, in view of the frank and straightforward manner in which the withdrawal from allegiance to the Adyar Headquarters was carried out, can any ulterior motive be imagined as insinuated against the President of the T.S., who

was quite entitled to revive the Charter of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society should she see fit to do so. As suggested, however, readers who feel inclined are invited to avail themselves of the kind offer of Colonel Peacocke.

As a further instance of the psychic epidemic with which the Theosophical Society appears just now to be afflicted, it is interesting to note that one at least of the officers of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society labours under the impression—judging from correspondence in the possession of Col. Peacocke—that he has been specially selected, notwithstanding his expressed hostility both to Besantism and Blavatskyism, for the spreading of a new brand of occult teaching in the Society. This impression, it seems, is carefully fostered by “messages” given through a special medium, in total disregard of the grave warning of H. P. Blavatsky as to the unlikelihood of any instructions from Masters coming second-hand through such a channel.

It is a pleasure to turn from the contemplation of psychic cults and Theosophical intrigue to a realm where spiritual things hold first place. One of the articles in the present issue, entitled “Sri Guru Pitajee”—roughly translatable as “Holy Father” although implying a deeper intimacy and affection than the English phrase—concerns an aged Indian saint who, since the writing of the article, has passed away from his physical vehicle. It is difficult for the average European to conceive the strength of the bonds of affection which link such a guru to his disciples.

By the courtesy of the author of the article, Miss Helen Mary Boulnois, it is possible to include in these Notes a few touching references from private correspondence concerning the Father.

“My Father (Guru Maharaj),” writes a prominent Indian official, “is not the same spiritually as you saw him AN INDIAN years before. He is something new, something SAINT. wonderful, which it is not possible for us mortals to realise.” How different is the real man from the stern official mask only those who are acquainted with his identity are in a position to realise. This gentleman, however, was not unaware of the approaching end; for he writes wishing his correspondent could make another trip to India before it proved to be too late.

“I wish you were here once again at least,” he wrote on the 1st March last. “The time is fast approaching for his disappearance, of which I have got special notice, and I would therefore ask you to come to India once again at least.”

Unfortunately, however, it was not to be. Shortly after his previous letter, the author's correspondent wrote once more, sending the news of the Father's death.

" . . . On the 2nd March last Father left D—. . . While he was with me I had the good fortune to hear the intimation from the Divine Mother that Father's days in this world were numbered. I could, however, never conjecture that it was only a question of thirty more days. On March 11th I was at Benares, when Father took off with his hand the holy Jata (a long separate coil of hair) which was on his head for the last forty-two years. To a Sanyasi this ceremony means the completion of his asceticism and his entrance into the state of Paramahansa, when he virtually merges himself in Divinity. To a worldly man it denotes that the final liberation of the soul from this mundane sphere is not very far. . . .

" On the 30th March the Father received an urgent summons from above to start for the astral world immediately, and He departed on Sunday, April 1st, at 5.20 a.m. Sunday was the date of his birth as well as the day for his final liberation.

" He has not gone, but He has changed his old effete garb for a new and stronger one."

For the intimate circle of disciples of the venerable Guru, the question of human survival is beyond all need of argument. " In the place where He left His physical body," the Indian official writes in one of his letters, " He is still visible every day at stated times." Apparently one of the chelas acts as a medium for instruction and advice from the departed Teacher. The writer of the letters above-mentioned speaks of a written communication which he has received from his late Guru, saying that the " Father says he has been to see you (Miss Boulnois)." He is very anxious that the author of the article should take an early opportunity of going to India to observe for herself how the Father is seen every day since his departure from the physical plane.

Such direct evidence of survival disposes entirely of the contention put forward in the play, *Thunder in the Air*, now running at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, that the dead live only in the memory of those who survive them, and not in any other way. From the purely dramatic point of view, *Thunder in the Air* is decidedly a play to see. It has many moments of dramatic intensity,

especially that at the close of the second act ; and the audience is instinctively gripped as the uncommon plot is gradually unfolded.

Emboldened, apparently, by the success of the earlier presentation touching upon the question of life after death and the theory of human immortality, which enjoyed great popularity under the title of *Outward Bound*, the producer of *Thunder in the Air* has been induced to venture into a similar field. Unlike the earlier play, however, the present object seems to be to show that the dead live on only in the *minds* of their friends. "They are always the same, in my memory, living as I saw them last," says James Harding, one of the characters of the play.

Thus we see the return of the dead soldier to his relations and friends—in various guises : as a small boy, to his mother ; as the devoted lover, to his fiancée ; and so on. But it would seem that the author has not been consistent with the treatment of the theme ; for why does the dead soldier return to his father in the guise of a ghost ? Why, also, is it possible for the Rev. Arthur Stanes to witness the passionate episode between his wife and the dead soldier ? Frankly, it is rather difficult to reconcile this apparent inconsistency of treatment ; and it would be interesting to know whether others have also been a little perplexed as to what the author has really been driving at. As an example of dramatic art, of course, the performance leaves nothing to be desired, and is characterised by unusual naturalness and charm on the part of the caste, while Violet Vanbrugh as the distracted mother, is as brilliant as ever.

A little magazine of American origin, devoted chiefly to the questions of penal reform and the abolition of capital punishment, is well known to a certain number of British readers. We refer to *The O.E. Library Critic*, edited by Dr. H. N. Stokes, 1207 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. It costs only 5 cents a copy or 50 cents per annum. The little magazine is useful and interesting—interesting for the occasional examples of "English as she is spoke" or written in America, useful because of the honest and fearless fight waged by the editor against undesirable tendencies in the Theosophical movement. Dr. Stokes writes :

" . . . the only way we have of presenting to Theosophists the facts regarding the situation in the Theosophical Movement, and of warning them against the radical departures from the Theosophy taught by the masters and H. P. Blavatsky, is to ask our readers to aid us by interesting themselves in increasing its

circulation. The low price at which it is issued precludes the use of the methods employed by larger and more popular publications."

Put baldly, help is wanted. Although not always welcome, the criticisms of Dr. Stokes are always made with as careful a regard for facts as possible, and if he makes a mistake of judgment he is always prepared to acknowledge the slip in the columns of his little magazine, the current number of which, we note, is dated April, 1928, and is numbered Vol. XVII No. 9.

THE EDITOR.

THE OCCIDENTAL REVIEW

SRI GURU PITAJEE: AN INDIAN MAHATMA

By HELEN MARY BOULNOIS

"Lead me from the unreal to the real, lead me from darkness to light, lead me from death to immortality."

BRIHAD UPANISHAD I.

SPACE and width seemed on earth and air. The carriage went under a railway arch into open fields, constantly passing clusters of children, native beds and animals beside small huts by the wayside, finally reaching a city street and bazaar. The two horses in their loose harness were halted in the deep shade of a banyan tree while the way was enquired. A pigeon-cote reared on a tall bamboo above a heap of coloured pottery was cut by a sharp slant of shade.

If towns differed, bazaars and native quarters remained the same, and in spite of the paucity of muslins, scarves, embroideries, brasswork and other native-made goods, sadly replaced by oil-cans, packets of tea and bales of Manchester cotton, were yet reminiscent of fairy lore, alive with picturesque colour and movement, still steeped in the relics of the magical atmosphere of the days of the Great Moghul. Every little house, jostled side by side, was of different height, some castellated, some with carved balconies and fretted grills, some mere mud huts with thatch shades across their fronts, supported by crooked poles. Vendors, squatting in darkness beneath them, drew contemplatively on long coils of hookar. Little girls flayed out the flower-like petals of their skirts, red with pretty borders, while the clinging *sari* swathed them above somewhat like a lily sheath. Others wore trousers, full as skirts about the hips, twining in graceful lines till tight round the ankles. Boys wore their own dark legs save for the twist of a loin-cloth. Groups of women formed and melted about the fountain. A beautifully-draped Kashmir shawl caught again the bronze tint of a gleaming wet pot, poised on a shapely head. A *sari*, tossed from the head over another shoulder, fell in one long graceful line to a point a few inches off the ground. Tiny children wore frail little coats once white, opening over purple-brown skin. Rings were on women's feet, rings on their ears and noses. Fruit gleamed from dark shade of overhanging awnings, alternating with neat heaps of golden grain. A white calf ate peacefully out of a broken basket and a dusky little chap held high his one garment under

his armpits, stepping backwards suspiciously from the old-fashioned carriage, his little round tummy stuck out with defiance. Further up the road, from the richly-inlaid pipe at his lips, a man drew forth weird minor notes in a long confused clash, somewhat like the keen of a bagpipe. Huge soft bags hung from the pole aslant on his shoulders. He was playing softly to snakes, sleeping within them. Such was the scene into which turned a quaint little carriage that might have come straight from fairyland.

The high pointed dome of a silken parasol was upheld by four slender pillars rising from a flat square of wood overhung by a royal tiger-skin, whence ran shafts, heavily embossed with brass. A dignified figure was seated upon a tiger-skin that fell into space beneath him, the tasselled parasol swaying overhead. His venerable head was crowned by a high silken cap of the same colour as his apricot robe that fell in classical folds beneath his flowing white beard and over the protruding knees of his crossed legs. Rosaries of great age and value hung round his neck. One, the longest, white as shells, was repeated in yet another around his turban-like cap, tied at the two sides into loops that dangled over his ears.

The moment he caught sight of my carriage he stopped his own, leapt lightly from the tiger-skin and, to the intense interest of the population, hastened over the road to meet me. A tall dark man in European clothes accompanied him on foot. Both stood by my carriage, offering to escort me to the house.

The Mahatma sprang again up on the tiger-skin. A dark-skinned groom, perched upon the shaft, turned the horse, driving along a narrow street where each house was of a differing size, until he stopped before steps leading up to one of white stucco.

Not without a certain state the Mahatma entered and greeted me in the doorway of an empty, clean, dark room.

They gave me a chair, and for a few moments he sat on one, as if to make me feel at home, but was soon upon his feet, lithe and spry, the light balance of his attitude utterly belying his eighty-odd years.

At once we spoke of God and conceptions of Deity, veiled beyond our present consciousness. He spoke of the joy of worshipping God as Mother, the highest representative of Divine Love, here on earth.

"Who loves like the mother does? She cannot cease to love—never mind if we are stupid, bad, faithless."

He told me through the able interpretation of his friend that he was unable to speak English, but nevertheless said this to me in our tongue, his difficulty with the words seeming to increase their power. Some young disciples and the children of his host came in and out. He invited me to his own place above and went out through the doorway, leaving me with the others. Soon the dark gentleman who owned the house escorted me up high, narrow, white stairs, enclosed in the walls of the house. We came out on a balcony, around an inner court. We paused and looked through the window of a tiny room, used as a shrine or chapel. A big picture hung within of Tara Brahmamahy, the Mother of Creation. An altar beneath Her was bedecked with vases, flowers, and strewn with marigold heads.

"Here is where he worships the Mother," he whispered to me.

We crossed an empty room, went along a narrow balcony, overhanging the street, climbed another high flight of stairs and found ourselves on a white, shining roof. Over the white stucco balustrade to the west beneath us lay the city. A hubbub arose from the street below of the cry of vendors, the thin, melancholy pipe of the snake-charmer, the incessant buzz of busy voices, while a flare of crimson rising over flat roof-tops softened and embraced all in roseate haze. Our gaze travelled east above house-tops to green meadows, sand flats and the slowly moving green-blue Ganges. A round moon floated white in a clear evening sky that rose in changing opalescent tints into infinitude.

A suspended curtain formed a little shelter or tent in one corner. Like a hermit the Mahatma sat within the darkened recess.

They offered me a chair, but I sat on the carpet within the curtain beneath a still further recess, slightly raised, where he squatted easily on a tiger-skin. A dark red bolster suggested his bed by night.

Once more he spoke of the happiness to be attained in reaching to the Infinite, Unspeakable Creator as the knowing, loving All-Mother.

"See clock," he said, pointing to one on the shelf above him. "Father goes fussing round—him big hand. Mother only moves little way. She stay long time still or only move slow, but little hand the one that knows most. When Father and Mother both join at twelve, then a child is consummated.

"Again, God is little hand, man is big hand, fussing round

with minutes, but God knows the hour. Do you understand? It is not very clear! But meaning is there if the heart can grasp."

I nodded.

"No good talking, saying much. Listen to the Guru. Take his words if they reach you. If not, do not argue. It is no good."

His movements, in spite of his age, were extraordinarily lithe. He sprang lightly to his feet from his crouching attitude, ran over the roof, leapt on a box by the parapet to peer over to the street below. The soles of his feet and the tips of his fingers were painted deep rose.

He came back to the centre of the roof, standing tilted forward on his toes, rosaries dangling, hands on hips, where his apricot shawl gathered and fell stylishly; he fixed his eyes on a white mark on the wall.

"Look hard at a mark like that every morning," he said. "Do not let eyes flinch, stare till you think nothing else—then turn the mind inward. Think some silly, naughty thing you have done, perhaps as child, perhaps when young, perhaps now—ask God, ask Mother-God to forgive it. Ask hard, hard. Feel shame. . . . And then you feel come Her forgiveness. Oh! that is beautiful. That bring tears to the eyes. Very fine, that water. That water in the eyes" (it shone in his own) "that heals."

I asked him further as to healing.

"No will-power! Will-power breaks all. It is the Mother-God Whose love penetrates, pours into the chest, enters the back. That alone heals. To heal others you must first be willing to bear the pain of that other—to take it all yourself. You must be willing." (Is this the Compassion of Jesus? The *passion with*?) "Give it to me, O Mother of God," you must cry and pray to Her to send that healing love. As it flows, it heals. Do not strive yourself. Leave all to Her. Stay in Her hands. If Power is to pass through, It will pass"

The following afternoon I arrived in good time. Entering the bare room off the street I found a dark man, who looked as if in government employment, seated on a *charpoy*.* He could only speak in a hoarse, scraping whisper.

My Thibetan boy carried in a basket of fruit and vegetables. I asked permission to present them. A young man looked at

* Native bed, made of braid plaited on four poles, upheld by short legs.

them, but said doubtfully he did not know if it would be accepted and went away, presumedly to say I had arrived.

