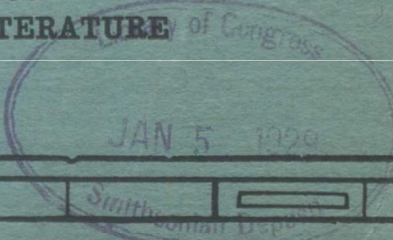


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No. I

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IN a certain section of the Press recently much prominence was given to a case of suicide in connection with which it was alleged that "dabbling in occultism" was a contributory, if not a determining factor. Newspaper reports, under "scare headlines," suggested that to cultivate any acquaintance with "occultism" was to court insanity, and that the counsel of wisdom was to leave it severely alone. Incidentally, however, the superficial knowledge of the average journalist of what constitutes "occultism" was sufficiently patent to discount, for those who have any real acquaintance with the subject, the force of the alarmist suggestions. The bogey which was set up practically failed to produce its intended effect, and it was generally conceded that the victim was of the type, alas! only too common nowadays, in which *tedium vitæ* sets in at a very early age, and to whom a way of escape through self-murder offers decided attractions. The very fact that suicide could be contemplated as a method of cutting the Gordian knot is

sufficient proof, if any were needed, that the poor soul who threw away his physical body was not grounded even in the rudiments of true occultism. Put bluntly, he was an unfortunate victim of "nerves." Some newspapers were wise enough to perceive that, if anything, the conditions of modern civilisation, and the unnatural pressure of life in our large communities, played as prominent a part as anything in the tragedy.

So far from occultism proving a contributory cause of suicide, it is to occultism that one may turn with every hope of finding alleviation for the harshness of life, provided, of course, that the search is conducted in the right spirit. Idle curiosity, the search for a new sensation, or that lack of self reliance which induces so many people to "consult the oracle" in the form of a medium, clairvoyant or astrologer whenever a business or domestic difficulty presents itself, cannot be considered as proper motives with which to approach an inquiry that may lead the investigator ultimately into a position where he or she discovers that the whole of life's values need readjusting, calling into play new motives for action, in obedience to an imperious inner urge which will brook no denial. In other words, a study of the most vital and intimate of all sciences, the Science of Life, demands the dedication of life itself to its prosecution. Once that dedication is sincerely made, the personal life is in higher Hands, and is one's own no longer, least of all to throw recklessly away. Fortunately, the nature of the inner truths of occultism are such that the superficial dabbler is never able to penetrate to them. After a time he becomes automatically repelled, as often as not retiring with the conviction that "there is nothing in it."

It may not be gainsaid that the spectre of despair haunts only too many lives to-day. Without attempting to delve into the social and economic causes which tend to the production of this undesirable state of affairs, let us try to see to what extent the man himself is in a position to deal with this "dweller on the threshold."

Happily, when it is boldly challenged, the phantom in many cases proves to be only a figment of the imagination. Physical depression resulting from indifferent health is mistaken for that more serious malady of the soul which saps the inmost being and renders life indeed a burden. Where overwork, undue anxiety or too great an indulgence in emotional excitement or physical pleasure are responsible, a little quiet consideration of the facts

of the case will bring the sufferer face to face with the truth, and the remedy will be found to lie almost entirely in his own hands. Even the ill effects of overwork may be mitigated by the manner in which the work is undertaken. Seldom is the patient aware, until it is pointed out, to what an extent unnecessary nervous tension conduces to bring about physical strain. To many it may come as a surprise to discover with how many unsuspected auto-inhibitions they saddle themselves. Efficiency is attained as much by the art of relaxing as by concentration. The two are complementary. To take a trivial instance, note the instinctive but unnecessary tendency to hold the breath when listening intently in an attempt to catch some almost inaudible sound. It is not so much the act of concentration as the physical reaction that tires the system.

Turning, however, to the more subtle and deep-seated trouble, it will usually be found, where the case is not one of downright psychological pathology, that it is due to the lack of any adequate philosophical or religious basis in the life. It is not the absence of any formulated system of religion or philosophy that matters, so much as the lack of any satisfactory individual conception of the meaning and object of life. Whether formulated or not, every rational civilised being has a philosophy of some sort, however rudimentary, around which the interior life is centred. Those cases are the most difficult where the blankness of negation leaves the soul without any foothold either in this world or any other. Where the spiritual intuition is atrophied or in abeyance, the problem of life with its attendant pain and suffering is utterly insoluble. No satisfaction is to be found either for mind or heart. Small wonder that in such cases the soul is driven to the brink of despair. It is to be seriously doubted whether, without the occult view of religion and philosophy, any formulated system of either one or the other would prove of much avail in the particularly trying circumstances at the moment under consideration. No cut-and-dried philosophical scheme has power to convince the mind; nor can any formal religion or moral code satisfy the heart. The only hope of escape from the morass lies in grappling with the stark realities of existence without reference to any specific philosophy or creed.

THE WOULD-BE
SUICIDE

Since negation leads only to despair, why not dare the spectre to do its worst, and endeavour to discover whether some factor in the problem, some elusive but vitally essential principle has not

escaped attention and vitiated the whole of the subsequent deductions? Unaided reason says that life, even at its best, is scarcely worth the living; while a life of suffering or hardship is decidedly not worth while. Why not end it? "I," the unhappy victim decides, "will to die"—a case of *felo de se*.

Now here is the crux of the problem. Is the "I" that comes to this decision identical with the body that experiences the sense of disgust with life? It certainly is not. However far the analysis is pushed, there still remains a distinction between subject and object—the "I" that thinks, and the act of thinking. Two pertinent questions obtrude themselves at this point: What guarantee have I (*a*) that I shall cease when the life of my physical body ceases? and (*b*) how do I know that, provided I continue in another mode of consciousness, that it may not be equally or even still more unsatisfactory so far as I am concerned? It should be borne carefully in mind, meanwhile, that the case under discussion is that of a personality which is "tired of life" rather than that of a mind which is distracted by physical or mental anguish and therefore incapable of calm reasoning.

The rational mind, then, has no real assurance that death ends all. Rather do the intimations point to a survival of consciousness after so-called death. It is impossible to brush aside as meaningless all the significant facts of psychical research; and it is equally difficult to attribute all the phenomena of spiritualism to the action of thought-transference. Admitting such survival, it is decidedly problematical whether more satisfaction is to be found by breaking suddenly into a new order of existence, the conditions governing which are still less understood than the conditions which rule life on the physical plane. No, the solution to the riddle is to be found here and now. This is one of the first suggestions offered by occultism.

Suppose, instead of trying to get away from life, it is endured as a subject of grave experiment, to see whether it may not yield some hitherto unsuspected secret. Does the tedium which so widely prevails just now, reside in the life, or in the individual who experiences it? Assuredly in the individual. It is he who finds life irksome. Something is lacking—happiness—which he considers as a prerogative. Why? Why does he look upon it as a right; why does he so instinctively take it for granted? Because, although at present he cannot prove it, happiness is indeed the prerogative of every living thing. He *has* a right to it. But how

THE MISSING
FACTOR

or where is it to be found? Once more occultism comes forward with a suggestion.

Happiness lies at the very root of existence. The desire for it is universal. Only in man, however, is the search for it self-conscious. To the so-called "lower orders" it comes instinctively—unsought. Man strives to grasp it for himself, but it eludes him. Once more, why? Because the fundamental nature of happiness consists in freedom from limitations; in the sense of expansion, of out-flowing. It appertains to consciousness unhampered by the trammels of the separated personality. True happiness is characterised by a strain of altruism. It is centrifugal rather than centripetal. Consciousness is *one* and universal. The limitation of form it is which causes it to appear as separate. In the case of the sufferer from ennui it is the inability to establish *rapport* with that all-pervasive and universal Consciousness in which all the limited parts live and move and have their being, which is the cause of suffering.

Is this to be doubted? Look around and see whether any purely selfish happiness of an enduring nature, a happiness which never palls, is anywhere to be found. The search is foredoomed to failure. The ego-centric life is the life of despair. It is life divorced from its Source. The hard shell of self slowly but surely seals its own doom.

Strike away the physical body if you will. The hardened shell of self remains. The would-be suicide is seeking escape in the wrong direction. Occultism teaches that happiness is in the reach of all, here and now; but that it may not be caught and held as a thing apart for the isolated ego. The secret, if so it may be called, lies in dissolving the shell. While this exists, no matter on what plane the self-consciousness functions, isolation and the phantom of despair will haunt the sufferer.

It is one thing to talk of dissolving the isolating crust that surrounds the life of self. How is it to be done?
 "WAYS OUT" There are many ways. One of the most familiar is by the way of love. Love and happiness are aspects of the one universal Consciousness. Love is one "way out"—not love received, but love bestowed. It is a crack in the shell, so to speak. To enter into the life of only one other self is a step in the right direction. To make this the point of departure for further outreachings is the course of wisdom. To study and enter into the lives of others; to cultivate pity and tolerance

for their weaknesses and limitations ; to spend oneself without stint in an endeavour to awaken others to their higher possibilities ; to live in their joys and share their sorrows is one of the surest ways of discovering the Great Secret—that life is One.

A further way in which occultism proffers help in the solution of the riddle of existence is in showing how religion—not this, that or the other religion, but the spirit of worship—is another means for breaking the bonds of self. Religion and piety or asceticism are too frequently confused one with the other. Occultism draws attention to the fact that the roots of all true religion are grounded in the same soil ; that is, in the heart of man himself. The appeal of religion is to that deeply hidden Spark of the existence of which the world-weary, more especially, are unaware. The weariness of the victim of *tedium vitæ*, it may be noted in passing, is far different from the “divine homesickness” of which examples are to be found in the annals of religious psychology.

Occultism, then, points to the universal presence in human nature of the spirit of worship. It claims that this universality is one more witness to the fact that man is really more than he appears on the surface to be ; that he is, once again, an isolated part of One Life. In the view of occultism, the unanimity of the testimony of the religious mystic in all ages and climes is another proof that consciousness is in essence a unity. In further corroboration of the contention of the occultist, the researches of modern religious psychology may be adduced. Mysticism is seen to be the vital essence of the exoteric religious systems. The moral and ethical codes of the Founders of the great religions are seen to be designed with the express object, on the one hand, of fostering in the heart of man that sense of kinship with Something higher than himself, and on the other of arresting to a greater or less degree that hardening process which accompanies the firm establishment of the individuality—the sense of self.

After due allowance is made for the differences in the outer form of the various religions, the experiences of the mystic are seen to point to the existence, deep within the depths of the soul, of a Light, or Beauty, or Glory—words fail to define that which is beyond the limitations of form—glimpsing which, the darkness of self becomes suffused with a radiance which stands out as a beacon for others. That Light proves to be of the nature of Love ; and with the softening of the separative shell, the tenderness and compassion which characterise the lover

of his kind flow forth from the lover of "God" as a fountain of living waters for the healing of all who care to assuage themselves therein. The mystic and the lover meet; for fundamentally they are one.

Not by one path alone is the way out to be found. As a friend most appositely remarked in a recent letter, "there are as many ways as there are individual souls." Religion, however, is one of the most direct and fruitful methods—a method adopted universally by the spiritual Guides of the human race; a method which, despite the evils attending the crystallization of the outer form into rigid systems of theology, is nevertheless still very much worth while.

So far from occultism encouraging a morbid interest in death, it holds out a promise of fuller and more abundant life. Truly enough a well-known occult axiom, running in parallel with the the Christian teaching, enjoins the aspirant: "Give up thy life if thou wouldst live." The call, however, is not for the surrender of the physical life; what must be surrendered is the clinging of the personality to its separated centre. That clinging may follow one into other worlds than this. It is a step that must be taken by all, whether occultist or follower of orthodox religion, at some time or other. Yet as soon as the effort is made, the marvel is that one should have stood shivering so long on the brink; for the fulness of joy is found where there seemed to be only emptiness.

The clinging to the separated self is instinctive, and in the light of occultism a wise provision of Nature in the case of the only half-formed individuality. The protective sheath is a necessity. Yet, once duly formed, it is cherished long after it has served its purpose. How many of the followers of orthodox religion are ready to make the necessary surrender? And is the student of occultism any more ready than the orthodox Christian to take the step? It is much to be doubted. The orthodox Christian falls away from his religion with the cry that it is played out. The occult student finds no lasting satisfaction in any one brand of occultism. Everywhere the search goes on for some new form of religion, philosophy, or art. The old forms, it is declared, are lifeless.

Unfortunately, however, the lack of life is within those who declare that the form is lifeless. The real Christian, or for that matter, the true initiate in any of the great religions, finds some-

thing which satisfies, and so far as the outer form is concerned, a period is put to the ceaseless quest. So, too, with the true occultist. Having found the Light for himself he no longer needs to run after every new teacher who promises a special key to unlock the Mysteries. The occultist is not concerned with the multiplication of the many forms of religion or philosophy already in existence ; he perceives the Source from which each in turn has sprung.

