

THE OCCULT REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THAT the daughter of so remarkable a man as the late Robert Dale Owen, and the widow of the equally distinguished occultist—or perhaps the more appropriate term would be "mystic"—Laurence Oliphant, should have passed through a career fruitful of experience, and equally rich as regards the interior life, may easily be surmised. That this is indeed the case, the autobiographical volume written by Rosamund Dale Owen (Mrs. Oliphant), *My Perilous Life in Palestine*,* amply corroborates. Robert Dale Owen, Mrs. Oliphant's father, it will be remembered, was an ardent social reformer. Founder of the Robert Owen community in America, it was he who, when the question of Emancipation hung in the balance, wrote a remarkable letter to President Lincoln which had more influence upon him than any other communication on the subject.

"My father," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was more gratefully proud

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of this achievement than of all the rest of his political triumphs. After persuading Mr. Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, he proceeded, in order to educate the people, to flood the country with thousands of copies of his pamphlets, which had a strong influence.

“ But he had a disappointment in the end. It was his earnest belief that the negroes should not be given the vote for at least twenty years. He had almost carried his point when, by a turn of the wheel of fate, the question was decided against him. He believed that those who advocated this step showed a serious lack of judgment.”

From the Robert Dale Owen community at New Harmony, many of the great reforms of the United States had their origin. The doctrine of universal elementary education at the public expense without regard to sex or sect, owed more to the labours of Dale Owen than to any other man of his generation. With the name of this pioneer in American educational reform is coupled the designation, “ the father of infant education.” The world-famous Smithsonian Institution is the legislative child of the same father. It was Dale Owen, also, who helped to bring about a modification of American law in harmony with a broader conception of the legal rights of women.

The history of Spiritualism will ever concede a place of honour to the name of the author of *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, and *The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next*. That his connection with Spiritualism in those early days should have been “ used in evidence ” against Dale Owen when a suitable opportunity presented itself was perhaps only natural. When, as the result of mental overstrain at a time when his health was enfeebled by excessive activity, he suffered a temporary derangement, it was the “ Katie King incident ” as it was then called, which was held to blame for the breakdown. But, in the words of his daughter, “ it had nothing to do with it,” and he was soon restored.

“ Nothing,” she remarks, “ seemed able to distress or even slightly disturb my optimistic father, with his phenomenally quiet nerves. The simple cause of his derangement was too strenuous mental effort at a time when his body was too weak to endure it ; and as there was no disturbing cause in his mind his chief mania being an exaggerated generosity, he very soon recovered his balance.”

The attitude of Mrs. Oliphant herself towards Spiritualism is illustrated by the following remark, which prefaces her account of a visit to a medium in connection with a question which at the time vitally affected her future. Having decided on taking the decision to seek spiritualistic advice, she remarks that "it is not a course I should have taken at a later period. I should have asked our Lord Jesus Christ to guide me, but my faith at that time was still in a somewhat chaotic state, for I believed in God but rejected my Saviour, and so I went to this medium."

Between spiritual communion and spiritualistic communication, Mrs. Oliphant draws a sharp line of demarcation. She puts it on record in one passage where she tells of the bereavement which she suffered in the loss of a niece to whom she was particularly attached.

"There are many who fear the evil effects of Spiritualism, and their fear is warranted if by Spiritualism we mean a morbid curiosity which seeks, at séances, to probe into the hidden secrets of the inner world."

These are strong words, and may be taken as discountenancing scientific research into the hidden powers latent within man. Séances were never permitted in her home. Perhaps, however, her first-hand experience of the reality of survival was more convincing than anything that could come at second-hand; for she continues, "if by Spiritualism one means the Christ-given vision, the normal vision of the spiritual body which perceives the beloved ones who have been taken, so that instead of an awful wrench there is a tender renewal of familiar intercourse—this Spiritual communion is most sanely sweet, and is His consoling gift to men. He knows how dreadful is our heartache, and as He is infinitely pitiful He permits that, joined by Himself, our dearest ones may clasp our hands across the chasm."

These remarks are apropos of an incident which occurred on the receipt of a cablegram announcing the death of her niece, Grace. Stunned by the blow, she had been carried upstairs and put on a couch in front of a picture of Christ. As she lay there in anguish of heart, she suddenly heard the familiar, merry voice of her loved one announcing, "Auntie, they *do* joke in heaven. I am so glad." As she recalled a little talk they had had together on this subject, the voice spoke once more, adding, "Now I can go with you everywhere, auntie. I am free."

Nor was this a solitary instance. Again and again Grace came back, "brighter, sweeter, more keen of wit even than in life, so that often I laughed aloud at some characteristic sally of hers, and the family would ask, "Is it Grace?"

As her life story unfolds itself, the same idealism, the same humanitarian spirit and unselfish devotion which characterised the father are seen to be reflected in the daughter. "It was borne in upon me," she writes in the preface to her interesting volume, "that I was called upon to share the experiences herein narrated, even when I shrank from doing so, because they have been vouchsafed for the sake of others striving in the same direction. . . . Being Scotch, Welsh and Puritan, I am inclined to reticence; but one comes to realise in writing a book of this kind that reticence may become a hindering form of selfism, for it is based on the assumption that one's experiences have been given only for one's own benefit. Were this the case one would scarcely have the right to publish an autobiography."

That the widow of Laurence Oliphant is dedicated to the path of Service is evident if only by her passionate plea for purity. "This book that I am writing! Am I not sending it out with all the passion of myself behind it, beseeching that wherever it is read, men and women will remember how exquisite is cleanliness of life, and how unprofitable is filth, and thus sent out, will it not do its work?"

"What do I ask? Only this, that sex love shall ever be a prayerful love. That no lover's kiss shall be given anywhere until God is remembered. That no mated ones shall sink into a lazily inert sloth, when, with keenest energy, they ought to rise to Spirit heights in order to create under God's surveillance. I only desire that self-control, obedience, concentration of purpose, shall replace a loosely governed lust."

Of a deeply mystical temperament, and a sensitive of a high order, it is not at all surprising that the physical stamina of Mrs. Oliphant should have proved unequal to the strain of life in the din and turmoil of crowded cities. After a few attempts at public speaking and slumming in obedience to the urge of an inner Voice which guided her, Mrs. Oliphant was grateful to retire into private life, as her constitution was unable to meet the demands made upon it. But the fact that she returned once more into comparative seclusion does not necessarily mean that she thereby forsook her vow of Service. Far otherwise is the

case. Her present book is in itself a witness. A strangely compelling Power makes itself manifest to the sympathetic reader of its pages. Not seldom were members of the audiences she addressed found to be in tears, at which she wondered, seeing that there was nothing whatever of a sad nature in her lectures.

On one occasion, especially, she noticed her host, "a reserved, well-balanced man, not in the least hysterical,"
 SPIRITUAL
 POWER furtively using his handkerchief to brush away his tears. On returning to the house after the meeting Mrs. Oliphant ventured to question him point blank in order to discover why he and others were sometimes so deeply affected. A clue of deep significance lies beneath the words of the man's reply.

"I don't know how others felt, but I think every sin I ever committed rose before me, and I was filled with so deep a remorse that I could scarcely control myself. You seemed to be searching out every weakness in me."

Frankly, the compelling revelation of the interior life of the subject of this autobiography throws into the shade the merely physical events which led up to the ownership of Armageddon. But, then, it must be remembered that even this ownership, in the eyes of Mrs. Oliphant, is symbolical of inner things. "I have been made the owner of Armageddon because of the task given me in the beginning of my mission. I was told to undertake the most difficult task in the world—to cleanse, so far as my feeble strength permitted it, sex filth; and the harassing ownership of Armageddon is the outward sign of my inner, my hidden responsibility. . . ."

One does not need to proceed very far with the reading of her autobiography to discover the guiding Hand in the life of this remarkable lady, now over eighty years of age; an age, be it noted, attained in spite of the handicap of a delicate constitution, and the threat of blindness and paralysis at a comparatively early age. Yet these things and many others have been outlived. To quote her own words:

"As the reader knows, my experience includes hope deferred; bereavement; ill-health lasting many years; poverty, inflicting cold and hunger; toil, mental and physical, beyond my slender strength; the danger of an unprotected woman meeting man's unbridled savagery; dangerous accidents by sea and land; an incomprehensible and year-lasting antipathy where I had hoped

for a blessed consummation ; fear of assassination prolonged through many months ; persecution ; and isolation.

“ Seeing that these are the sufferings which have been transmuted into joy, am I not warranted in saying to every burdened soul the world over, that Heaven can atone, now and here, for all human misery ? ”

It may be wondered whether the Guidance above referred to can be traced in other ways than through the broad outlines of an eventful past. Most assuredly may the answer be given in the affirmative, especially from the time of the coming of the Voice, which frequently came in response to her prayers. The following is a typical incident :

“ I knelt down and begged Christ to keep me perfectly sane, wholly normal ; and if possible to give me some rule by which I might divide useful from useless visions. The Voice answered : ‘ Wherever a picture set before you urges you to heartier work, to more incessant effort, physical, mental and moral, you need not be afraid that it is from Satan. When a vision feeds your vanity, without asking for renewed exertion, you must be careful not to accept it with blind confidence.’ ”

Whence this Voice ? Whence the wisdom which inspired it ? One may only surmise. Yet the story of her conversion is pregnant with meaning to the student of Christian mysticism. Of a deeply spiritual nature, Rosamond Dale Owen, the lady who later became the wife of Laurence Oliphant, was never what might be termed “ irreligious.” She was led to visit a particular cousin, with whom she was not entirely in sympathy. “ Nevertheless, God, Who knew her true, her best self, chose her as a fitting instrument, and her house as the place where He answered my prayer, growing ever more persistently strong, for some need existing within me which was not filled, and I ever beseeched Him to fill it.”

She went, then, to a Communion service in company with this cousin, and in no very receptive frame of mind. For not long before she had been engaged in a heated theological argument with a churchman, in the course of which she had definitely challenged the truth of the saving Grace of Christ. Her conviction was in complete antagonism to the Communion ceremony, and her chief desire was to get away from the Church. Yet, in spite of this, an ineffaceable experience occurred at this, apparently, least

A VISION OF
THE MASTER

opportune moment. Clothed in words other than her own, the incident would be robbed of much of its force and charm. For this reason it is here quoted *in extenso*.

“ My cousin had scarcely resumed her seat when my whole being was roused and thrilled by the sight I saw. On the altar stood the most glorious Figure I had ever looked on, so glorious that no imagination of mine could have painted it, for its splendour was beyond my range of conception. I had never dreamt that such power and such sweetness could exist ; and yet it was a man with the familiar lineaments I was daily accustomed to seeing. Heaven and earth were joined. For a moment His wonderful eyes looked down at the Communicants, and then He turned and stretched out His arms to me. I ran headlong to the altar and knelt with the others, hiding my face because I could not bear His splendour. When I looked up the Form was gone.

“ The Figure I had seen in the garden at the time of my mother's death had been a vague shape, wrapped in light, and I could not distinguish any features. But the Form on the altar was clearly outlined ; I saw the lineaments, the golden hair, the eyes of heavenly blue, the magnificent brow, conveying to me a sense of brain-power such as I had never imagined, even while the eyes gazed at me with infinitely tender love. Strong He was as an archangel, and yet gentle as the meekest creature that breathes. It was this union of force and exquisitely yielding sweetness which astounded me ; for in all the pictures of Christ which I had seen, the gentleness borders almost on weakness, and there is no trace of the all-searching mentality, the over-powering vitality, which I perceived in this perfect God-man.

“ My whole soul went out to Him, at once and for ever. Every fibre in me acknowledged Him as Master. Every heart-throb proclaimed Him as King.

“ I have sometimes heard Christians doubt whether Christ will be able to conquer all men in the end. The sin is so great, the work so overwhelmingly difficult, they say, that it seems impossible to believe that He will bring all creatures to His feet. I have no shadow of doubt that He will reign at last, everywhere ; for no mortal, though he were steeped in hellish sins, could resist Him. Nothing could have kept me from Him when He stretched out His arms to me, and when He pleads with others in the same wise, as He is sure to do before the end, they also will fall at His feet as I did, for He is irresistible. Closer akin than the tenderest lover, yet He stands by the throne of God.

Permeating us so intimately that no thought is hidden from Him, nevertheless He calls us from the heights of Heaven. How, then, shall any poor, wandering, helpless mortal refuse to come to Him, at last, when His love reaches to the most secret places within us, even while it fills the heavenly vault above us. Neither sin nor pain, neither separation nor death daunt Him, for God has given to our King sufficient power to overcome every earthly evil. Blind we are, as blind as moles, but hide away as we will, our Redeemer will find us, for Divine Love searches through the nethermost hells, so long as one spark answering Him may be found.

“ From the moment I looked upon that Form I felt assured of the eventual salvation of the world ; and from that day a desire has possessed me, so strong as to seem, at times, almost like an agony, to hasten the day when He can stand before us in his glory, claiming His full reward.

“ Then and there I said to Him, ‘ Use me as Thou wilt, I am ready. I only ask that the way shall be made plain, and when I see clearly I will walk therein, God helping me, no matter what the difficulties may be. ’ ”

As might be expected, those to whom the story of this experience was told said that Mrs. Oliphant must have been mistaken ; that her imagination had created the Form. But, like St. Paul, her conviction is unshakable. “ My imagination,” she explains, “ is wholly incapable of creating a Divinity, infinitely above and beyond me. His Personality is greater than my conceptive powers can build, and because He was real, living, *the influence of this vision has been not evanescent but permanent.*” The simplicity of the latter statement adds rather than detracts from its force. Inevitably one is reminded of the passionate lines of F. W. H. Myers :

Then thro' the mid complaint of my confession,
Then thro' the pang and passion of my prayer,
Leaps with a start the shock of his possession,
Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there.

Lo, if some pen should write upon your rafter
Mene and mene in the folds of flame,
Think ye could any memories thereafter
Wholly retrace the couplet as it came ?

Lo, if some strange intelligible thunder
Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
How should ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
Shreds of the story that was pealed so far ?

Scarcely I catch the words of his revealing,
 Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
 Only the Power that is within me pealing
 Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whose hath felt the Spirit of the Highest
 Cannot confound nor doubt him nor deny ;
 Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
 Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

It was from the date of her conversion that the Voice began to make itself heard. Common sense may declare these inner utterances to be mere imagination, or, more scientifically phrased, "auditory hallucinations." Yet the way in which the Voice issued peremptory orders, or thundered a stern rebuke, gives it a very real and practical effect. The phenomenon, however, is by no means unknown in the records of both occultism and mysticism. In the Roman Catholic Church the mystics refer to it as "divine locution." Whether one calls it the Voice of Conscience, of the Higher Self, of the Master, of Christ, or the Guardian Angel, or the Warrior, matters not an iota. It is a reality.

Instances of the manner in which the Voice took in hand the practical education of Mrs. Oliphant are frequently given. One of the earliest and most startling was when, one morning, she was walking in the streets of New York, and on her way passed a malodorous scavenger's cart. She hastened by with a sense of disgust quite natural under the circumstances, but a peremptory "Stop!" caused her to look behind her. No one being about, she realised that it was the Voice speaking so emphatically as to seem to be a material sound.