Presently the Mahatma came, signed for the outer doors of the street to be closed, shook hands with me. Three men, waiting on the *charpoys* to see him, rose, prostrated themselves on the floor and kissed his feet. A piece of straw matting was spread on the floor. The eldest of the men lay flat upon it—the Mahatma stooped, stroking and feeling him, finally knelt on one knee beside him, laid his hand on his liver, where he was suffering.

“Aum,” the Pitajee (Father) intoned, balancing a knife, point downwards. He made a sharp cut with it over the stone floor, paused, repeated the word “Aum,” balanced the knife and cut again sharply over the floor.

When the man rose, he told me he had been given up by the doctors. When he first came to the Pitajee his heart was wrong. He was suffering from bad blood pressure and liver trouble. The heart and blood pressure were cured, the liver was getting better.

The hoarse young man approached the Mahatma, pointing to his throat. He stroked it. A little boy who was constantly running to and fro came forward too and presented his throat. Smiling, the old man stroked it too. All three went down on their knees and tenderly kissed his feet.

The house belonged to the Bengalee in Government office who had met me with the Mahatma on the previous day. The little boy and some older sons, young men, were present. The Mahatma lived with them as their guest, taught, prayed, healed and helped them, his presence being regarded as high privilege. He never touched coins nor even stamps. Bare living he took only from those who considered they thus gave to God. The young fellow who had gone to announce my arrival told me in a quiet aside that he had accepted my small offering of fruit.

“It is quite exceptional I accept,” the Mahatma told me, the youth translating. “I never accept from those I heal; but you are a visitor.”

The man suffering from his liver, somewhat aggrieved, said:

“No, he accepts nothing.”

“I accept if there is complete cure,” the Mahatma remarked quietly, “then only one fruit.”

He went out and came back with an orange, an apple, a custard fruit and a banana in his hands.

"These are for you."

I rose and accepted them

"Four fruits for Devotion, Service, Worship and Knowledge," but he said these words in Urdu. All the young men tried to interpret them and did not always agree. However, all were unanimous that he added: "I give them to you, for you can eat of such fruit."

All the time I called him "My Father," and he addressed me as "My daughter."

He went upstairs and once more I was bidden to follow.

Arrived on the roof (only one elder man came with us), I handed the Mahatma a silk handkerchief, bought in Peshawar bazaar, for he had told me to bring one.

He spread it on the tiger-skin, folded his hands, closed his eyes and prayed over it. Taking an antique brown rosary, deeply carved, from his neck he laid it on the silk, then caught it between his second and third finger, turned the beads with his thumb, murmuring. Round and round the rosary he went, several times reaching again a white marking bead. Finally he replaced the rosary round his neck, reached up to the shelf and took down another of old rosy-brown crystals. Once more the rosary moved between his fingers. At last that rosary joined the others around his neck. Some of them were very beautiful; one was of green jade, several were exquisitely carved.

He took a bottle of red ink, a stubby pen, and wrote in all four corners of the handkerchief letters that seemed to climb upwards and were lost in the colours of the silk. Last of all he lifted down a tiny bottle of the strongest of rose essence and with his rose-painted finger smeared it in the shape of a triangle in the very centre.

"Triangle—three sides all even," he murmured. "For Creator, Preserver, Destroyer. For Father, Mother, Child. For body, intellect, soul."

"For life, love, intelligence," I murmured.

He smiled.

Then he folded the handkerchief smoothly, tightly, and gave it to me, telling me certain words of prayer to use should I need help.

"Repeat these words in all undertakings. If you go to take ticket at station. If you are called on to perform task, to do

something big. Our Holy Mother will always hear you. This is me, my intervention, yet not me. God is all!"

"There are seven centres for mind," he told me, "beside those located in the brain."

"Three lower ones control lower regions, then comes one, already rising to higher realms in the centre of the breast." He pointed his finger there, closing his eyes.

"When we close eyes in meditation and see light within, it is with that brain we see, bright like lightning."

The fifth mind is in the centre of the throat.

The sixth mind is between the eyes. Clairvoyance lies in this mind and the power of seeing within, even things that may be occurring far away in the without. This is the place of the Third Eye, to be seen on certain images.

The seventh mind is in the crown on the very top of the head. Few ever develop this brain into consciousness. There one ceases to be "I" but is merged in all.*

He told the story of the calf. When it is born, it bleats "I, I, I." When it grows big it is put under a yoke and bleats, "I, I, me." Very comically and truly to life he imitated the calf, using the Urdu words, beginning with H—a heavy breathing sound. Then the calf dies. Its skin is spread over a drum. A man beats it and still it cries, "I, I, me" though it is only a dead skin. Then the Master Musician tightens it, attunes it and beats it again "Hamko? Ney, Tum, Tum." "I? No, Thou, Thou!" it now calls.

The master of the house returned from his Government office. He entered the little retreat, stooping to hands and knees to kiss with endearing affection the happy old man's feet. Aged with the world's wisdom and cleared vision, he yet radiated joy so that youth and energy seemed to stream from him.

He rose and we all stood together on the roof-top.

Again the rosy effluence shone over all from the westering sun; milk-white the moon, at perfect full to-night, sailed in the clearest, palest heaven of crystalline blue and green.

Down in the street beneath weird music droned and clanged.

"What is it? A wedding?" I asked.

"Or a funeral!" our host's son-in-law suggested.

* Cosmic consciousness.

The old man hopped lightly as bird on twig to a box beneath the parapet, peered over, quickly turned and offered me foothold beside him.

Up I sprang, if not so swiftly.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Brass trumpets were blown by red-coated men, drums followed and whining pipes, music intermingling. A few people were running, some boys excitedly waved sticks with rag pennants, then again came another medley of Indian pipes—each note twanging, fighting for its own against all others, creating an excitement, a jangle, an emotion. Long poles wavered just beneath us, nearly reaching the roof-top; flags, red, green, cerise, purple, dangled fantastically. A little cart, curtained, open to the front, partially concealed a shrine.

“What is it all about?” I asked as the last straggler passed, and we stepped down once more on the roof.

“Some excitement about non-co-operators being let loose from prison to-day,” Mr. C. said disdainfully. “Father does not approve of Gandhi,” he added.

Pitajee stood erect, his face raised.

“Co-operation is the word!” he said. “What is non-co-operation? Negation. Nothing. I say the King is King, not Gandhi. The King is sent by God. God works through him. We must see it. Who brought us canals? Who brought us trains? Who brought us these?” (He touched his eyes and Mr. C. said, “Spectacles.”) “What happens when famine comes? Who tends the families then? How was it when Mohammedans ruled? No woman dared go out without shrouding. Now is justice. Now is peace. And Gandhi? Is his heart with God? Does he make people happy? No, it is all unhappiness, unrest, muddle. Muddle,” he repeated, twisting his fingers, “that is taking the affairs of the world that should go straight like this”—he spread open his expressive little hands—“when it is God’s way.”

They gave me tea and two new boiled potatoes with freshly crushed pepper and salt. He drank dried leaves of the lemon plant made into tea, the refreshing *Vervaine*, well known in France.

His apricot overmantle was brought him. To-day he was clad in shot rose silk, a loose garment with large kimono sleeves, matching his high turban cap, whence fell the two tassel ends

of white rosary, blending with the same shell whiteness of the longest of the rosaries around his neck.

The outer garment or cloak was one great piece with a hole in the middle through which he put his head. He took the wide falling piece in front, pinned it together behind him with a safety-pin, drew forward two strings, hanging from the back piece, tied them round his middle, adjusted the front over the string, and was ready for the drive.

Down the high steep stairs he trotted and I climbed.

Again he balanced on his high cart under the satin-domed canopy upon the tiger-skin. My carriage followed his. One of his disciples was at my side. Once more we drove through the maze of streets, among earthenware pots heaped, cooking steam rising from huge butter bowls, sweetmeats spread on bright glazed green leaves, pipes for sale, hanging carpets, naked children, women sauntering under coloured scarves, temple domes rising, while mysterious night rapidly enveloped all in deeper charm. Smell and perfume arose, temple bells chimed and clanged, dust puffed up in golden mists, catching the last rays of the reddening sun, smoke turned turquoise blue, writhing against vast masses of blackening trees. The sky was calm, translucent, pricked by the first earliest star, the moon silvered over its milk-white crust ; fields brooded in darkening peace, the Ganges stretched its pale ribbon of faintest bird's-egg green, hundreds of tiny fires glowed down among the tents where pilgrims gathered on the bank of the sacred river. We turned to the right and found the narrow, deep river Jumna beside us. Bright, rosy opal, it lay behind occasional thick trees and opaque masses of black huts. A boat with broad square sail floated dark as ink upon its iridescent surface.

Silver moonlight strengthened, the last flare of sunlight faded.

"I knew you quite well," the young disciple at my side remarked to me. "I could have gone to the railway station and picked you out from a crowd. The Father described you to us all the day Mr. S asked him if he would meet you. He went away in trance and travelled to see you."

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTER AND THE HAUNTED

By A GHOST

I WHO speak through the medium of your pencil am a ghost—a real live, active ghost, who am about to recount the happenings that occurred when adventuring from the portals of ghostland.*

Always ambitious along lines of research, and becoming restless with an overwhelming anxiety to return to earth, gradually the idea evolved itself within my soul-mind, that if possible I would find the means by which this could be accomplished.

A certain portion of me, once recognised as a humanised "heart," yearned for repeated association with those earthly things which at one time I had considered to be "reality," and which, when clothed with mortal flesh, I had partly clung to. To be perfectly candid though, I must admit that, with one exception, I had never really clung to much with any great tenacity.

I was a scientist, and this vocation so constantly bringing home to my consciousness the fact of ever-changing phenomena, I gradually commenced, as time passed, to realise the instability of most things considered stable.

As to any possibility of a future life after this earth one ceased, however, I was sceptical. Now I know otherwise!

I was, you must understand, merely like many another blind mortal who gives little or no thought to these things. I never bothered my head about the matter. If ever moments did arise when I gave a thought to the subject at all, I may perhaps have allowed one of three alternatives: Annihilation, Heaven or Hell. These ideas were then the limit of my conceptions.

But, when later I awakened to the fact that none of these existed in the accepted meaning of the words I then also awoke not only to surprised consternation, but to mixed sensations of disappointment and pleasure tinged with decided curiosity.

I found no annihilation. In fact I remained just as I had formerly been, minus the cast-off fleshy garment. Neither did I find myself faced with the hell, so frequently preached about,

* Given through the hand of Mrs. Rachel Cummings.

and pictured by imagination. Heaven, so far as I have discovered, is built upon the quality of thought entertained by those people who seek the range of its infinite possibilities.

The only near approach to the hell of damnation familiar to the pulpit, is an unpleasant region where although desires flourish they nevertheless remain there unsatisfied. This, as you can no doubt realise, is an extremely uncomfortable state of affairs. Unsatisfied desires upon earth, at all events, are as a rule kept alive by hope; but in the infernal regions I refer to no such flame either fans or cools them. Desires thus thrown back upon themselves painfully continue the process of feeding upon their own ungratified sensations. If, however, beneath these earth-worn desires lurks any spiritual emotion, this is carefully tended and encouraged by those whose task it is to watch these "lower regions," as they are called.

Now that possibly I have cleared your mental atmosphere, it might be wise were I to explain certain things about myself.

When once an earth inhabitant, there was a woman whom I passionately loved. We were (so to speak) "united," as we constantly told each other, for "eternity," though in those days I must candidly confess eternity meant little to me beyond the means for an emotional expression of love. We constantly had these emotional moments, and both meant what we then said. When I turned my attention earthwards, it was to seek the home where my loved one lived

It was a bright sunny earth day when I approached the old house where we had both loved and lost each other. It was also at this place when, owing to a sudden accident, I had supposedly "died."

Summer was at its zenith; birds in full song; flowers drunk and drowsy with the sun-wine so freely flowing everywhere, and the whole of Nature rejoicing in nectar so generously bestowed by the Sun God.

I entered the garden which, time-matured, was beauty-laden. Long paths wound themselves among flowering beds; trees with heavy foliage drooped over the seats they shaded from an all-encroaching heat; bees poised themselves above the pollen they eagerly searched for, whilst butterflies daintily clung to the flower-lips they lightly kissed.

But the fair one I sought was nowhere to be seen: I passed

into the house, and after again searching carefully everywhere once more drew blank.

For a moment I paused. I thought deeply, and then remembered a place we had often frequented. It was, I admit, a little unromantic, but, at the time of our frequenting, it was gilded and glamoured with the light of love. I found my Emm in the tea-shop I sought. But, alas! she was no longer accepting service from others, but was, instead, rendering service herself. She was, in fact, serving teas to customers.

Momentarily I was appalled when I realised her altered circumstances. I could not approach her. She was too busily engaged, and from a distance I watched her performance of duty. I must wait, I told myself, and wait I did until the place was closed. I accompanied her home, seeking means by which I could communicate my presence. I found none, but, having returned to earth, determined to await an opportunity for revealing the fact that I still lived, and was near her.

That she had remained faithful to me I saw by her thought, and this made me the more anxious for communication.

Poor Emm, she was not only lonely, but sad at heart as well. Frequently I essayed my task. I thought it would comfort her were she to know of my continued existence, to know that I was not really dead as she imagined me to be.

Dead forsooth! Why, I was never more alive. But, alas! how could I convey this truth to the mind of the woman who mourned for me as though I had indeed actually ceased to exist?

Then one day an opportunity came. I seized both the opportunity, and the vase she was removing from a mantelpiece. I dropped it, and she, bless her, thought she had dropped it herself!

A short time after this "accident" occurred, her mother became ill, and Emm, I discovered, remained at home to nurse her.

No longer content with the little incident I had previously caused to happen, I next, I am ashamed to say, resorted to many little tricks. I became mischievous, with the hope that by means of these tricks I should succeed in drawing attention to myself, and Emm commence to either question or seek their cause. I made the furniture creak, and again, I fear, broke more things. All the noises I was able to make I made. But even then I failed, for what I did she attributed to "natural causes"—damp, draughts, change of weather, and so forth. I seldom left

her presence, and many a time after she had carefully closed a door I would deliberately loosen the latch.

Finally she became what her friends called "jumpy," "nervy." A doctor was recommended, medicine prescribed, and though I had in part succeeded in attracting her attention, I had, on the other hand, utterly failed in achieving my main objective, which was to bring home to her mind any recognition of myself.