True occultism, like true religion, brings lasting peace. The goal is the same for each, even though the points of departure may be different. For the dabbler either in occultism or religion there is little hope—in this life. Their hour has not yet struck. In their own time the sleepers will awaken, whether they be Christians or students of occultism. The Call, however, ceaselessly rings out. It is never silent ; and for those who have ears to hear may be heard in unexpected places—in the tender note that creeps into the voice of the rough workman when he speaks of his ailing child ; or in the tone of quiet resignation which graces the words of the invalid who lies waiting on her sick-bed through many weary years for the inevitable end. It may be heard on the still night air at this season of the year in the youthful voices of the carol singers. “ Christians, awake ! ” The old familiar strains ring out.

We heed them not, except, perhaps, to wish the singers further. Yet they utter a call—a call to Life, from which there is no more escape than there is from the call of Death. Those who are wise give heed.

THE EDITOR.

THE EARTH AND ITS AURA

By JEAN DELAIRE

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S saying, that "Science is but the finding of unity," is even more true to-day than at the time he uttered it, more than fifty years ago; for every new discovery in the field of biology proves more clearly the fundamental oneness of all forms of life, while at the same time these discoveries have so far extended the limits of the visible universe that to the dictum of Huxley we might well add another, and say that "Science is but the finding of Infinity."

In the days of Huxley, Tyndall, Hæckel, and all the great physicists, chemists and biologists of the middle period of the nineteenth century, Science had reached the frontiers of the visible universe, the world of ponderable matter. Beyond this was postulated the ether, filling all space, inter-penetrating all things, the mysterious bridge between the known and the unknown, the visible and the invisible, matter as we know it (or think we do) and matter that baffles all our efforts at analysis.

When the great scientists of the last generation postulated the luminiferous ether, they took, as it were, the last step in their voyage of exploration round our planetary system. But later on came the discovery of that vast and still little known world of radio-active matter, matter that trembles on the brink of immateriality, matter that is on the verge of its transformation into energy.

Fascinating as are these incursions into a world beyond the ken of man's unaided perceptions, a world discoverable only with the help of the most delicate instruments—a world of colours our eyes cannot see, of sounds our ears cannot detect, of latent forces a million times more potent than any yet known to man—yet the hypotheses we are justified in building upon these facts are more fascinating still: For ever more definitely does Modern Science search the invisible worlds for the secrets which the visible steadfastly refuses to reveal—the secrets of those life processes which appear among us only as *effects*, never as *causes*. More and more clearly do our foremost men of Science perceive that if they are ever to discover the ultimate secret of life they must search for it in the invisible, the imponderable—in a word, the immaterial—universe.

Where, or what, is that universe?

It is one of the many painful aftermaths of the long estrangement between Religion and Science that the word *invisible* should have come to denote everything that is, or seems to be, supernatural, miraculous, unreal and therefore unscientific—a situation of curious irony in view of the fact that every step lately taken by Science has led it further away from the physical, the ponderable, the visible, into the super-physical, the imponderable and the invisible.

The invisible worlds, as imagined by most dogmatic religions, were undoubtedly of a supernatural character, hence the disrepute into which they have fallen in our more rationalistic age; yet it is a significant fact that all religions without exception should have so steadfastly affirmed the existence of these unseen realms, against all the evidence of our unaided senses.

It was precisely around these celestial spheres that raged much of the controversies of old between Theology and the Free Thought of the day. Mediæval philosophers had placed Heaven beyond the farthest clouds, and Hell deep down within the Earth, the Earth itself being looked upon as the centre of the universe, with the sun, the moon and the stars as its luminaries by day and by night.

When such men as Kepler, Copernicus and Galileo attempted to demonstrate the heliocentric theory of our system, the question at once arose as to the place of Paradise in the new plan of things. Hell, and even Purgatory, might be allowed to remain in the nethermost (or innermost) planes of our planet, but where was the Abode of the Blessed?

When Astronomy became an exact Science it was believed that beyond the Earth's atmosphere there extended an absolute void—the eternal silence, the eternal night of inter-planetary and inter-stellar space. Later it was perceived that, unless there were some medium of transmission in space, neither the light from the sun, nor the reflected light from the planets, nor the light from the stars, could possibly reach the Earth; and so the hypothesis of the light-bearing ether was tentatively accepted.

Of this ether we know nothing definitely, and even Professor Einstein's bold theories have not entirely revolutionised our conception of it. It may be the most rarefied substance in the universe, or, as Sir Oliver Lodge and other savants have suggested, it may be denser than the densest element known to man. We simply do not know; nor are we even quite sure that it exists. "Exact Science" is usually a little vague about its premises.

The modern conception, then, of our planetary system is of a congeries of worlds, satellites revolving around their respective planets, and these in turn revolving around their central sun—spheres of solid, *i.e.*, ponderable, matter, floating in a sea of ether or imponderable matter, the denser forming, as it were, nuclei in the less dense or etheric. The question then arises: Where does solid matter end, and etheric matter begin?

To think at all clearly on these subjects we must think in terms of mental images; and when we try to visualise our Earth, with its various atmospheric belts, we find it impossible to determine the point at which the Earth's atmosphere ceases, and cosmic space begins.

We know that the atmospheric layer in which organic life (as *we know it*) is possible does not extend beyond $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the surface of the Earth, while above this first layer there is another, composed of extremely rarefied air, which reaches up to a height of about 24 miles. Above this second layer there seems to be a thin band of ozone acting as a kind of filter for the more powerful and destructive of the sun's rays. Extending 100 miles or so beyond this, there is still another layer in which the presence of the two lightest gases known to Science, hydrogen and helium, have been detected; and above this, extending perhaps to a height of 200 miles above the Earth's surface, is yet another belt of which coronium—a gas known to exist in the sun, but not at present discovered on the Earth—seems to be the chief, if not the only, component. And above this? Science has not yet sounded these depths nor searched these heights. Presumably beyond this last-named layer begins the sea of ether, a sort of neutral zone common to all the planets of our system, perhaps to all the worlds of space.

Now to the student familiar with some of the ancient cosmogonies there is a striking parallel between these various invisible and semi-material zones enveloping our solid Earth and the concentric spheres of Neo-platonic, Gnostic and other systems, systems which, with certain variations, persisted well into the Middle Ages, and were not without a definite influence upon Christian theology. The famous *Hortus Deliciarum*, for instance, that exquisite work from the pen and brush of a twelfth-century abbess, is practically based on the Gnostic and Neo-platonic conception of the cosmos. Indeed, in their fundamental ideas those systems are too clear and logical not to have captivated the thoughtful minds of all ages; nor is it surprising that their

many scientific analogies should have led to their revival at the present time.

One hears a great deal nowadays of Hindu and Buddhist *lokas*, of theosophic "planes" or Rosicrucian "spheres"; and in all these conceptions one finds that the dominant idea is that of concentric and interpenetrating belts extending in a definite scale of increasing rarity, from the surface of the Earth to the outermost confines of our planetary system.

Where the physicist, with the help of his balloons, his barometers, or his spectroscope, discovers belts of ever more subtle matter, the Wisdom of the ages has always asserted the existence of such concentric planes or spheres, and peopled these unseen realms with unseen inhabitants.

Reasoning by simple analogy there is nothing irrational in this idea. To quote a distinguished biologist, Dr. Schiller, "Life does not cease to exist where man ceases to perceive it"; and if, on this solid-seeming Earth of ours, life is truly as an overflowing cup where each great division of matter—solid, liquid and gaseous—has its own appropriate inhabitants, it appears more than probable that other states of matter—etheric, super-etheric and beyond—also have their special forms of life, invisible to us. And, as it is an ascertained fact that, when matter passes from the solid to the liquid, from the liquid to the gaseous, from the gaseous to the radio-active, its potential energies increase in a definite ratio, it is by no means irrational to suppose that the living entities of these regions, if they exist, may be more evolved than those belonging to the denser, more heavy, more "material" planes of Nature.

If the visible world teems with life in a multitude of varied forms, can we refuse it to the invisible worlds?

To return to the Neo-platonic and Gnostic systems: They depicted around our Earth these same belts of ever more rarefied matter which our physicists are studying to-day; and placed within their unseen depths the field of man's future evolution.

The first belt, the one closest to the Earth, was the purgatorial region, the *Hades* of Greek and other mythologies, the "lower astral" plane of modern Theosophy; the next, a layer of more subtle matter, was the place of Paradise, or the Elysian Fields of the Greeks; and beyond that arose the celestial spheres, worlds of light where Angels dwelt, until, passing from grade to grade of ever finer substance, the manifested universe with all its

inhabitants was merged into the Divine World, the *Plerōma* of Gnosticism, the World of the Fulness of God.

That Bible of Gnosticism, the *Pistis-Sophia*, has some remarkable passages describing these "invisibles," four-and-twenty in number, which encompass the solid earth. In one of the dialogues between the Risen Christ and His disciples Mary Magdalene asks :

" My Master and Saviour, how, then, are the four-and-twenty invisibles of what type, of what quality is their light ? "

" And Jesus answered and said unto Mary : What is there in this world which is comparable to them, or what region in this world is like unto them ? . . . For there is nothing in this world with which I can compare them ; nor is there a single form to which I can liken them. . . . Amen, I say unto you, every one of the invisibles is nine times greater than the heaven and the sphere above it, and the twelve æons all together. . . . There is no light in this world which is superior to that of the sun. (Yet) I say unto you, the four-and-twenty invisibles are more radiant than the light of the sun which is in this world, ten thousand times. . . . For the light of the sun in its true form is not of this world, since its light has to pierce through a host of veils. . . . But the light of the sun in its true form, which is in the region of the Virgin of Light, is more radiant than the four-and-twenty invisibles, and the great invisible Forefather, and the great Triple-powered God, ten thousand times more radiant. . . .

The Christ then promises His disciples to take them into these invisible realms. " And when I bring you into the height, you shall see the glory of them in the height ; and ye shall be in most mighty wonderment. . . ." Ye will regard this world as the darkness of darkness ; and when ye gaze down on the whole world of men, it will be as a speck of dust for you. . . .

From plane to plane, from invisible to invisible, He will take His disciples ; and wherever they ascend they shall behold the shining inhabitants thereof, Kings, Saviours, Guardians of the Treasure of Light, Rulers of the æons, and IEOU, the Guardian of the Veil of the Great Light. . . .

And finally they shall attain to the world of pure light, the Pleroma or Divine Plenitude, and know the Mystery of the Ineffable.

The close correspondence between this ancient conception of the universe and the inner nature of Man as taught in the mystery-schools of antiquity, will at once occur to the student of Occultism. Indeed, so vitally connected in all these systems is the microcosm, Man, with the macrocosm, Nature, that it is impossible to understand the one without the other. " As above, so below " : For Man is to Nature—or, rather, to THAT which manifests as Nature—what the seed is to the tree, the embryo to the full-grown organism.

As our Earth is a material, visible body surrounded by more or less immaterial layers, or belts, of ever-decreasing density, so

man is a physical body enveloped by auras of super-physical "matter"—etheric, astral, (lower) mental—acting as channels for the divine life and energy.

And even as it is impossible for Science to indicate the point where the Earth's atmospheres end, and cosmic space begins, so in Man his highest, his purely spiritual, aura, is probably interpenetrated by, and merges with, that divine life in which he lives, moves, and has his being.

The thought of to-day looks with little favour upon these speculations, which it deems fanciful in the extreme, whether applied to Nature or to Man, to the Greater or the Lesser worlds. Science admits of no life in the super-sensuous worlds, of no concentric spheres or planetary auras, except in terms of those atmospheric layers of which its finer instruments can bring some definite record; and of the conclusions of Psychical Research, anent the various auras of man, it is equally sceptical—despite the fact that the densest of these have been seen and studied by scientific means.*

Yet as Modern Science approaches ever more closely to the realm of the invisible and imponderable, and realises ever more clearly that it is within these realms that the *cause* of all vital processes must ultimately be sought, it may come, some day, to look with more sympathy and a truer understanding upon those attempts of ancient philosophers, poets, and mystics of all ages, to interpret the invisible in terms of the visible, and to people with living entities the vast Unseen that encompasses us.

These ancient ideas may or may not be true; yet it is a fact that if accepted, at least tentatively, they help to remove many of our most cherished beliefs from the sphere of the supernatural and miraculous to that of the scientifically possible and logically acceptable. They provide for Man a continuing and ever-ascending field of evolution; they place Paradise and Purgatory in Time and Space, thus giving a definite objectivity to what appears to many a vague and shadowy condition—a pious hope rather than a clear-cut certainty.

Science alone can never answer the ultimate problems of life, the why and wherefore of the universe; but if it should ever walk hand in hand with a wise and truly illumined faith, a sane religious philosophy, then the two together might well be able to achieve what neither, left to itself, could ever do—offer man a worthy fulfilment of his eternal quest.

* See Dr. Kilner's book: *The Human Atmosphere*.

HAUNTED TREES

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

TREES have ever figured in Ghost-lore, and none, perhaps, have obtained a wider reputation for ghostliness, at least in the traditions of this country, than Herne's Oak of Windsor Park. Herne, a keeper in the Park, probably in the reign of Henry VIII., committed suicide. He was supposed to have dabbled in the Black Art ; but whether this had anything to do with his tragic end is open to question. It is alleged that he hanged himself on an oak in the park from the dread of being disgraced for some offence he had committed, and that his ghost has haunted the spot ever since. In a poem of ancient date it is written :—

“ There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns.”