"If you wish to despise anyone," the Voice admonished, "look down on the luxurious inmates of these costly houses before you, from whence the garbage comes. They, in all probability, have eaten too much, and wasted too much, hence this overloaded cart."

Having lived for many years in the East, Mrs. Oliphant had exceptional opportunities for studying at first-hand the activities of the leaders of the Bahai movement. Her verdict is reflected in the comments made on the character of Abbas Effendi.

"I understand that there are at least three million Christians who are followers of Abbas Effendi. This scarcely seems possible, but if it be true, then it is for these people to determine whether a man of the character

of Abbas Effendi, letting his brother almost starve while he lived most comfortably, is fitted to teach Christians a more Christ-like mode of life.

"I have gone into detail with regard to the knowledge I possess concerning Abbas Effendi for the sake of these followers. But the man is of comparatively little consequence compared with the larger question to be considered :

"Is there any evidence to show that Christians are well advised in following any sect, no matter where it may be found, which does not accept Jesus Christ as the supreme King of men? . . .

"Has the Orient given any practical proof that it may give to us a higher knowledge, lead us to a fuller light? . . .

"We may teach these Oriental sects humbly, gently, perseveringly ; and we can also be taught by them, but to claim that we can learn a new Christianity from men who place Christ below the level of these sects is a distorted point of view."

Replying to the question whether or not a man may exercise his freedom of will and elect to worship Baha'o'llah, Buddha, or any other prophet, and raise him to the level of, or even above Christ, if he chooses to do so, Mrs. Oliphant makes an excellent point.

"A man or a woman has a right to select any Master he or she desires, but no one has the right to deny OTHER RELIGIONS FOR OTHER LANDS Christ and to claim Christian privileges. If a man or woman chooses an Oriental Master or an Oriental religion, let him or her live in the midst of the civilisation evolved by that Master and that religion, and not claim the music, the art, the literature, the inventions, and the organised administration of Christendom, while denying the supreme position of the King under whom these results are obtained."

It is to be feared that enthusiasm for a remarkable volume may have lead to undue prolixity on the present occasion. The self-revelation of the author has proved more fascinating even than the valuable light thrown on the personalities of the two remarkable men, Lake Harris and Laurence Oliphant, to whom, unfortunately, it has been possible merely to allude. A wealth of interesting information in this connection is to be found scattered through the pages of the work, from which extracts have been freely taken. Readers who desire to do so may

consult the volume for themselves. The experiences of the outer life are in no degree less interesting in one sense than those of the inner. Of the life in Palestine, of the struggle against Turkish influence, of official inertia, of the remarkable fulfilment of prophetic visions, of the many and varied adventures of this champion of the "Purity-Battle of Armageddon" as the author terms it, there are details in abundance. But the outer reflects the inner, and the one without the other is meaningless. The physical-plane events and the development of the interior life go hand in hand; and it is the urge of the inner command which has promoted the writing of this record of a soul's development during what must have been an exceptionally trying incarnation.

THE EDITOR.

FULFILMENT

By CHARLES WHITBY

"Know ye not that ye are a temple?"

Lo now my cloisters, aisles and chancel, bare
Or echoing to the tread of casual feet,
My pictured glass, with rainbow hues replete,
Arch, pillar and groin, whelmed in the murky air!
No white-robed choristers, no priest, no prayer,
No incense fumes, organ or anthem sweet,
Vacant each pew and every craven seat
On to the altar-shrine—what Presence *there*?

Enough! Let lamps and candles flood with light
My spaces, thrilled with lauds and antiphons,
Let heirophants enact the mystic rite
Which outbids every hope, all thought outruns,
My windows blazing far into the night
And in my sanctuary the Sun of Suns.

A PROBLEM OF IDENTITY IN DREAMS

By MARY E. MONTEITH

PART I

I live not in myself, but I become
A portion of that around me.

BYRON.

POET and philosopher are wont to describe the two states of existence, sleeping and waking, as two separate worlds—the world of dreams, and the world of waking activities. Sleep has its own world, says one. It is a private world, says the other; and we have come to use this metaphor freely. Such a distinction, however, is misleading, and only serves to increase the difficulties in the way of inquiry and especially in the attempt to solve the problem of identity in the dream existence.

A world is too big a setting for a proportional speck of human personality. The very word stimulates the imagination unduly, calling forth idea after idea until the main issue is overlaid with metaphor. A "world" of dreams! Immediately we compare this abstract world with the stars, forming for the dream world a celestial hypothesis which is not in the least in keeping with its true character. From that we go on to consider the translation of an equally hypothetical body across a vast area of space. This space, in its turn, implies a distance between the two worlds which are really one. And lastly, in accepting the idea of two distinct worlds, a difference regarding the existence in these worlds is assumed, which we are not entitled to credit. In the one world we live in, there are two states of existence, thought and action. If there is one conclusion of which the student of dreams may be sure, it is that dreaming is a continuance of thought divorced from action.

It is better for our purpose to use a more homely symbol, to speak of a House of Dreams, accessible even in waking consciousness, to which we retire from the busy hum of life's activities. Here is stored away all that ever happens to us. The transient moments of life are painted on imperishable canvas in colours that never fade. The accumulated knowledge, the effort of a lifetime, are safe in the treasure-rooms. Things we love are placed in prominent positions; that which is distasteful hidden

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away in cellar or garret. Thieves cannot break in and steal, for only the master who remembers the Open Sesame may enter this house and exist for a while in complete isolation. This isolation explains, somewhat, that loss of identity which is a feature of an early stage in the development of dreaming.

In a world we share in common, identity is of the utmost importance. We begin with a name to identify us, one from the other. The establishing of this identity is the business of life, and it means a persistent effort, first to get what we want, and then to keep what we have got—desire, will and possession, all according to individual taste. As possessions accumulate they are gathered together, fenced round, and notified as Mine.

At the entrance of that private domain, the House of Dreams, we cast off identity as if it were a cloak. Its protection is no longer necessary. There is nobody to dispute the absolute possession of this house and all it contains. A self-created edifice, the Ego withdraws into a portion of its own being and away from the disturbing influence, of outside causes, rests from the incessant effort of self-assertion.

The surroundings are too intimate to attract the attention, therefore attention too is laid aside with the other functions of the mind. As in the waking existence, the subconscious mind never ceases its gentle rhythm, the familiar accompaniment to life's melodies, but it is soothing. Its lullaby produces imagery which comes and goes at this stage, vague ideas pictured hazily, which disappear before meaning is attached to them; the sense which, by rousing associative memories, would surround them with meaning, sleeps.

But there is an awakening of consciousness in sleep. The attention is attracted to one of these images, which is instantly joined by others. They become animated, independent, playing a drama against a more or less appropriate background. There is a lack of control somewhere. The actions are inconsistent, but irresistibly the dreamer is drawn on the stage; he shares the incidental matter and dreams of the wild adventure as a personal experience. Apart from the dream, there is no consciousness of identity. The dreamer and the dream are one. Consciousness awakes but only to the extent of dreaming.

This unity is easy to understand. The dream is an arrangement of memories associated with actual experience. If, in obedience to a rapid but unconscious suggestion on the part of the dreamer, there is newly created incident, that again must be

thought, and the process of thinking in the dream existence constitutes experience. All that happens in dreams has therefore a personal interpretation.

From the consciousness of chief actor, there is a further development of the dream self. The dreamer becomes spectator. Now is a little more of the identity asserted. Conscious of the dream as a mental creation, the dreamer holds it at arm's length, watches it critically, noting its progress with a keen interest. When these dreams are coherent it means an orderly mind, that the power of observation, too, is highly developed and that is why they are found chiefly among intelligent people. At their best, they are full of incident, the incidental matter depends upon the richness of the subjective memories, education and mental control. Memories revive under the influence of concentration. There is selection of the appropriate idea, and suppression of the inappropriate, which makes consistency. Judgment also is exercised to determine successive action and, over and above judgment, there is will power to maintain all in its right perspective. But of the workings of this dream intelligence the dreamer is unconscious.

The *élan vital* which awakens the attention as a bugle call is the arising of imagery associated with the main interest of the waking existence.

One of the best examples of dream intelligence in the imaginary field is the dream of R. L. Stevenson, which determined the story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. It came, as the fulfilment of intense desire, after he had racked his brains for two whole days for a plot. As a forgotten memory will rise to the surface some time after the subconscious mind has been stirred to its depths, so did the story appear in the quietude of sleep when all conscious effort had ceased. And that ever-vigilant sentry who stands in the background of sustained inquiry awakened Stevenson to the appearance of ideas pertaining to his great desire. By force of habit, he, unconsciously, arranged and re-arranged them to his liking with such rapidity that the effect was that of a perfectly produced drama.

To maintain the detached position of spectator in a prolonged dream such as this is uncommon, and shows a certain force of character. In dreams of a vivid nature, it is more usual to be half actor and half spectator, and it is remarkably easy for people of a sensitive temperament to lose their identity in the story as they read. The complete detachment of Stevenson is an

achievement. The extended consciousness in the dream existence is a development of personality, the beginning of identity in a new field of existence. It is the consciousness of I, Myself, but without the further recognition of the surroundings and creative action as Mine.

The sage never questions his identity in dreams. He himself does all he dreams. Civilised people identify themselves as dreaming, or thinking all that happens as the faculty develops, and even go so far as to split their personality into two, forming another being to carry out their ideas. Tartini dreamed that the devil played a sonata. Authorities assert that he, continuing his waking habit, composed the sonata and created the devil out of his own thoughts. The devil was Tartini himself. And that devil would have taken a different form at different times. Had Tartini been an ancient Greek his devil would have been Orpheus, the illusion being in harmony with the ideas of the age. For the devil does not appear to Greek or Roman, but only to Christian people.

There are dreams in which we find ourselves discussing all sorts of problems with another individual. That other individual, an unknown personality, is superior in knowledge and argument. It will correct our mistakes and make out a better case than we have been able to advance. But this is considered to be proof of the duality of the brain, the abnormal memory peculiar to sleep which is utilised and expressed by a mythical being, identified as another person to facilitate the dream. When the dream is of moral import, this other personality is morally superior; but in reality it is the higher self, the dream coming in response to higher aspirations. Dream and dreamer are still identified as one.

Ordinary dreams do not go beyond this splitting of personality. Among ordinary dreams—and here I mean dreams that are allied to creative work of any description and combined with arduous study—there is a further consciousness of identity. It is the consciousness of dreaming as an “unreal” experience. I, conscious of Myself, know that all this is but a dream.

This consciousness of dreaming is the equivalent of consciousness of thinking, similar to the dual life in the waking existence when half the consciousness is of external things and the other half of thought. It is the perception of internal fantasy as external phenomena. The dream is recognised as imaginary. The dreamer reassures himself that all is but a dream, conscious

of its unreality. There is a slight memory of the actual world; comparisons are made between imaginary and actual events, and judgment pronounced. All this, however, is consciously known to the dreamer to be a personal achievement, a stretch of the imagination. The identity is so far awakened as to recognise itself in action. The dreamer is no longer chief actor, nor is he under the impression that he is spectator of a performance staged by little elementals. He identifies himself as creator and producer. He has reached the realisation of self in action—"I am dreaming."

You may hear people describe how the same dream will recur over and over again and how, when the dream begins, they recognise it instantly, and look for familiar scenery. "Here I am," they will think, "dreaming the same dream again." Or, if it be too incongruous or utterly distasteful, as it continues, they will remind themselves that it is only a dream.

This is not the highest realisation of self. It is still only a consciousness of surroundings, and involuntary action, and not the consciousness of the full personality, a being who suggests ideas to the imagination, who deliberately sets going the associative train of thought, who represses, brings forward, pulls back, cuts down, and arranges a coherent and logical story with the same skill as in the waking moments. It does not amount to the conscious exercising of the will. Voluntary action in dreams is yet a fuller development of identity in the dream existence.

There is a great question of how far dreaming is modifiable at the will of the dreamer. We assume that many logical dreams are begun during the waking activities, the action of which is dormant until the pressure of outside influences ceases. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* states that some few observers, like Myers and Dr. van Eden, record that they can, at longer or shorter intervals, control their activities in their dreams, though to a less extent than their imagined actions in waking life. Dr. van Eden tells that he has what he calls a "clear dream" once a month, when he is able to pre-determine what he will do when he becomes aware that he is dreaming. This we may take as the highest development of identity we know of in sleep.

Having endeavoured to trace the development of identity from confusion with the dream, to the detachment of Self as a spectator, and further to the consciousness of creative thought allied with will-power, that determines the manifestation of thought and action in dream in accordance with spontaneous

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desire, identity may be considered as firmly established, safe from the danger of any further molestation. As in the waking life I, the dreamer, fully conscious of Myself, I am able to dis-associate from the dream phenomena and remain, isolated as from other individuals in the realm of sleep. Here we get dreaming in perfection.

There remains one more experience in the dream existence which threatens the identity of the dreamer. It is that subtle influence of mind upon mind to which we are more sensitive in sleep than in the waking hours.

We have taken as metaphor a House of Dreams. We have seen how the Ego, though identified with the personal experiences, the memories and all that go to make the contents of this house, is, with few exceptions, such as objective realities, safe within its walls from outside influence. But it must be realised that nearly, if not all these Houses are fitted up with a wireless installation in every way superior to the real thing. It transmits thought, not merely as an idea, but dramatised. A distant individual with whom the dreamer is unaccountably attuned may speak; you see him speaking. He suffers; you feel it; he is joyful; you share that joy. The whole incident, and accompanying emotions, are transferred *en bloc*. And it is extremely difficult not to lose all consciousness of identity and to become, for the moment that other individual whose very feelings are radiated in your direction.

These are the dreams which others make for us. These are the dreams not self-created, which are put into action by another personality. This other personality is able, by the means of natural laws of which we know nothing, to enter your house and take possession of you. And we have reason to believe that all this is accomplished by thought—the influence of mind upon mind.

Personality, as far as we understand it, radiates from human beings, affecting others with a feeling of like or dislike. It is indefinable but it is, essentially, something we feel. If you try to analyse the pleasure in the society of certain people and seek the charm, the attraction, or sense of harmony in mere conversation, you will seek in vain. The topic of conversation may be interesting, the subject of discussion well treated, but the pervading influence which calls forth liking and appreciation apart from an intellectual treat, is a matter of feeling. And much, if not all, can be conveyed without words.

Great actresses are able to convey a sense of personality to an audience. Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, made her presence felt the moment she appeared on the stage. There was a scene in one play—*La Sorcière*, if I remember rightly—where she entered silently, and stood in the background watching the other players. Without expecting her entrance, some invisible force attracted the attention to the figure of that wonderful actress standing there motionless. One felt her presence. All who saw her act know how easy it was for the audience to share and identify themselves with the emotions of every character she personified.

In the waking existence any well-acted part in a play threatens the identity of the observer. The hero's adventures become our own. To what extent we merge our identity into his is a matter of temperament, of sympathy; few are above being affected by the acting. And what we have to remember is that in sleep all feelings are more acute. When we become spectators of the actual experience of another individual, incidents then happening at a distance as in the telepathic dream, identity is in danger of being submerged by that of the other person.