I was, of course, terribly ignorant in those days, otherwise I should have acted differently. But if she had only known how anxious I was to reveal my presence to her what a difference it would have made to both of us.

Then as time passed I commenced to realise how very mediumistic she was unconsciously becoming. This development of hers enabled me greatly to increase my own force, and gradually I succeeded in materialising myself into some semblance of a misty form. Like this, each night I accompanied her upstairs. That she observed me, I knew; but never for a moment did she harbour the possibility of what she saw being in any way connected with the man she loved. She merely put my appearance down to the result of over-strained nerves.

Truthfully I can say it was with no selfish motive that I acted. My only wish was that she should realise my continued existence. Time after time other ghosts had been recognised by their loved ones left upon earth, so why not I?

"Emm, darling," I would whisper, "Don't you see me? I am so near you. . . Can't you hear my voice? I have never died. . . . I am still alive."

But no, she would only shiver when I spoke, almost as if my words were as cold water running down her back, and she would fly my presence as though I were some evil thing she feared.

Then came the night when I made a supreme effort. I touched her hand! She was able to feel me!

At *that* supreme moment Emm was seated upon the same sofa where, in olden days, we had so often sat together hand in hand. No sooner did she feel the pressure of my hand upon her own than she jumped up with an exclamation:—

"DEVIL! stop your haunting."

TOUCHSTONE

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE destiny of Faërie is a gilt-edged security for those who are faithful and true. After days and weeks and months of quest and venture, I was licensed to look into the Law of Fate in Faërie and to learn how it is consulted by means of a Dial of Flowers. The inward working of spells is made known thereby, but the way out of them is not declared. I learned it in another place and long after: it is one of the secret laws. You follow the course of destiny in Faërie, as you do on this earth of ours: but it is thus only till you have learned to distentangle its skein. It is then in your hands, and—if you are wise—it can be woven at your own will so that the Law follows you thenceforward. For destiny is consequence, and that upon which it is consequent is we ourselves alone. So it is true that the Book of Fate in Faërie is the Book of the Art of its Ruling.

There was a Prince who had lost his history through the service of a spell, so that no name is given him. It is needful, on occasion, to be lost before you can find your way; but when I met with him in Faërie, I did not know without seeking whether that which had bechanced him was of evil, which passes, or of hidden goodness, unfolding like a flower from within. He had no memory of his birthplace, his forbears and heritage, or aught of his opening life. A mournful gift of divination was mine in Faërie, and the same is a gift of second sight. Now, there is a certain bond of concord between these kinds of workings and the fall of the evening dew, for which reason I made use of my oracles under the first star. I consulted my Book of Fate, the reading of which is like the sleep of beauty and of magic. I must not tell you my method; but I found that the Prince was heir to a throne in the Kingdom over the way, and he had great treasures in birthright. He was the descendant of a faërie race, full of powers and privileges. Over his cradle the Houses of Heaven—which are twelve—shone as new houses in a renewed heaven, looking as if over a virgin earth. Yet was he deprived of his history, but wit you well, it was because of great things which might be fulfilled concerning him. As to these I did not see in my glass. I had awakened in Faërie and was learned in mysteries of silken couches, of tapestried rooms and ladders of golden rope, of secret keys, of ivory gates and the paths that

lead therefrom. I knew also of a certain mysterious repose in Faërie, when the powers of enchantment soften and Nature moves in her sleep. In this manner I had one key of enchantment, but of the way out of all enchantments—which goes due east and explains them all as you go—I had learned nothing as yet.

So further concerning this Prince: he was brought from a far and blessed country, to be abandoned in the dark labyrinth of a forest, which is more full of glamour and misdirection than is a picture of painted images. Like a child made by magic, he discovered himself awake therein. You might judge that he was a Prince by the golden fillet on his head, and another traveller from a land that is very far away—having been once in like case—uncovered the misfortune that had come over the high Prince by means of the heart's remembrance and obvious tests. He sent him through the world in search of a second history, testifying that something of his old estate should unfold in every loyal and sacred venture undertaken and carried to its term by him who was bewrayed.

I know not how long this Prince lingered over the vintages and winepress of Faërie or with maids created for joy who fool some travellers therein. But he came to himself on a day and was presently in a quest of stars, which is a good beginning anywhere. A call in the heart of a star; a star which sings in its calling; the star and its call shall lead. He found some stars moreover—yes, even in the sandhills and the marshes. But they were not worlds, unhappily; and though one by one the scenes of his past came back, they were only as ghosts or dreams—like tales told in the twilight, which are not believed in day. Then he was counselled to discover the Stone called Touchstone, which opens all doors of mystery. My companion and fellow-traveller, seeking for treasure of gold, does it happen that you possess the Touchstone? Do you dream what it is, my child of wonder? It tests and tries everything, and nothing of all resists. It is like a dream which is behind dream; it leads to the Land of Reality, on God's side of the Land of Dream; it brings the good dreams true. By its aid you can find the meaning in Tales of Faërie. It comes to you on the blade of a drawn sword, and that sword is like the parting of ways for ever.

The Prince who has lost his history has been to the Valley of Vision, but the King sleeps therein. He has been to the Land of Irem, but the hidden City is still empty and desolate. He has drunk at the Fountain of Borico, where a man may find his

youth, though he has left it long since at a corner of streets remote. He has knelt in the Temple of Isis, which has a girdle of mysteries and a Holy Place within it, about which the mysteries worship. He has watched in the Groves of Dodona, where the trees—which are old as the world—whisper with human voices, and he has ascended the highest peak of the Holy Mountain Kâf. He has spoken with Harut and Marut, the fallen angels who first taught magic to man. He has been to the tombs of the Magian Kings, which are watched by the Star of Bethlehem—till the second dawn of the day of Christ. He has sorrowed with Vathek and Solomon in the Hall of Eblis, wherein they suffer until their sins are whitened. He has tarried with Gian ben Gian, the King of the Peris. But he has not found that cube which is called Touchstone. Now this is great sorrow, and I have pledged myself to seek through the whole earth and the whole starry heaven for that which will open the eyes, so that even a Prince—in his passing through pageants like these—may know that it is in his heart already—that white and shining Talisman. I travel in search of this and the water of all-seeing. I am pledged to seek out the Touchstone for a Prince who has lost his history. Are you he for whom I work, tell me, or shall I look for another?

THE USE OF IMAGINATION IN ART, SCIENCE AND BUSINESS

By MAC TYLER

“WHERE there is no Vision, the people perish,” and where there is no imagination, there can be no Vision comprehensible to the personal self, for it is the principal function of this much misunderstood and often mistakenly abused function to interpret the abstract truths cognised by the inner spiritual Being, expressing them in terms which can be understood by the personal and outer mind.

Imagination is thus the mediator between the inner and the outer selves of man ; between the seen and the unseen ; between those inner realities which can be spiritually apprehended, but never objectively proven, and those outer faculties which now, even as of old, seek ever for a tangible and objective sign.

Imagination is not in itself Vision, but it may be regarded as the sensitive plate by means of which Vision is made manifest ; and its activities, when functioning rightly, may be described in the words of the Earth Spirit in Goethe's *Faust* :

“It is thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.”

Imagination is the vehicle of dream rather than the source thereof, being definitely a faculty of the personality ; whereas for the source of dream and vision we must penetrate far beyond the *persona*, or “mask,” to the inmost mysteries of Being itself.

Imagination and Intuition are often confused by those who have not experienced the latter in its true form. This is hardly surprising, as the difference between them is most subtle, and almost impossible to describe in objective terms. Perhaps one can come near to defining them by saying that when Imagination alone is functioning, there is always a sense of becoming, whereas true Intuition lifts us to realms of pure Being, unconditioned by time.

Imagination is therefore that focussing point where the powers of the personality are synthesised and uplifted to contact the realities of the Divine and (relatively) formless worlds, and to clothe those realities with the interpretative qualities of form. Consequently it is at once the greatest asset and the greatest danger, both to the individual and to the race.

It is the seed of genius ; it is also the seed of insanity ; and unless it is ensouled by inner truth and controlled by well-balanced reason, it may become a psychological cancer of stupendous dimensions, gradually absorbing all other faculties into itself, until some acute form of *paranoia* or *dementia praecox* ensues.

In the World of Art the uses of Imagination are so manifest as to need little emphasis or elaboration, but in the World of Business it is often despised, and its eminently practical value ignored.

It can never be sufficiently emphasised that the only satisfactory basis of business enterprise is an adequate appreciation of human values. This depends upon what Algernon Blackwood calls the faculty of "inside sight," feeling with people to the point of understanding their needs and cravings from the inside, even as they themselves understand them ; and for this process Imagination is absolutely essential.

Blackwood's *Prisoner in Fairyland* is a perfect expression of spiritual truth intuitively apprehended and embodied in the most delicately beautiful imaginative form.

Only this image-building faculty of the mind can relate and interpret to the personality that which the sensitive inner Being registers of another's pain or need, and thus enable us to put ourselves mentally and consciously in the other person's place, to view his circumstances from his own standpoint, and to share his pain and limitation by the identification of our consciousness with his.

Such a mental process is preliminary to all true healing, either social or individual, and only by a wide and generous application of this principle can we hope to heal the terrible wounds which are poisoning social and business life to-day.

If Capital and Labour would but strive to feel with each other, instead of striving continuously to outdo each other, many of our sorest social problems would automatically find solution, for if we truly felt the need and suffering of others as though it were our own, we should not rest, we could not rest, until that suffering had been alleviated, that need supplied.

It is because business people as a class are sadly neglectful in applying imaginative faculty (while many are actually deficient in that respect) that they are unable to translate in terms comprehensible to the personal self those realities which their inner Beings apprehend ; and so, for lack of a bridge between the higher

and lower selves, or between the inner and the outer, they endure existences of terrible and unnecessary psychological limitation, producing often unintentional and sometimes almost incredible brutality in human relationships, whether of the business or social world.

Many well-meaning people would be horrified beyond measure could they see and understand the cruelties of which, owing to deficiency of imaginative faculty and sympathetic insight, they are sometimes guilty. The great majority of people do not deliberately desire to give pain, and the suffering they inflict is an unconscious by-product of the self-preservation instinct, often arising from fear, which, as Galsworthy truly said, "is the black godmother of all damnable things."

On the other hand, there are cases in which, although the imaginative faculty may be well developed, it is applied in a purely negative way. In curative psychological work one often comes across such instances. In many such cases the patient's imagination is used only negatively, to enable its possessor to evade unpleasant responsibilities; or to plan for personal advancement, wholly regardless of other people's claims and their possible detriment; or sometimes even to create for its possessor some convenient ailment which shall exempt the patient from unpleasant duties, procuring him sympathetic indulgence and unremitting attention from the other members of the family circle.

Such negative and destructive forms of imaginative activity have brought into much disrepute an invaluable faculty which, rightly used, should be essentially and creatively altruistic in function, widening our sympathies, breaking down the artificial barriers of caste and clan and creed, and enabling us to meet all men and women on equal terms of frank comradeship and brotherliness.

In the world of Science, as in the world of Art, this imaginative faculty is given a far more honoured place than in the world of Business; for the scientist knows that it is the pioneering faculty by the help of which all the most brilliant scientific attainments have been achieved.

The scientist checks and weighs its promptings with the utmost care, but he rarely neglects to take it into consideration as the business man so often does, and he rarely permits it to rule him entirely as the artist so often does

The artist's imaginative faculty is frequently in need of training and discipline, for unless it is balanced by clear reason, it is apt to distort the spiritual truths it strives to express, instead of embodying them in beautiful and helpful form. But a force misdirected is of greater evolutionary value than a force crippled, distorted, crushed almost out of existence. The misdirection is only a matter for mental education ; but the healing of a withered and starved imagination is a process requiring infinitely deeper knowledge and more gradual, more far-reaching modes of service, operating not from the mental but from the spiritual plane.

Where we cannot achieve counsels of perfection in our educational system, it would be infinitely wiser to permit some measure of over-development to a child's imagination, rather than to check or thwart it. Little permanent harm will result if the imaginative faculty is carefully fed on beauty of truth, nature, art, and brotherhood, even though its functions may seem for a time to be somewhat over-emphasised. Beauty may be defined as truth expressed graciously, therefore right training in the appreciation of beauty will automatically produce an innate sense of balance. True balance must always be the result of inner poise rather than of outer criticism and correction. The expression of outer criticism is often a tacit admission of our own failure to render inner sustenance to the one we criticise. All true growth and healing is from within outwards ; therefore those who would minister to another's psychological need must learn to do so from the innermost sphere where all life is realised as one in essence, though manifesting outwardly in diversity of myriad forms.

Comparatively few of us are able to realise this truth continuously as an abstract fact, but aided by Imagination on the personal plane and by Intuition on the spiritual plane, and working in terms of the Law of Correspondences, we may realise it by means of analogies, and so attain in Art, Science and Business the only sound basis of practical universal brotherhood.

The true evolutionary purpose of Imagination is to enable the personality to quarry from the dull uninspiring grind of everyday life, material which shall be transformed by the alchemic action of spiritual potencies into a Universal Temple, dedicated to the glory of that sublime Indwelling Divinity, which, though sometimes latent and wholly hidden, is nevertheless immanent in every unit of Humanity.

THE DIAMOND PIN : A PSYCHIC INCIDENT

By ANNE ROBBINS

TWO days of much rain, accompanied at intervals by a gale too strong to be faced by the person of average strength. A rainy third-day opening, with prophecy for its continuance ; material conditions in themselves depressing to one accustomed to spending much time in the open. Nevertheless, I proposed to defy the weather and to make a morning call on a lady with whom I have enjoyed a friendship of many years' standing, and who happens to be a psychic. In harmony with the dullness of the day I at first attired myself in the most sombre garments, paying not the slightest attention to personal adornment.

Of more serious import, however, than outward conditions is the mental state, upon arising in the morning, of one temperamentally inclined to analytical introspection, one who at this moment believes that it is within the power of everyone who so wishes to pre-establish during the earliest hour of a day the character of the hours that are to follow, and to determine that the day shall be, from the point of view of high-plane living, both a profitable and an enjoyable one.