It was said at one time that Herne's oak had been dislodged during the reign of George III., about 1784 ; this, however, is discredited by Mr. Jesse, an authority on ghosts, in his work entitled *Gleanings*. “ The whole tale of the felling of the tree,” he writes, “ the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded. Herne's oak is probably still standing ; at least, there is a tree which some old inhabitants of Windsor consider as such, and which their fathers did before them, the best proof of its identity. In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor Road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about halfway on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak ; I can almost fancy it the very picture of death. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality appears about it. The hunter must have blasted it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay.” Now whether this tree is still in existence I, the writer of this article, cannot say, but only a few months ago it was rumoured in Windsor that a phantasm closely resembling the popular idea of Herne, which coincides with that in the verse I have quoted, had been seen at night

hovering around the spot generally associated with it. Sceptics ridiculed the story in the papers, but I was told by more than one inhabitant of Windsor at the time that "there was certainly something in it."

Another tree famed far and wide for being haunted was Howel Sele's Oak, which stood until July 13th, 1813, when it was destroyed, in the grounds of Nannau, the ancient residence of the Vaughan family in Merionethshire. In the days of Owen Glendower, Nannau was tenanted by his cousin, Howel Sele, who was a keen partisan of the Lancastrians. Glendower, on the other hand, being an equally keen partisan of the House of York, the cousins became such bitter personal enemies that nothing could exceed the hatred they bore one another. Thus, in order if possible to destroy this enmity, and bring about a reconciliation between them, the Abbot of Kymmer arranged a hunting party, in which both were invited to take part. The invitation being, of course, in the nature of a command, both were obliged to accept; and it was while they were out hunting together, apparently on quite friendly terms, that Glendower, seeing a doe, pointed it out to Sele. "There, cousin," he said (or words to that effect), "there's something to test your skill as a marksman. Take a shot at it." Howel at once bent his bow, but instead of firing at the doe, discharged his arrow full at Glendower. Luckily for Glendower he had armour underneath his jerkin, and so escaped injury. Enraged at Sele's treachery, however, he turned angrily on him, and although Sele was better armed than he was himself, he killed him. Confronted with the problem of how to dispose of the body he yielded to the advice of his friend, Madog, and hid it in a tree, thus described by the poet, "a broad and blasted oak, scorched by the lightning's vivid glare, hollow its stem from branch to root, and all its shrivelled arms were bare." He then returned to his home without informing anyone of what had happened. A search was made for Sele, but his fate remained an utter mystery, till it was at last disclosed by Glendower himself, on his death-bed, ten years later. Sele's skeleton was then taken from the tree and given a Christian burial, but, despite that fact, his spirit knew no rest, and ever afterwards haunted the scene of its earthly tragedy. It was generally believed the haunting would cease when the tree was removed, but I am informed that it still continues periodically, and that phenomena of a very harrowing description were witnessed on or near the site of the blasted oak not so very long ago.

“And to this day the peasant still
With fear avoids the ground ;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.”

Yet another famous tree long associated with hauntings is (or was, for I am not sure whether it is still standing) an oak at Woburn Abbey. It is called the Abbot's Oak, and Mr. Loudon, an authority on the subject, says that it is a low pollard-like tree with nothing remarkable in its appearance, though the associations connected with it are extremely interesting. On the branches of it, according to Stowe and other historians, exactly three centuries ago, the Abbot and Prior of Woburn, the Vicar of Puddington and “other contumacious persons” were hanged by order of Henry VIII.

Their contumacy apparently lay in their denial of the King's supremacy, and they were all dragged to the foot of the tree on sledges, amid the jeers and ribaldry of many persons. No sooner had the life fled from their bodies, than the tree acquired a reputation for being haunted, and the spot associated with it has certainly remained so ever since.

From these hauntings one infers that there is something about oak trees that attracts phantasms, and not only the phantasms of earthbound humans, but phantasms of all kinds. I recollect, for instance, when in Scotland, as a boy, being told a curious story of a haunted oak in Forfarshire. My informant, a clerk in an office in Brechin, said, “I was cycling home from Dubton, a small station within a few miles of Montrose. About halfway, there is rather a steep hill, and I was pedalling slowly up it, when I noticed a dull, glimmering light in a field close to the hedge on one side of the road. It was only a little way ahead of me, so, wondering what it could be I got off my machine, and leaving it propped against a wall, set off on foot to find out. As I approached this queer light, I noticed it was of a curious bluish colour, and there was something so odd and eerie about it that I involuntarily halted, feeling afraid to go on. Then, as I stood staring at it, it suddenly emitted a flash of such startling brilliancy that it lighted up the whole field, and I clearly saw, immediately in its rear, a tall, isolated oak with very wide-spreading branches. This flash was speedily followed by another, and yet another, in fact a whole series, each one more lurid and ghastly than the last, and in the intervals between them the oak and other objects, which had been rendered so clearly visible by the flashes,

seemed to recede into a darkness that was absolutely terrifying in its intensity. While all this was happening, the silence around me was awful. I use the term 'awful' because I can think of no truer or more fitting epithet, and I at last became so thoroughly panicked that I ran as fast as my legs would carry me back to my machine, and pedalled at top speed the rest of the way home. When I narrated my experience the following day to my fellow-workers, they treated the matter very facetiously and declared it was all my imagination and 'tommy rot.'

Indeed, it was a long time before I met anyone who was inclined to take me seriously. Eventually, however, I came across a minister at Montrose, who told me he had had a very similar experience to mine, when passing by the same field. He said that upon his making enquiries, some cottagers in the neighbourhood informed him that the solitary oak tree in that field was well known to be haunted, but not by the ghost of any human being. They also told him that it usually had a very evil effect on anyone who ventured to remain near it for any length of time at night, and advised him on no account to do so."

And this reminds me of another haunted oak that used to stand close beside a pond in a field near Winchfield, Hants. Having heard the pond was full of carp, and being at that time an ardent angler—I have since abandoned the so-called sport, as I consider it very cruel—I set off one evening armed with fishing-rod and creel. It was ideal summer weather, the sky serenely blue without the vestige of a cloud anywhere, and the warm air sweet with the scent of clover and wild flowers. There were a number of sheep and cattle in the field, but I noticed that they gave the oak tree a very wide berth, always approaching the pond from the opposite bank, although it was steeper and therefore made the pond from that side more difficult of access. They quickly decamped on seeing me approach, and I had that part of the field entirely to myself. Taking up my position by the tree I cast my line, and in a very few minutes I landed a fish. Soon after this I suddenly felt I was being watched. Indeed, so strong was the sensation that I repeatedly turned round, in the full expectation of seeing someone close behind me. No one, however, was there. Presently the silence began to pall on me; the night was so still that hardly a leaf rustled, and I had not been fishing in the pond long before I became obsessed with a feeling of loneliness and depression, which at length became so unbearable that I was constrained to take my

rod to pieces and make for home. Some days later I quite casually remarked on this incident to a local farmer who, much to my surprise, said at once, "No wonder you felt queer fishing near that tree. Old Jerry Somebody-or-other—I have forgotten his name—hanged himself on it when I was a boy, and no sheep or cattle will ever lie or even stand under it. I have never seen anything queer there myself, but several people I know round here tell me they have, and they call it the Haunted Oak."

Years ago I was pointed out a tree in Hyde Park, I believe it was an elm, that none of the tramps and other outcasts who were in the habit of spending the night in the park would sleep under, because it was reputed to be haunted. A female tramp, known on the road as "Sally," was found dead one morning either immediately under the tree or close beside it; and someone else being found dead in the same spot a few weeks later, the tree at once acquired a very evil reputation. One old tramp assured me that often in the dead of night he had seen a white, eerie face, which he recognized at once as Sally's, peering at him from behind the trunk of the tree as he passed it; while several other tramps declared that even when sleeping a little distance from it, they had a horrible nightmare which, in its after-effects, always proved disastrous morally. In fact, one member of the tramp fraternity, a man of middle age and rather superior birth, held this tree absolutely responsible for his downfall. "I was not a criminal," he said, "till I slept under it. I then dreamed so often of getting rich by stealing purses full of money that I at length became obsessed with the desire to pick pockets. For a long time I struggled hard against the obsession, but it at length became so acute that I yielded to it and started on my nefarious career in Bond Street. Success attended me at first, but I was soon caught and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. When I came out I tried to get a job, but no one would have me, and so eventually I took to the roads. But it was the tree that did it." And the tree's appearance did not belie its reputation. Its trunk was covered with great swellings unpleasantly suggestive of some horrible and loathsome disease, while its wide-spreading, knotted and gnarled branches, forked and curving downwards at the ends, reminded one of the arms and hands of some grotesque and ferocious beast of prey. It was without doubt one of the most repulsive and sinister-looking trees I have ever seen; but it had its counterpart in a tree I once saw in the forests of the Cascade Mountains. I was riding after cattle one day in the forests, when my horse

halted—with such abruptness that I was almost unseated—and began to tremble violently. Thinking that it had been frightened by a snake or a cougar, I looked all around, fully expecting to see either one or the other (Oregon abounds in both), but I could detect neither. I was in a clearing, quite bare, saving for one tree a few yards ahead of me and a little to one side of the path along which I was travelling. The moment my eyes rested on it I ceased wondering why my horse had been so scared. Not being well versed in the study of trees I do not know how to classify this one. All I can say is it was very gaunt and unhealthy looking. Its shrivelled top suggested that it had been blasted by lightning; and altogether it presented a most horrible and sinister appearance. I was about to try and coax my horse forward, when a filmy cloud drew over the moon and made the shadow of the tree stand out with startling distinctness on the moon-kissed soil. At first I was not conscious of anything unusual about it, but as I glanced to one side of the shadow, I saw with astonishment what appeared to be a white form standing quite motionless and upright in the moonbeams. It seemed woven, as it were, out of a half-transparent milky cloud, and though there was nothing definite about it, I got the distinct impression that it was horribly grotesque, and, if not altogether evil, decidedly antagonistic. It fascinated me to such an extent that I could not remove my eyes from it, and while I was staring at it, it moved towards the tree and seemed in some strange manner to amalgamate with the trunk. At any rate, it disappeared. The moment this happened my horse recovered the use of its limbs and was off like the wind. Some days later, on my mentioning the incident to a ranchman who lived on the outskirts of the forest and knew the locality intimately, he at once exclaimed, "Oh, that was the suicide tree. No horse will ever pass it of its own accord, or, in other words, unless you make it. In the last ten years at least four men, two my own cousins, have been found hanging on it."

He said he had never heard of its being haunted, but he could quite believe it might be, for there was something "deucedly queer" about it, especially at night. W. B. Yeats, in one of his poems, describes a tree haunted by a phantasm, half human and half animal, that was seen one night by someone apparently possessing the power or faculty of second sight. The "thing," as far as I remember, was sitting under the tree, with its long arms thrust in a peculiar manner under its legs, and its huge hands outstretched, as if ready to pounce on anyone who came

within its reach. Now, fanciful as the idea may seem to some, I have heard of trees in India and other countries in the Far East being actually haunted by very similar phantasms. Call them elementals if you will. Mr. Wilkinson, an engineer, temporarily employed in Central India, told me that close to the bungalow in which he lived was a banyan tree that was so badly haunted that no Indian or horse would go near it. He said that many times, when passing near it at midnight on foot, he had seen a strange shadowy figure, in body like a man but with the head something like a pig's, either leaning or squatting against its trunk.

The natives warned him never to go near it after sunset. "If you do, sahib," they said, "you will be found one day hanging to its branches." They believed everyone who passed under its branches at midnight was induced either to commit suicide or murder.

Tamarind trees, too, are often haunted, and the natives of the Far East have many curious ideas about them. Not many years ago, no *khitmutgar* (cook) would hang a piece of meat on a tamarind tree, as he believed that meat hung there would decompose, or at any rate become unfit for food. Also it is not long since a native traveller, though quite willing to eat of the fruit of the tamarind tree, would positively refuse to unload his pack or rest under its branches. In Bengal the belief is, or at least was, that by reason of some ancient spell cast upon it, this lovely tree is surrounded by some noxious super-physical vapour that is both unlucky and unhealthy to a degree.

Those who have travelled a great deal in the East have told me that the natives believe that the grain of the tamarind wood, which consists of a fine black thread-like vein, is a written language that is unknown to them, because it is that of the Unknown, and written by the Unknown, and although this curious marking on the wood of the tamarind tree appears to us natural enough, to the natives it is otherwise; they believe it owes its origin entirely to super-physical agency, and that the writing registers the fate both of natives and foreigners. A similar belief is connected with the *kulpa briksha* or silver tree, so called from the colour of its bark. It, too, is not infrequently reputed to be haunted. The phantasms that are mostly associated with it, though not as a rule grotesque and awful in appearance, would seem to be more or less malign, and, if annoyed, revengeful.