(To be concluded.)

THINGS IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE

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

THE other day I remarked to a friend of mine (quite untruthfully, I may add): "I have just flown here from Brussels." Later I said: "I have been trying a little psychological experiment on you. That remark of mine about flying from Brussels to London was untrue. Moreover, I gave you no evidence in support of it. Yet you didn't seem to doubt me, did you?"

"I don't quite see what the experiment is," he replied in a slightly hurt tone, "but certainly I didn't doubt you. Everyone knows your fondness for foreign travel, and the gay little capital of Belgium, I believe, is one of your favourite resorts. Flying is common enough these days. Why should I have doubted you?"

"Precisely," I said. "You accepted my statement because it fitted in with your notions concerning me, and the possibility of travelling from Belgium to England by air. In other words, it harmonized with your philosophy."

"Well, yes," he answered, "if you like to put it that way."

"Suppose," I asked, "I had made the statement twenty years ago, would you have accepted it as readily?"

He confessed that he would not.

"Suppose," I pressed, "that we lived in the seventeenth century, what then?"

"Perhaps," he replied with a laugh, "I might have been as superstitious as most men of the time and believed you to be a wizard. But if I had been the hard-headed man I am now, I should undoubtedly have reckoned you a liar."

"Even if I produced proofs of having been in Brussels but a few hours previously?"

"I think," he said, "that it would have been easier for me to have doubted the proofs than to have believed that you had flown."

My experiment had been entirely successful. It had provided a simple demonstration of the fact that belief and evidence stand in no relation of constant ratio. The plain fact of the matter is that the human mind believes this, that or the other thing,

not because of the evidence in its favour, but because it happens to fit in with that mind's philosophy ; and it disbelieves for exactly the opposite reason, the failure of the new thing to fit in.

This principle, if I may so call it, has exercised a most powerful influence in the evolution of human thought. It has been responsible, to a large extent, for the nature of this evolution, for the slow, if steady character of the world's mental progress. It has resisted all revolutions in the world of mind, and has spelt failure to every man who has dared to think more than the merest moment in advance of his time, or who has discovered, whether accidentally or by design, any fact for which the world was not then ripe.

Sometimes, as science advances, the work of a thinker, neglected by his own age because of the revolutionary character of his thought, gains recognition. More often the thoughts of such men are lost, forgotten. They are, alas! members "of that unfortunate fraternity to whom the world has never listened, because they have not prophesied acceptable things."

I have borrowed this last phrase from a recently published and remarkably readable book by Lieut.-Commander Rupert T. Gould, R.N. (retired), and he uses it apropos of "the Wizard of Mauritius"—a man of the eighteenth century who discovered a method of telling (by observing certain unknown meteorological phenomena) the approach of ships at sea long before they became visible above the horizon. Unfortunately he left behind him no intelligible account of *exactly* how this marvel was accomplished, and the fruits of his discovery—which appears to have been a genuine one—are lost, because it was made too soon in the history of human thought.

The "Wizard's" successful practice of the unknown art of "nauscopie" remains an unexplained fact. Lieut.-Commander Gould's book, the title of which is *Oddities*, is "a book of unexplained facts."* There are oddities of which further research has divested the oddness ; but Lieut.-Commander Gould's oddities remain oddities still. Moreover, he has wisely avoided the highways of mystery—he has, for example, no chapter dealing with the "Man in the Iron Mask"—and from the byways has brought to light some extraordinarily interesting problems,

* *Oddities. A Book of Unexplained Facts.* By Lieut.-Commander Rupert T. Gould, R.N. (retired). 8½ ins. x 5½ ins., pp. 336+8 plates. London: Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., Quality House, 69, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1. Price 12s. 6d. net.

forcibly reminding us—which is a salutary thing—that even twentieth-century philosophy is incapable of finding a niche for every awkward fact the Universe presents.

In a very legitimate sense, the whole realm of the unexplained—the realm of Things Impossible to Believe—belongs to the occultist. But some of Lieut.-Commander Gould's problems are, in a specialised sense, problems of the occult. There is the problem, for example, of the strangely accurate prophesies of Nostradamus. Is it possible for some minds, as the author suggests, to remember the future as we ordinary mortals remember the past, or . . . ? At any rate, whatever the "or" may be, *there* are the facts, inexplicable in terms of official science and philosophy.

Then, too, there are the problems presented by curious happenings in the Chase vault at Barbados, where coffins were periodically disarranged, apparently without the intervention of either human or natural agency, and the curious adventure of Mr. E. F. Skertchley amongst the Berbalangs of Cagayan Sulu, a pleasant people, who transform themselves into fireflies for the purpose of devouring the entrails of other folk. The first account suggests poltergeists; the second has affinities with the legends of the vampires. Perhaps naturalistic explanations are in both cases possible; but exactly what they are . . . well, these things remain very odd.

In the realm of the occult, perhaps, may also be placed the creature, if indeed it was a creature, which visited the district about Dawlish and Exmouth one February night in 1855. At any rate, next morning there were found in the snow a single line of hoof marks, the tracks covering nearly a hundred miles, belonging to no animal recorded in the text-books of natural history.

Interesting also is the problem presented by J. E. E. Bessler (or Orffreus, as he preferred to call himself), his perpetual motion wheel, and his description of how it worked. The last is based on unsound mechanical principles, and a wheel constructed in accordance with it would not go. But Orffreus' wheel *did*, apparently in defiance of the laws of Nature. The usual explanation is that it was caused to move by fraudulent means, *e.g.*, clockwork; but Lieut.-Commander Gould, who is an expert in the matter of chronometry, shows how very difficult, if not impossible, this explanation is to accept.

Perhaps even more interesting is the problem dealt with in

the chapter entitled "Mersenne's Numbers," which is really the problem of the mind of Fermat, to whom, it seems most probable, the discovery of these numbers was due. Fermat's powers of mathematical analysis and computation were certainly amazingly odd. Asked once by a correspondent whether the number 100,895,598,169 possessed any factors, Fermat replied by return that these were 898,423 and 112,303, both of which are primes. Mersenne's numbers, I may add, are certain numbers stated to be numbers of this latter sort. One of these numbers is obtained by multiplying 2 by itself until 127 twos have been multiplied together, and then subtracting one. This number has since been worked out and definitely proved to be prime. It comes to

170,141,183,460,469,231,731,687,303,715,884,105,727.

It is also said that a prime can be obtained by multiplying 257 twos together and subtracting one; but whether this is so or not still remains to be verified. In any case, the amazing feats of the mind of Fermat in the domain of mathematics indicate that we have, as a race, far from reached the limits of mental development, and hold out almost undreamt-of possibilities.

Truly "there are more things . . ." No! I will refrain from using this quotation, which has lost force from too much repetition. Last century it was possible for a man of science to declare that everything of importance about the Universe was known, no more great discoveries remained to be made, but henceforward Science had to concern herself with just filling in the little details. To-day we are wiser. Modern Science is prepared to build a new conceptual heaven and earth. It is a period of reconstruction. Those who build must take account of "oddities"—a place in the edifice of knowledge must be found for all of them—for the oddities Lieut.-Commander Gould has brought to light, and for all the amazing oddities recorded in *The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* and the annals of occultism generally.

THE LEFT-HAND PATH

BY DION FORTUNE

(PART I.)

THOSE who interest themselves in occult science constantly meet with warnings concerning the avoidance of the Left-Hand Path; they read of Black Occultism and Dark Initiators and many other items calculated to make the flesh creep. If they are of a nervous temperament, they see Dugpas behind every bush and are afraid to go home in the dark. A wholesome respect for the Powers of Darkness and a disinclination to trifle with them is a sound basis from which to start the investigation of supernormal phenomena, but panic-stricken ignorance does more harm than good. The warnings to neophytes are usually as vague as they are portentous, and afford little practical assistance when the student is actually confronted with an abuse of occult knowledge.

The subject is not a very savoury one, and for its comprehension plain speaking is necessary, just as plain speaking on other social problems was necessary for their remedy. A hush-hush policy gives evil its opportunity, whereas, if the matter be understood, the back of its power is broken.

Black occultists may be divided into two classes, those who deliberately say to Evil, "Be thou my good"; and those who stray on to the Left-Hand Path more or less unintentionally, and having got there stay there, often deluding themselves. We will deal with the former class first, because they afford a clear-cut illustration of the workings of spiritual evil. Those of the second class represent every grade of modification of the same principles. They are, of course, not so dangerous as the true devil-worshippers, but they can be very harmful and unpleasant. Fortunately the Christs of Evil are as rare as the Christs of Good. Supreme achievement in any walk of life is attained by but few. Let us always bear in mind the old story of the man who beat his breast and confessed himself to be the chief of the sinners, to whom the Devil replied, "That is just vanity, my boy, you are nothing of the kind."

The Initiate of the Right-Hand Path is God-centred; the Initiate of the Left-Hand Path is self-centred; that is the prime difference between them. It is the point which determines whether a soul will turn to the Right or the Left when it enters

upon the Path. Further occult development is but an unfolding of one or the other aspect of the nature.

The initiate of the Left-Hand Path is aiming at power for self-gratification. He is dangerous to contact because it is his aim to use his pupils, not to serve them. He is utterly unscrupulous and entirely selfish, and there is not very much left of a life after he has finished with it. There are three motives which prompt him: Greed, lust, and desire for power and knowledge for their own sake.

He seeks to open the psychic faculties, both in himself and others, by speedier and less troublesome means than the slow ripening of mind-training and meditation, and for the achievement of this end he employs drugs, usually of the hashish variety, which "unloose the girders of the mind" and give it a temporary expansion of consciousness. Now it is one thing to unloose the girders of the mind, and quite another to get the rivets tightened up again, and unless one is prepared to go through life rattling like a cheap motor-car, it is unwise to seek this method of development, speedy and effectual though it is. However warmly a system of drug-taking may be recommended as entirely harmless, the neophyte will be wise to refuse it, for it is based on a fundamentally wrong principle, and the after-results of even a single experiment may be very far-reaching.

To open the centres and contact other planes does not constitute the whole of psychism. It is necessary to know how to approach and handle that which is contacted. Drugs do not confer this knowledge, which only comes with experience, and therefore, although they indubitably can open the subtler planes to the experimenter, the opening is of so undesirable a nature that it is far better avoided.

Again, the neophyte may be assured by friends in whom he has confidence that they have made the experiment without ill-results. This also may be true; but there is a factor known to physiologists as "drug virginity." The evil effects of any abnormal stimulant or sedative do not become apparent at once; if they did, there would be no drug addicts. One can hardly conceive a person becoming an addict to tartar emetic. It is the cumulative effects that are toxic; and because the drugs which alter consciousness are habit-forming with various degrees of speediness, the risk even of experimentation is too great. Moreover, a dangerous astral contact may be formed at the very first experiment.

It may be taken as axiomatic that anyone who suggests the use of drugs for raising consciousness is definitely on the Left-Hand Path, and had best be avoided.

An adept may also offer to open the psychic centres of his pupil by means of hypnosis. To this method two objections apply. The first is that which we have already considered in relation to drug-illumination: that, although it admits to the subtler planes, it does not confer the powers of the planes. It is equivalent to starting up the engine of a high-powered car and sending an inexperienced driver straight into city traffic without even showing him which is the brake and which the accelerator. Secondly, after a person has been brought well under hypnosis two or three times, he is pretty much in the hands of the operator: and even if that operator be motivated by the purest intentions, the proceeding is very disintegrating to the pupil. In medical work, nowadays, deep hypnosis, for this reason, is very little used; psychologists prefer to rely on suggestion.

It should be noted, however, that although, after repeated hypnotic sleeps, the hypnotist can often throw his subject into trance by a word or a look, this is not possible in the first instance. No one can be hypnotised without his knowledge; it requires co-operation, and generally a determined and patient co-operation for the first induction of hypnotic sleep. The unwilling victim has merely to put his thumb to his nose and the would-be Dark Initiator is completely floored. I saw a great deal of remedial suggestion done by qualified doctors in the days when I worked at a mental clinic, and although there was no doubt about the ascendancy that could be established over a patient when once the hypnotic sleep had been induced, to induce it was not at all a simple matter, even with the patient co-operating to the best of his ability.

Although I discount the story of hypnosis by force, I am very well aware that one person can obtain a very great influence over the mind of another, and have often seen it done. I am of the opinion, however, that such a domination rests on the victim's trust and confidence in the dominator, and that when these are thoroughly shattered the domination does not last long. I am disinclined to believe the victim's assertions that he is entirely helpless in the matter, despite his realisation of the nature of his thralldom. When the bond is realised but not broken, there is either a lingering fascination, or the victim has been privy to matters which would cause social ruin if they came out, and the dominator knows too much to be defied.

The best way to escape from any such domination, when once it has been established, is to seek the help of some common-sense, stable-minded friend, well endowed with worldly wisdom and experience, who will not unduly stress the psychic side of matters, but encourage the victim to pull himself together, admit his share of the responsibility and cut his losses at any price. If he fears publicity should he turn on his tormentor, let him remember that his enemy has probably very much more reason to fear publicity than he has, and although a public exposure might provoke damaging retaliation, if he follows the advice which the caterpillar gave to *Alice in Wonderland* concerning the puppy-dog and says to his tormentor: "You let me alone, and I will let you alone," he is unlikely to hear much more of the matter. An unwilling victim is a nuisance.

The black occultist ensnares his victim through the weaknesses in that victim's own nature. The get-rich-quick spirit prevails in many souls who seek initiation, and they desire to reap where they have not sown. It is not difficult to fathom the psychology of most of those who get on to the Left-Hand Path and stop there. Those who resolutely refuse to play with fire seldom burn their fingers with black occultism. I am not saying that entirely innocent people, especially if they have but a superficial acquaintance with the subject, may not have unpleasant experiences at the hands of a black occultist, but it is my experience that the suspicions of a right-minded man or woman are quickly aroused, and they beat a retreat in the early stages. When people become deeply involved in black occultism, they usually have to say "mea culpa" before they get clear.

This does not mean that those who realise a mistake and retrace their footsteps are not deserving of all the help we can give, but in approaching them we ought to exercise the same precautions as in saving a drowning man, and take care that we ourselves are not involved in unpleasantness, for anyone who has come under the influence of black magic, even if he desires to break away from it, has probably undergone considerable deterioration of character, and is apt to be a very uncertain friend until his wounds have had time to heal and he has got the poisons out of his system. He will be suspicious and treacherous, liable to revert to his old ways at any moment and turn suddenly on his benefactor and rend him; his mind is very likely to be more or less unbalanced, and he is liable to delusions of persecution. It is no light undertaking to rescue a soul from

the clutches of a black magician. In fact, it is just like rescuing a cat from a dog: in its terror it will probably scratch and bite at the hands that have saved it from the jaws. Occult salvage is not a task for the timid, the emotional, or the imaginative. It requires a level head, calm judgment, patience and firmness, as well as the occult knowledge necessary to meet the black occultist on his own ground and withstand the occult retaliation which will probably be forthcoming. But, God be praised, there are those who will do it, and greater love hath no man than these, for there is every reason to fear those who can destroy the soul as well as the body.