Then, to offset the gloom of both inward state and outward aspect, thoughts and quotations from the sages came rushing into my mind :

“ Such a condition must not be allowed for a single instant.”

“ Be happy in yourself.”

“ Self-pity is one of the worst of evils.”

“ Forbid thyself to weakness.”

“ Give me a day and the world is mine.”

These, with admonitory maxims previously worked out through my own experience, made me ashamed to look forward to anything but what one calls “ a good day.” Consequently, as a slight concession to these admonitions, I told myself that the least I could do would be to wear a bright ornament, on the assumption that such trifles have efficacy in the matter of altering the mood of the wearer even if their influence extends no farther.

My stock of jewellery is not large, but I happen to be the possessor of a diamond stickpin of peculiar brilliance, once owned by a friend who has been long on the other side of the rigid dividing line. Such pins being very little worn in these days, with the open free neck in vogue among women, the pin had for years been stowed away and treasured more as a precious memento rather than as an ornament to be worn on the dress. Another gem came first into my mind, but I decided on the diamond pin. Perhaps it would attract to me an invisible spirit, perhaps this particular spirit friend.

Next an inward conversation began and ran on something like the following :

Self No. 1. No ; I am losing all faith in the possession by a physical object of a psychic aura which has the power of attraction. I do not believe that any kind of an ornament will produce the slightest effect of the nature above suggested. I cannot believe that any individual disembodied being cares anything about a material stickpin, however brilliant or however much treasured by its past or its present owner.

Self No. 2. You must not lose companionship with the great Over-soul. You must continue to see beauty as you look into the heavens. You must believe that higher forms of life outside of yourself, and finer grades of being within yourself, are possibilities.

Then the matter of the ornament slipped entirely from my mind, and I left my home boldly challenging storm, wind or evil spirit to do me harm.

I had a pleasant call on my friend the psychic, who resides in a suburb of my city, and we chatted on ordinary subjects. But as I was thinking of taking my leave she moved nearer to me, as if to continue conversation, I occupying the end of a settee and she a chair close by. At the moment, as I recall, I was endeavouring to explain something to her, the nature of which is here immaterial, using considerable emphasis in voice and manner, when she suddenly placed her hand on her forehead and over her eyes. I exclaimed : " What is the matter ? " She related that while she had heard every word that I had been saying, she had at that moment seen, as clearly as she ever saw anything, a large arm and a hand, and she then illustrated by raising her own hand and arm, the forefinger starting a foot or more away from me and coming down pointedly on my chest. I wondered whether the gesture had significance, as approval or otherwise,

of what I myself had been saying, and she wondered if it had reference to my heart. Then the forefinger was lifted again, only to point seemingly—it is safe to say unmistakably—to the stickpin which was in the centre of my breast. At that instant the meaning of her vision with its accompanying gesture burst upon my mind, and in my thought it was as if an invisible agency had indeed noted my mental colloquy of the morning and was now assuring me that my dismal conclusions were wrong. I then narrated to my friend this experience of the earlier hour, telling her about my questioning as to whether a mere ornament could really be a connecting link between myself and its former owner. She replied promptly: "There is the answer to your question."

She added that she was not until then aware that I owned such a pin, though I cannot say positively that I had not occasionally worn it in her presence in days long past. I then explained to her for the first time how the article had come into my possession, and that it had been owned in life by a person from whom as a disembodied spirit I had received many communications through her own trance mediumship.

The lady is a death-trance medium, to all appearance absolutely unconscious while in that state, but automatically using the pencil or giving communications through the voice. The gift of simple clairvoyance in the normal state has not usually been associated with her mediumship, although it is not strange that one with her peculiar power should occasionally exhibit it, and my observation has been that she has developed this gift more fully in the latter years, as illustrated by the incident of the diamond pin.

A fairy tale? A lucky hit? A mere coincidence? Any one of these explanations which it may please the reader to accept. No one of them, however, capable of proof any more than is the supposition that the real self of the fleshless spirit with an ethereal hand and arm, perceptible to clairvoyance was at the moment in close proximity to the two ladies who were conversing in the flesh. It is the subtlety of these things that is fascinating.

The psychic in the case above narrated was Mrs. Piper.

THE MENACE OF REJUVENATION

By KENNETH MACKENZIE

THE subject of "Rejuvenation" has been much before the public during recent years, the successful experiments carried out by Steinach and Voronoff having shown the efficacy of the operation in several instances from the *physical* point of view—the only one which apparently interests them, their patients, and the public generally. The subject is not one easy of treatment in the public Press except in such general terms that imply rather than explain what the operation really is ; although of course, the phrase "monkey glands" means more than the words indicate to those who know what they are. Consequently its effects upon a patient other than physical and outwardly visible have not received the attention they deserve, and in fact have probably been overlooked altogether.

My friend, Dr. G. Lindsay Johnson, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Eng.), now practising in Durban, has forwarded to me a recent letter from him to the editor of the *Journal of the Medical Association of South Africa* (B.M.A.), to see if I can help him open people's eyes to the *psychic* aspect of the subject, knowing I shall understand his contentions and arguments, and thus may be able to help others do so as well. Not being a medical man, though cognisant of the general nature of the operation, I cannot discuss the physical or material results claimed to be achieved, but wish rather to consider the psychic or occult effects which may arise, and which are such as to cause Dr. Johnson to view the whole subject with the gravest apprehension. In that respect I am completely in accord with him, knowing well he would not have written as he did without very good reason ; for he is as qualified to express an opinion upon the subject from the psychic point of view as he certainly is from the medical. I hope, therefore, that what I say will help to awaken in others the horror many people undoubtedly feel with regard to this *bestial* subject, for such it certainly is both physically and psychically, and nothing less.

In Dr. Johnson's letter to the *Journal* in question he expresses himself as having not the slightest doubt respecting the feasibility of the operation, although he has grave misgivings as to the physical effect on the patient some time after the operation.

As a result of the operation, he contends, simian spermatozoa will be secreted and carried through the human body by the circulation. "Now," he asks, "are we certain that these sperm cells will have no effect on the psychic or moral condition of the patient? May not these cells subsequently affect an ovum either directly or indirectly? I think that until we are certain no such psychic or moral 'rejuvenation' will follow, we are not justified in performing the operation at all. We know the disastrous effects of hyper-secretion of the pituitary gland, or of deficiency of secretion of the thyroid and thymus and other ductless glands in causing mental and moral disturbances in addition to the physical changes." May we not, therefore, argue on the same lines that the engrafting of a portion of such a gland from a lower and *amoral* animal may effect a change in the psychic attributes of a human being? And it is not inconceivable that if it has no injurious effect on the patient, it may still affect the offspring. "I may be wrong in my hypothesis," adds Dr. Johnson, "but in any case it is a subject worth considering before performing an operation, the effects of which cannot be undone. We know so little of the *ultimate* effects of drugs and of the inoculation of foreign substances, more especially of *living secreting tissues*, into the body, that we should pause before possibly doing irreparable harm to our patient and his offspring. Personally, I object to the principle on moral grounds, and I am not alone in that opinion. Indeed, I go so far as to consider the operation a criminal one, at least in the state of our monumental ignorance of its effects."

These are strong words, but, I honestly feel, no whit stronger than they should be. In his attempt to treat the patient with some particularly powerful "tonic"—for that is what it practically amounts to, since it presumably stimulates the whole of the organism, mental and physical—the surgeon is dealing with the very fountain of Life itself, inasmuch as *parentage* is concerned; incorporating with the body of his patient generative cells which are not human, but life cells of the brute creation. The very idea is horrible! Grafting other bestial cells by way of glands into the human body may have beneficial effects, but could never have such drastic effects as the others might, through generative heredity affecting the offspring.

The grafting of the particular gland in question from one animal to another of the *same* species is probably efficacious enough, but have experimenters in this branch of surgery noted

the effects of such grafting between animals of *different* species? If not, why should they experiment between human beings and animals of the brute creation? Since not every human being's blood can be used for transfusion to another, but tests have to be made to find a donor whose blood is suitable, the use of that of any *animal* for such a purpose must clearly be out of the question. That being so, surely the organs of parentage, which contain the very essence of their species and nature, must be far less capable of interchange.

Is not the whole subject of "Rejuvenation," however, merely another insidious attempt by the Powers of Evil to obtain a further hold upon humanity? It is the old, old story of the search for the "Elixir of Life" that has never ceased "since Death came into the world," but presented now to frail humanity in a new attractive guise which the wonderful advances made by modern medical science and surgery have rendered possible. In reality it appeals to the lower instincts of man, but is decked out in the plausible garments of renewed health and strength with capacity for increased mental and physical work, hiding the fact that it is the enjoyments and pleasures of life, not its duties and obligations, which are the chief inducements. The comparatively harmless cult of "Youth and Beauty" to which the feminine portion of humanity has ever been addicted, is insignificant compared with this very modern craze, which certainly affects the internal physical organism and possibly the psychic nature as well, while the other involves the superficial appearance only. The latter may result in flattering the vanity of woman without harm to herself or offspring, unless carried to extremes; but the former attacks man on his frailest side and through him the race, should the inoculation of his physical body with its counterpart in the brute creation have the effects it possibly may. "Men do not put new wine into old bottles else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish," is a remark of our Lord's which, though made in connection with another subject, is certainly applicable to this one.

Lastly, as Dr. Johnson points out, the surgeon who performs this operation on a monkey renders himself liable to come under the Vivisection Act unless he has a special permission or licence to perform it; and even then he is required by law to kill the animal before it recovers from the effect of the anæsthetic. But does he always do so? Monkeys, suitable for this operation, are expensive and difficult to obtain, and may with care be used for

more than one treatment ; consequently it is quite likely that the animal is allowed, more often than not, to recover from the effects of the operation, and is used again for another patient. For obvious reasons there is not much publicity given to such transferences unless highly successful.

At the end of his letter to the editor of the *Journal* in question, Dr. Johnson remarks that a lady once asked a medical friend of his, " If, instead of torturing monkeys, doctor, would it not be much better to teach them to play croquet ? " To which the reply was made : " It would a be thousand times easier, madam, to teach monkeys to play croquet, than to teach scientists they cannot, with impunity, insert highly active living particles into the human organism ! "

EX MEDITATIONE : A FRAGMENT

By E.M.

THE gentle wild rose blooms on the hillside, has her little day in the glory of the sunshine, and fades. Her petals drop, one by one, to mingle their atoms with the earth again, and the essence of her little life is drawn into the heart of the Eternal Life that gave her birth.

So like the gentle wild rose, let my life be.

Let me bloom, sweetly and without blemish, for my little day : and in the fulness of time give back the body I wear to the earth that gave it me, and waft the essence of my life to the All-Embracing Breast of the Father.

THE BASIS OF WITCHCRAFT

By COLIN STILL

IT may perhaps quite truthfully be said of most of the problems of occultism that they do not necessarily force themselves upon the attention of people who are by temperament incapable of considering them sympathetically. But with Magic and Witchcraft the case is different. These latter are problems into which every student who desires to understand the social history of the Middle Ages must inevitably be plunged. Whatever may be his own opinions on occultism in general, he will find that he cannot ignore the particular aspect of it which profoundly influenced the social life of Europe at that time; and in respect of the phenomena of Magic and Witchcraft, as practised in the Dark Ages, he will find that he must provide himself with one or other of two explanations. Either he must dismiss these phenomena as merely superstitious fancies, and so leave himself with the task of explaining away the vast mass of evidence tending to confirm their objective reality; or he must acknowledge the force of the evidence, and so leave himself with the task of forming some reasoned explanation of the phenomena themselves.

From this dilemma there is no escape for the student of history. In his inquiry into the social conditions of mediæval Europe he will find abundant examples of seemingly irrefutable evidence testifying to seemingly quite incredible and satanically ugly things. He will find historical instances, apparently fully authenticated, of sorcery, of black magic, of vampirism, and of nameless orgies of sexual depravity committed between human witches and non-human monsters of the darkness. He will find countless records of courts of justice throughout all Europe taking sworn testimony from innumerable witnesses; countless records of innumerable victims of witchcraft and vampirism in terrorised countrysides; countless records of investigations made under every precaution against fraud and deception; countless records of innumerable young children telling of horrible obscenities seen and suffered. . . . And if he be satisfied to explain these things by shutting his eyes to the evidence, and by attributing the whole matter to ignorance and superstition and to no other contributory cause whatever, he is perhaps a good modern sceptic, but he is a bad historian of any kind.

The problems arising out of the actual historical records on the subject are real and serious. They cannot be solved to the satisfaction of anyone possessing a proper sense of evidential values if the possibility of some occult basis for these alleged phenomena be wholly excluded; neither can they be solved to the satisfaction of anyone possessing a trained and well-balanced judgment if the importance and significance of any occult element which may have been present be exaggerated. What is wanted is a sure and careful sifting of the evidence; a systematic assortment of the authenticated individual cases into the several categories of Sorcery, Black Magic, Witchcraft, Lycanthropy, and Vampirism; a clear and exact definition of all that these terms denote; and, if possible, in each case a reasoned and acceptable explanation which neither shirks the inevitable conclusion where it seems necessary to suppose the operation of some superphysical factor, nor too readily admits such a factor where a purely physical one would suffice. In short, the whole subject needs to be thoroughly explored, explored scientifically, explored without credulity and without scepticism, explored sensibly.