To conclude, I will narrate a case of tree-haunting in this country. Near Wendover, not long ago, there was, and, for aught I know to the contrary, there still is, an old farmhouse possessing a very-much-haunted nut-walk. Dr. Lee, in his *Glimpses in the Twilight*, gives a very graphic account of the experience that once befell someone he knew there. His informant was out shooting one moonlight night, and had no sooner entered the nut-walk "the trees of which had been arched together and made to grow so as to form a kind of continuous tower, than he distinctly saw what he took to be an old man, with his back towards him, stooping in his gait, a few feet from him." The figure did not seem to walk, but to glide with a curious smooth motion, and to be slightly above the ground. Mr. Lee's informant called out to it, but it made no response, and he then noticed for the first time that it was shadowy and strange, and that it emitted from all over it a very eerie light. When he stopped, it stopped too, and when he went on, it went on. Every now and then it uttered a "deep, long-drawn sigh," and at last it gave a piercing scream and abruptly and quite inexplicably vanished. The moment it did so, the whole earth rang with the sound of mocking, jeering laughter, in which the trees on either side seemed to participate. This phenomenon occurred once only, silence omnipotent and unbroken succeeding the final echo of the laughter. The explanation of this extraordinary occurrence, Mr. Lee says, was generally believed to lie in the tradition that a former owner of the property had murdered a young woman and child and buried them somewhere in the walk.

A nut-grove near St. Erth, Cornwall, is also haunted, but by something infinitely more harrowing and horrible. I myself am quite convinced that trees, more perhaps than any other objects, animate or inanimate, attract and harbour the super-physical, and that it is sometimes dangerous both to morals and even to life to sleep under or near them.

THE INFERENCE

By G. M. HORT

IF from my room of fireglow and lamplight,
I take a whim to peer into the night,
There shows before me, lustrous in the gloom,
A ghostly replica of this same room,
Shadows of things which here I touch and see,
Shadows of friends who share these things with me ;
Familiar apparitions, yet made strange
By some unearthly disembodying change.

I recognise their presence, and, no less,
I recognise that they are nothingness.
When I pass out, 'tis not to meet with these,
But with the night's own cloaked realities.

So, a life-tenant in a larger Room,
Whose glaring windows face a deeper Gloom,
I've watched, since first I came, those windows throw
Unnumbered shadows on the void below.
Strange phantom-shapes, from which in cruder years
Men built their supernatural hopes and fears,
Which, through all time, make simple gazers dream
Of hands that beckon and of lights that gleam.
But round me here my wiser comrades say :—
“ See how the old delusions pass away !
See why it was our fathers thought to find
Such brave adventures in the darkness blind !
Bravely the gloom seems peopled ; but no less
When we step forth, we'll meet with nothingness.
What need for awe ? What ground for faith in these ? ”

None. . . . Yet the Night must have real mysteries !

A NEW SPIRIT OF RESEARCH

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THOSE who are acquainted familiarly with occult literature in France during the second half of the nineteenth century, and with the years of the present epoch prior to the War, cannot fail to appreciate the great change which has come over the face of things during recent days. I speak of persons whose knowledge is not apart from sympathy, but is characterised also by saving critical gifts. On the side of research, at least, the occult subject in all its branches is passing from the region of romance into that of historical actuality. The day of Éliphas Lévi is over and so is that of his immediate successors, including such well-known names as Papus and Stanislas de Guaita. The history of Magic, of Alchemy, of Astrology and other divinatory methods is written no longer in the light of imagination, after the manner of the legends of Croquemitaine and the Honey Stew of the Countess Bertha. So also Speculative Freemasonry has cast off the yoke of Ragon, while on the metaphysical and theosophical side the Holy Kabbalah, or Secret Tradition of Israel, is presented no longer by enthusiasts who have failed to read its records, even in the Latin tongue, and have found it a simpler task to make up their theses, as they proceeded, by an appeal to the "inner consciousness." Even *Le Voile d'Isis* has abandoned the hopeless task of printing the *Lettres Kabbalistiques* of Éliphas Lévi, addressed to Baron Spedalieri. It is, however, obvious and needless to add that all things have not come out entirely and unconditionally from the old atmosphere, the old fictitious realms of theme and dream. *La Rose Croix* of M. Jollivet Castelot has little space or time for anything but the transmutations of its editor and the demand for their recognition at the hands of official science; but it remembers on rare occasions the implications of its own title and produces a monograph on the Brotherhood of R.C., which repeats for a thousandth time the old mendacious stories. We profit but little more when another and more important periodical issues a special number devoted to the old Order. There are evidently still certain subjects which are surrendered tacitly as a province proper of the fantastic spirit, instead of the spirit of research.

The *Librairie Critique* of M. Émile Nourry has become identified with that new spirit to which my title refers, and deserves all praise for its notable series of recent books and monographs, as if it could not atone sufficiently for having printed—now

somewhat far in the past and forty years after his death—*Les Mystères de la Kabbale*, being Lévi's views and inventions on the "secret harmony of the Old and New Testaments." That ridiculous work was succeeded by *La Kabbale Juive* of Vulliaud, a very different enterprise, to the two volumes of which I devoted a considerable space in THE OCCULT REVIEW at the time of its appearance, some four years ago. I have noticed also M. Oswald Wirth's introduction to a new edition of Ragon's *La Maçonnerie Occulte*, being an early item of a *Bibliothèque des Initiations Modernes*. A peculiar interest attaches to this series, not only for what it has accomplished up to the present date but for its great possibilities in the future. It opened in 1926 with a remarkable study of Comte Joseph de Maistre, once famous and still remembered well as the author of *Soirées de Saint-Pétersburg* and the defender of Roman Catholicism in its ultramontane aspects.* The author is Paul Vulliaud and his purpose is to prove that de Maistre was not only a Freemason during many years of his life—his chief sphere of activity being in the High Grades—but that he was connected with the Martinist Rite and with the group at Lyons which transformed the German Strict Observance into the Order of the Holy City. The evidential narrative is supplemented by remarkable documents, printed for the first time, some of which are of other and greater importance than the editor is in a position to appreciate on his own part. They are of things which lay behind the Observance developments in the Province of Auvergne and have enabled myself to extend, and practically complete, my archives of its inner workings.

The most recent additions to the *Bibliothèque* are three in number, and first amongst these must be placed a bibliography of the literature which has arisen concerning the Knights Templar in French, Latin, German and English.† It comprises 1,298 items, described adequately throughout from a catalogue point of view, the more important items being followed by descriptive notes which deal with subject-matter, opinions and critical views. So far as I am aware, the undertaking is without precedent in bibliographical research, unless something has been done in Germany which has escaped the compiler himself, and this appears unlikely. A prospectus that accompanies the copy before me is justified in all its claims, which indeed are expressed

* Joseph de Maistre, *Franco-Maçon, suivi de pièces inédites*. 8vo, pp. 260. 18 francs.

† M. Dessubré, *Bibliographie de L'Ordre des Templiers, imprimés et Manuscrits*, 8vo, pp. xx + 324. 1928. 50 francs.

moderately, and it should find a place in all historical libraries. This is not to say that the collection is entirely exhaustive or that a later edition would not benefit by emendation here and there. Those who, like myself, have made the Templar side of Masonic pretension, and the growth of Rites under the denomination of Masonic Chivalry, a special study and dedication, cannot fail to distinguish several directions in which the compilation could have been extended further. Though a section of the General Table is devoted to the Temple and Freemasonry, there is so little real knowledge exhibited that the all-important name and claim of the Strict Observance appears nowhere: we hear nothing of Baron von Hund in this connection and nothing also of Starck, though his records in manuscript are exceedingly large and are enumerated in printed catalogues of Continental Masonic libraries.

The fourth item in these annals of modern initiations is that of M. Joanny Bricaud on the group of Illuminés at Avignon, under the auspices of Antoine Joseph Pernety, in the two decades which preceded the French Revolution; and it is deserving of high praise for the light which it casts on an obscure subject as a result of first-hand research in the archives of the historical city of France.* Had it been possible for the author to extend his materials by reference to Swedenborgian records in England and America, he would have done still more, to his own satisfaction and the increased value of his monograph. It is and will remain, however, the most important contribution to its subject which has appeared in any language, and that subject is of considerable interest, not only for the history of Hermetism in France towards the end of the eighteenth century, but for that of High Grade Masonry and the Swedish seer. Pernety began his career as a monk of the Benedictine Order; he was drawn to the study of Alchemy and wrote two works on the subject which have their place in its literature on the theoretical and speculative side; he was also a Mason of his period, who founded a Rite of Masonry—it may be more than one; and perhaps most curiously of all, he was led to Emmanuel Swedenborg by directions obtained through a Kabbalistic Method of Divination.

The sixth and last of the annals which has appeared so far, brings up the series to date, and it would have been helpful to Mr. Frederic Thurstan and his recent article on Huysman in THE OCCULT REVIEW had he been aware of Maurice Garçon's

* *Les Illuminés D'Avignon, étude sur Dom Pernety et son groupe.* 1927. 8vo. pp. vi + 114. 12 francs.

story of Eugène Vintras.* The extra-apostolical priesthood of Pierre Michel—so self-styled—the miraculous masses, the religious movement at Tilly-sur-Seuil, denominated *L'Œuvre de Miséricorde*, are presented here at full length for the first time and are checked at all points by reference to pamphlets of the period, municipal and episcopal archives and MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The Work of Mercy, its Church of Holy Peace and the coming reign of the Holy Spirit were unfortunately not without a preposterous political side, for the new priesthood, in the person of its supernaturally guided and inspired pope, was to reign—at least in France—with a new king, representing a true legitimacy; no other, in fact, than the pretended resurrection of Louis XVII. and so-called Duke of Normandy, Naundorf. For the rest, M. Garçon—who is not only a literary man with a faculty for research but a well-known barrister—is in a position to give us, behind the prophet's persecutions and imprisonments, a very fair insight into his early history and his experiences in houses of correction as a rogue of the more common type. I have sketched elsewhere, when available records were fewer, the alleged Vintras heresy, its gospel and apocalypse: there is no call to reproduce it here. It should be said that this latest account leaves the miraculous hosts and the supposed arch-natural blood poured into chalices much as we should expect antecedently; but whether the impostures were not tintured with delusions and the delusions with psychosis, are points which are permitted to remain open. It is known that M. Bricaud is preparing for publication an independent study of Vintras, so we may learn yet more fully, and possibly find the subject approached from a new point of view.

M. Albert Lantoine's excellent study of John Toland as a supposed precursor of Emblematic Freemasonry belongs to the same series. It is of less general interest and the once imagined influence of *Pantheisticon* and its author on the development of the craft is now rightly discounted by Masonic scholarship; but a translation of Toland's work is provided, and French readers are able for the first time to form their own judgment: it may be added that I am glad to possess it on my own part, as the Latin original is rare. M. Lantoine is otherwise of consequence as a Masonic writer. So far back as 1925, the house of Nourry produced his *History of Freemasonry* in France, a large octavo volume which it was my intention to review at the time.† Let

* Vintras, *Hérésiarque et Prophète*. 8vo, pp. xii + 194. 15 francs.

† Albert Lantoine, *Histoire de la Franc-Maçonnerie Française*. 1925. Royal 8vo, pp. 550. 25 francs.

me say of it now what would have been said then at length and with exemplifications in full, that it is a serious contribution to its subject and throws light on points which, so far, have remained obscure for English students, though it is scarcely to be expected that all the old fables have been put finally to rest.

There are, of course, other houses than those of Nourry which are dedicated exclusively or chiefly to occult publications, and an old debt of gratitude is due to M. Chacornac for work accomplished along these lines during a long period of years. Some considerable time since he wrote on his own part a life of Éliphas Lévi, which is the first on its subject and likely to be the last, having been done with exceeding care and with full knowledge.*

Finally, M. Bricaud has produced most recently a *Notice Historique sur le Martinisme*, which lies within the compass of 16 pp. octavo and is issued at Lyons. It offers some new points of information (1) on Martines de Pasqually—otherwise Martinez Pasqualis—and his Rite of Elect Priests; (2) on the affirmed transmission of the Martinism established at Lyons before the French Revolution to the year 1880, when the young French occultist Papus—Dr. Gerard Encausse—founded his *Ordre Martiniste*, which became diffused so widely, not alone in France itself but in the United States. The small pamphlet leaves, inevitably, a great many questions open. We need evidence on the Martinist connections of Henri de Laage, described as a disciple of Saint Martin, who died in 1805, whereas de Laage was a young enthusiast *circa* 1860, when we hear of him first through the pleasant persiflage of Lévi's *Histoire de la Magie*. The Martinist succession needs elucidation otherwise through a better knowledge of Carl Michelsen in Denmark, and most especially of Dr. Edouard Blitz, my old correspondent and friend of the far past, whose letters—I hope and believe—are buried somewhere in my own archives. I suggest that the direction in which further knowledge lies is precisely that of the two secret grades added, as it is said, by Willermoz, but more probably a group production, to those of the Strict Observance. I owe much personally to Dr. Blitz, including a knowledge of the circumstances which led him as leader of American Martinism, with its membership of several thousands, to break away from the Supreme Council of France. But after what manner Dr. Blitz belonged to the unbroken succession of *la Tradition Martiniste des Élus Coëns* there is no evidence before me, nor has it transpired anywhere, so far as I can trace.