We now come to the consideration of another, and very important, aspect of the subject: the occult aspect of sex. I have dealt with this in my book on *The Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage*, but I have touched but lightly on the black aspect of the subject in those pages. A brief explanation of the basic ideas is necessary for those unacquainted with this book.

Those who have entered into the deeper aspects of occultism know that Kundalini, the Serpent Force which lies curled up at the base of the spine, is really the sex force which has its centre in the sacral plexus, from which issue the nerves which govern the reproductive organs. In the normal way, this force is fully absorbed in its physiological functions, but there are two ways of rendering it available for other purposes, for in its psychic aspect it is a very important potency on the inner planes: it can be sublimated above its natural plane of expression, as is done by the ascetic, or it can be degraded below it. The latter is the method employed by the black occultist. He must, however, distinguish between the person who is merely making occultism a cloak for his vices and the person who, with knowledge, is deliberately using this great force as an occult battery. It is not easy to give sufficient information on this subject to forewarn the innocent without supplying the evil-minded with information they would be better without.

Let us try and understand the principles which govern the right use of this force, and then the methods of its abuse will become clear. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." When the whole nature is concentrated upon spiritual things, it takes little interest in the things of the senses. The great driving forces of the emotional nature are then turned to spiritual objects instead of earthly ones. This is the only true sublimation. From such a concentration of the whole nature

on an ideal comes tremendous psychic energy. The black occultist desires to obtain this concentration of psychic energy without foregoing the sensory gratifications. He wants, in fact, to eat his cake and have it. How is he to manage this? By the simple expedient of eating his own cake and then borrowing somebody else's. We then have the spectacle of one person, his stomach full of cake and another slice in his hand, confronting another person who has had just enough cake to whet his appetite and is very hungry. The enterprising cake-stealer then proceeds to trade in the superfluous slice of cake with other hungry cake-eaters. A variation of the metaphor may give a better understanding. The Japanese employ tame cormorants for fishing. The birds have a ring round their long necks which prevents them from swallowing the fish they catch, which are transferred from their pouches to that of the fisherman. The cormorants, needless to say, are kept hungry in order to encourage them to catch fish. The occultist who works with sex always has his cage of ringed cormorants. The poor creatures do not wear very well, and have to be constantly replaced.

I will describe the methods of some of these fishers of souls at present in our midst.

The first I will describe advocates the pagan view of life and a return to the primitive, and tells unmarried ladies that what they need is male magnetism. This disciple of Dionysius is atavistic; he is a "throw-back" to an earlier sub-race. He forgets that the occult aspect of sex is its sacramental not its animal aspect. His spiritual home is in the groves of Ashtoreth. His way may be the way of the servant, but it is certainly not the way of the Christ.

Another group of occultists who have attracted some attention, and deserve more, seem to be constructing a reservoir of astral force to be used for magical purposes. This reservoir appears to be supplied by inducing women to concentrate their emotions on the leader of the group by telling them that they have a link with him in their past lives. The psychic who gives such advice even goes so far as to tell some of his victims that he can read their future and that they will eventually marry the person upon whom they are instructed to concentrate. The effect of this advice on unmarried girls is bad enough, but it is a still more serious matter when it is given to married women, especially when they are also told that, if they want to advance rapidly on the Path, they should not live with their husbands but allow

themselves to be put in touch with an astral lover. Not only does this precious advice break up homes, but in several cases, to my personal knowledge, it has rendered the recipients mentally unbalanced. To this unsavoury request an attractive bait is usually added. The clairvoyant declares that their psychic centres are just on the verge of opening, and that a very little would render them clairvoyant. If this information is well received, he goes farther, and says that they are already in touch with their Master on the Inner Planes, and that they are actively engaged in occult work at night when out of the body, and that it is only because they fail to bring through the memory that they are unaware of it. This is a bait that few can resist, and they pay visit after visit (at half a guinea a time) to learn how their auras are getting on and what they have been doing recently on the Inner Planes.

Occult knowledge may never be sold for money, and no initiate who is under the Great White Lodge will ever charge a fee for any form of occult work. This is such a well-known esoteric fact that it is a little difficult to sympathise with those who choose to part with half-guineas for information concerning their progress on the Path, it being so obvious that the man who will ask and accept the half-guinea cannot be on the Path himself.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTICISM OF A. E. WAITE

By H. A. LUIS TREW

I

IT happens that when one seeks for the three writers of the most important and significant books on mysticism recently published in England, one immediately calls to mind Dean Inge, Miss Evelyn Underhill, and Mr. A. E. Waite. The first two have in common with one another more than either has with the third. Employing a loose classification, the attitude of Dean Inge towards mysticism may be termed philosophic, that of Miss Underhill scientific, and that of Mr. Waite sacramental. Both Dean Inge and Miss Underhill are associated with the Established Church, but Mr. Waite, while he stands apart from all formal religion, is avowedly sympathetic towards Roman Catholicism.

The importance of youthful influences may have been overstressed in recent years, but anyone who attempts to define Mr. Waite's position in the literature of mysticism and neglects to give due consideration to the early influences of this writer is wilfully throwing away an important key. It cannot be denied that Dean Inge, although the severest critic of the modern age, with the possible exception of Mr. Chesterton, is nevertheless as much a product of it as Mr. Wells or Mr. Shaw; while of Miss Underhill it can be said that she is perfectly at ease with current scientific and philosophic speculations. But Mr. Waite stands apart from the life of to-day. His spirit, inasmuch as it pertains to any historical period, unmistakably belongs to the Middle Ages.

A conception of the Middle Ages which assumes this period to have been wholly one of superstition and unreason is current. Such a false conception is not intended here. It is not contended that the mind of Mr. Waite lacks logic, nor that he is incapable of analytic and synthetic thought. Indeed, the purpose of this essay is to indicate that Mr. Waite's most important achievement is his acute analysis of the mystic's position. The contention is that, although the method of scientific thought is employed by Mr. Waite, the general outlook of modern man is undeniably foreign to him. His mind is calmer, more reposeful than that of the modern mind, and above all he has certitude and conviction.

II

We are told that Mr. Waite was scarcely out of his teens when one day, while browsing around a second-hand bookseller's, he came across a copy of Eliphas Lévi's *Dogme et Rituel de l'haute magie*. No one who has read this amazing concoction of truth and charlatanism, written in a cunning and fascinating style, can doubt the nature of the impression which it made upon the sensitive mind of Arthur Waite. The glamour of magic is incomprehensible to those who have not sensed it, but to those others who have come under its spell the very symbol suggests unseen worlds. There can be little speculation as to the effect which magic had upon Mr. Waite in these early days, but it is only necessary to study his writings to discover the extent to which his thought was bound up with ancient magic.

Mr. Waite is a voluminous writer and has produced many scholarly and illuminating books, but those which are the most significant and certainly the most relevant to my present purpose are two—*The Occult Sciences* and *Lamps of Western Mysticism*.

The Occult Sciences was published first in 1891, when Mr. Waite was just over thirty. A secondary title might well be *The Magician's Vade-mecum*. In the space of under three hundred pages all phases of magic are discussed, and in so critical yet earnest a manner as must have startled the world when this book was first given to it. There is no other work on the subject of a corresponding size which is at the same time so exhaustive, complete, critical and serious.

Whatever truth there may be in magic, it is certain that romantic imaginings about it are most undesirable; and those who possess greatest knowledge of the subject will agree that in this direction lies its greatest danger. In this way magic can fascinate, confounding and eventually destroying the mind. Investigation undertaken in a critical and scientific spirit alone is the correct approach to this subject.

There is no doubt that, when he first published this book, Mr. Waite believed that in magic he had found the surest way to the stars; in fact, he declares in its pages that experimental magic is a valid means of attaining the mystic's end. There remains this difference, however, between Mr. Waite and almost any other modern practitioner of magic—it is difficult to believe that personal experience in practical magic is unknown to him—that, even in the early days of his investigations into magic, his

sole aim was mystical, and not an attempt to extend his knowledge of worlds either natural or supernatural. But if it did happen that he came across secrets regarding the nature of the universe, this was accidental and merely incidental to his quest for God. It is in this respect that Mr. Waite differs from the majority of occultists, and it is because he has sought a divine Being by the path of magic that he differs from Dean Inge and Miss Underhill.

Only those who have passed through a similar schooling can realise the nature of the temptations which besiege those who adopt this method. It is one of the greatest tributes to Mr. Waite's sanity, and to the validity of his inspiration, that he has succeeded in emerging unscathed from his journeying in the realm of magic.

Many have found themselves called upon to lead the mystic's life at one period or another of their earthly existence, but few have received that call so early, or obeyed it so whole-heartedly, as Mr. Waite has done. No one who has studied his work even but slightly can doubt that the sole aim and illuminant of his life is his desire for divine union. Nor can they overlook the fact that with a richer experience his attitude towards magic has changed, and that method which he once considered the mystic way *par excellence* is now held by him not only as being invalid, but rather a way of illusion and self-deception.

In 1924, in answer to demands for *The Occult Sciences*, which was by then out of print, a second impression was issued, identical in format with the 1891 edition, unrevised, but prefaced with a publishers' note which stated that the new issue, "though sanctioned, has not been superintended by the author himself, who desires us to state that it was written about thirty-three years ago, and does not represent his present views on matters of occult research or on several pretences of occult arts and processes." Shortly after this, *Lamps of Western Mysticism* was published, wherein his new position was clearly defined.

III

"Mysticism," like most words descriptive of mental states and conditions, has received an undue amount of abuse and maltreatment. It is impossible to obtain a clear definition of the word from dictionaries, and most other books of reference are equally useless. It cannot be denied that this term has been

employed by some to indicate vagueness of thought ; but that these are as incorrect as those who regard it as a synonym for occult science or magic is demonstrated by the fact that mysticism definitely leads to a condition beyond thought. It dispenses with thought, and on this account is systematically opposed by those who maintain that, if reality can be comprehended, it is only by the normal faculties of the mind that this is possible. Mysticism does not solve world problems, does not give knowledge of other planes of existence. It does not claim to give knowledge—in the accepted sense of the word—of reality, unless by this phrase is implied Divine Union.

Mysticism from which the added superfluities of formal religion have been removed resolves itself into this : Mysticism is the attempt of the human mind to effect communication with God. From this desire to come in contact with Infinity all religion has sprung, and on its realisation all religious truth depends.

Mysticism is not a creed, but an experience, and Mr. Waite is not propounding a theory, but speaking from experience, when he says that he who seeks out a Divine Being does not search in vain, but is rewarded by certitude and the knowledge of whence he has come and whither he is going. Mr. Waite has defined the mystic's position in the simplest terms ; he has as clearly declared what it is not. He has sundered mysticism and occultism, and has indicated that, whatever truth there may be in spiritism, it has nothing to teach the mystic, for he knows that sooner or later he must return whence he came, and is therefore not concerned with intermediary stages of being. That there are various states of mystical experience is admitted, but all are experiences of joy. Whether the final experience can come to man while still in the flesh—that state of consciousness perhaps beyond consciousness in the accepted sense, which is termed divine union, and which is truly said to "pass all understanding"—is a question Mr. Waite is unable to answer.

The day has passed when competent psychologists can overlook the problems raised by the mystical experience ; in fact, it is a subject which increasingly demands their attention. But psychology is still a young science, which has not yet fully emerged from its elementary stage : its methods are still uncertain and its conclusions tentative, while mysticism is the oldest art practised by man. Psychology has shown, however, that the mystic's experience is one of a definite and unique kind, which

cannot be confused with other experiences exhibiting similar, but superficial, resemblances. It is, however, in their interpretations of this experience that psychologist and mystic differ; for the psychologist maintains that "the still, small voice," the apparent divine response, the mystic senses, is nothing more than one section of the brain, the whole being in a condition of dissociation, responding to the other. But psychologists bear witness to the intense ecstasy of the experience, and are of the opinion that it is perhaps the most beneficial which one can participate in, for it appears to possess the power of re-establishing order and bringing harmony to the mind. The competent investigator realises that mysticism cannot lightly be dismissed, and whether the mystic's experience is valid according to his interpretation or not, it seems probable that therein lies the solution of a large number of our modern mental problems.

IV

Under many different symbols, and in a multitude of myths and legends, Mr. Waite has spoken of the mystic's experience. He has seen glimmerings of it in many unlikely places, and has discovered references to it in the legend of the Holy Graal, in Alchemy, in the Rosicrucian Order, in ancient Israel, and in Freemasonry. Whatever interpretation one may finally give to his experiences, one cannot deny their depth and intensity. One cannot doubt that he has passed far on the mystic's way, for he has spoken of it as clearly as words will avail him, and now that it would appear that he has passed to a deeper state beyond the power of normal language, he has been compelled to resort to symbolism and fable.

Pure mysticism is unconcerned with world problems, and those who seek in the writings of A. E. Waite a solution to the enigma of the universe must be disappointed. He is not interested in general religious problems. He is not a great moral teacher, for morals do not enter into his sphere. He does not speak of the future, he does not prophesy a spiritual revival, or the contrary. His sole concern is with the attainment of the mystic's goal. This does not imply coldness or selfishness on his part. In innumerable books he has given the most valuable help which any man can give in these matters; while those who are favoured with his friendship testify to his warmth and generosity of spirit. For him the world is a symbol, and life a sacrament, "an outward

and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." He is in the great tradition of mystics, and, like his great predecessors, he has borne witness to states of consciousness unknown to us who are less gifted, less spiritually refined. He has freed mysticism from the shackles of formal religion, and has given it to us in its pure form. He has set an example to be followed, and has indicated how this may be most easily achieved. He has found the Infinite, and if this be illusion it is the Great Illusion.

Illusion or reality, the experience remains, and the testimony of Mr. Waite proves that it is one which may well be described as ecstatic. The path has been shown to us, and it depends on us whether we follow it or turn aside. It is only one possessed of great courage, sincerity, discernment and refinement who could have achieved what Mr. Waite has done, who could have followed the path of the mystics in these modern days, and who, avoiding illusion, can speak so lucidly and so fearlessly of his experiences.

RULERSHIP

By E. M.

DO you speak of taming animals?

First tame the animal of your lower nature.

Do you speak of civilising savages?

First speak of civilising the savage of your own unfettered impulses.

Do you speak of quelling the mob?

First quell the mob of your own rioting thoughts.

Do you speak of ruling a people?

First rule the kingdom of your own bodies.

For the quality of kingship is only developed through the practice of government in your own life.

THE "KA" : An Experience on the Third Pyramid

By FREDERICK MERVYN

I HAVE kept the following experience to myself for years, for of its peculiar nature it is difficult of belief, and would destroy its own value by the scepticism it would in all probability evoke.

Many strange happenings, however, are about us in these days, and it may be that there are those who can see the significance of this happening in particular, as tending to show that all the fantastic imagery of early Egyptian belief was more than idle imagining, and all its precision of detail more than mere ornament.

In 1915 I was attached for a time to G.H.Q. in Cairo. It was a unique chance to indulge the strange fascination that the shrines and relics of Ancient Egypt always had for me since childhood. So I spent most of my spare time seeing as many of the ancient landmarks and sites as I could, revelling in my good fortune. Much I saw, and much I marvelled.