For this task the author of *An Analysis of Magic and Witchcraft** is extraordinarily well qualified; and his book may be earnestly recommended to all who wish to study the subject in the full light of modern thought. Equipped with knowledge which may be called exhaustive, and with a nicety of discrimination which tells him exactly and unfailingly how to distinguish between phenomena which are capable of a physical explanation and phenomena which are not, Mr. Olliver sets himself to interpret the varied facts of Magic and Witchcraft in terms of modern psychical research. The result is illuminating and in a high degree satisfactory. Proceeding from a thesis in respect of the origin of religious systems which is true as far as it goes and is quite adequate to the needs of his subject (but which I should myself regard as an insufficient basis for speculations on the profounder aspects of all religious systems), he traces the mutations of those systems into Phallic cults, and shows how the assiduous propagation by the Church of the idea of the Devil combined in the Middle Ages with a revival of Phallic worship to produce the more depraved and nauseating features of Witchcraft. It is impossible in a brief critique of Mr. Olliver's book to do more than state his standpoint in the most general terms; but special mention must be made of his very convincing explana-

* *An Analysis of Magic and Witchcraft*. By C. W. Olliver, B.Sc., E.S.E. (Paris). London: Rider & Co. 15s. net.

tion of those strange nocturnal excursions and nightmare obscenities that were known as the Witches' Sabbat, and that are among the most notorious of the reputed practices of mediæval Witchcraft. Mr. Olliver regards these phenomena as being, for the most part, subjective or hallucinatory, and he ascribes their widespread periodical recurrence to the use of a drug which was partly a powerful narcotic and partly an aphrodisiac, and which therefore produced intense orgasms of nocturnal auto-eroticism so vivid that the victim thereafter quite genuinely believed her experiences to have been real and objective. The tradition and supposed facts of Vampirism he ascribes very plausibly to purely physical causes which were not understood at that time. Other and more puzzling phenomena he explains by the aid of the science of Metaphysics, with special reference to the work of the French scientist, Professor Charles Richet. Indeed, as the extensive bibliography at the end of the volume clearly shows, Mr. Olliver has drawn very largely upon the writings of French investigators; and in this he does well, for the quality of the French intellect is peculiarly well suited for the task of inquiry and theorising in the domain of psychics.

Mr. Olliver's book is profusely illustrated. It contains a wealth of information and is a sure guide through the remoter intricacies of a difficult but important subject. It should certainly be read by every student of the occult, and as a work of reference it deserves to find a place upon the shelves of every well-informed person.

ANNA MARIA TAIGI : A TUSCAN SEERESS

By EDITH K. HARPER

PROBABLY but few persons have heard of Anna Maria Taigi, the wonderful clairvoyante—even “fortune-teller”—who, born in sunny Sienna in 1769, spent most of her life in Rome, and passed onward in 1837. So remarkable were the gifts of this unlettered woman that in England she would at that time have possibly been burnt as a witch, for she possessed the faculty of reading deep into the souls of men and women and of unearthing their most carefully-hidden motives—indeed, she had what in the Highlands are known as the Two Sights complete.

It is greatly to be wondered that her name has remained in such comparative obscurity, though her history was written by Father Gabriel Bouffies, S.J., after her beatification. Perhaps because it is written with a wearisome reiteration of detail which makes it anything but light reading, her psychical career is not widely known. Anna Maria's family was entirely commonplace and worthy, and the young girl was brought up in an intensely religious atmosphere, for her parents were, of course, good Catholics. Her earliest years were spent among the traditions of the saintly Bernardino of Siena. Loss of means obliged Anna Maria's father to close his small pharmacy and go to Rome in search of employment. Little he dreamed that the child he carried in his arms for many a weary mile was destined one day to become the adviser and confidant of princely Cardinals, eminent prelates of the Church, and of many personages of high degree. Cardinal Pedicini, Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, declared of her : “ She has a gift unique and without example in the lives of the saints.”

This wonderful clairvoyance took the form of a golden disc which she, herself, likened to a sun. In this disc she saw symbols, persons, and places ; past and present ; and visions of things to come. Her prophecies were passed from mouth to mouth, and she was cited as an oracle that had never been known to fail. Though she was what would now be called a “medium,” she never exercised her faculties for money. She did all for love, recognising in her gift a dower from heaven

She married when about the age of twenty, her husband being in the employment of Prince Chigi, in whose household she herself had also done some service. At this time she was gay and

lively, and fond of pretty clothes, as a true daughter of Italy. As her psychic gifts began to develop, however, and she came more under the strict guardianship of Mother Church—which protected, instead of banning her—she withdrew more and more from the world, absorbed herself more and more in the care of her several children, and led a life in which self-denial became a passion—even an obsession. Though she did not concern herself with the affairs of her neighbours, she always found time to lend a friendly helping hand to anyone who had need of her.

A Catholic writer* has gone so far as to say that the annals of spiritualism holds no example of clairvoyance equal to that of this poor Tuscan woman, whose retiring modesty of character and fervent devotion earned for her the title of “the servant of God”—even in a land where God had so many chosen servants. From the same writer I quote in reference to the sun in which Anna Maria saw her visions of things past, present, and to come:

“In size this orb looked like the sun in the sky. Its light was dazzling, and she looked at it only with one of her eyes, which was almost blind and could not distinguish clearly daylight nor any object; and yet this ‘sun,’ far from tiring, strengthened the sight of it. Above the upper rays of light, a crown of thorns, interlaced, surmounted it like a diadem, and from each side two thorns, very long, descended upon the disc, crossing each other, and their curved points ended on either side in the midst of the rays. Images passed across this ‘sun’ as ‘in a magic lantern,’ to use her own expression. In this mysterious sun, Anna Maria saw not only physical things and moral truths, but she could penetrate the height of heaven and the depth of the abyss. She saw distant objects and the faces of strangers, and knew their secret thoughts and actions. . . .

“Monseigneur Cristaldi, one of the foremost Prelates of Rome under Leo XII., wished to take a journey to Naples. A friend, a Passionist priest and a ‘holy man,’ had begged him not to go, predicting that he would die there. He was troubled about it. The ‘Servant of God’ was consulted, and she laughed when she looked in her mirror. ‘Tell him,’ she said, ‘to depart confidently. He will return in perfect health’; which he did. She revealed also to Monseigneur Cristaldi the secret of his very inmost thoughts.”

Among the many who testified to the unequalled gifts of this

* *Light in Darkness*, by a Catholic American.

humble country woman was the Marquis Bandini, who stated that in 1830, at the time of the revolution which gave Louis Philippe the French throne, Anna Maria foretold to himself "all the details of the three days, day by day, as they occurred." After the death of Leo XII, while yet the Cardinals were assembled in Conclave, Anna Maria declared that Pius VIII had been elected Pope; but, she added, his Pontificate would be brief. Anna Maria went even further, predicting the election of his successor, Cardinal Capellari. It is also stated that during the Conclave, after the death of Pius VIII, she saw in her "sun" a tiny dove carrying a Cross, another bearing the Keys, and a third wearing the Tiara. Two more appeared drinking from a chalice upon which was engraved the arms of the Camaldoli. "She saw at the same time the revolution which broke out in the Papal States after this election of Gregory XVI, its suppression, and the subsequent events of his Pontificate."

Fortunately science to-day, with its discovery of the wonders of the ether, and the action of mind upon matter (matter being, after all, but a form of electricity), is giving us clue after clue to what, in the days of Anna Maria Taigi, that peasant girl of Tuscany, seemed a mysterious and inexplicable faculty of doubtful origin.

We live in a universe of light to which the eyes of most of us are blind; the very organs themselves, which should act as pathways to the soul, have become coarsened and dulled by the dust of materialism, so that they act as hindrances rather than helps. It may be that humanity is "on the turn." Great men, like Sir Oliver Lodge, foresee developments in human capacities which will show that the Age of Faith was in a great measure the Age of Hidden Truth, now being verified and enforced by scientific discovery. In my own knowledge are one or two gifted beings endowed with intermittent power akin to that of the Blessed Anna Maria. I quote one instance: Two friends and myself were sitting together one afternoon enjoying the quiet converse which usually follows a harmonious cup of tea. Suddenly one of them, who intermittently has "the Sight," exclaimed, "I see a disc of white light, and projecting into it are two fingers—one of them looks as though it has been injured at the tip, and is flattened and shortened. It looks most peculiar." An explanation immediately followed, for the other member of the trio exclaimed in delighted tones, "Why, that is my husband's hand. One of his fingers was injured just as you describe." She was a war widow, so this little token of her husband's wish to make her realise his presence sent her away with a joyful heart.

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.]

ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—Will you grant me space to protest against Ethel Archer's linking Freud and Jung together?

In reviewing M. S. Cutting's book on dreams she should have pointed out that Freud and Jung are now as the poles asunder.

Jung never uses the word "psycho-analysis"; and Freud objects to the term he invented being used by other schools.

There are many charlatans who have embarked as "psycho-analysts" on the strength of having imbibed Freudian "muck" drawn from abnormal cases of human perversion, without having individuated themselves—a process that takes years to do—and who have been responsible for some of the most awful tragedies of human follies and weaknesses. There are, of course, names that are household words among the medical profession; but anyone who goes to men or women outside the profession is running a grave risk of mental disaster.

Jung calls his method "analytical psychology."

"There can be no fulness of the mind's nature without some knowledge of its deeper layers. We have analysis for exactly the purpose of getting us back to those hidden values so little understood by the modern man." (Jung's unpublished lectures, quoted by Joan Corrie in the *A.B.C. of Jung's Psychology*.)

As Beatrice Hinkle, the well-known American doctor, says in her *Spiritual Significance of Psycho-analysis*: "As a method it attempts to reproduce that deepening, broadening and developing of personality and individuality through a conscious willed effort at self-creation, which should be the result gained by man through the significant experience of life. Such a development painfully and slowly achieved has so often caused man's tragic lament—'Now that I have learned something of how to live it is time for me to die.' Analysis attempts a short cut to this achievement, so that a man may find himself ready to understand life while understanding is still a joy, and able to live while life is yet full within him."

Jung says, "There are still people who maintain that dreams arise from physical causes such as indigestion, a noise, a light, etc.; but they never explain why the imagery of the dream should be so pertinent. . . . The unconscious being more primitive than the

conscious, its language is primitive also. It is allegorical and symbolic, expressing itself by images. It says, 'It is as if things were like this.' Freud regards the dream as the expression of a wish that has been repressed, because it is incompatible with the dreamer's conscious ideals. Jung's view is much wider. He looks upon the dream as "the subliminal picture of the individual in his waking state"; that is, it gives the other side, which is unknown in the waking state. "In the conscious process of reflection it is indispensable that so far as possible we should realise all the aspects and consequences of a problem in order to find the right solution. This process is continued automatically in the more or less unconscious state of sleep, where . . . all those other points of view occur to the dreamer (at least by way of allusion) that during the day were under-estimated or even totally ignored; in other words, were comparatively unconscious."—(*Analytical Psychology*, p. 222.)

Dreams can be regarded either objectively or subjectively. When the figures introduced are *real persons* and the origin of the dream comes from incidents, trains of thought, or impressions connected with the immediate past, mixed with memories of the earlier life, then the dream can be taken objectively, because each associated memory is related to actual conditions. Such a dream comes from the personal unconscious; and the lower levels, those of the collective unconscious, are untouched.

But when the dream-symbols are not real objects but images from the collective unconscious, then "the whole dream is the dreamer."—(Jung).

That is to say, the different parts of the dream, instead of being referred to existing conditions, are ascribed to the dreamer himself. Each detail is taken as representing a quality or tendency in the psychology of the subject who dreams, his free associations pointing to the meaning. This is interpretation on the subjective plane. When the analysis of a dream leads back to the earlier life and finds the cause for the dreamer's present situation in some event or set of circumstances in the past, then it is reductive, and the interpretation is causal. The Freudian method of dream-analysis is always causal-reductive.

It is not so with Jung. His mode of dream interpretation is not merely reductive and objective: he considers dreams on the subjective plane as well. His system is prospective as well as retrospective. He does not believe that the only factors which explain an individual are either his past life, or even his ancestry. There are tendencies in the mental life of the present which will lead to future possibilities of development, and these must be taken into account. There is a meeting-point in every dream of past, present and future, and the synthesis points the way to take.

"Dreams being the expression of the moment must be both of the past and also leading toward a future, and therefore they cannot be understood by the causal principle alone. We can understand a process that shows developmental movement only by taking it both as a product of the past and an originator of something to come. I hold that psychology cannot identify with causality alone, but that we need another view-point as well. The system we deal with is self-regulating and so the principle of purposiveness is included in it.

Particularly does the nervous system show purposive reflexes, and for that reason, anything born out of the psyche has a purposive side. . . . You can push causes back indefinitely, but it is only procrastination when you do ; for what matters is the present moment."—Jung, *Lectures* (unpublished), quoted by Joan Corrie, whose book is an authoritative account of Jung's work, read and endorsed by Jung himself

Joan Corrie says : " In concluding this short outline, a word should be said respecting Jung's attitude towards the sexual imagery so often occurring in dreams. Freud, as is well-known, reduces it to repression of the sex-instinct. Jung's view is different, and more reasonable. Everything depends on the individual and on his associations. In certain cases, repression would be the correct explanation. But most frequently the images are symbolic. The urge of the creative principle is in everyone, and, in the primitive language of dreams, it is apt to be expressed by sexual symbols, and must so be understood."

I do not dream much, but I am quite sure that neither M. S. Cutting nor Ethel Archer could have interpreted the one or two vivid dreams of this symbolical character that I have had on Freudian lines, which are far too narrow and circumscribed ; for they dealt with cosmic truths of our most fundamental being, that are known by few to-day.

B. H. DERRY.

WOMAN

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—As you have honoured the writer of the letter signed " A " with some particular notice, I hope you will excuse the request embodied herein. It is very certain that we need, each of us who assume the privilege of public expression, to be very careful of our speech—even to the dotting of the *i* and the crossing of a *t* !

" No such demand is made by man " !

Very well—then we must accept the " Notes by the Editor " as a voice " from the hidden places of the spirit, where that Divinity," etc., etc. That may well be a fact.

But—there may even be others who hear the " whispers " of that spirit, and it does not follow that any one of us at all times can rightly interpret those " whispers."

It is not for souls "clad in the mortal garb of woman" alone that the call is "whispered." It may be true that women "undermine respect for womanhood"; but one may respectfully suggest that the "respect" which the editor says has existed has been so rare a response to efforts after the Higher Path as to be, for many of us, non-existent!

"As woman rises," etc. We may well protest here that woman and man are so bound together—that it is unfair to lay this burden heavily upon the shoulders of woman. The Editor seems to contradict himself. In one place he refers specially to "the soul in the mortal garb of Woman," while, at the close, he says, "the Karma of the sexes cannot be separated." Of course it cannot! But it is extremely doubtful if the Editor can realise the whole difficulty of this complex question as seen and known by some of us. To tell us that we have to break free from age-long slavery against all that would bind us, as though one sex can lead in the spiritual ascent, seems to indicate a lack of the sense of proportion. And, indeed, we are by no means bound to accept that dictum from the pen or mouth of any soul "in the mortal garb" of man! The "whispers" of the Eternal Spirit may well be deadened if not wholly silenced in most of us; but the awakening of "the seeing eye" and the "hearing ear" may, for aught we know to the contrary, be simultaneous. How can we rise otherwise?