* Paul Chacornac, *Éliphas Lévi, Renouveur de l'Occultisme en France* 1926. 8vo, pp. xviii + 300. 30 francs.

A PROBLEM OF IDENTITY IN DREAMS

By MARY E. MONTEITH

PART II

THERE are different varieties of thought transference. An idea or a series of ideas is conveyed from one mind to another in an impression equivalent to speech, or in pictorial form similar to vision; and, as bearing upon the subject we are now considering, the appearance of the thinker resembling his physical body, by which he is identified by the dreamer. There remains one other form of telepathy, an impression not of an idea but of personality. It is the feeling of personality, or, to quote a phrase of the late Sir William Barrett, a "feeling of otherness."

Here we must come down to earth for a while and discuss this "feeling of otherness," as recognised in the waking experience, in order to consider a like possibility in dream.

If you ask any individual sensitive to thought influence, any suitable subject for telepathic impressions, you will find that the feeling of personality, not unknown in the ordinary course of conversation, is acutely experienced during the receiving of thought communications. It will begin, generally, by the entrance into the mind of an idea which reminds one of the person whose thoughts are near—a distinctive perfume, perhaps a few bars of melody, or a particular flower which arrests the attention. Then comes a "feeling" of the personality which is difficult to describe. It can be compared with the influence of a great actor, but at the same time it is stronger and still more subtle. For the moment, "I" become that other individual, and I recognise who it is by the same familiar influence which seems to radiate from him or her when we meet, actually, and speak with each other. Sometimes this feeling is so strong that, for the moment, I am exclusively that other individual. There is no unconsciousness; therefore my own identity is quickly regained by the knowledge that the ideas now passing through my mind are not mine. The incident has nothing to do with me. But this quick realisation of self is not usual in sleep.

In sleep, though the dream may be vivid, the critical sense is not always awakened. Every feeling is intensified. A dream

vision has far more effect on the emotions than the most startling instance of waking clairvoyance. There is no protection against the predominating influence of a telepathic communication. And unless waking experience of these communications has stimulated an interest which sets a watch for the entrance of such phenomena in dreams, I believe that in most cases where the incidental matter is particularly exciting the identity of the dreamer is totally lost in that of the person dreamed about. It is a vivid dream, which should be traced to another person's actual experience, but is regarded as a wild stretch of the imagination—false, but false only in a strictly personal interpretation.

There is proof that among a number of dreams experienced by any single individual, telepathy is seldom, if ever, absent. It may occur once—twice perhaps; but an habitual dreamer is never safe from the intrusion of outside thought during sleep. Say, for the purpose of argument, that there have never been any signs of thought transference in dream; that is no surety that it will not happen in the future.

A dreamer has to find the road as he goes along, and there are many byways. As a matter of experience, I first became aware that I dreamed true because my dreams came true. They were prophetic. This continued for some time, and in those days, although deeply interested in telepathy because of waking experiences, it never struck me that telepathy might enter the dream life. Literature concerning dreams had not come my way. I had not, at that time, become sufficiently interested to read and collect dream data. Dr. Bousfield's book, with its suggestion of telepathic dreams, was not yet written. Prophetic vision (often of an exceedingly trivial significance) occupied my entire interest. These dreams were frequent; almost without exception they were true. And I settled down to the prophetic manifestation as a matter of course, believing that the dream existence was a little way up the hill where one could see round the corner of earthly progress.

There was an awakening to other things.

One afternoon, whilst reading, I must have fallen asleep. I seemed to be transported a little distance away, actually half a mile, to the first floor landing of a house perfectly familiar to me. So far, I myself was the chief and only actor. With strange difficulty I found myself walking painfully to the top of the staircase. Something was wrong. I could not walk properly. This helplessness made me cautious as I approached the flight

of steps leading down to the hall, and I put out my hand, intending to take hold of the banister for safety, but my hand did not act instantly in obedience to my will. After what seemed to me an interminable time, the arm moved slowly and at last I succeeded in catching hold of the rail. Then began a long and perilous descent.

At this stage of the dream, it seemed quite natural that I should be decrepit, but when halfway down the stairs it struck me that something was wrong. An accident must have happened. I had been hurt, ill, lost my memory in the interval, and had now realised for the first time that I was a cripple. Looking down, to my surprise I saw that I was in male attire, and, to get a better view, with what seemed to be a tremendous effort of the will, I somehow detached myself from that poor body and stood by its side. It was then I found myself looking at somebody else whom I recognised, and who still continued a slow descent down that terrible staircase. Inexpressibly relieved, I awoke to find myself safe at home, desperately interested in the whole experience. It was telepathy. At that moment my cousin, Major Monteith, was actually coming downstairs. The time was three o'clock exactly.

Within an hour we met and discussed it. The chance of the dream being true was unlikely. He and I had previously arranged to meet at the house of a mutual friend for tea at half-past four. Being an invalid, he very seldom made two engagements for the same afternoon, and it would be an hour before he left home. But as it happened that day, feeling better, he decided to pay a call before going on to the tea party and he was, at the moment of my dream, coming downstairs exactly as I was able to describe.

This was a turning-point in dream experience. Until that time, I had known myself as a conscious spectator of future events. Now I would find myself wondering in a dream if I were sharing another's experience. The prevailing interest of daily life became a part of the dream experience.

All, of course, had to be verified by the testimony of that other person who was mixed up with the dream, and I came to prove a great many dreams as true, telepathically, which would, otherwise, have had no meaning. One was connected with a past incident in the life of the other person, a stranger. Why it should have entered into my dreams at all is more than anyone has been able to explain.

It happened during the war when staying in the country, far from any danger of Zeppelin raids or, in fact, any other disquieting sounds more alarming than a fire alarm. I had been attending rehearsals for an entertainment at a hospital for convalescents in which several of the patients were taking part. There was no opportunity for conversation at these rehearsals, and with regard to the nature of wounds there was nothing to go by except one or two crutches, or some bandages which showed obviously that it was a foot or leg that had been injured. The man in my dream was, apparently, uninjured. He was dressed at the rehearsal in a policeman's uniform.

In the dream I was in conversation with this man. He was talking earnestly and as he talked he held out his right hand, palm uppermost, for me to see. I looked at it, trying to understand his meaning, for what he said was unintelligible. As I did so, there was a terrific report at my side and I (not he) was knocked down with some violence and awoke to find my heart beating furiously, with all the physical feelings of a sudden fright, as if it had really happened.

We ascertained that there had been no fire alarm which might have suggested the dream, and the natural conclusion was that a door might have banged and caused my fright. However, seeing the policeman the next day I took the opportunity of asking him where he had been wounded. Curiously enough, we were standing in the same position as in the dream. In reply he held out his hand, palm uppermost, and told me, as I was trying to see the marks of the wound, that it had been very slight, so slight, in fact, that he had no idea that anything had happened until he saw the blood flowing. While he was examining it to decide if it was serious enough to justify a visit to the dressing station, a shell burst at his side, knocking him down and causing, with the wreckage of the guns, a broken arm, which brought him back to Blighty.

My bomb was accounted for; the wound in the palm of the hand was only partially seen in the dream. But bomb, palm, policeman, and that uncomfortable feeling of being knocked down, all had an actual cause in his past experience when, at the moment of the explosion, my identity had merged in his, and I shared his fall to the ground as if it were my own.

The telepathic dream does not always threaten the identity of the dreamer. Such experiences can be as detached as a *tête-à-tête* conversation, as impersonal as the incidents of the

drama, as we know them in life. But the world of dreams is the world of thought in which are governing laws not yet understood, and that strange influence of personality that accompanies transmission of thought is always to be well considered in many dreams which appear to have been vivid and personal experiences.

Some people are, of course, more sensitive to this telepathic influence than others. But, aware of the fact, it is possible to shake off the influence in dream as in the waking consciousness. It is a question of memory, of carrying this memory past the threshold of sleep. Then, as far as one may tell, is the identity retained in dreams.

WELSH DUSK (To E. K.)

By TERESA HOOLEY

Grey in the twilight
The low clouds trail
Over the mountains—
A ragged veil.

Dim grows the heather
As darkness falls ;
Down in the rushes
A curlew calls.

Slow rain at twilight,
A sea-bird's cry,
Clouds on the hillside
Drifting by . . .

Older than memory,
Deeper than tears—
What sorrow claims me
Out of the years ?

Where have I known, ere
Birth wakened me,
Dusk of grey mountains
Above a grey sea ?

NUMBER AND FORM

By W. G. RAFFÉ

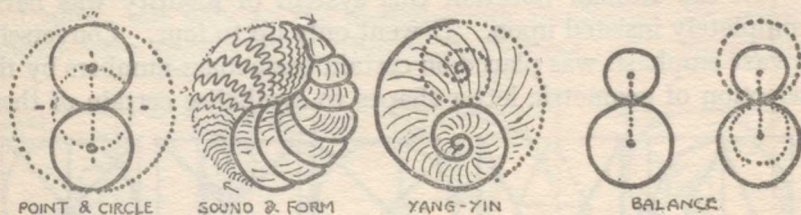
NUMERALS and letters in occult teaching have been used to indicate or symbolise two related phases of one group of powers, relating to space-order-position and the vibrations in them. Actual form, in three dimensions, comprises another such group, while rhythmic or musical sound is yet another. In due sequence, these written symbols have been set down in two dimensions as graphic signs to indicate letters and numbers. These are the exoteric visible presentations, in man's own work, of some part of the Sacred Word. Wherever they originate, each series is a system, more or less complete, in which every symbol has meaning only in relation to the remainder. Each system supplies a mental symbology in which the mind can work logically and may even supersede logic after mastery.

The science of thought may work in any mode and each method may be expressed visually in several systems. Hence the Hebrew letter-system has a direct esoteric equivalent in numbers, as well as a phonetic system in names and words, and another in chant; each letter-form symbolising a basic sound, a root idea, and a mass-number. And like the zodiacal signs, they have a mutual relation in due order when placed together, as numerals, as sounds, as ideas. This geometric unity among numeral entities was emphasised more in some other systems, such as the trigrams of Fu Hsi, and in the Roman letters which became current about the time of Pythagoras. In them the occult valuation was not centred on numeral equivalents so much as upon geometrical or formal values that were hidden behind their more complete artistic form. These letter-forms, however, possess a certain approximation to another phase of modern mathematics, in trigonometry, or the measurement of angles. Here the root idea is expressed geometrically, and was not derived from pictures. It is bound up in a certain degree with the Greek science of measurement, from which proceeded the constructive basis of their architectural geometry, recently rediscovered and named "dynamic symmetry."

This geometrical system, developed from Egyptian methods, was a thoroughly logical method of quadrinometry, fundamentally mathematical and exact in essence. It was not worked out in any direct relation to the Greek letter-system, though it had certain phases of correspondence in Greek musical modes and scales. It was used upon the actual material of temples—in

building and statuary, in marble and metal. A Greek temple was a complete, systematic mathematical symbol of the Number-Universe, suggesting variety-in-unity, even as a Hindu temple is a symbol of the Force-Universe, though developed more upon literary bases, and not in geometry.

It is far above mere arithmetic, which is, of course, but one small department of mathematics, as the logic of space and time; consisting essentially in four operations (in cross form) among a set of integers of equal value and unaltering meaning. The numerals of arithmetic are quite abstract. They are mental concepts of entities having no relation, as such, to material reality; for they suffer no change. Common arithmetic proceeds from one to nine, then from a group of ten to further quantities. The concept of minus quantities is not understood or used outside the ranks of mathematicians. It enters common accounting only as a positive loss or debt.



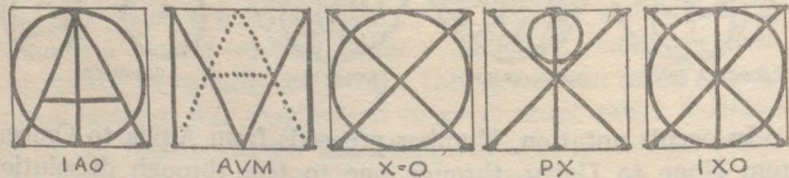
In occult notation, Number proceeds from Alpha to Omega, from None to Unity, through one to ten, through dissolution and resolution, without loss and without increase, but in self-contained action in rhythmic expression. An exact parallel occurs in formal progression from the dimensionless point through diameter to circle, from circle to sphere, in action contained and bounded by the five regular figures in which "god geometrises." As geometry has remained generally limited to the rigidity of Euclid, so arithmetic has limited the once esoteric decimal system, each mode having lost its dynamic quality, though the calculus in part restored one, while logarithms in part restored the other.

In modern practice the decimal system has been based upon an arithmetical or group consciousness. An equal progression of equal units is implied. To progress from one unit to two and thence to one hundred, equal and identical units are added, successively or in groups. This is not the inner meaning of the decimal point. It means transferring up a step or plane. Owing to numeral figures of identical sizes being used in each piece of writing and printing, this factor has escaped notice, even though

some part is utilised in logarithms in another notation. The power of the decimal point, beside arithmetical group progression, may also imply geometrical or dynamic progression. This is what is implied in occult mass-numbers, such as 666, the "Number of the Beast." They are not arithmetical quantities.