One morning, waking well before dawn, I was filled with a strong impulse to watch the sunrise from the top of the Third Pyramid at Gizeh.

Even before the Arab street-merchants had started their raucous matutinal clamour—and that is *very* early—I trundled out my motor-bicycle and pushed off in the limpid greyness along the straight road through the irrigated country towards the Pyramid plateau.

Hardly a soul did I meet. Several peasants were hurrying in from Gizeh with camels which snorted disdainfully at my bike, and turned up their supercilious noses as I passed.

Arrived at Mena House Hotel, I left my machine at the fire-station opposite to it and walked up the long, winding incline that leads to the rocky platform on which the Pyramids lie.

I rather prided myself on my prompt start, as I realised—with a certain thrill—that for once I had the whole scene to myself, just as I wished it. Not a living being was to be seen as I skirted the bases of the two larger pyramids and struck off diagonally from the foot of the Second across the sand towards the Third—

the life-work of Men-Kau-Ra, who presumably slept in it for some time undisturbed before the tomb-thieves found their way in.

The sun rose just as I reached it, throwing immensely long, graduated shadows from the mighty mathematical shapes. Taking the shadowed side, I slowly scaled the pyramid, drawing myself with some difficulty up the tall steps formed by the removal of the granite facing. I rejoiced in the complete absence of the hordes of officious, clamouring native guides and touts who infest these monuments by day and who will never allow one a moment's peace to enjoy the majesty of the scene. To be perfectly alone in the enjoyment of one of the most wonderful sights in the world was a perfect beatitude, and I was supremely content.

Aiming at the spectacular, I reckoned that as I emerged upon the apex of the pyramid the rising sun should strike full in my face. Some shadowy notion of the sacred significance of the rising Horus to the ancient Egyptians was in my mind, but as yet I knew little of their beliefs beyond the fact that they were sun-worshippers. I, too, have always been a sun-worshipper, though without formulating any definite creed out of it.

At last I drew myself level with the top block and stood erect. The sudden blaze of sunlight in my eyes dazzled me for a moment, and I raised my hands to protect my eyes. As I did so, an object that moved at the same moment about five steps down the sun-bathed side of the pyramid caught my attention; and this is where real and unreal become so inseparably intertwined as to render this narrative incomprehensible to all but an understanding few. At least, I can only record what I saw there in the brilliance of the new-risen sun.

I saw an enormous hawk.

I knew it was a hawk, though I had never seen one like it before, and have never done so since.

Apparently it had been perching there awaiting the sun's arrival—similarly to myself. My sudden appearance and the abrupt movement of my hands must have startled the great bird, for it slowly spread a pair of curiously horizontal wings that must have measured nearly seven feet from tip to tip, and glided with superb majesty down the side of the pyramid and away to the right across the desert till I lost sight of it in the glare.

But, as I gazed down at it, I was spellbound to see that its plumage was most brilliantly coloured in a green and blue pattern, with splashes of white and red on the wings close to the body—a pattern with a strangely conventional, rectilinear effect. I recognised those painted wings (as they seemed) at once. To my mind flashed the recollection of seeing just that design and those strong colours painted upon the breasts of mummies and upon their coffins in the great museum at Boulâq in Cairo. At that time I was only struck by their close resemblance and the unusual size and shape of the bird, and wondered if this were a rare survival of the ancient hawk of dynastic times which the funerary artists had endeavoured conventionally to portray.

The only hawk I knew of in Egypt was the ubiquitous kite, a somewhat disreputable-looking bird of a dirty grey-brown colour who swarms in his thousands throughout the Delta, acting as a useful scavenger. I knew that the Egyptians had deified him because of this useful function which saved them trouble and some unpleasantness.

But I could not believe him to be more than a very poor relation of this gleaming, princely-robed potentate who sat in solitary pomp upon the pyramid in the dawn.

The bright colours were no optical illusion, I may say. I have, and had then, singularly clear sight, and no drab-hued feathers could have reflected those blazing colours from the solar spectrum, nor could the exactitude of design be imagined.

I have no words to express my feelings as I watched the spread of those mighty wings—almost a dead straight line across—and the infinite grace of that slow, steady swoop of the great hawk downwards and outwards and away over the desert almost into the eye of the sun. I believe I was too astonished to be able to think clearly for some time afterwards, although strange, half-formed impressions stirred me.

After about fifteen minutes' motionless vigil, I retraced my steps to the fire-station, mounted my motor-bicycle, and rode off home, lost in my thoughts and erratic as to my driving.

For a long time I never mentioned this episode to a soul; but a week or so afterwards I met a padre friend in the Turf Club who was a well-known authority on Egyptian antiques. He had a collection of them worth several thousands of pounds, contained in steel filing-cupboards in his apartments.

Without disclosing my experience, I asked him casually if

the symbolic hawk often found painted upon mummy-coffins, and represented at times as hovering over the recumbent mummy, had any origin in a similarly plumed hawk that had existed in dynastic ages. He replied that, so far as was known, it had not, nor, indeed, had any hawk been known of that colouring or even approaching it. He told me then what I have since verified in study—that of the nine "bodies" or aspects of a human being, as understood by the ancient Egyptians, the "Ka"—or Double—consisting of the deceased's abstract individuality, was habitually represented as returning to visit the mummy at intervals in the appearance of a large, brightly-coloured hawk, sometimes having a human head in the likeness of the dead person. It was also supposed that this Ka kept a perpetual watch over the mummy and the place of its entombment, lest the destruction of the preserved earthly vehicle, or at least its shape and likeness, should put a period to the heaven-life of the ego.

Moreover, to add to the coincidence of the time and place, a brilliant-hued hawk was also symbolical of Horus, the Sun-god, in his aspect of rising and triumph over darkness and death.

Thereafter I found myself placed in a peculiar position, inasmuch as I knew not what to believe myself, and could not, therefore, expect others to take my story seriously. Hence I have kept it mainly to myself during the years since.

For apparently, according to observed facts and also the belief in which Men-Kau-Ra reared his pyramid and slept in it—I have seen his symbolic Double, doubtless in the shape of a perpetuated thought-form, keeping its ages-long vigil over the tomb and rendering obeisance to his Master—Horus.

Otherwise, how can the appearance of a bird that ostensibly never existed be accounted for? I knew then little or nothing about the famous Ritual of the Dead, or any of the funeral lore of these ancients, although I have since then studied the subject with deep interest, intensified by the recollection of the glimpse narrated above.

I am aware that I court no less incredulity and scepticism in revealing the experience now than I would have done at the time of its occurrence.

At least, there it is. I feel that it should be disclosed although I must leave the explanation to others, whilst retaining the impression built into my own memory thirteen years ago.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DISCRIMINATION

BY W. WILSON LEISENRING, B.A.

READERS of this Review will be of one mind in regard to the difficulties which man encounters in the course of his evolution and especially in the age, or stage, when his mind is awakened to inquire into the meaning of human existence. A serious inquirer speedily discovers that inequalities and variations of phenomenal conditions, human or otherwise, are due to differences in magnetic conditions. He observes that all phases of existence are maintained by two "opposing" forces such as the positive and negative "poles" in chemical states of matter, and the high level cosmic energies, postulated by science and partially discovered, which appear to balance the inertia of our physical globe.*

Between these extremes, the free energies and those locked in mineral matter, there is, however, a continuous polar action and evolution of forms, a magnetic exchange that conditions the growth, decay, death and birth of organic forms and their evolution. Photosynthesis—a phenomena now known and so described by modern science—demonstrates an electro-chemical interaction of plant organisms with the ultra-violet radiations of light. Animal organisms absorb these rays of light and also the infra-red heat rays. The human physical organism has properties similar to those of the plant and animal but, in addition, it is played upon by metaphysical mental energies; and, while plant and animal forms function through the instinctive operations of *sentient* matter, man is so constituted that he is compelled to function also in *perceptive* matter. He is a complex of physical senses and mental faculties; *below* him in the scale of evolution are the elemental, the concrete physical, and the physiological, statesⁿ of matter from which are derived his physical body and animal intelligence—the animal soul; *above* him in the scale are the metaphysical states of matter from which are derived his intellectual powers, that is, his human soul, or mind.

* The auric radiations of minerals that pass through the earth into the atmosphere and can now be spectroscopically photographed, indicate magnetic exchange with the ether, and are evidence of a cycle of existence beyond our computation at present, and of a magnetic exchange on very high energy levels which leave the lower and coarser chemical states of mineral matter in apparent inertia. Hence the deduction that the ether exerts an immense "pressure" on (or polar opposition to) the earth whereby the latter is maintained in existence.

Science has pretty well demonstrated that the essence of matter is the One Life latent in every possible form or state of matter, although the Centre in which the polar opposites are neutralised can never be discovered by physical science. It is the *spiritual* Centre of the Universe. Now, the human physical form represents the climax, the *ne plus ultra* of physical evolution, and as there can be nothing superior or higher, from the physical point of view, than a fine specimen of the human race, may we not consider physical man to be the perfect negative pole of superlatively-positive energies? * If, then, humanity cannot evolve further as a physical race, what is the next step in evolution for a man who realises this? Obviously he must use his distinctively human characteristics to supersede those of the animal; but as these are not *instinctive* qualities, he cannot expect to advance inevitably and automatically as do the lower kingdoms. His human nature *perceives* the sensations and desires of his animal soul, and this "action" of perception stimulates the will-essence latent in mental matter. The result is that man consciously wills either to ignore, or to respond to, the animal instincts.

The two poles which man must learn to equilibrate are, therefore, the psycho-physical and psycho-spiritual energies. A man cannot advance with the general evolutionary movement, involved in the cosmic process, until he has made good his place in the series as a fully conscious *human* being. The step beyond that does not concern him until this has been accomplished. Evolution is a principle that cannot be denied or thwarted. Man can, of course, ignore it, but this would mean that he refuses to work with Nature; and, since it is impossible for any entity or being to move against the stream of evolution, and man's refusal to move on amounts to obstruction, he will be swept aside eventually by the "strong arm" of the law and lose his birth-right. Such a fate could not befall an animal because it has no power of choice but follows instinctively the tendency of its sentient nature. Man being a dual nature (psycho-spiritual and psycho-physical), he is compelled to choose for such is the tendency of *his* nature. He must answer Hamlet's query. His fate depends on his attitude. Does he sincerely desire to advance, or does he, in fact, prefer to try and compromise with Life in order to gratify his lower instincts?

* This idea is more fully worked out in an article in the August-Sept. (1928) number of this REVIEW.

One often hears a person say, "I should like to know how to conquer the animal desires but none of the books on this subject are really any help." Such persons are deceiving themselves, for if they truly aspired to surmount the past, the energies set in motion by such aspiration would tend to counteract or balance the coarser animal vibrations.* By aspiration we set up a magnetic connection with the finer spiritual velocities which again induces stronger aspiration and strengthens the will. One glimpse of the glory of a free human being and an aspiration (however fleeting) of the whole nature toward that state, will prove to any man the reality of the magnetic "chains" that bind the universe together. But no book, no external teacher, no dogma, can exercise this act of aspiration for us. Further, we are not in a position to judge the spiritual value of any book, teacher or doctrine until we have invoked the spiritual energies of the mind, the *Divine Soul* "within."

In the childhood of a human race the choosing is done for the younger ones by rules of moral, ethical and social conduct laid down by elder ones who have already chosen, and learned how, to work with Nature as psycho-spiritual beings. At later stages evolution demands that the younger ones must learn for themselves, through actual experience, what is "good" and what is "evil," what advances and what hinders their individual spiritual progress. They must be left without exterior guidance in order to develop interior powers of discrimination. This is not an arbitrary decision of the elders; it is a demand of Nature made by the younger ones themselves. But when the latter are free, and the old gods and ideals have departed man becomes an easy prey to forces and entities inimicable to his evolution. This is also inevitable and in the nature of things, for psycho-physical consciousness opposes psycho-spiritual self-consciousness. Until a man begins to cultivate the latter and puts himself in magnetic relationship with the beings who function in these higher levels, he is subject to the powers that function in the psycho-physical states of matter. These may control a man through his emotional sensations, through fear, sensual propensities, selfish desires, personal ambition, mental egotism, etc.

Priestcraft, in both religion and science, has deceived man as to his real nature, though, *on the whole*, it has been a certain negative safeguard, inasmuch as it has restrained him from

* This is no doubt the scientific reason why "disciples" (those who are disciplined) must be virile and healthy, in order to afford a strong resistance and evoke, by opposition, the higher spiritual energies.

deliberately exercising latent psycho-physical powers when there was no development of the psycho-spiritual nature to balance or hold the former in check. The extreme materialism into which both religion and science finally declined was the provoking cause, however, of a gradual reaction amongst those races where the evolutionary forces were awakening the minds of men. Religious and political revolutions were followed by a psychical revolution, and the outbreak of psycho-physical phenomena in Europe and America in the middle of the nineteenth century, summoned, as by polar opposites, the individualities who maintain the spiritual functions of mankind. Such an event, such an active opposition of forces, signifies a crisis in our human cycle, for man's spiritual freedom is at stake. The issue hangs on the power of individual men to discriminate between the two poles of their human constitution—the immortal non-corporeal self-consciousness, and the mortal bodies of desire which suck men to oblivion in the astral regions.

Many forms of priestcraft, old and new "authorities," have rallied to preserve and obtain personal power and to augment their dominion over the minds of men; and some attracted to, or acquainted, though often superficially with, psychical forces, have not despised the increase of mediumistic symptoms through which they may exercise personal authority.

On the other hand, the individualities who exercise higher, impersonal powers do not and cannot represent any personal authority. Their function in such a crisis, where civilisations are disintegrating, is to give the world the benefit of their knowledge and experience, so far as man is able to understand and grasp the principles expounded. They are bound to point out the true nature of man and the way to its realisation; to warn against the danger of the lower mental powers that tempt men to destruction; but they cannot interfere with man's power of choice because *no one can choose for another*. They may tell men that discrimination is the first and last and most important power that the mind of man must acquire if he would understand his real nature and win immortality; and they may point out what constitutes illusion and false knowledge; but, as *no one can learn for another*, each man must discover for himself the distinction between the "false" and the "true." He may think he knows many times, only to realise that he has allowed himself to be deceived either by his own or another's desires.

Many false guides and teachers have enticed men from the

straight path and enhanced their own power, psychic and temporal, by promising men *personal* satisfaction or rewards, such as material possessions, sensual gratification, and the continuance of *personal* characteristics and enjoyments after death in opposition to the fact that evolution is a process of discarding old forms and that man can save his "life" only by consciously abandoning it. The Path of Tao is not retrograde, and atavistic tendencies cannot travel there. Sub-human sensualists result from psycho-physical development pursued as an end in itself, for animal clairvoyance is a retroversion and is a hindrance rather than a help in overcoming the tendencies to jealousy, envy, pride and egotism that characterise the personal psychical man.