I beg to be allowed to quote from a poet who once lived, wrote and suffered so much for the Cause he had at heart, that, ultimately, the mind broke down under the strain. No man, wrestling alone with this stupendous subject, can escape the danger of unbalance. Nor can woman. This poet writes: "Man and woman, in fact, are fellow-slaves; chained to one another in the huge world-galleys. They have for centuries been working out—let us hope—their redemption—but, at any rate, their doom." And again, "They are slaves not only to each other: they are also fettered—sometimes even crushed—by a still more remorseless slavery—the slavery of Fate or of God!"

We have to recognise that few, if any of us, can wholly escape bias in one or other direction.

"How should we learn, horribly nurtured so,
To cast no blood upon the Mercy-Seat
In this fresh Temple of the living Love?"

So writes Edwin Arnold in *The Light of the World*. And—

"Many winding ways this heavenly flood—
Must find, belike, before old Law no more
Stains the new crystal of its purity
With memory of bad, bitter, bloody shrines
And savage righteousness, and jealous Jah!"

And later—

"Love's glory, not Love's gore, redeems the Worlds."

Clearly there seems some indication that a truer conception of "God" has to become articulate in human minds. We have to abandon belief in a "remorseless slavery of Fate or God," and to erect an altar in the human heart to the One and Only True, "the Living Love."

If man and woman have been (as the poet writes) "fellow-slaves," each enslaving the other, and both bound conjointly by false beliefs, it follows that their freedom is not a matter of "privilege" for this or that sex, but a unity of effort together toward the Highest, together breaking the old bonds of false beliefs and imposed enslavement to fallacies. "A" wrote, and writes, not to contradict the Editor, but to suggest the need for co-operative effort, regardless of the old bad beliefs. In fact, the "call" seems to be "Behold I make all things new," for, indeed, when we no longer "stain" the purity of the Divine Mind by our partial views, when the soul of man and woman can so far get rid of the "stains" and the flaws engendered by false beliefs, then we shall together reflect the Light, as in the clear crystal. It is not, in our view, the "privilege" of either sex, but of humanity as a whole, to have that "privilege" offered anew—even in these degenerate days. The acceptance of this Divine Hand, held out for our resurrection from the graves of the past, can alone save the world—alike from new and old illusions! The present is fraught with new hopes, but also new dangers. Let us walk warily, lest we fall together, even in the Hour of our Redemption, into a new and deeper depth of folly and misconception of Divine Purpose and Divine Love.

Yours faithfully, "A."

SCRIPTS OF CLEOPHAS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—In a recent issue I read a letter from Miss E. B. Gibbes on the subject of the unknown names appearing in these writings. She would suggest that the author, Miss Cummins, may have recalled them subconsciously from a previous incarnation.

The improbable nature of this conjecture must strike many of your readers. I would ask if there is any case on record in which such re-embodiment of physical memories has been shown to be a fact? I believe that, according to the Eastern teaching, a new personality carries with it no more than the aptitude for acquiring knowledge and the desire of the higher mind for the same.

On this basis, I should prefer to suggest that Miss Cummins has brought with her an innate capacity for the recognition of old names or bygone events, and that in the course of her work as assistant in a public library, or in the course of literary research, she has had the opportunity of assimilating a number of data which have been used and drawn upon by the "Messenger" for the development of this work.

Except for the purpose of giving emphasis to the claim of authorship it is difficult to see why such a theory as Miss Gibbes's should have been brought forward. According to already published accounts of the script, the "Messenger" was at pains to explain the precise manner in which the words were found for the expression of his thought. Why was all this important material omitted from the now published volume? Does Miss Gibbes regard this part of the message as a fiction? And, if so, what reason have we to consider that the remainder is authentic? I observe that the whole of the Alexandrian part of the script has been excised. Your readers may see in the *Journal of the A.S.P.R.* for May, 1927, some most important statements and quotations, which traverse the whole position. Your correspondent should have taken note of these, as they appear quite at variance with the claims suggested in her letter. If the whole of the subject-matter produced by Miss Cummins in the absence of a certain sitter at this period was found irrelevant or otherwise unsuitable for inclusion in the volume, it would be but fair that your readers should know why.

It may be of interest to mention that this subject has been colouring some of the automatic communications received here during the past two months. In the course of these, the fact (quite unknown to anyone present) was stated that "Geraldine was collator in a library," and that in a speech delivered before the "Alliance" she had claimed that the writings might be "either from the subconscious mind" or from "one incarnation." You may judge of our surprise when, several days later, there came into my hands a copy of *Light* for April 7th in which all this was verified.

Yours faithfully,

ERIC KIRBY.

MAGIC OF THE SHADOW

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to my article on *The Magic and Mysticism of the Shadow* appearing in your last issue, may I draw attention to the fact that a line has been accidentally dropped from the paragraph commencing, "This is the sort of mystical saying . . ."? As it stands, the sentence in that paragraph which begins, "Even here, the hour . . ." is meaningless. The full text should read thus: "Even here, the hour which our forefathers called shadowless—the zenith of each of our blank or crowded, *agitating or monotonous, days*—may bring with it that curious blend of languor and unrest which makes the modern man and woman more than usually desirous of some adventure of the spirit—or the flesh."

Yours faithfully,

BERNARD FIELDING.

SUFISM

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—May I be allowed once more the hospitality of your correspondence columns to offer an explanation in reference to various comments under your heading "Periodical Literature"?

I must thank you for these notices of *The Sufi Quarterly*, at the same time calling your attention to the fact that we are using the word *Sufism* in its widest sense—of *spiritual wisdom*—a sense that may perhaps justify the recent definition of our Movement by *The Times* as the "Neo-Sufi Movement." That would account for our inclusion in the December number of Professor Quénesset's article on "The Beings of Infinity," a contribution of a widely philosophical nature but not specifically *Sufi*, as you suggest, in the current usage of the term. For the same reason we published Lady Blomfield's article on "The Baha'is" in the March number.

However, I trust that with time *The Sufi Quarterly* may also become more and more, to use your reviewer's words, "adequately representative of the Sufi subject, its literature and history." That is no easy task, in view of the barriers of language and the reluctance of the Eastern mystic to express himself in words.

Yours very truly,

RONALD A. L. MUMTAZ ARMSTRONG,

Editor of *The Sufi Quarterly*.

NATURE SPIRITS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—*Re* Mr. Bernard Fielding's article on *Magic and Mysticism of the Shadow*, in which he says: "The monotheistic Hebrews had not, of course, this tradition of Pan, and of minor Nature-spirits, for ever haunting, visibly or invisibly, the green solitary places! . . ." Monotheistic religions are not necessarily devoid of such spirits. The Zoroastrians, the Mohammedans, the Jews, the Christians, all have their Nature-spirits.

There is a whole "philosophy" of the Khaibit, which need not be only the "shadow."

As for Satyrs (Hebr. *Se'irim*), see Leviticus xvii. 7; 2 Chronicles xi. 15 (Massoretic text). The Christian "devil" is represented after the same manner as Pan, with his horns, his hoofs, his tail.

It is said that there is some connection between the words Saturn, Satan, and Satyr. Satyr is not of the same root as Saturn, but is of Hebrew origin, as a good Latin dictionary will show, and denotes a "hairy being." There is also another Greek word, Sathen, derived from the same root.

The chief of the Satyrs is Azazel [Leviticus xvi. 10 (R.V.)]. Lilith is mentioned in the margin [Is. xxxiv. 14 (R.V.)]. The "horse-leech" of Proverbs xxx. 15 is a vampire. The "roes and hinds of the field" (S.S. ii. 7; iii. 5) are nymphs and such-like spirits. The "stones of the field" (Job v. 23) are probably akin to gnomes. Some fierce kind of spirits are mentioned as "jackals," formerly translated "dragons" (Job xxx. 29). There are many other spirits. We will not speak of Leviathan the wreathed one, or Behemoth. There were also the *Shedim*, or demons (Deut. xxxii. 17; Ps. cvi. 37; etc.).

Yours faithfully,

T. P. MARTIN.

SECRET DOCTRINE (Vol. III.)

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—Further to the facts already adduced as to the reality of the former existence of MSS. of *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. III, I submit the following extract from Col. Olcott's article on H.P.B.'s death in *The Theosophist*, for July, 1891:

"The monuments of her literary industry between 1885 and 1891 are *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Gems from the East*, the several volumes of her new magazine *Lucifer*, her contributions in Russian and French to continental magazines, a great bulk of unpublished MSS. for Vol. III of the *Secret Doctrine*, and her Esoteric Section, or private school of instruction in occult philosophy and science, which, at her death, numbered between one and two thousand pledged and enthusiastic pupils. . . ."

This, I submit, is *evidence*; and very good evidence.

Still another item of evidence is to be found in the following extract which was reprinted in *Pauses*, a since defunct Indian theosophical magazine. Bombay, April, 1893, p. 200:—

". . . The Society not only maintains its integrity but increases daily in power and usefulness. Madame Blavatsky sat* at her desk like an imperturbable sphinx, working many hours a day at the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, answering scores of letters from interested inquirers. . . ."—Dr. J. D. Buck: *The Secret Doctrine and the Higher Evolution of Man*.

Sincerely yours,

C. H. COLLINGS.

* Probably "sits" in the original. This magazine specialised in "literals."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has completed its twenty-fifth annual volume, and in the person of one of its readers looks back upon the past quarter of a century, during which it has represented officially an institution which describes itself as the original Theosophical Society, founded in New York, *anno* 1875, by Madame Blavatsky and others. It looks forward also, a little vaguely—as it seems to us—and expects pleasant years to come, in the course of which the quarterly will continue to offer its food for reflection on the various metaphysical notions with which it is concerned and on things belonging to the study of comparative religion. There is no trace of a programme otherwise, and the periodical on the official side is little more than a retrospective review. We receive it always with interest, because it is well produced after its own manner and has, moreover, in almost every issue some study of independent moment, or extrinsic to the theosophical subject in the conventional sense. Mr. Archibald Keightley, for example, an old name in the Society, has been contributing for some time past the fruit of his studies in Paracelsus, and gives account in the number before us of the problematical “*Philosophia Sagax*,” which has at once attracted and puzzled so many readers of the old Latin folios into which the *Opera Omnia* of the beloved Aureolus were collected in the seventeenth century. There is also a monograph on Paul Valéry, who seems scarcely known in England, but became one of “the Forty Immortals” when he was received a year ago into the French Academy. It is said with justice and insight that his election connotes a “change of polarity which has occurred in French thought,” he being at the opposite pole to Anatole France, whose chair he now occupies. He is an exponent of the Universal Man, believes that the universe is constituted in accordance with a scheme, and—in the words of Protagoras—that “man is the measure of all things.” . . . THEOSOPHY of Los Angeles, representing an United Lodge, professing no attachment to any other organisation and published by an incorporated Theosophy Company, is junior to the New York undertaking, having been established only in November 1912. It appears monthly instead of quarterly and is now in its sixteenth volume. We have followed it with a certain sympathy ever since its first number, and have noted from time to time the yet more definite sense in which it belongs to the past and is therefore more retrospective than the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. It is only of recent years that it has attempted original articles, depending previously on selections from defunct periodicals, such as THE PATH and LUCIFER. At the present time there is practically no borrowed matter. Studies on Science and the Secret Doctrine and on Ancient Knowledge are continued from month to month, while it is observed, as a characteristic feature, that all communications are anonymous and, like the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, we do not know who edits. There is, however, a Theosophy Hall at Los Angeles, so that the

United Lodge has a local habitation as well as a name. We presume, therefore, that it possesses a membership and that it holds meetings, but who belongs and who attends, who presides and who dictates policy—presuming that there is a policy—are matters reserved in the hiddenness. These points would not be worth enumerating were there no purpose in view: our design is to intimate once more that there is a Theosophy which is dead, even if it “yet speaketh,” and is to be distinguished from a Theosophy which is alive, whatever opinion may be formed concerning current activities and concerning that which may lie, undeclared and by most members undreamed, behind all that is manifest and making ever and continually a strange stir in the world. . . . THE THEOSOPHICAL MESSENGER is the official organ of the American Theosophical Society, holding from Adyar, and the last issue talks at some length of “our mission,” of community life and what it may mean for Theosophy, of Orders of Service and Summer Schools, of Lodges and their doings, of Theosophy at home and abroad—so on and so forward. There is no literary flavour, there is no care for appearance: it is little more than a dull business bulletin, but it is something to be reckoned with, because it is very much alive. At the moment it is silent only on the Krishnamurti subject. It belongs to Illinois, but Hollywood, Cal., has THE STAR, which we have mentioned previously as almost a counterpart of the London STAR quarterly. It is otherwise “a world magazine,” and it aims to present truth. Mr. Krishnamurti himself is the President of its editorial board, Mrs. Hotchener—whose activities have been known to us for long under the name of Marie Russak—being one of its editors. It is creditably and indeed well produced, and announces with more than pardonable pride that it is “being read in forty-seven countries and fourteen languages.” We remember having affirmed once *in excessu nostro* that catholicism is always in a minority, and with greater decoration yet, that it was confined to two persons, though, like the old Scotch wife of another story, we were none too sure of the second. So also the orthodox religions just now are evidently at a discount and the false religions seem at the top of the market. In respect of the last issue there is nothing to say about contents, for that which is by or belonging to Krishnaji, including “the new civilisation” and the rest of the complex, has been read and reviewed previously on its appearance in the alternative STAR, while that which remains over may be left upon the table of debate. . . . We pass “beyond these voices” to the periodical called SERVICE. It is “a review of human affairs,” and appears quarterly in the interests of that Order of Service which has already been named casually. It is a theosophical venture which, by the hypothesis concerning it, commands all our sympathy. It stands for the peace of the world, for goodwill and good actions in the widest sense of its own title, for the welfare of animals and for a new school of economics. If it elects to avoid activities of a political kind, it may earn high titles; but we observe a proposition already

that it should work for "the establishment of the ideals of Socialism as the basis of national life." The thesis is only in a controversial stage, but there are rumours abroad, and those who have the welfare of the organisation at heart will do well to watch. . . . We learn from NEWS AND NOTES that Mrs. Besant is to lecture next month in London and proposes to compare an "Empire of Force" with "a Federation of Free Peoples."