When we write 10.00 we mean a group of ten identical units. When we write 100.100 we imply one hundred such identical units, plus a fraction of one-tenth of one. The differentiation is always in quantity and never in power or quality. The cipher means merely no-unit or no-tens, and is used as the multiplier or divisor by ten. All numbers possess equality of value, in steps as groups of units. Five has no meaning unless it is preceded by four. This equilibrates a linear or group consciousness, moving in linear order in one of four directions, more or less in groups, more or less in steps, in multiplication or division, addition or subtraction.

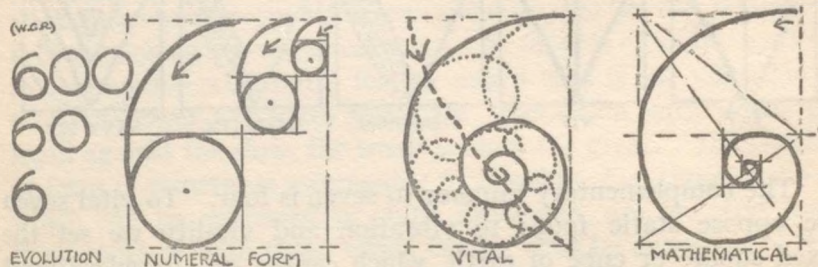
In the Roman notation this system of identity was never completely insisted upon. It went only up to four. Conversely, a vast emphasis was placed on certain basic mass-numbers by the selection of geometric letter-shapes to symbolise certain of these



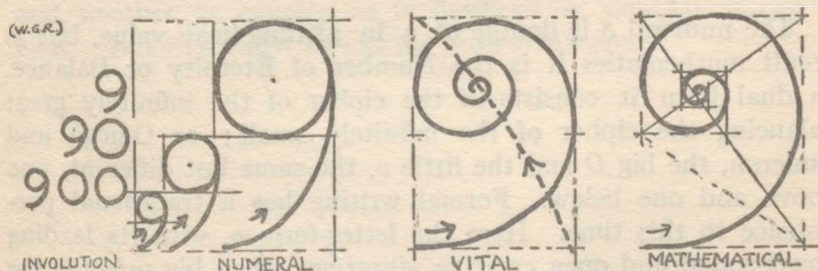
leading numbers. These letter-forms then became traditionally accepted as our familiar Roman numerals, though they are also letters, in I, II, III, IIII or IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX and X. This series of symbols supplies a set of numerals which obviously range about three different mass-values, one at each end, and one in the middle, as I, V and X. Hence they differ entirely from the modern use of the Hindu-Arabian numerals, with their apparent unrelated curves. Placed in their matrix square the vertical diameter, the cross and half of the cross, showing their relation to the 1 and the 10, the V being half of the X in form as well as in value.

Having departed from the concept of identical integral units, we can use the idea of grades, planes or powers in relation to all the occult mass-numbers. Besides translating them into letters, which do not always give words, we can translate them into forms.

The mass-number 666, as usually written in three identical numerals, conveys nothing, nor do letter-values help much. But taking the numerals as key-forms in themselves, instead of a quantity, as a set of varying power, we then find we have :



We then have three spirals in three powers or grades ; and we realise that this is the Number of Involution, or the creation of the Beast. It symbolises the involution into matter of soul and spirit, but only to the medial point, producing the perfect animal. By adding 333 arithmetically we get 999. By adding

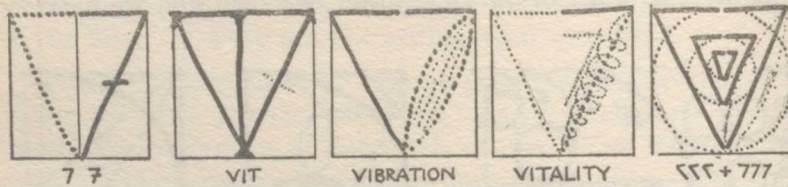


the Christ number we get the Number of Evolution, the three planes on the outgoing spiral. This mass-number needs but a further One to become resolved into 1000, again to be written geometrically. And equal to it is the Roman mass-number M

A parable reference is in the "Ninety-and-nine sheep" that were safe, but it was necessary to seek and find the "lost one" to attain the final consummation.

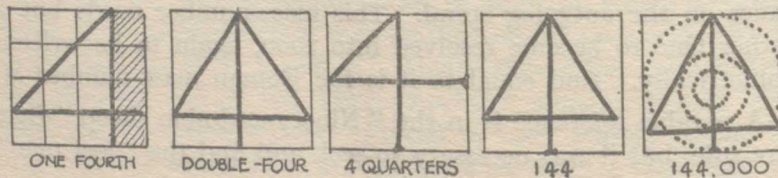
Next we may examine the sacred number 7, which is well known as the number of life and vibration, the essentially dynamic number. It can vibrate only because it is not fixed and static ; while in fact it is a half answering to another half as a physical unit ; or a symbol vibrating to other symbols when repeated with itself, as 777. When complemented by its other half—not

its duplicate—it produces, not a numeral we know, but a triangle. The cross bar of the Continental numeral F is of further interest here.



The complementary number to seven is four. To vital seven we oppose static four: to vibration and vitality we set the fixed square or cube of earth, which cannot be altered without losing the cube form. In graphic form the numeral 4 makes four points on a containing square in a certain relation. One of the two possible positions displays the inverted 7, but closed by the addition of the central bar. Numeral 4, midway between 1 and 7, is made of both their forms joined together, as the earth is made of both the forces of the first-born and the seven vibrations, as they meet halfway.

The numeral 8 is double of 4 in arithmetical value, but in occult mathematics it is the Number of Eternity or Balance. In dual form it consists of the cipher of the infinitely great balancing the cipher of the infinitely small; as Omega and Omicron, the big *O* and the little *o*, the same but different, one above and one below. Formal writing has a traditional persistence to this time. Here the letter-form *o*, with its leading vowel-sound and open creative vibration, when big upholds the lesser form.



Ten is the Great Number in the Pythagorean system, yet it is not formed from our numerals, 1 and 0, as unit and cipher, but as unit *within* the cipher. In this the creating of the unit at the same stroke produces the duality of two halves; and the trinity of the creative stroke plus two halves gives a trinity, which is easy to see in geometrical form.

In this system of Number clarified by geometry we perceive certain powers symbolised. Each line is the trace of moving energy from a laya point or power, but the trace is at the same time continuous ; and it continues to form a trace of line over a plane, and of plane to produce a solid. It does not actually work thus successively but simultaneously, yet we can apprehend it by producing a geometrical solid. Number is eternally working in conjunction with form, for the sound that is the vibration of creative power exfoliates form by interaction with itself, the rapid against the slow, the small against the great. The rhythm of form is sometimes expressible in Number, but those rhythms which can be expressed in static arithmetic are few and weak in comparison with those which cannot thus be expressed. It is the endeavour to measure life by arithmetical logic which has led science astray. Having recognised Relativity as deposing the rigid logic of arithmetic and of Euclid, it can recover by resorting to vital dynamic Number, turning from matter to consciousness, using different measuring rods for different grades of form. Human consciousness, moving from instinct to intuition, changes in its perception and grasp of mathematical form and number as exactly as it develops in parallel phases of logic. But that must be left for later treatment.

ASLEEP AMONG THE DEAD

By FLORA M. FOX

An incident told by my brother, C. P. Fox, C.E.

I WAS on construction work on the Southern Mahratta Railway. Rather late one evening I arrived near Castle Rock in the Canara jungle. I had left my inspection-carriage at Londa, the point where the line had been completed, and had been busy levelling for the continuation of the permanent way to Castle Rock.

Besides my usual staff of trolley-men, chain-holders, and the like, I had with me my old and faithful "boy" and my Mohammedan bearer, Nabi. As there were quantities of big game close at hand—to wit, bison, bear, panther and tiger, besides black buck and other deer—I had my shooting kit with me and had so far been lucky with my bag. Not far from Castle Rock was the *dāk* bungalow where I proposed passing the night.

It was a dark, misty evening, and even when the moon rose it only created a sort of pale twilight, very different from the usual brightness of an Indian night. The bungalow was, like most *dāks*, not of an inviting appearance. On entering, I found my servants had arranged things as best they could, and dinner, apparently produced from nowhere, was ready. Having dined, I stretched myself on my long chair on the verandah with a "butty," and buried myself in the latest novel from home. . . . Time went by, but I was loth to turn in, as the sleeping apartment was stuffy and not too clean. So I directed my servants to bring my camp-bed outside on the verandah, which they did: and here I lay down in the soft night air, and was soon asleep. I had noticed, on my arrival, an old disused burial-ground near the bungalow, with the grey tombs rising eerily in the mist, but had not given it much thought except as a possible lurking place for game. So I had my trusty heavy-bore beside me as I slept.

I slept, but "with one eye open," as befitted the time and place. My slumbers were light. Judge, then, of my amazement when I suddenly found myself broad awake—not on the verandah, but out in the old burial-ground, my bedstead wedged in between two crumbling tombs!

I was up in a moment, and of course in an unreasoning fury. To shout for the servants, to threaten them with the pains of

death for daring to play this joke on me, was the work of an instant.

I found them sound asleep, and when they saw the position of my bed, they trembled as with an ague, protesting with every solemn oath that they had had no hand in the matter. My bed was dislodged with some difficulty—so firmly was it wedged—and moved back to the verandah. I was resolved to have no more tricks. So I lay awake, holding my rifle at my side.

Yet I must have dozed off, for I was aroused by a strange movement and an increased blowing of the damp night air on my forehead. The swaying ceased. I was again broad awake, and again, to my amazement, in the company of the dead! I am not a nervous man, yet I must confess to a decided shock when I saw those crumbling tombs once more. How did I get there? Who moved my bed? The servants, I knew, were guiltless, for I had awoke before they had had time to run away, and their terror, in the first instance, I could see was no fake. I determined, nevertheless, to remain where I was, and not to give any nocturnal spirit the trouble of moving my couch again. The tombs protected me from any draught, and I slept peacefully, having settled to myself to make the move before anyone was astir.

I woke at daybreak—to find myself back on the verandah! Was the second incident a dream? I tried to think that it was—tried, in fact, to explain away the whole occurrence, but in vain. There, conclusive evidence, were fragments of gravelly moss clinging to the sides of my bedstead. Cumbered as I was with my rifle (which was always in my grasp), I could not possibly have moved the bed myself in my sleep. So that way out had to be dismissed!

India is not only a "land of regrets," but also a land of mystery. I could not help thinking of a story of Kipling's, in which he asks whether the gods of the East exercise power over us at times, when we invade their country. Be that as it may, I never solved the mystery. The proper sequel, of course, would have been some terrible calamity either to myself or to some of my men; but nothing occurred beyond a slight superstitious uneasiness on the part of the servants, which soon passed.

I had a successful end to my construction work on that part of the line—brought down plenty of big game, and escaped fever.

A FIRST EXPERIMENT IN HYPNOTISM AND ITS SEQUEL

By W. S. IBBETSON, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., etc.

I BELIEVE the powers of hypnotism to be very much greater than even those who have had some experience in them care to confess. The following is a description of the first experiment I made in the science, at a time when I was practically ignorant about it, and only then in my teens.

It happened in my student days, years before modern psychology attempted to explain the various complexes, which apparently make us irresponsible for our actions. I was tired to death of learning the definitions of words and terms intended to explain the simple, yet inexplicable things, which together make up life, and, maybe, death.

Whilst studying James' psychology, however, I became profoundly interested in the section dealing with the relation between thought and action. I remembered that, as a child, I had often dreamt of things and awakened to find myself doing them. I was, I believe, somewhat addicted to walking in my sleep, for once I woke up after a vivid nightmare to find myself sitting on one of the cold stone steps leading to the cellar, the scene of my previous dream.

It is my nature to think deeply about these things, and about this time I became obsessed with the idea that whatever we think about, we do, asleep or awake, if we only think deeply enough about it.

The necessity of studying the subject made us discuss this problem rather frequently, and somehow or other—I cannot tell exactly why—the project formed itself in my brain that I should test my belief and hypnotise someone, the basis of hypnotism being, of course, suggestion.

Some time later, during one of our after-supper discussions, I spontaneously suggested that I try to hypnotise Griegson, between whom and myself there was a close friendship. This he readily agreed to, and promised not to hoax me in any way and treat the matter quite seriously. We decided to try the experiment in the Upper Dorm. belonging to Mac, and thither we hurriedly went. There were five of us altogether: An Irish-

man, whose greatest difficulty was to keep quiet five minutes together, and not treat the whole matter as a joke; a dour Scot, of whose serenity I had no doubt whatever; two North Countrymen, and myself. The dormitory was quite a small room, its principal furniture being two beds and two camp-chairs. Mac took one of the chairs and the other two threw themselves across a bed. The gas was turned down and the clock stopped to make the conditions as favourable as possible. Griegson seated himself in the remaining camp-chair with his feet stretched out towards the empty fire-grate. I stood in front of him, leaning against the mantelpiece. When all was quiet I told him to close his eyes, make himself as comfortable as possible and rest both his hands easily on his knees.

"Now THINK that you are going to put your right hand on your head. Just think about that and nothing else," I said in a low and confident tone.