In order to judge whether a book, a message or a person, is expounding the true doctrine, it is necessary to bear in mind the polar principle and to be prepared for followers of the false *gnosis* as well as for those of the true, for anti-Christ as for Christ, for psychics as for initiates, for the brothers of the Shadow as for the brothers of the Light. The polar balance is for man fundamentally a moral and ethical question. Those under the influence of separative, self-seeking powers feel no responsibility for the fate of human souls struggling to find their way to the light; and education and learning are in themselves no protection against a highly developed brain divorced from the spiritual intelligence.

Much erudition and scholarship may be mingled subtly with false doctrines and mislead, especially in an age that respects book-learning and research. Unless we know beforehand the simple principles of the true doctrine we may be led to accept ideas, theories and even practices that are inimicable to spiritual growth. An exponent of false knowledge may exhibit great learning and mental acuteness, and veil his "teaching" with the same philosophical vocabulary originally used by the true initiates. Familiarity with the doctrines stated and confirmed by the experiences of the many sages and seers of the past is an assistance in checking "new revelations." Such comparative studies have been made, notably by Max Müller in *The Sacred Books of the East*, and by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, where the ancient Greek philosophers, the Neo-platonists and the Mediaeval Mystics and Alchemists were included in the comparison.

An experience common to all the Great Ones of every age and race has been variously termed Union with God, Atonement,

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Gnostic Enlightenment, Knowledge of Tao, Realisation of Bodhi, Raja Yoga—a psycho-spiritual attainment, the antithesis of Hatha Yoga which is psycho-physical development. And the way to this experience is commonly and universally described as self-discipline, self-control and *self-sacrifice*. This is a simple test for all works that propound "new teaching." To sum up :

1. The Sons of Light do not proselytise nor advertise. They do not come to us : we must seek them out—rise to their level : we cannot recognise them by any other means.

2. Truth is *one* and universal. It cannot vary with the passing years, for it is timeless. There are no "later teachings" with regard to Truth. When a messenger utters Truth it is the same Truth as that of the ancients, as that of future Sages.

3. Truth concerns *eternal principles*, not *persons*, passing forms nor transitory passions and desires of men. When a teacher or a book expounds methods for the development of "occult powers," for increasing astral susceptibility, clairvoyance, etc., we may know that the teaching relates to *temporal* things, to personal acquisition, to indulgence of the lower self, and does not concern the Higher Self, the Divine, selfless self seated in the *heart* (not the brain) of all beings, which is the true goal of human evolution.

4. When a *person* is declared, or declares himself to be a teacher, or an *avatar*, we must search for the source of the teaching in our own consciousness and *there* test and prove it.

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.]

INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Urania," has misquoted a sentence in my article on "Individuality and Personality." My conclusion was *not* that we "discard the individuality so that it becomes that Self," but that "the individuality may be discarded with safety only when it *will have become* that Self." "Urania's" point is well-taken, however, for it shows the danger of ending an article with a paradox, and all *statements* regarding Self-realisation are paradoxical. The mentality of modern man, whether in the West or the East, is ill equipped to comprehend the incomprehensible! But evolution is forcing him to make the attempt, and certainly the volumes of writings on this subject indicate that those who do comprehend are not averse from trying to help man overcome his formal mind. To this mind the "One," the "All," the "Universal," is a something spread throughout space like a thin paste or viscous gas, and a man naturally objects to getting stuck therein and being rolled out into space by a cosmic rolling-pin. "I want to be an angel and with the angels sing," he piped in Sunday School, and he clings to this idea as he grows older and he frequently creates a paradise in his own imagination less fluidic than his conception of the "All," but quite as pasty in the theatrical sense; and he galvanises his stage marionettes with his own sticky and sentimental notions of earthly "love."

All such cloying ideas of individuality, all egotistical thoughts of "my" power, "my" knowledge, all *human* conceptions of individuality will be discarded when the individualising principle in man *becomes* aware of itself and is "face to face" with itself—another paradox! The human idea of "universal consciousness" is self-contradictory, for how can there be any such consciousness unless an individual self is conscious of it? There can be no realisation without an "I" to realise, no "cosmic consciousness" other than that experienced by individuals.

The Principle of Individuality, or Epigenesis, is basic in any universe, but the consciousness of this principle is relative to the stage of evolution, to the state of matter corresponding to, and characteristic of, the consciousness which functions therein. Individuality is the great mystery of life! it is the true atom, the non-corporeal, immaterial *Monas*, the seed that *becomes* a full-blown SELF.

It is the Life principle locked in the mineral, vitalising and individualising the flora of the Earth, animating and individualising the animal species, energising and individualising human egos, and realising Itself only when it has attained to SELF-consciousness and is independent of the separative, formal mind.

The evolution of this principle is a process of renouncing old forms and acquiring new faculties. All earlier conceptions of a restricted or isolated individuality must disappear simultaneously as the Pilgrim Soul realises that "I and the Father are One." This is *not* absorption; it is Realisation of That which cannot be divided or separated because "it" is formless and immaterial. Thou art That.

Yours respectfully,
W. WILSON LEISENRING.

THE SCRIPTS OF CLEOPHAS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the correspondence in your journal concerning the source of *The Scripts of Cleophas*. Having just completed a study of this remarkable book, may I express my surprise that spiritualists should make such a definite claim that this work has been communicated by a discarnate intelligence? To my mind the theosophical explanation of its origin alone fits the case. The following extract from a preface by A. P. Sinnett seems very clearly to explain the source of *The Scripts of Cleophas*.

"Man's memory is a function of some other than the physical plane. The pictures of memory are imprinted, it is clear, on some non-physical medium, and are accessible to the embodied thinker in ordinary cases by virtue of some effort he makes. He is as much unconscious to its precise character, as he is unconscious of the brain impulse which actuates the muscles of his heart. The events with which he has had to do in the past are photographed by nature on some imperishable page of super-physical matter, and by making an appropriate interior effort he is capable of bringing them again, when he requires them, within the area of some interior sense which reflects its perceptions on the physical brain. We are not all of us able to make this effort equally well, so that memory is sometimes dim, but even in the experience of mesmeric research, the occasional super-excitation of memory under mesmerism is a familiar fact. The circumstances plainly show that the record of Nature is accessible if we know how to recover it, or even if our own capacity to make an effort for its recovery is somehow improved without our having an improved knowledge of the method employed. And from this thought we may arrive by an easy transition at the idea, that in truth the records of Nature are not separate

collections of individual property, but constitute the all-embracing memory of Nature herself, on which different people are in a position to make drafts according to their several capacities. . . . A time will come as certainly as the procession of the equinoxes, when the literary method of historical research will be laid aside as out of date, in the case of all original work. People among us capable of exercising astral clairvoyance in full perfection are still very few. . . . But as time goes on and within a measurable future, some of us have reason to feel sure that the numbers of those competent to exercise astral clairvoyance will increase sufficiently to extend the circle of those who are aware of their capacities, till it comes to embrace all the intelligence and culture of civilised mankind only a few generations hence."

Apart from their considerable literary merits, *The Scripts of Cleophas* are, to my mind, of the greatest interest to all theosophists because they are an excellent example of what astral clairvoyance (as described by Mr. Sinnett) can achieve. But I do not see how the spiritist hypothesis can be applied to them.

Yours faithfully,

A. CONNELL.

DREAM SYMBOLISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—During the last two or three years, I have had a variety of psychic or "dream" experiences; some of which have been very extraordinary, but to which I have not attached much significance, except that I have recognised the psychic development. But a few weeks ago I had an experience which I should like to relate, and to ask if any of your readers who have had similar experiences can tell me the significance of this one. The following is my "dream" experience:

On Sunday morning, June 17th, after a very hard week's work, and feeling very tired, I did not get up, but after having a cup of tea I decided to have two or three hours' extra sleep. I prayed that I might "go away" and have a real rest and be refreshed in body, soul and spirit, to fit me for the coming strenuous week.

In a few minutes, it seemed, I was away, and entering a temple for worship. (I do not know any such building in the material world.) After leaving my hat in the ante-room, I went in with other worshippers. But instead of sitting with the congregation, which was a small one, I, with two or three other men, knelt on the steps of the altar. The officiant minister put on each of our heads a veil—a kind of band which fitted the head, from which were hung beautiful small golden beads which hid our faces from view, but through which we could see. We were being initiated for some special service or work, and the

ceremony then proceeded. During the ceremony, I fell forward on my face on the carpeted floor of the chancel, where I remained listening to the service without any interference. After the ceremony was over, the officiant spoke to me a few words, and then took me into a room alone with himself. He opened a drawer or shallow tray in a large cabinet. This was the bottom tray and about the size of an ordinary hearth-rug. From this tray or drawer, which was covered with velvet, he took up a large diamond, about the size of a Barcelona nut, and placed it on the palm of my right hand. As I looked at it, standing by his side, I remarked: "O, this *is* a beautiful stone, and it is a *living stone*, for it is warm with life."

The brilliant flashed out all colours and sparkled as I have never seen a diamond, and it felt quite warm in my hand. But I put it back in the drawer and left. The whole service was a delight, while the incident of the stone seemed a very special favour.

When I awoke, about twelve, after the two hours' sleep, I felt very much refreshed and cheered.

The work I was doing at the time was quite simple, to me, but the conditions under which we were working—over a hundred men and women in one room, underground, in Westminster—from 9.30 a.m. to 12 midnight, including some Sundays, and scores of men smoking from 4 p.m. and no proper ventilation. My health broke down under this strain and on Sunday, July 8th, I was dismissed without notice. I have been at home ill ever since but am now feeling almost ready for work again. I mention these things thinking the "dream" experience may have some bearing on the matter.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM HARRISON.

THE WHITE BROTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I suggest that the question whether "an actual Fraternity of White Brothers exists" is one each must decide for himself or herself?

Some of us have sufficient proof that a White Brotherhood exists, and a Black Brotherhood—and that the latter are eternally seeking to usurp the rightful power and position of the former.

Whether there is a "secluded" body "on the physical plane" is really a matter of minor importance. What matters is this. Where so much is involved, for good or evil, nobody should accept second-hand information as true—however "great" the authority.

We need not accept the statement too literally that "such highly developed souls" would "not be worried or disturbed" by our modern murderous system!

If one sets a delicate china pot to float down the stream in the midst of a huge crowd of iron or zinc or copper pots—the china pot runs serious risk of breakage. Some of us know that the same occurs to the more delicately organised and adjusted mechanism of the more “highly advanced.” This is why many whom this crude world needs to-day are shrinking from contact with the outer world—burying their gift to Humanity in comparative obscurity—unconsciously, perhaps, dreading the breakage and the loss of the spiritual poise and security they gain by comparative seclusion.

Whether other and still more “highly advanced” souls exist in absolute seclusion from outer contact is a question we must decide upon evidence we ourselves receive.

But—the simile of the “china pot” amid the coarser-grained vehicles must not be carried beyond its legitimate scope.

The human vehicles can attain immunity from breakage—if and when called to work in the outer world—in two ways at least. One is to realise that the part has—through unity of purpose and selfless devotion to the highest and best interests of Humanity—the strength of the Whole, by drawing upon the unseen Powers, who may or may not have a “local habitation.”

The other is to seek and find, on the material plane, others under a like “Vow.”

It is not to be done by any loud clamorous advertisement. Perhaps the existence of a very real “Brotherhood” on this plane—a “Brotherhood” of Service—is best proved by the marvellous unexpected ways in which and by which the members discover each other moving in different circles and spheres of action—the Hour comes when the muster roll is called—and the Clan re-unites on this plane of action for a given purpose. Mr. Judge knew this and he also knew the sorrow that ensues, when, thinking we have found one of the Helpers, we give the secret sign—and no countersign answers the call.

Such an Hour is with us to-day—some will answer—some will give the spurious call or countersign. In nothing is the cleverness and watchfulness of “the Enemy” so clearly shown as in his power to imitate the Call and Countersign of the Real.

Truly, they would “deceive even the Elect”—for a time. Nothing can conceal beyond a certain point the Cloven Hoof from the X-ray of Perfect Love for Humanity, and the eager desire to serve It in the crucial Day and Hour.

Yours sincerely,

“A.”

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE QUEST is a memorable issue, almost from cover to cover, and suggestions there and here in some of the papers deserve to be called radiant. It is good to make acquaintance with Mr. Sharma on "the reality of the knowing subject," derived from the Upanishads, and on that which Coleridge calls "the spirit and the dower," being the Joy which is "source of creation," the "untroubled Bliss" and that Infinite which—according to Tagore—is "the one living truth which makes all realities true." There are arresting dicta on every page, but the most pregnant of all tells us that though Divinity is our native inheritance, it must be also a "conscious acquisition." This is why Galahad had to go in quest of the Holy Grail, though he was born in Corbenic, which was the Grail Castle. Mr. A. R. Harwood affirms that the quest of the ideal is the quest of the spiritual; that the unseen, and this only, is eternal; that Nature appeals to the Spirit in man, "because Nature is Spirit-formed"; and that "the formation of all matter is not in matter but in spirit." Mr. H. Reinheimer replies to criticism and maintains valiantly not only that Darwinism is and remains in the melting-pot but reiterates and extends the how and why of this alleged position. Mr. G. R. S. Mead enriches THE QUEST by his study of the *Book of the Holy Hierotheos*, for a translation of which from the Syriac he and others, ourselves included, have waited ever since we made acquaintance with Mr. A. L. Frothingham's monograph on the text. The translation is that of Mr. F. S. Marsh. The broad scheme of the Hierothean book is summed up in a paragraph by Mr. Mead, and its *terminus ad quem* in a sentence, when he says that "the purified Mind is to become like unto 'Christ,' become 'Christ' wholly and, finally—astounding to tell—transcend the 'Christ' state." The consequence of this amazing doctrine is put strongly. The Dionysian tractates are based on the Hierothean book, which is in intimate contact with Proclus and "what has been hitherto regarded as orthodox Christian Mysticism" is now found to depend fundamentally on a doctrine which would have been held by Catholic Christendom "as the rankest and most blasphemous heresy." This is the case beyond question, yet it seems to us that the offending doctrine is indicative only of the Pauline last end, at once individual and cosmic, when Christ shall give up the kingdom to the Father and God shall be all in all.

Mr. Mead offers us another study, being a criticism at length of Professor Williams' Bampton Lectures of 1924, published last year and presenting "Ideas of the Fall and of Original Sin." Mr. Mead dissents fundamentally from the *Apologia* of the last two lectures, which propose and would assume, behind the myth of Eden, a vaster primeval catastrophe, "a pre-cosmic vitiation of the whole Life-

Force, when it was still one and simple." On this understanding the Christian Saviour appears not alone and merely as Redeemer of humanity but also of the whole universe. The criticism is far-reaching: it dwells on the arbitrary invention of a novel fiction concerning a personal Life-force or *Anima Mundi* and that which it involves, namely, a personal Satan, an "Ahriman in crudest form." We have not seen the Bampton Lectures and must speak on our own part under all reserve, but Mr. Mead's survey of their thesis conjures up haunting reminiscences of cosmic fictions in the *Theosophia* of Jacob Böhme and his French disciple, Saint-Martin.