A periodical entitled OCCULT SCIENCE has been started at Mobile, Alabama, in the interests—as we judge by the contents—of the Liberal Catholic Church and the Order of the Star. It affirms that "one of the great spiritual events which will take place this year in America" is an "Annual Camp" of the Star, to be held in the Ojai Valley. . . . HERMÉTISME is another new venture and is now in its eighth issue. We have said a few words concerning it on a previous occasion. There are articles on the Bee in Symbolism, on Spiritism and Metapsychics, the culture of the Ego and so forth. Our original criticism still obtains, as the periodical offers next to nothing which justifies its title. . . . ATLANTIS comes also from Paris and is quite curious, firstly by the contents of its issues, so far as these have reached us, but secondly by the fact that it represents an association called Friends of Atlantis, who meet and dine together, whose after-dinner speeches are reported at length and—all things considered—are rather good reading. We learn also from its columns that the promised autobiography of Edouard Schuré has appeared and is described in its sub-title as the "Confession of a Poet." There is finally a brief but entertaining paper on the secret of Schliemann, the discoverer of Ancient Troy. According to the testimony of an alleged nephew, published in 1912, Schliemann left a letter at his death stating that he had found in the ruins a large bronze vessel bearing a hieroglyphical inscription, which showed that it had belonged to Chronos, King of Atlantis. There was also a pencilled note in which the archæologist directed that the vessel should be broken up, and this was done with reluctance. It resulted in the finding of a white metal plate or medal, covered with figures and inscriptions on the obverse side, the reverse being graven with Phœnician characters which read as follows: *Provenant du temple aux murs transparents*. ATLANTIS doubts the story and reproduces it under all reserves.

There is no question that God is in His Heaven or that all is right with the world: we begin to feel certain, moreover, of something long suspected, namely, that there is a spice of drollery at the cosmic heart of things. It happens that such optimism is inspired by our friend PSYCHE, which has cheered us greatly on the subject of Jeremy Bentham. It has administered a correction also to our own evil ways, for somehow—one knows scarcely why—we have not been conscious so far of dedication in a plenary sense to that utilitarian philosopher, or his philosophy either. PSYCHE has much to tell us concerning him, and promises more to follow in its next issue, not to

mention pending volumes, including a Life. Our attraction towards "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" has been admitted, we trust, whenever occasion offered, and whether the heirs at large are "far in the unapparent" or not: we learn with satisfaction therefore that Bentham will yet come into his own, perhaps indeed shortly. He has been regarded as "not very original" or "even very profound"; it has been said that his memory will fade from "the canvas of the living"; it has been said also that he was "a rather pedantic and opinionated systematiser." Our contemporary knows better and that his merits "are only now coming to be fully realised," while fifty years hence "he will stand out as one of the greatest figures in European thought." This is why it raises the battle-cry of "Back to Bentham," why it presents to us a study of Forensic Orthology on a Bentham basis, why it deals at great length with Bentham on "the Verb" and will explain to us presently his Theory of Fictions. As the latter has apparently nothing to do with Dealings in Bibliomania, we keep our souls in patience, passing meanwhile to a careful article on the "Song of the Cicada" and its significance. We have approached also Mr. Ernest Jones, albeit with a certain diffidence, seeing that he talks of the Artist from the standpoint of Psycho-Analysis. To our satisfaction, however, he seems in agreement with Keats that truth is beauty and beauty is truth; alternatively, he perceives at least that the statement deserves to be called exhaustive.

THE SPECULATIVE MASON reminds us that the last of the Old Arch and Templar Encampments came under the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland in 1911. It may be added as another historical fact that whoever was made an Arch Mason across the Border in the eighteenth century either became *ipso facto* a Knight Templar or the two Degrees were worked in succession. The whole question is much involved by obscurity, even as regards things of recent years. We do not know whether the Chapter General of Scotland still exists as such or whether the Early Grand Rite is utterly at an end, with the old traditions behind it. Our contemporary gives also a summary of the Degrees on paper comprised by the Crata Repoa, a supposed method of Egyptian Initiation in Seven Degrees; and Miss Bothwell-Gosse continues her study of Divine Names in Masonry.

LIGHT has entertained us by a recent leader on "The Last of the Laughing," the text of its discourse being Gay's familiar epitaph, which affirms that life is a jest, that he thought so once and now has come to know it. Our contemporary makes a beginning by recourse to a serious tone, suggesting that the dictum goes a little too far. Thereafter it talks lightly, giving analogous instances of humour in a sardonic mood. Then at the end of all there is offered a luminous maxim which will gratify our readers as much as ourselves. "If life is a jest, the meaning of death is the real point of the joke." We leave it to them, believing that they, like us, will feel that a gate opens on a wide prospect.

REVIEWS

THE AGE OF REASON. A novel by Sir Philip Gibbs. London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is quite the best sermon against the follies of materialism that we have yet encountered; and because it is so amazingly well written, and the characters so life-like, it is sure to be widely read.

As the title suggests, the tale revolves around science and so-called rationalism. Margaret, the heroine, a charming girl conventionally brought up, but fundamentally religious, marries a widowed professor of biology old enough to be her father. The professor, who has no belief in God, a future life, or anything supernatural, has brought up his two children, a boy and a girl, to think along exactly the same lines, and with a profound contempt for tradition. Around these two, and Margaret's mediævalist brother Guy, the story largely centres. The girl, Viola, grows up a complete pagan; and her callousness, which is the logical outcome of her upbringing, gives one pause for thought. To put the case in a nutshell, we are shown that without some belief in an eternal conscious power for good which most of us call God, a moral code, and high spiritual ideals, man is but as a straw at the mercy of his own elemental passions, which will ultimately destroy him. The materialistic philosophy of reason, if we may dignify by such a name that which is so manifestly unphilosophical, turns out in the end to be a science of unreason. Man is constantly being tripped up by facts which refuse to fit in with the dogmas of science.

The professor, who has great ideas about the ductless glands, and is always experimenting on unfortunate monkeys, attempts to rejuvenate his own father. The experiment succeeds for a while, but at the expense of the old man's personality.

Disasters follow pretty quickly. The son falls in love with his step-mother, the daughter makes love to her step-uncle, then throws him over because he cannot act against his conscience. He appears in the middle of the night to Margaret, who is greatly alarmed. Whilst the professor is pooh-poohing her story as a "foolish dream," the telephone bell rings, and it is answered by Margaret.

The tragedy is verified. The single dramatic exclamation of Cyril is a masterly ending to a masterly novel, in which the one really beautiful character is Richard Halliday the mystic.

ETHEL ARCHER.

JOLI CŒUR DE POUYASTRUC (Tailleur de Pierre, Maître de l'Œuvre, Compagnon Étranger du Devoir de Liberté). By Albert Bernet. Préface de Jean de Pierrefew. Edition des Initiations ouvrières. Paris: 11 Quai St. Michel. Prix 12 francs.

LE Rite Etranger du Devoir de Liberté ou de Salomon, whose members are styled Les Compagnons du Tour de France, seems to be an association of journeymen, very much resembling a combination of Trades Union and Theosophical Society, with a little Freemasonry thrown in.

This book, by the Grand Master of the Compagnonnage, is an attempt to popularise the aims and objects of his order. It is cast in the form



Thus Saith "CELPHRA"



A Spirit Revelation through FREDERICK H. HAINES, F.C.I.B.

Apart from the fact of its being one more witness to the reality of psychic intercourse between the living and the disembodied, this volume is characterised by a distinctively ethical tone, and by the prophetic nature of some of the sayings of the unseen Intelligence who chooses to be known as "Celphra."

"The reader will find much in it of instruction and much to provoke serious reflection. . . . There are many arresting passages."—"Light." *"Weird but extraordinarily clever . . . whether inspired or the creation of a marvellously fertile brain, it is a brilliant contribution to literature pertaining to the soul and the question of the life hereafter."*—"West Herts Post." *"Many beautiful and illuminating passages. . . ."*—"Booklover." *"Altogether this book contains some of the very finest automatic writings which have been published for a long time."*—"Christian Spiritualist."

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of twelve evenings with the descendants of the builders of the cathedrals, when the Companions meet together to discuss the past and future of their order ; which latter claims to have been founded by King Solomon, and to embrace in one society the principal guilds of Mediæval France. Papers are read at these meetings on various aspects of archæology, mediæval history and ecclesiology, occasionally interspersed with short stories and anecdotes. The book contains much out-of-the-way information, and is certainly very interesting. We would specially mention the sections on "Les Grands Architectes du XIIth au XXth Siècle," and the "Chandelières-Cirières," the only mediæval guild in which women had equal rights with men, and were often elected Masters of their Craft. Of special interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW is the section entitled "De la Hiérarchie chez les Maîtres . . ." which deals with the different grades in the Society.

The gospel of the Compagnonnage (written about the beginning of the eighteenth century) is of a high religious and moral character, which makes it all the more regrettable that a book of so much merit has been almost entirely spoilt by the author's mistaken idea of humour.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN. By Ernest G. Palmer. Cr. 8vo, pp. 160.
4 Illustrations. London: Rider & Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.

In the eight chapters of this volume, Mr. Palmer has given us a succinct account of certain modern discoveries connected with scientific archæology in their bearing on the origin of humanity on the earth, as seen by a student sympathetic to occultism. He has balanced carefully the actual discoveries made by scholars with various hypotheses of modern origin, against the logical account of human origins as stated by occult students. He is not here concerned to enunciate the latter in full, though it is clear that he is familiar with them.

The result is an extraordinarily interesting and valuable piece of work. The weak points in these modern theories are relentlessly revealed, quietly and without undue display of erudition, but the currently accepted belief in what passes for the Darwinian theory of evolution is shattered. That theory as popularly accepted is not what Darwin and Wallace taught, and it was widely circulated only because it happened to provide a semi-scientific backing for current political theory at that time. The fact is that Darwin speculated chiefly on the origin of species of living form, not on the origin of man ; while he avoided almost entirely the origin of mind. Later biologists of the behaviorist school have attempted to deduce consciousness from bio-mechanical reactions. Kropotkin's work on *Mutual Aid*, however, should always be read against *The Origin of Species*. Mr. Palmer has arranged the scientific evidence regarding early humanity in context with mythology and history, and supplies an overwhelming proof for the antiquity of man. When he comes to his chapters on dreams and psychic origins he is not so clear in stating his own point, due probably to his desire to state a case on evidence by modern scientists, who are themselves far from accurate or logical in theory, even when correct in statement. Psychology as a science is young, in modern European terms, and will remain so until it accepts other than tangible evidence. Such useful works as this will hasten that day.

W. G. R.

A CONSTRUCTIVE SURVEY OF UPANISHADIC PHILOSOPHY. By Professor R. D. Ranade, M.A. Roy. 8vo, pp. 440. Oriental Book Agency, Poona, India. Price 21s. net.

THE publication of this work marks a definite point in the spread in Europe of the underlying ideas to be found in the Upanishadic philosophy. For the first time we have a highly qualified Hindu scholar examining the philosophy of ancient India on a modern critical basis of patient research and profound scholarship. There have been many teachers and exponents of these Aryan schools—of which, indeed, most modern schools are but a later reflection—but none previously have adopted, to offer adequate proof to European academies, the presentation of this philosophy in modern terms. This remarkably important work goes far beyond Deussen's work—indeed, the author has availed himself of that and many another preceding work, as any wise man would—and the result is a monumental production of substantial value, systematic and accurate, which must in due time have far-reaching effects on the Westernised teaching and comprehension of the fundamental ideas of the Upanishads.

Space does not allow even a summary of the seven sections of this attractive work, but we have in it the leading account, in English, of self-realisation as given in terms of Eastern psychology: logical, connected, abstruse and subtle, but withal inescapable and satisfying. Though there be no royal road to learning, though every man must work out his own salvation, Professor Ranade is an eloquent and able guide, for whose work we must be most grateful.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

ART, LOVE AND LIFE. By Ernest Newlandsmith. Roy. 8vo, pp. 117. Longmans Green & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net

THIS book by Brother Ernest, as we used to know this modern Christian mystic, is delightful reading. It will be the more valuable in its results, since its scholarly author uses his fine musical ability in the furtherance of really good church music, and, being thus in constant touch with church work, has the opportunity to increase its understanding of the usage of art, which it has during recent centuries unfortunately almost forgotten. The author possesses an excellent comprehension of the inner meaning and the substance of true vitality in the art that is worthy of the name; and he has also the intellectual power to be able to make much of it clear, neither of which achievements is common. He gently sets aside the pleas of "art for art's sake"; he reveals the hollowness of mere technical dexterity, and shows true art to be an altar, a sacrifice and the fire. Placing art on as high a level as religion and science, he gives us a "trinity of trinities" in (a) the Will of God, the Word of God, the Spirit of God; (b) human personality in Will, Thought, Feeling; and (c) Instruments of human progress in Religion, Science and Art. Any true religion, of course, is at once a body of science expressing by art the truths of religion. In time it degenerates into theology, ritual and dogma; symbolic art forms designed to express vital truth relapse into unintelligible "ornament" ignorantly repeated. Especially can this volume heartily be recommended to students within the Christian Church, though all who take a real interest in the ethics of art will find it of real value.

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Occult Meaning of Names and Numbers.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON HISTORY AND MORALS. By Cyril Scott. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Price 7s. 6d. net.

BASING his arguments upon the proved fact that sound can be both constructive and destructive, beneficent and maleficent, the famous musical composer, poet and author shows, in the first portion of his book, the influence wrought by Händel, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner and Strauss on their day.

Of Händel and the Victorian era the author says, "The effects of the Händel Oratorio . . . were the awakening of reverence and awe, with all their concomitants and consequences . . ." and we are told that it was through Händel's influence that the Victorian age was steeped in "conventions, and that many of its people were prudish, punctilious, and, unfortunately, even tainted with priggishness."

Part II is probably the most interesting portion, for it forms the esoteric investigation, and deals with Nature-spirit exponents. The author tells us that the "most valuable portions of this volume" have been written with the aid of an Initiate in Esoteric wisdom.