That is all I told him to do. The others kept their promise and remained perfectly quiet, whilst I concentrated all my thoughts on the one idea, that Griegson's right hand must rise involuntarily, and finally rest on his head. Minutes passed. In the ensuing silence, outside noises, at first unnoticed, began to assume proportions which I was sure would wreck our experiment, but we persisted, and kept our eyes in the dim light glued on the right hand of the patient.

Suddenly Mac straightened himself up and excitedly yet quietly pointed towards the knee of the subject. Griegson's hand was no longer resting on his knee, but had risen about an inch and remained suspended in space without support.

The elbow was bent, the fingers quivering slightly, and slowly, by small but perceptible jerks, the hand was rising higher and higher. After quite a long time it reached the level of the forehead. Here it appeared to remain, quivering and vibrating. Very quietly I said, "That's right. Just a little higher, it will soon be there." The original idea evidently still persisted and slowly the arm responded to my suggestion. Straightening itself out, the arm moved higher, and with a sigh of profound satisfaction as of some mighty deed attempted and done, the hand finally rested upon the crown of his head, his body relaxing, and settling itself resignedly into the chair.

In a soft voice, but with little fear now of awakening him, I told Griegson to raise his left hand to his head. Almost immediately it commenced to lift itself from his knee, and by the

same motion of vibratory jerks eventually placed itself on the top of the other hand. Strange to say, I had absolute confidence in myself by now and knew that my chum was wholly in my power.

Turning up the light and throwing off all restraint, I told him to clasp his hands, and he slowly did as requested.

"Now you cannot undo them. They are fastened together," I said.

He struggled to do so, straining frantically this way and that in his efforts to release them, but failed. Various absurd suggestions were now tried upon the subject. He relished the end of a candle in the belief that it was chocolate. Water was drunk as if the finest of wine, and the reader can well imagine how we, as students, were inclined to go to various excesses to prove that Griegson was really asleep or hypnotised.

No one by this time had the slightest doubt about the success of the experiment.

After many minutes of such joking I suddenly told the sleeper to take his foot off the fire. As I have previously stated, there was no fire, but if my readers could have seen the intense agony depicted upon his face when I said this they would have understood the immediate haste with which I assured him that he was now quite all right and safe from fear of burning.

After this, already surprising and wonderful enough to us as a first experience, occurred one of the most wonderful occurrences I have ever known.

Helping Griegson to a standing position, I told him that his sister was at the door and wished to speak to him. With his eyes closed, he slowly and deliberately wended his way across the room. On being told to shake hands, his outstretched hand eagerly shook in space what he considered to be the hand of his sister. We were quiet again now at this fresh development, and excitedly watching what was taking place. For some time he nodded as if in reply to remarks made to him by his sister, then suddenly his attitude became more attentive. He lost his easy conversational manner and appeared to be listening intently. Suddenly he said sharply, "No! Never! Why it has been closed down for twenty years or more. . . . I can't believe it. . . . My word, that will make a difference. Jack and father will not have to walk to Low Well now, will they?"

In the silence which followed his statement and query I asked

him what he meant, and he told us that his sister had just informed him that they were going to reopen Brankstone Pit, which had been closed down for years and years.

After the suggested departure of his sister I sent him, still hypnotised, to his own dormitory and told him to wake up when the eleven o'clock bell went. This he did, and awoke, rubbing his eyes as if from a heavy sleep, just as I had directed him, fully dressed, from a bed surrounded by students as amazed as himself by what had happened.

The next week-end, Griegson went home, and on the Monday morning following he informed us on his return to school, that the pit he had named was actually going to be restarted. An example, of course, of simple telepathy between his sister and himself, but still—a little out of the ordinary when all the circumstances are considered.

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.]

LIGHT ON THE PATH

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Basil Crump's letter on the above subject involves some questions which I believe need further discussion. The first concerns the authorship of occult works. To be sure, if one knew enough of occult law he could readily judge of the genuineness of any book on an occult subject, but unfortunately most readers have no such knowledge. And because of the general disorder in the mind of man, anyone who can step forth with a few pages of sufficiently high-sounding and obscure material, a following is secured. *The Secret Doctrine* is a Bible. But, unlike the Christian Bible, *The Secret Doctrine*, in the hands of any true theosophist, is not a book by which anyone is to be damned. He may take it or not as he chooses; but if he does take it he can be sure of solid ground under his feet. Owing to the law of centralization and perfect organisation in the Master World it is the one authoritative statement of the facts of the whence, where, and whither of man and the cosmos that is given out to the humanity of the present age. Under the operation of Hierarchical Law this work was carried out by two Mahatmas of the Transhimalayan School. They are the spokesmen of the White Lodge in the founding of the present race movement into the occult; and the Lodge does not confuse issues by duplicating its work. The major part of their movement ended in 1900, to be resumed, according to H.P.B., in 1975. And we may be sure that no other movement will be carried on by that School until this date.

As to *Light on the Path*, there is much obscurity and perhaps some confusion about its authorship. Some of this is due to the fact that M.C. dropt away from her Master; and lost the light of true understanding as a result. It is well known—at least by some—that her books that followed *Light on the Path*, are not altogether dependable, good as they may be, because of her subsequent break with her Master.

I do not know what writings H.P.B. refers to when she says that M.C. misinterpreted her Teacher's thought, as stated by Mr. Crump, as I have not her words at hand. But it is exceedingly unlikely that any reference was made to *Light on the Path*, unless some of the commentaries were written or rewritten by M.C. after her Master had withdrawn his control. When a Master undertakes to transmit

teachings through a chela the pact between the two is most binding ; so much so that the " channel " becomes a lesser self of the Master until the work is completed. Under these conditions it is impossible that the Master should allow any mistakes to slip into the work that are in any wise vital to it. We are assured that no soul is ever chosen for such work unless the Master knows by lives of testing that that soul will stand through it. He could not afford to have it otherwise.

And what Mr. Crump holds up as a mistake in *Light on the Path*, page 25—presumed by him to have been slipped in by M.C.'s imperfect response to her Master—need not be taken as such. Probably Mr. Crump's interpretation of this passage is all too prevalent with readers of *Light on the Path*. I hope to set it straight. When he quotes, " Seek it (the way) by testing all experience, by utilising the senses in order to understand the growth and meaning of individuality " he assumes that the commentary is saying that sensuality is the path to illumination, from which it would follow that one is to plunge into sensory excesses in order to know. But this, as Mr. Crump would contend, is diabolical. Truly, " The ecstasy of sense is the fulfilment of passion : the ecstasy of the soul is the fruit of compassion. One must disappear in the face of the other, for the two can never meet." (Hilarion).

The commentary does not say that we are to plunge into sensory indulgence in order to get understanding. It takes for granted the fact that we cannot live in mortal bodies without sensory experience, and that all of our knowledge of the physical world comes through the channels of contact and sensation. But what is it that gains knowledge? What is it that knows? Is it the sensory self? Mere sensory experience of itself means nothing, and an excess of it more than nothing. Every soul has had, through thousands of incarnations, a sea full of sensory experience. The commentary says, " Seek it (true understanding) by plunging into the mysterious and glorious depths of your own inmost being," and then utilise the senses in order to know, the idea being that we shall learn how to understand the experiences we do have. For how many ages did man stuff his stomach with food before he learned that food is a chemical and that his body is a chemical organism, and so begin putting the right chemicals into his body? Gluttony, or even mere eating, did not teach him this, but pain in his stomach from an abused digestion did open the door to investigation and ultimate understanding. The senses must be weighed in the measurements of the soul ; for only the Knower knows, and he dwells in " the glorious depths of our inmost being." Not more sensation, but more soul. This is what the commentary is telling us.

As to the source of *Light on the Path*, whatever " channel " it may have passed through on its way to M.C., it came from the Master Hilarion. But this is not the Greek Hilarion. This One is the

Regent of the Red Ray, and his line comes into the West out of Egypt. He is the Manu of the Fifth Root Race, and amongst the Egyptian kings was Rameses II. He holds the cosmic office of Annunciator of the Coming One. He is the Preparer-of-the-Way, the John-the-Baptist of the incarnating Christ at the dawn of each Avataric Age.

FREDERICK WHITNEY.

SCIENCE, SEX AND " OCCULTISM "

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—I hesitate to encroach on your space again so soon, but I hope you will grant me permission to point out wherein lies the *scientific error* of the Lake Harris-Lawrence Oliphant " occultism " voiced by Mrs. Oliphant, and referred to in the Notes of your last issue. A similar fallacy is contained in the article entitled " The Left Hand Path," in the same number where it is stated that sex-force " can be sublimated above the natural plane of expression." The persistence of such old and erroneous theories gives support to the contention of men of science that " education " should include a knowledge of the elementary principles of physics and biology. The fundamental laws of energy are the same in any level or state of matter, and no " occult " jargon can alter them. Briefly :—

1. Living energies are irreversible. " Reversible energy " relates only to Mechanics, where the energy may be converted from one form of physical force to another *on the same plane* (see any text-book to confirm this).
2. There is no known instance in physics or biology where a low-level energy has been changed into a high-level energy *except by disintegrating the form of matter in which the energy functions*, when the energy is released, broken into its constituent elements and scattered in space.
3. Researches of physicists and chemists in the *lower* levels of the ether show that physiological organisms are closed systems, isolated by an inner positive resistance to external bombardment : the organism *lives* in this " field " of isolation, exercising its " power of adaptation " by electro-chemical absorption of " life " from ultra-violet rays. By this activity the nitrogen of the organism mixes with the *oxygen* of the rays, and the *hydrogen*, absorbed from infra-red heat rays, consumes the *carbon* properties of the organism as it burns in the oxygen. Heat is generated in the nerve-structure of the animal organism and replenishes the supply of nitrogen which is thrown off as a by-product of the combustion.
4. The four fundamental material bases or rudimentary " elements " of the *animal organism* are therefore :—

- (a) Carbon properties, the gross physical body ;
- (b) nitrogenous material, the etheric or "astral" constituent ;
- (c) hydrogen, the etheric fire, "astral soul," animal "desire" ;
- (d) oxygen, the etheric vitality or "life."

This compound represents the physiological *corporeal unit*, the sentient animal, the different constituents of which can have no permanent separate or independent existence. It does not and cannot represent the latent, abstract intelligence which instinctively and automatically guides every molecule in the organism, the *sentient* operations of which are synthesized in the *cerebellum* of the higher animals ; nor does it represent the self-conscious intelligence of man, which cannot function in an animal type of organism. The *cerebrum* is not found fully developed even in the higher animals, for it is the organ of the *perceptive* faculties, of self-consciousness and understanding.

5. The cerebellum and cerebrum represent two distinct systems ; the *former* that of the coarse, molecular, instinctive vibrations of the lower ether impinging on the earth (sideral or astral matter surrounds the planets) ; the *latter*, the system in which functions interplanetary atomic energy of the high levels of ether.* There is no law on earth or in heaven which would make it possible to "sublimate" the energies of the lower system, and convert them into the higher. Each system derives its life from the universal energies of our solar system *on its own level* ; the one, from the ether by electro-chemical action ; the other, from the ether by electro-magnetic action—direct induction. A natural animal would almost know this instinctively ; but man is an unnatural animal and tries to pervert Nature.

6. *The virility of the animal* serves its natural function by keeping the animal alive and healthy. By imagining that God (!), or a self-conscious "god," is operating in the heat of an animal organism man descends to "animism"—or worse. *The power of the Spirit* serves its function by maintaining the higher self-consciousness of man. This "gift of the gods" man can misuse by thinking about his animal sensations instead of centering his attention on his own Higher impersonal Self, by which he can raise his consciousness out of the corruptible body and learn to live an unselfish life. If he attempt to violate Nature and raise the *animal* consciousness, he merely succeeds in devitalizing the physical body and overcharging the astral body ; and the pituitary gland works "overtime" producing "psychic visions."

There is no geography in the above statements ! That attribute of philosophy never existed until deliberately instituted and emphasized by the Roman Church for its own purposes. Those who come under this psychic illusion, perpetuated by so-called *Christian* mysticism, *western* "occultism" and "Christian Spiritualism," are

* Homogeneous substance.

unaware that the close intercourse between Asia and South Europe during at *least* eight centuries B.C until late in the declining days of Rome, is well authenticated, and that "the antithesis implied in the modern use of the terms East and West had no application to the international conditions of that period." (See *Aryan Rule in India*, E. B. Havell, pp. 60, 129, 138; also Cotterell's *Ancient Greece* and Hall's *History of the Near East*.)

A crafty priesthood, "Eastern" or "Western," is always pleased to see men select an astral "Form" for a "Master" and obey "Voices" instead of using their own common sense. If we were all psychics and mediums it would be delighted.

That arts, sciences, laws, and religions are *transmitted*, is not now questioned. Archæological researches in all departments have left nothing that any one race or nation can call its own exclusively.

Yours truly,

W. WILSON LEISENRING.

MRS. OLIPHANT

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—In your last "Notes of the Month" occurs a passage that will arouse much regret in the minds of those to whom a wider conception of Religion marks the new era of Hope.

You cite Mrs. Oliphant's words lamenting the fact that three million Christians are followers of the Baha'i faith. "Is there any evidence," she asks, "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? . . ."