Mr. F. J. Gould presents in alluring language a picture of an old and now renewed understanding of Dante and the *Fedeli d'Amore*: it has been rehabilitated in this year of grace by Professor Luigi Valli, described as of the Royal University of Rome. We trust that the work itself will come into our hands, or that we may meet with it in a French or English vesture. We remember, from time immemorial, Gabriele Rossetti and his *Antipapal Spirit before the Reformation*, which first acquainted us with the thesis that Dante and others of the "Faithful," others of the Disciples of Love, "employed feminine forms to indicate Love, Wisdom, Intelligence," and so forth; that they invented "a sweet new style" or jargon and "schemed a spiritual escape from a corrupt Church." Mr. Gould tells us that the Italian professor has devoted years to research based on the works of Fascolo, Rossetti and Pascoli, whence we are disposed to infer that author and reviewer alike are unacquainted with Eugène Aroux, who contributed more than anyone to the imaginary debate: witness his *Dante, Hérétique, Révolutionnaire et Socialiste*, his study of *Chivalry and Platonic Love in the Middle Ages*, and his French version of the *Divine Comedy*, which claims to be translated faithfully according to the letter but annotated and expounded according to the spirit, the spirit—that is to say—which informed his predecessors and actuates also the latest exposition. We did not find Rossetti convincing in the old days, while Aroux seemed to us a prolific weaver of dreams: as regards Professor Valli, he may have contributed something to the debate, which is now a century old, but it does not come before us in the disquisition of Mr. Gould, whose allusion to "personifying tendencies" which affected the Knights Templar, indicates—on the contrary—that Valli remains in the old realm of romantic vision. For the rest, if there is something after all in the affirmed allegorising on "feminine forms," if there is something in the alleged "jargon," we should hold that there was an outward as well as an inward or secret Beatrice and that Dante—because he was a poet—transmuted, adorned and vested a living woman, namely, Beatrice Portinari, who died "all too early, on a June day in 1290."

We have left till the last that which is important of all in the new QUEST, being the communication to last year's Congress of the History

of Christianity, held in celebration of the Jubilee of Alfred Loisy and presented by Dr. Robert Eisler. It has been translated by Mr. Mead and takes us back to the Slavic Josephus, about which it will be remembered that several articles have appeared already, some on the part of Dr. Eisler and some on Mr. Mead's part. The prefatory words of the latter inform us that Eisler's *magnum opus* on the subject is in course of publication at Heidelberg in the German language, and that editions are preparing in English, French, Italian, Swedish and Russian. The communication cannot be summarised in any space available, and the translator tells us truly that it must be read, with care and not casually, by all who are concerned with Christian origins. Dr. Eisler feels in a position to bear witness that "the problem of the origin and tendencies of the Slavic version of Josephus is now entirely cleared up." We know, among other things, that it was made from a Greek text other than that version of the "Wars" which remains extant, and that it differs therefrom by "hundreds of very striking variants." As regards the interpolations, described as "puerile additions" of Christian scribes, the removal of these is said to leave narratives about the Baptist and Jesus which could have come well enough from "the stylus of Flavius Josephus." In any case, no Christian forger "could have dared to speak of Jesus in such a tone and in particular to implicate Him in the conspiracy of a revolt of Jewish zealots against the Roman garrison of Jerusalem." Here, then, is the contribution of the Slavic Josephus to the question of Christian origins; but it is the beginning only, for Dr. Eisler believes and claims his ability to show that Josephus drew material from genuine Acts of Pilate, as distinguished from Apocryphal Acts fabricated by Christians in the second and fourth centuries. The authentic were still in existence in A.D. 311 and were published by the Emperor Maximinius Daia as part of his persecution of the Christians. Eusebius sought to prove that they were spurious, and it remains for orthodox apologists to deal with the considerations advanced by Dr. Eisler on the value of the arguments and evidences produced by the Bishop of Cæsarea. It is affirmed further that the Slavic text reveals the extent of Christian interpolations, "of which we have been hitherto ignorant." It reveals also what has been "cut out" by Christians, for example, the account of a riot, "during which Jesus was arrested as leader of the revolutionaries." It may be added that one of Eisler's "critical results" is a new date for the Ministry of Jesus, who "made His public appearance in 19," while the Crucifixion took place in the spring of 21, "before dawn on April 16." It follows that if orthodox Christianity is once again in the melting-pot there is at least one crumb of comfort for its defenders: the historicity debate is finished; whatsoever the judgment concerning him on new facts and new findings of scholarship, there was at least a Jesus of Nazareth.

There are three articles in THE HIBBERT JOURNAL which more especially enlist our attention, the "Philosophy without Metaphysics"

of Mr. Edmond Holmes, the "Psychology of the Johannine Christ-Testimonies" by Dr. Vincent Taylor, and Mr. John Linnell's "Doctrine of the Departing Soul." We are glad, notwithstanding, that Professor W. Stewart's excellent and refreshing "Study of Paradox" has received that which it deserves, the first place in the issue. It is long since we read a more delightful, penetrating and brilliant article, which passes, moreover, from the paradox in its varied verbal aspects to an affirmation that "the real paradoxers in the history of thought have been such men as Socrates, Jesus, St. Paul, Pascal," because they were "innovators who have transmuted human values and recast our entire ways of thinking." An article on "Christianity as Paradox" is to appear in the next HIBBERT, by the same American author. Mr. Holmes' paper is a study of Bradley, regarded "as a typical metaphysician" who finds no place for "philosophical speculations" outside metaphysics and its narrow limits. But philosophy to Mr. Holmes is love of wisdom, and of this the fountain-head is knowledge of reality. It is extended and deepened by turning lessons of experience to account, "by widening its range," and in this work intellect has a subordinate, although an important part. Insistence on the purely intellectual character of philosophy is responsible for the fact that metaphysics has failed to accomplish "a single stage" in the journey towards its goal, and hence it is to be inferred that "philosophy must disentangle itself from metaphysics if its quest of wisdom is not to miscarry at the outset." Dr. Taylor says that the dreary controversy on date, authorship and attestation of the Fourth Gospel has been succeeded by "the attempt to give a constructive account of the origin and significance of the Johannine sayings of Christ," but he looks himself to a time when we shall turn from the minutiae of criticism "to the reading of what is, after all, the book of all books in the library of sacred devotion," the book of which Origen said that it can be apprehended by no one "except he have lain on Jesus' breast and received from Him Mary to be His Mother also." Mr. Linnell is concerned with a study of Smuts' Holism; but, as regards the doctrine of the departing soul, the title is a play upon words: it is not the soul passing from this life but departing from the field of view, since it appears that there is no soul in this last of all the 'isms.

THE ASIATIC REVIEW is always a welcome visitor for there is something always which informs and gratifies in its broad and comprehensive pages, even if it be comparatively seldom that it touches on our own subjects. It reminds us, moreover, of our old and valued friend, Felicia Scatcherd, who was its editor for a considerable period. It is now in its forty-third year and bears all the seals of permanence. There are many matters of moment in the latest issue, and a wide field is covered as usual by the excellent reviews. Mr. W. E. D. Allen's survey of the Ancient Caucasus and the origin of the Georgians, founded on Monkish annals, suggests not only that archæological

exploration in those regions might reap a harvest but—at least to our own untutored mind—that there may be undreamed wealth in copper. Mr. N. M. Penzer presents Marco Polo as calling for inclusion in the category of a Columbus rather than in that of a Mandeville, and points out that the accuracy of his statements “has been confirmed again and again.” He was, is and will remain “one of the greatest explorers of all time,” whose “claims to glory are absolutely unique.” A new manuscript of the immortal *Travels* has been brought to light recently by Professor L. F. Benedetto and has been published this year under the auspices of the *Comitato Geografico Nazionale Italiano*.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH is opened by Lord Charles Hope with an account of some sittings held in the course of the present year and extending to nine in number, the medium being Stella C. The recorded phenomena must be termed elementary throughout, but it is felt that some of them denote clearly a supernatural origin. At the conclusion Stella C. announced “that she did not intend to sit again for psychic phenomena,” her attitude towards which appears to be “entirely that of an agnostic.” Mr. Trethewy discusses the late Dr. Geley’s views on the nature of psychic phenomena as they appear in his last work on Clairvoyance and Materialisation, left unfortunately incomplete. The paper is written from a spiritist point of view, which—so far as we are aware—was not that of Dr. Geley; but the following pregnant sentence of the French investigator is quoted from the translation by Mr. de Brath: “In the science and philosophy of ectoplasmic formation resides the great secret and the great mystery, a revelation of the highest knowledge, a divine consummation hitherto denied to mortals.” These lines were certainly never written from a merely animistic standpoint, nor can we feel that they connote a simple spiritistic view. Mr. Trethewy hazards a speculation about conscious life being brought forth from ectoplasm, and it may be that Dr. Geley wrote as one in the presence of the mystery of life unveiling.

We have received EAST-WEST, the journal of the Yogoda Sat-Sanga movement in America; UNITY, which is the official organ of a Unity School of Christianity at Kansas City and is now in its sixty-eighth volume; ASTROLOGY, issued under the auspices of the Astrological Lodge of London; and THE SHAKESPEARE REVIEW, devoted to literature and the drama, and edited by Mr. A. K. Chesterton. Sir Frank Benson writes on Ellen Terry, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton on the “Drama in London,” and Mr. G. Wilson Knight on the “Principle of Shakespearian Interpretation,” offering some suggestions towards a new method.

REVIEWS

POLITICS OF THE ARYAN ROAD. By Captain A. G. Pape. London :
The C. W. Daniel Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

CAST in semi-narrative form, interspersed with humour of the undergraduate type, and written throughout in singularly artless and colloquial style, this new book by the author of *The Christ of the Aryan Road* impresses the reader with its intense earnestness, sincerity, and good feeling. The characters positively bubble over with enthusiasm and with the eager desire to give a new direction to human energies and human enterprise. The hero—"Michael of Trinity, Cambridge. Scientist, Traveller and Educationalist"—is one of those who make it their business to seek out *the causes* of things and who deplore the fact that "responsible people in England"—and everywhere else, too, for the matter of that!—are concerned merely with *results* and thus never accomplish much of permanent or real value in the way of reform.

Michael, however, is very far from "despairing of the Republic." He is a sunny-tempered person, with an optimistic scheme for the redemption of Society and for the evolution of a New Race; and he succeeds in interesting a little group of his old college friends in what he terms the 'Great Evolutionary Plan.' They meet, on successive evenings, at the rooms of one of their number, and discuss, with burning zeal, the eternal questions of life and death, soul and body, self and non-self, personal rights and social responsibility. Michael is an ardent Theosophist, and the general feeling of the company is in accord with his view that outward things can only be understood in the light of inner purposes, and by a right knowledge of the all-embracing laws of Karma and Re-birth. These, however seem, to him and his friends, the golden keys for even the darkest and most mysterious doors; and so, in spite of the serious and even terrible subjects discussed by the Symposium, the atmosphere which pervades it is never less than cheerful. Incidentally, we are introduced to a Cambridge scene, full of bright young people! On page 47, one of the speakers pays this naïve tribute to college "rags": "The type of humour I like is that most prevalent 'up' here in Cambridge—to quote Kipling: 'Mirth that hath no bitter springs.'" Quite a number of people who think that high ideals and good times cannot exist together might be converted—and edified!—by this little treatise. We wish it a wide circulation among those to whom its radiant faith may come as a new gospel

G. M. H.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH, with evidence. By the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, with an introduction by Viscountess Grey of Falloden. Publishers: Collins & Co. Price 21s. net.

THIS, like all Mr. Drayton Thomas's books, is extremely carefully compiled and contains the results of many years' work, together with tentative explanations of the striking results he has obtained in his studies. But it is not a mere dry summary, for the whole book is so vividly and interestingly

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written that, large as it is, it is difficult to put it down when one has begun to read it.

It will be remembered that in his previous book, *Some New Evidence for Human Survival*, Mr. Drayton Thomas showed how, in his many sittings with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the well-known medium, his father and sister conversed intimately with him and gave him astonishing proofs of their continued knowledge of earth conditions. They convinced him of their continued existence and personality and showed indisputable knowledge of matters beyond the possible cognizance of anyone present at the sitting.

In the present volume, Mr. Drayton Thomas is able to carry his researches much farther than before, for by practice the conditions of communication have become much easier. The communicators and Mr. Thomas are able to hold long conversations, chiefly through "Feda," Mrs. Leonard's control, but occasionally by direct voice. Among other things, Mr. Thomas tried to find out what causes the difficulty of, for example, giving names, answering specific questions, and so on. It was explained that as everything has to pass through three minds—that of the communicator (in his case usually his father or sister) that of the control—Feda, and finally that of the medium, Mrs. Leonard—a single word or name is very much more difficult to convey correctly, while the risk of confusion if given wrongly is much greater, than when consecutive conversation is held or when the communicator is allowed to follow his own line of thought. As with ourselves, the memory often seems at fault too: we know how annoyingly a name, though quite a familiar one, will evade us, however much we try to recall it, until we cease striving, when suddenly it probably emerges from the subconscious. Nothing indeed is lost that enters the subconscious, but the conscious mind often gets in the way and hinders the thought or the word from coming to the surface. The subconscious is a sort of mental storehouse.

Descriptions are given of the conditions of life on the other side and of how our life here creates adverse or beautiful states there. It is a very striking proof of the truth of the information given by so many different communicators, that their descriptions of the life in the beyond agree so remarkably. Could anything be more convincing? A sure and certain knowledge of the future would make a marvellous change in the lives of most people. As Mr. Drayton Thomas's father said, he had constantly been near, but, "You were not conscious of my nearness in the way you now are so it did not affect you. So with the Heavenly Father's love and His Spirit presence, the more you are conscious of it, the more you can receive and benefit by it."

Emphasis is rightly laid on the too-often forgotten fact that intercourse with those who have passed on should not be regarded as an end in itself or sufficient reason to call our dear ones back, but is to be looked on as a proof—where needed—of continued life and personality and, above all, as an aid to the realisation of and communion with God. Belief is changed "into knowledge and knowledge into realisation." Is not this to the good? As it also is "to be reminded afresh that the love which is prepared to sacrifice in the service of others and which finds its historic symbol in the Cross is life's supreme attainment."

ROSA M. BARRETT,

LISTENING IN. By Olive C. B. Pixley. London: The Psychic Book Shop. Price, 9d.

THIS book, which bears the obvious imprint of truth, tells of post-mortem communications, and should carry conviction to many readers; even to those who have not, as has the author, been privileged with personal experience. We think it safe to add, however, that there will be a greater number of those who can testify to these and similar experiences than the writer of the book may have at first anticipated. "Listening In" is a good title; for those who respond to the same wave-lengths can most easily communicate, and Miss Pixley tells of many an interesting conversation which she had with a dearly loved brother killed early in the war. These talks are not through automatic writing, but occur in a far more convincing manner, which we shall leave the reader to discover. This, though, we will say: Miss Pixley is not a spiritualist or medium. She has never been to a séance in her life, and her knowledge has always been fully conscious.

The keynote of the book is Resurrection, and the power of Love, and great stress is laid upon prayer.

Though, happily, not unique, as we have reason to know, this is the most convincing case of a "singular experience" we have yet encountered. The little book should be read by all who have any interest in psychic matters. It will help strengthen the convictions of those who already know, and will give even to the most hardened sceptic much food for thought.

ETHEL ARCHER.