Mr. Scott next deals with the work of Cesar Franck, and refers to the French composer as "the bridge between the humans and the Devas." In the section touching upon the music of the Deva evolution, Grieg, Tchaikowsky, Delius, Debussy, Ravel, Scriabin and Moussorgsky are given the place of honour.

In his reference to Futurist music, the author propounds a theory which will doubtless provoke much controversy. He says that thought-forms are responsible for the bloodshed and cruelty (such as the Great War, Russian Revolution, etc.) which periodically overtake the world, and that the specific type of music essential to their destruction is that of the ultra-modern variety.

"It is an occult musical fact that discord (used in its moral sense) can alone be destroyed by discord."

This work has been allotted to Stravinsky, Schönberg and other ultra-modernists.

Mr. Scott then considers so-called popular music and its various effects. Jazz (as many will readily agree) possesses an evil influence, and has been "put through" by the Black Brotherhood.

Part III is purely historical and contains chapters on "The Beginnings of Music and Religion," "Effects of Music on the Indian People," "The Music and Character of the Ancient Egyptians," "The Greeks and their Music," "The Romans and their Music," and "Descant and the Folk-Song."

Altogether this is a work which will prove both interesting and enlightening to all students of the occult, whether they "understand" music or not.

JOHN EARLE.

CHEIRO'S WORLD PREDICTIONS. Publishers: The London Publishing Company, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Price 7s. 6d. net.

ANY book bearing Cheiro's imprint commands the immediate respect of occult students. Amongst the former prophecies of this modern Merlin one recalls the startling predictions he uttered to Lord Kitchener, King

Humbert, the assassinated sovereign of Italy, the death of Edward VII, his warning to the late W. T. Stead, all of which Destiny has verified.

The volume now under discussion contains matter of remarkable interest and indubitable value, apart from the predictions which are already fulfilling themselves. "Cheiro" looks at all things with the eyes of the initiate. He knows that London is El-on-Don, the successor of the Egyptian On the City of the Sun, that Pol's citadel is now St. Paul's Cathedral and that Sir Christopher Wren, the wonderful mason, knew what he was doing when, on the west pediment of St. Paul's, he designed a fresco showing "the sun at its highest point in the constellation of Gemini—the Zodiacal Sign ruling London." For Wren was in constant touch with Sir Isaac Newton, who was an astrologer as well as an astronomer.

One of the most fascinating chapters deals with the Eagle in the banner of the United States of America. This bird of Zeus, wielder of the thunderbolt, which in Grecian myth "soared higher than any other and could gaze into the sun without flinching," did not enter the national flag by accident. For America is to conquer the air in the era of Aquarius.

Another engrossing chapter deals with the reigning House of Windsor, and one leaves it wondering if a second Queen Elizabeth will yet sit upon the throne.

It seems unfair to dissect a book so full of good things: one can but commend readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to buy and study it in its entirety.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE GREAT CRYSTAL FRAUD; or THE GREAT P.J. By W. Stuart Leech, M.D. 7½ ins. x 4¼ ins., pp. 56. Chicago: Occult Publishing Company, 1900, North Clark Street. Price \$1.

THE sub-title of this curious little volume describes it as "a Serio-Comic Story Based on Actual Happenings," and the author, as a foreword, says that it "is in the nature of an elaborate satire on one of the greatest impostors human intelligence has ever been called upon to contend with." "The fact," he adds, "that he did exist, right here in America, is recorded in the archives of libraries throughout the civilised world."

I do not know whether American readers will be able to identify "the Great P.J." The task seems difficult, because, unfortunately, there are, and have been, so many impostors in the realm of Occultism. In as far as Dr. Leech's allegory is a warning against the trickery of these gentry, it may serve a useful purpose. I gather that it is directed, not so much against those who claim occult powers and possess none, as against those who, possessing these powers, use them for selfish ends.

However, the symbolism of the book is very obscure, and I must confess that "the Great P.J." impresses me as less wicked than his dupes do as foolish. He terminates his career by marrying a young girl, which, in view of what might be expected, seems, in spite of the lady's youth, a highly respectable and rather commendable end!

One wonders why "the Great P.J.'s School" is called that of "Natural Science," and is led to speculate as to whether Dr. Leech had some interpretation in mind when he wrote the book other than that which appears on the surface. If so, I fear the book's symbolism has concealed *his meaning from at least one reader.

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THE MIND OF ANNIE BESANT. By Theodore Besterman. 7½ in. x 5 in., pp xii. + 122. London: The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd., 38, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1. Price 5s. net.

THIS book, published in honour of Dr. Besant's eightieth birthday, gives a summary of her main teachings, presented largely in her own words and classified under the headings of Education, Crime and Punishment, Social and Humanitarian Problems, the Status of Women, Socialism, India, Race and Nationality, and Theosophy.

Mr. Besterman has performed his task well, but it has been no easy one—this task of presenting an adequate summary of Dr. Besant's teachings within the confines of a slim volume. Still more difficult is the task of the reviewer who would endeavour to summarise the contents of the book in a few brief paragraphs. Dr. Besant's teachings, however, present a unity which does, in a sense, make this possible; her teachings can be summed up in two words: "Universal Brotherhood." A profound conviction of the reality of universal brotherhood pervades all her utterances; for her, man is brother to man, class is brother to class, nation to nation, and the whole of mankind is an elder brother to the beasts and the birds and all lower forms of life. Thus, Dr. Besant is led to champion all social reforms which tend to remove the harshnesses of modern civilisation—the exploitation of woman by man, of the poor man by the rich, and of the black man by the white, must cease if universal brotherhood is to be realised. So, too, must flesh-eating and the ill-treatment of animals by mankind become things of the past. I think, moreover, that it is the same fundamental idea that has led Dr. Besant to search for the essential unity underlying the seeming diversity of the religious systems of mankind. Men are brothers, and we must not seek to replace the religion and culture of one brother by the religion and culture of another; rather should we endeavour to combine all cultures and religions into a harmonious whole.

The longest chapter in the book deals with Theosophy and is abstracted from *The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*.

Whether we agree with Dr. Besant's philosophy or not, the fact remains that she is one of the personalities of the present age who count. Her courage, her steadfastness, her tolerance and the breadth of her views are qualities which call forth our admiration. We are grateful to Mr. Besterman for this book. H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MARK OF THE BAT. By Gertrude Dunn. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE vampire has become a more or less familiar figure in occult fiction. But the writer of this ingenious novel has contrived to give quite a fresh and unexpected turn to the theme. She has, so to speak, introduced a descant. We will not be guilty of that heartless crime against the eager reader—a detailed description of the plot! Let it be sufficient to say that in these exciting pages we become acquainted not with *one* vampire, but with *two*, and that one of the pair manages to double-cross the other and to be the instrument, in consequence, of the heroine's deliverance from the powers of evil. Her *ultimate* deliverance, that is to say!

The sympathetic reader who follows the fortunes of the charming Elma Barry will frequently feel extremely anxious as to her fate. She seems to be rescued from one eerie peril merely to be drawn into another, and she is, really, altogether too trustful in her attitude towards her vampire-lover. We are told, however, that "in common with most modern young women" she had "no belief in the supernatural except as a pleasant and thrilling ingredient of fiction." Her experiences must have gone a long way towards changing this point of view! But then it was on her friends—the uncouth but learned Oswald Dease, the quaint, kindly Mrs. Renny and the devoted, ugly, honest Paul Larabee—that the full burden of those experiences really fell; we are never wholly sure that Elma understood her own danger. If Oswald Dease had not specialised in Hungarian folk-lore, if little Mrs. Renny had not had the pluck to spend that particularly dreadful night described in Chapter XII in watching and saying her prayers by Elma's bedroom window, and if Paul Larabee had not had his intuitions sharpened by love and his suspicions aroused by his successful rival's curious habits, it seems probable that Elma would have walked quite tranquilly to her doom. Exactly what that doom was, and its manner—or, rather, *manners*, for it had several!—of overtaking her, we will leave the reader to discover. The author is to be congratulated on what is really a quite spirited and interesting tale, and we are glad that she has not yielded to the temptation of making her vampires wholly revolting. We can feel a certain compassion even for the more villainous of the unhappy couples!

G. M. H.

COMMUNION. By Elise N. Morgan. Printed in U.S.A. at The Tudor Press, Inc., Boston.

THE golden cover of this little book does not belie its contents, which are of "much fine gold," and "sweeter also than honey in the honeycomb," for they are words that have come in the soul's silence of a mystic in tune with the Infinite. Very interesting indeed it is in the whirl of modern life—and transatlantic life—to find one who is aware of the Still Small Voice as were the faithful seers of old:

"You are not clothed in a dark earthly garb; you are resplendent, radiant as the sun, you are vitally alive, ready to overflow from the Fount of Grace. The heart is not an organ of mere flesh, muscle, nerve; the heart is waves of love-light interpenetrating all spheres, all surroundings."

EDITH K. HARPER.

PATRICIA LANCASTER'S REVENGE. By Beatrice Chase. With four illustrations. London: Longmans Green & Co., Ltd. New York, Toronto, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MARCUS AURELIUS left us the maxim that the best form of revenge is "Not to imitate the injury," a negative forgiveness lacking the "coals of fire" which a grander teaching commands. Which of these two precepts the heroine of Miss Chase's latest book puts into effect it would be manifestly unfair to disclose to the reader, for I should thereby be disclosing part of the *dénouement* of a most skillfully-concealed mystery. A detective story is the last thing one would have expected from the pen of a writer who has delineated her beloved Dartmoor in tints as exquisite as those of

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a Turner. But, as she herself explains in advance, the story "has no blood in it, but plenty of laughter and love." And the scenes are, moreover, chiefly laid in the moorland with which she has made her readers so familiar. Nor do we fail to recognise several delightful characters, including the three Bluejackets, and "Tiger," that angelic cat of many parts!

Beatrice Chase, as is her wont, loses no opportunity of showing that the common tasks of everyday life may be transmuted into pure gold: her gentlewomen are gentle indeed, and can, if need be, run a house without servants and without losing any of life's graces. This is delightfully sketched in the chapter, "An Orgy of Domesticity." And is there not also the highest—and the deepest—mysticism in her spiritual outlook, voiced in Patricia's words:

"I am sure God lets us do just what we like in heaven, and I don't believe in the sharp line of demarcation between earth and heaven, between this life and the next. I believe this lovely world is part of heaven, lent out to us for a day, so to speak, lent us for the day of life, till sunset, and when to-morrow's sun rises, we find it's all the dear same lovely familiar things and places with God walking visibly among them all, as He walked every evening in the far-off Garden at the beginning of time and the world."

EDITH K. HARPER.

MY MISTAKE IN THE CHURCH. By Lucy Hayes. London: Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book records in its sub-title that its contents were received in the form of "messages from the Spirit World." One gathers that the source of these communications is understood to be a priest, who, both before and after his transition, found himself out of touch with much of his ecclesiastical limitations; in other words, he had apparently become conscious of the visible and audible realities of that spirit world on whose existence both his own and all other religions are based! It seems, however, he was afraid or ashamed to disclose the fact to anyone save his sister, a nun, who declared herself possessed of the same "supernormal" faculties.

These faculties were possessed, it may be remembered, by the Blessed Anna Maria Faigi, an Italian woman in humble circumstances, whose irreproachable character gained her the respect and consideration of the Catholic world of her day.

It is a pity the proofs of this little work were not more carefully gone through for the correction of sundry errors. Doubtless it is intended for spiritualistic circles of the "little mission" order, as it seems to inculcate their teachings in a general way, though entirely averse from teaching which excludes the reverence due to the Divine Master, Jesus Christ.

EDITH K. HARPER.

FORCES ILLIMITÉES. By Bertil Erla. Paris: Henri Durville, 23 Rue Saint Merri. Price 12 francs.

AMONG those who investigate psychic science, there is a class of persons who are prejudiced in advance against the phenomena, and who refuse to admit the existence of anything super-physical; while, at the other extreme, there are those who do not hesitate to embrace the most

fantastic explanations of singular events. M. Bertil Erla happily belongs to neither of these extremes; though sympathetic, he still remains critical, and, moreover, has the courage of his convictions. For these reasons alone his book is well worth reading. He includes many original and most interesting examples of direct clairvoyance and other psychic phenomena, including a very remarkable account of a séance given by two Hindus in Nice which throws considerable light on the power, possessed by some Easterns, of making plants grow several feet in a short space of time. His remarks on spiritualism are most opportune; while not denying the phenomena, he ably differentiates between the essential and the trivial aspects. M. Bertil Erla's studies of somnambulism have led him to the brink of discoveries which are of primary importance to occultists. *Forces Illimitées* is packed with interest, and is the product of an unbiassed and lucid mind.

MEREDITH STARR.

LES ARCANES. By O. V. de L. Milosz. Paris: Libraire Taillon, 83, Rue des Saints-Pères.

THIS curious work consists of a prose poem of 107 verses, followed by a commentary on each verse. While metaphysical and philosophical in tone, the poem deals with the deepest problems of life. The author has seen the vision of the Midnight Sun in the depths of the soul and has endeavoured to adumbrate his illumination in *Les Arcanes*. There is no doubt in my mind that M. de Milosz has become conscious, in an unusual degree, of the supersensual world. The thought of the author is profound, his language is unusual and difficult to follow; nevertheless a close study of *Les Arcanes* will amply reward the earnest student.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE KIWAI PAPUANS OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA. By Gunnar Landtman. With an Introduction by Alfred C. Haddon. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ in. pp. xxxix. + 485. With a map and 113 illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 30s. net.

MANY readers will remember Dr. Landtman's huge and valuable collection of Kiwai Papuan folk-tales, published during the war. The present more general work on this people has been delayed for various reasons, and its publication makes one regret that it was not possible for it to come out before. For it is a most valuable collection of information about a region concerning which we cannot have too much first-hand knowledge. Among the aspects from which this "nature-born instance of Rousseau's ideal community" (as the author calls it) is discussed, are the Kiwais' totemism, death and burial, ideas regarding the soul, the spirits of the dead, mythical beings, black magic and sorcerers, and so on. Given Dr. Landtman's deservedly high reputation as an accurate observer, to say nothing of Dr. Haddon's handsome tribute to him, it will be seen that this is a book not to be lightly overlooked.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.