WHAT IS MAN? By John Henry Clarke, M.D., and Leopold Salzer, M.D. London: John M. Watkins. Price, 3s. 6d.

THIS most interesting book revolves around an address on spiritualism delivered by Dr. Salzer at Calcutta forty years ago, and Dr. Clarke expands the theme in the remaining four chapters. In the introductory, which is admirably lucid, there are many quotations from Paracelsus, upon whose philosophy Dr. Clarke appears to found his own theory of existence, and from whence as an inevitable corollary he deduces the existence of the visible Universe, and Man, the Thought of God. After pointing out the futility of the materialistic theory, which cannot even define its own substratum matter, and justly questioning the intellectual honesty of the physicists who ignore the place and existence of the ether, Dr. Clarke goes on to demonstrate the honesty of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, in acknowledging the limitations of his own science, also gave us something definite to build upon. "In ignoring the ether," says Sir Oliver, "we are ignoring the fundamental reality of the Universe, and we may be ignoring that which constitutes the physical vehicle of Life and Mind."

Behind the Elementary Body of Man, both Sir Oliver and Dr. Salzer (whose address on Spiritualism forms the second chapter) find the Etheric Body: and concerning this interior organism which can and does act intelligently quite apart from ordinary intelligence and consciousness, they have much to say.

In the chapter on Spiritualism, Unconscious Cerebration, and the power of ethereal man are comprehensively dealt with. Unconscious Cerebration, it is said, may easily account for most spiritualistic communications, but

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when we come to intuitions of unconscious cerebration, then we get those vast conceptions of the cosmos that to the ordinary man may be quite unknowable. In the chapter which follows, some recent pronouncements of Sir Arthur Keith are excellently rebutted by various quotations from Franz Hartmann, which may well be summed up by the following: "Those who have not developed the power of spiritual perception will not believe in its existence because for them it does not exist. . . . In the spiritual as in the sensual kingdom, *the perception is first and then comes the understanding.*"

In the concluding chapter we are shown how the Vision of the Seers of all ages—Thales and the writer of Genesis, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, and William Blake—fundamentally agrees. "Hence it is in harmony and complexity, not in singleness, that we must look to find essential unity."

There is such a thing as mental and spiritual communion. "It is through this power of communion that we are brought into intimate relation with the greatest minds of the past and present. But this could not be so if the Mind of the Universe were not one with the Mind of Man. . . . The Universe does not and cannot go out like Sir Arthur Keith's candle, for the Life of the Universe is God, and Man is His manifestation." We could wish that every member of the medical profession might study with unbiassed mind this truly illuminating treatise. The gain would be immense.

ETHEL ARCHER.

SNOWFLAKES AND SILVER FEATHERS. By D. London: The C. W. Daniel Co. Price, 3s. 6d.

THESE visions of the spirit worlds are very beautiful. D. is obviously a great lover of Nature, and in "Vision Trees," particularly "The Soul of a Tree," this loving sympathy is most strongly felt.

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ETHEL ARCHER.

KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL. By Dorothy Blanche Miller. Two Worlds Publishing Co., Ltd., Manchester.

CAST into the form of twelve chapters or articles, we have here a series of simple stories relating in semi-fictional form some of the great hidden truths. That is, as far as such things can be set down in words, for the author is well aware of the difficulty of communicating things of this

nature; things of which one has the most direct evidential knowledge, but knowledge of a nature not susceptible of material proof to some other person. She deals with such phases as the problem of pain, evolution and reincarnation, and urges you as reader to "know thyself, on the material, mental, spiritual and psychic planes." All those who teach in any phase of occultism know how difficult it is to convey greater truths and demolish smaller truths—for all truth is relative—and to lead on the doubtful student who has been cradled in some religious dogma which he dare not challenge, much less forsake. Such a book as this renders the task easier. Simple and elementary, it is most useful where simplicity is required, for it may enlighten without dismaying the troubled seeker.

W. G. R.

THE PLANET NEPTUNE. By Elizabeth Aldrich (with frontispiece portrait of the author). Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Company, New York.

THIS little study, devoted entirely to the mysterious and little-known planet Neptune, will certainly interest all those who are devoted to the study and practice of astrology, that ancient art from which modern astronomy was born. The talented author is one of those who believe that Neptune was known to the ancients, and was merely re-discovered in the days of Adams, Leverrier and Galle. She has investigated what is known astrologically of this planet with its retrograde moon, and sets it forth with charm and persuasion. In the fifty odd pages of this small book she gives a fair amount of suggestive and apposite information of astrological import concerning the mysterious eighth planet, and gives some reasons for her beliefs about its past phases of influence and the modes in which it was manifested.

W. G. R.

THE PATH OF THE ELDERS: A MODERN EXPOSITION OF ANCIENT BUDDHISM. By Ernest Erle Power. Pp. 233. Madras: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE theories expounded in philosophical psychology of Buddhism is always a most fascinating study, in whatever book they are examined, and in either of its two leading doctrines. In this well-written and skilfully arranged exposition, the author begins by setting out the difference that exists between the teaching of the Hinayana (the Little Vehicle) and the Mahayana (the Greater Vehicle). Upon this distinction his discourse is hung.

He returns to this fundamental difference, which might be called, as he points out, the key to the divergence between catholicism and Mahayana Buddhism and the solitary school of the Hinayana doctrine: that of individual exertion in reaching Nirvana, or that of the collective vehicle for the masses implied in the salvation theory.

Following upon this, he distinguishes between the effort of the enlightened to attain Nirvana, in contrast with the effort to attain power—the attitude of world negation as against that of world domination. On his title page he quotes:

"For there is the Path of the Elders and there is the Path of the

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gods: leading the one into Nibbana, the Peace unshakeable; the other unto Heaven, the Glory Unequaled. But the Glory lasteth not, whereas the Peace abideth for ever and aye."—(From the *Book of the Sayings of Tsen-Re.*)

First dealing with the Great Recognitions, and the Noble Eightfold Path, he then discourses upon the Soul and Karma; and discusses the Five Constituents or *Khandhas* that go to make up a human individual. The characteristic and most difficult doctrine of Nirvana (here spelt Nibbana) is begun by setting forth the futility of evolution, in the sense that all existence is but a source of pain, and all "I-making" is deplored. To this end, the devotee examines the Universe in comparison with his body and self, noting their infinitesimal unimportance; and sees that even Godhood is not an end to be sought, against the peace of Nirvana. Finally he resolves upon brotherhood now, and for the rest—Nirvana. The author concludes with a slight account of the Buddhist monastic system.

The author is evidently a keen and powerful thinker, who has grasped the doctrines on which he writes, simplifying their statement for Western minds with a skill that is akin to genius. He has wisely avoided those tenuous subtleties on which the final argument between the two schools of thought must be based, for it is not yet decided.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

LEON DENIS: L'APOTRE DU SPIRITISME; SA VIE—SA OEUVRE. By Gaston Luce. Paris: Editions Jean Meyer (B.P.S.). Paper covers, 10 fr.

M. GASTON LUCE is well qualified to write the biography of his friend Leon Denis, the famous French leader of the spiritualists in that country. In this very full and well-documented history, M. Luce treats of Leon Denis as a man, a writer and an exponent of occult research undertaken in the cause of truth. Born in 1846, his father a master-mason, Leon Denis was a studious youth of simple, good-hearted nature, who had none too easy a way to make. He saw army service and travelled over Western Europe, and, coming into contact with the awakening interest in things spiritual, he became a Mason. Gradually he advanced in learning, in experience and experiment, first as a follower of Allan Kardec. A prolific writer of books and articles, he carried the banner of research with ardour for many long years, and died in 1927 with the satisfaction of having achieved a very definite piece of work. This biography of 300 pages is exhaustive and sympathetic in every way. A praiseworthy piece of work, it is in itself a monument to the regard in which he was and is held by French spiritualists.

W. G. R.

THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By William James. London: Longmans Green & Co., Ltd. Price, 6s. net.

No other book in the field of religious psychology has enjoyed so universal and merited a fame during the last five-and-twenty years as *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. To dwell so late in the day on the importance of this illuminating study, which is recognised everywhere as the standard work on the subject with which it deals, would be a matter of supereroga-

tion. The fact that this classic has been reprinted for the thirty-fifth time, and is now issued in beautifully clear type on excellent paper and chastely bound at 6s. net—less than the price of a new novel—is sufficient witness in itself to the permanence of the interest taken by the general public in a book which, from the time of its first appearance until to-day, has been a living force in the study of religion. It is scarcely necessary to recommend readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who so far have been unable to place this work upon their bookshelves to avail themselves of this remarkably inexpensive edition. Messrs. Longmans are to be warmly congratulated on their enterprise in producing such a worth-while volume at so comparatively low a cost.

LEON ELSON.

THE OTHER SIDE OF DEATH. By C. W. Leadbeater. (2nd Edition revised and much enlarged.) Adyar: The Theosophical Publishing House. Price, bds. Rs7.8; cloth, Rs9.0.

THE collection of records of astral experiences comprised within the volume by C. W. Leadbeater issued under the title of *The Other Side of Death*, has for long been a favourite with students both of Theosophical philosophy and Psychical Research. For Mr. Leadbeater has the happy knack of making himself clearly to be understood. The second edition of this work, revised and much enlarged, just to hand from Adyar, should prove a welcome addition to Theosophical literature. The book consists of some 500 pp., carefully indexed, both under subject matter, sources quoted, and records cited. Four sections are devoted respectively to a consideration of the significance of "death," and the nature of first-hand investigation into post-mortem states of consciousness; descriptions and examples of life on the astral plane; the meaning and classification of apparitions; Spiritualism and Psychical Research, and the attitude of Theosophy towards the former religio-philosophy.

The many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW whose interests lie in the direction of Psychical Research will find in this work not only a volume of substantial proportions, but a *vade mecum* of information with regard to "the other side" which covers the ground with such wealth of detail and vividness of description as in themselves almost to compel conviction of personal survival.

LEON ELSON.

THE CRIMSON ROPE. By Herbert Ashbury. London: Jarrolds, Ltd. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

BASED on the idea of hauntings through the possession of an idol stolen from a sect of Eastern devil-worshippers, *The Crimson Rope* sets out, with a profusion of horrors, to depict a series of gruesome happenings carefully calculated to chill the blood and make creep the flesh of the reader. Action is the watchword, and no breathing space is left as the weird and terrible incidents follow each other in bewildering succession.

Regarded as a "thriller," the result is eminently satisfactory, but as an attempt—if, indeed, it is intended as such—to reproduce the insidious and ineluctable spell of the immortal *Dracula*, it is far behind. As an exciting story with which to beguile a leisure evening, it may be warmly recommended to those who have a taste for fiction flavoured with the occult.

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WHY WE SURVIVE. By H. Ernest Hunt. London: Rider & Co.
Price, 2s. 6d. net.

WHILE the preponderance of evidence for the survival of the personality after death is of a psychical or spiritualistic nature, it is by no means the case that the problem is to be solved only by the aid of the "spirits." The gateway of sleep opens the way to a realm where the working of consciousness in finer bodies than the purely physical may frequently be found to offer clues to the real nature of the human ego.

Mr. Hunt, whose works on *Nerve Control* and *Self-Training* are probably familiar to all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, in the present stimulating booklet bases his argument for survival on the fundamental nature of consciousness during life, and stresses the fundamental duality of the human self. Besides the invaluable data afforded by certain dream experiences, a number of significant cases have been collated of psychological phenomena in connection with the induced sleep of hypnosis and anaesthesia,

The vital importance at the present time of finding a rational basis for what to most of us is a matter of faith, cannot well be exaggerated, and for the open-minded searcher for the "how" and "why" of human life, no clearer or more succinct guide could be recommended.

LEON ELSON.

PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES OF A MUSICIAN (in search of truth). By Florizel von Reuter. With a Foreword by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London: Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., and The Psychic Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in his charming introduction to this work, reminds us that Florizel, the boy violinist, who made such a sensation in Great Britain twenty years ago, and had the honour of appearing three times at Buckingham Palace before Queen Alexandra and King Edward, has now "grown to man's estate . . . and has already won for himself a name which is second to none among the violin virtuosos of the Continent." More than this, however, Florizel has proved himself to be in a double sense a living link between ourselves and the great musicians who have—as Browning phrases it—"Passed through the body and gone."

This book is Florizel's own record of the experiences by which he and his mother realised their hitherto dormant powers.

Like many another, he was profoundly sceptical of a subject on which he was also profoundly ignorant. A sitting with a "Trumpet medium," claiming to be Paganini, spoke to the young musician, greeting him and his mother as spiritual kindred—the only *real* kindred. From that point the author's experiences became personal. His mother sat with bandaged eyes, her fingers resting on a small planchette-like instrument called an "Additor," and received communications of great length and variety, which at first seemed an utter and hopeless jumble, until on reading the letters inverted it was found they formed intelligible sentences. As time went on, the great variety of languages used by the communicators still further increased the difficulties of the recipients, even if it added to the authenticity of the whole affair. I remember the late Archdeacon Wilberforce was particularly interested in what he called "writing back-

wards," and how often he told me he would believe much more in automatic writing thus received.

Though the greater part of this interesting book is devoted to the experiments of Florizel von Reuter, his mother, and the personal friends who afterwards formed their circle under the protection of spirit guardians of exalted order, the author has a good deal to tell of experiences with certain leading professional mediums, including our old friend, Mr. Alfred Vout Peters, and Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, the well-known "Psychic Photographers" of Crewe. Several of the photographic results are included among the illustrations in the book, and there is one quaint example of an accidental extra, apparently obtained through the involuntary mediumship of a young lady in America.

As Mr. von Reuter has been much in touch with Dr. Walter Prince, it is hardly surprising that these pages are interspersed with cautious criticisms concerning the "subconscious mind," and other bogies by which psychical research proffers gold in one hand and dust and ashes in the other! As a humble *amateur* of the King of Instruments may I express the pleasure it has given me to read these *Psychical Experiences of a Musician*.

EDITH K. HARPER.

MASTERS AND DISCIPLES. A Guide to Study. By Clara M. Codd.
London: Theosophical Publishing Co., Ltd. Price, 2s. net.

THE doctrine of Adeptship is common to many occult schools. The old alchemists, for example, frequently said that the secret of transmutation was not to be learned save orally from an adept. Theosophy, however, has made the doctrines peculiarly its own, and has developed it considerably. That the standard of human development is not uniform, and that those who have progressed little can learn from those who have progressed far, are facts too obvious to be disputed by anyone. Nevertheless, the doctrine of adeptship is not without dangers. It tends to encourage dogmatism, or what I would prefer to call "authoritarianism." For instance, Miss Codd tells us that she has "not included any reference to the many modern books on occult subjects published to-day by bodies other than the Theosophical Society," for the reason that she feels "their authority to be uncertain and their statements sometimes to be unreliable." One wonders, in view of the explicit avoidance of sectarianism in the statement of its objects, exactly where the Theosophical Society is tending under its present leadership.

Miss Codd's book gives a succinct statement of the ideas concerning the Masters and discipleship held by such thinkers as Dr. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and contains much advice for students relative to further reading and study.

H. S. REDGROVE.