Could anything be more misleading? The mission of Jesus was to help men to the One Truth, not to claim the human position of *Supreme King*, which belongs alone to God. If, in these days, sincere Christians follow Baha'ism, it is because they find in the Message of its leaders that same Truth newly expressed and developed. Can one doubt but that Jesus must rejoice when they find further means to His end?

Yet this quotation from Mrs. Oliphant is followed by one still more outrageous. She says: "A man or a woman has a right to select any Master he or she desires, but no one has the right to deny 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 civilization evolved by that Master and that religion, and not claim the music, the art, the literature, the inventions, and the organized administration of Christendom, while denying the supreme position of the King under whom these results are obtained."

Was ever the narrowest sectarian guilty of such selfish politics, such strange profanity? Was Jesus not Himself an Oriental Master? Is not Christianity itself an Oriental religion? Where but from the East has that Light of Religion come?

Is it to deny Christ, to worship His Message from *whomsoever* It comes? As to the Christian privileges and the civilization of Christendom, are they of the God, Whose Son, Jesus, died for the *whole world*: or are they of a selfish King whom Mrs. Oliphant has raised to the supreme power?

Sir, I am no Baha'i: I hold no brief for their cause. I claim this, and this only—to be one in the humble ranks of men, just and unjust, upon whom God sends His rain, and to whom He has spoken by His Prophets in every country and in every age.

A good Baha'i is a Christian: a good Christian is a Baha'i. A good Sufi may be both, or one, or neither. But Mrs. Oliphant, to quote the words of Baha'ullah, is *drowned within the sea of names*.

Yours very truly,

RONALD A. L. MUMTAZ ARMSTRONG.

BAAL OR IS-RA-EL?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the recent letter of "John Michael," it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that the following definition is to be found in Cruden's Concordance:—

"BAALIM=idols, *masters* (italics mine), false gods."

To those who know something of some of the rituals and practices associated with modern Baal-worship, the picture conveyed by these few words will appear peculiarly apt. It is a pity that the real occult significance of some of the Old Testament stories in this connection is not better known, for these have a truly astounding revelation to make regarding the æon-long conflict (indicated in the heading of this letter) that now swiftly draws to its inevitable end.

Yours faithfully,

HEIMDALLR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN address on Biology and Metapsychics, delivered by Prof. Rocco Santoliquido before the Geneva Congress of Psychical Research, last spring, is the most important contribution to the latest issue of *REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE*. It registers the lecturer's belief that science is passing from materialism to spiritualism and that this is the case especially with Biology. Du Bois-Reymond said, long ago, that the abyss between matter and thought would never be bridged, and just recently Hans Driesch has given the reason, namely, that matter does not produce thought. It follows that there is something in man which cannot be explained by materialistic science, and science acknowledges the fact. But the conclusion thus reached assumes a different aspect in the light of metapsychics, which demonstrates the impossibility of deducing laws of the soul from those of the body. There is that branch of it which is concerned with physical mediumship and has revealed mysterious biological laws, but there is a yet more mysterious side exhibited by psychic phenomena belonging more directly to the sphere of thought, and this includes Telepathy, Premonition and Prevision. It is no longer possible to question the existence of such faculties in man. . . . With these findings of Continental research we may compare the severe strictures of Mr. E. J. Dingwall, writing on the Evidential Value of certain mediumistic phenomena in the current issue of *PSYCHE*. His criticism is concerned with the records of "cross correspondences," but his conclusions are of wide application, affirming (1) that "for valid evidence of telepathy the conditions must be far more rigid and accurately controlled at every stage of the experiment than has hitherto been the case"; and (2) that it behoves "all scientific men to be exceedingly cautious before accepting the alleged mental phenomena of the mediumistic trance and the products of automatism as evidence of supernormal activity," until the work has been "checked and counterchecked, examined independently and systematically carried out." In other words, everything remains to be done, so far as evidential values are concerned, and after all the years of research there may be no such things as Telepathy, Automatism and Trance Mediumship.

It happens on some occasions that a more considerable interest attaches to an ordinary issue of *LE VOILE D'ISIS* than to some of its special numbers, a case in point being the last copy before us. M. Fabre des Essarts writes on Divine Alchemy, conveying under this title his impressions of High Mass at the Cathedral Church of Lyons, and affirming that the Great Emblematic Sacrifice produces a transubstantiation which does not belong to dogma but bears witness to the root of faith that is always alive within us, while the inward

faith responds. M. Robert Guénon has a story to tell and a speculation to place on record regarding an alleged connection between the French Compagnonnage and French gipsy tribes. In the course of the account he corrects certain "inexactitudes"—not to speak of mendacities—and leaves us with an impression that modern *Compagnons de a Tour de France* are to be trusted as much and as little on the subject of their own Mysteries as were some early Masonic writers when they produced traditional histories as evidence of title-deeds. We are glad, in the last place, that LE VOILE D'ISIS has decided to present us with yet another alchemical tract in a French vesture, namely, the *Speculum Spagyricum* of Pierre Jean Fabre, who belongs to the first half of the seventeenth century.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead spoke recently on the Problem of Reincarnation at a Meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and a summary report of the Address has appeared in LIGHT. The lecturer pointed out (1) that the doctrine is absent from the Vedic Hymns and seems to have been developed from the Upanishads about 700 years before the Christian era; (2) that the Egyptian metamorphosis of the soul can scarcely be interpreted as reincarnation; (3) that Confucians, Tarists and Zoroastrians did not hold it; (4) that it was the staple doctrine of Buddhism, which was "a rigid mechanical scheme of cause and effect"; (5) that it appeared first in Greek philosophy among the Pythagoreans "and the followers of the mystical cult of Orpheus"; (6) that it was taught by Plato and later by Alexandrian Hermetists, Plotinus and the Platonic Successors; (7) that it was foreign to the Hebrew Religion, the Early Christian Fathers, and was condemned by Origen. It has been held, however, by so many great minds in the past that it cannot be set aside as mere superstition. Passing to the present day and to the communications of Spiritism, there is no consistent teaching to be met with on the subject: it is denied in some messages from the world beyond but affirmed in others, and definite scientific proof is lacking everywhere. . . . THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT REVIEW is on the point of completing its seventh annual volume, and we are glad that it has been able to steer its course for so considerable a period. Our best wishes go with it, for it breathes an excellent spirit through all its pages. The last issue testifies concerning the soul and that it can be satisfied only with and within God; concerning the value of prayer and above all the Prayer of Silence; concerning the All of All as that which is here and now, and omnipresent Heaven, which is God indwelling. The magazine is Christian in a broad sense of the word, apart from theological preoccupations and with a certain mystic tincture. . . . THE CALIFORNIAN CHRISTIAN ESOTERIC answers on the surface to the last description; but as a fact it is something of a medley, which combines lucubrations on supposed zodiacal genii with remarks on renunciation and on that true self-denial by which alone we can enter into the realisation of

another and higher self, wherein is the "sonship of God." . . . THE OCCULTIST is also Californian and corresponds fully to its title. There are jottings on the Astral Light, the Houses of the Planets, the dawn of the so-called Aquarian Age, and so forth; but it ventures also to dilate on Christian Mysticism, when it specifies seven aspects of the Christ Idea, the last of which is described as the King Messiah and "a particular future incarnation of the Individual Christ," for the purpose of establishing the Kingdom of God upon earth. The classification is not convincing, but we offer our sympathetic agreement when it is said that "true Mysticism will make us better citizens of society and better able to fulfil our various functions and duties in the world."

A considerable part of LE SYMBOLISME is devoted in its latest issue to the Holy Grail and an alleged Order or Brotherhood, the existence of which is suggested by the German poet Wolfram's version of the great myth, while similar indications are not wanting in earlier French forms. The paper in question is the work of a German writer and has been translated into French for M. Wirth's Masonic periodical. It appears to be based on a book published at Bâle on the *Living God*, under the preposterous pseudonym Bo Yin Ra, which is said to represent the head of some so-called school, presumably somewhere in Switzerland. The essayist is also pseudonymous and has the faculty of presenting his thesis in exceedingly vague terms: we do not know when he is talking on his own part and when on that of his author. There are reflections from Eckartshausen and his Invisible Church, as also from Eugène Aroux, his Mysteries of Chivalry and his reveries on *La Massénié du Saint Graal*. But the German treatise has been written by one who claims that he is enrolled in the Order and is thus in a position to assure us (1) that it is denominated by the Confraternity of the Ancient Rite of the Holy Grail; (2) that it is governed by a Grand Orient of Patmos; (3) that it has seven grades, of which the last four are priestly, the most exalted of all consisting of one person only, who is Legate of Patmos and Head of the Order, drawing power and authority from the White Lodge, though this is not, apparently, identical with that of Adyar Theosophy, notwithstanding identity of title. It is otherwise Eastern, and the Grail came from the East. The organisation, as it is affirmed furthermore, "represents on earth the Sanctuary of True Freemasonry," and its members are spread through all parts of the world. The last point reminds us of that notable folding plate which Magister Pianco attached to his revelations concerning the Rosy Cross, an Order, *ex hypothesi*, also diffused far and wide through the great cities, alike in East and West. M. Oswald Wirth adds a rider to the article which indicates his scepticism in respect of the whole story, and we on our part are too familiar with its unacknowledged sources to be deceived for a moment. It is not the first time that we have met with analogous

claims—for example, those of Baron Ecker und Eckhoffen—though not so transparent in their piracies. Mr. Bo Yin Ra, *qui fait école en Allemagne*, it is said, may find an audience there, but we conceive that Parisian occultism would prove too astute for his purpose, while his pretensions would be explored, roughly, were their propagation attempted in England. . . . THE SPECULATIVE MASON considers the five Platonic Solids as Masonic symbols and offers a spiritual interpretation of each. For example, the Dodecahedron “represents a state of consciousness when ceremonial and symbolism give place to Sacrament, and progressive initiations are facts of the spiritual life.” Another paper describes the five-pointed star as “the symbol of man re-created and redeemed.” Miss Bothwell-Gosse continues her studies of Divine Names in Masonry and appeals to modern Operative Masonry in her explanation concerning Shaddai. Other articles are on the Second Degree and on the hidden qualities of plants, the latter being full of curious lore. . . . RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS diverges occasionally from its normal topics and in the last issue contrasts Catholic ambition with the Masonic Goal. The Catholicism in question is that of the Roman type, and it appears that, whether we know it or not, all of us belong to one or other of the two groups, the fact notwithstanding that women are excluded from Masonry and Modernists, *e.g.*, from the pale of salvation which has been drawn about the Latin Rock of Ages. If this does not cause a reader to turn over the article, he may learn further that Freemasons are led by Lucifer, while Jehovah is Shepherd of those who are called Catholics. There might not seem much doubt as to which is the preferable side; but Masonry is male and will flourish, while Catholicism is female and will be “reduced to the lowest minimum.” The authority is Max Heindel, who advises us, however, that both sexes, and presumably the two opposing camps to which they correspond, will disappear ultimately, “under the Headship of Christ.” The last statement must be harmonised, if possible, with Heindel’s belief that if Masons prevail over Catholics—the male over the female principle—it will be “for the everlasting good of mankind.” Such is the latest contribution of “a magazine of mystic light” to the Masonic subject.

BROTHERHOOD, which is edited by the Rev. J. Bruce Wallace, seems on the side of a moderated socialism, but of that kind which claims “service” as its motive-power and keynote. It says much on the progress of peace movements and affirms that the test question which underlies all is the quality of our faith in God. It is “a magazine of faith and optimism” in a true and high sense. . . . THE CREATIVE ADVENTURE has reached a second issue and promises another at Christmas, when it will begin to unfold “scientific and practical means” of dealing with present “personal needs and racial necessity.”

REVIEWS

JESUS: THE SON OF MAN: By Kahlil Gibrau. London: W. Heinemann. Pp. 216. Price 8s. 6d. net.

"ONE could imagine that Gibrau, himself a Syrian, had a Syrian dream in which he saw, between Antioch and Jerusalem, a crowd of people going to and fro speaking of Jesus." In these words the publishers give us a key to the understanding of this remarkable and original book.

The author is, apparently, both artist, poet and mystic. There is a Blake-like quality in some of his allegorical drawings, although these intertwined and slightly invertebrate figures lack the virile strength with which Blake's genius invested his symbolical use of the human form; but most readers will wish that some clue had been given as to the connection between the text and the illustrations. It is difficult to find out what relationship exists between the visions of Gibrau as artist, and the visions that he has here expressed in words. Many of these poetic monologues have indeed the true quality of vision. They describe the effect made by Jesus upon human beings of many and various kinds, not only those who were drawn most closely to Him, but also those whose contact with Him was merely transitory. We meet in these pages Caiaphas the High Priest, Andrew, a Persian philosopher, a shepherd, John the Baptist, a Greek poet, a cobbler in Jerusalem, Simon the Cyrene, and Mary Magdalen—a few names chosen at random from among the seventy-nine represented. In depicting the thoughts and reproducing the words of these characters the author's touch is not always equally sure, but the book as a whole has a power and a beauty that is cumulative, and that cannot well be conveyed by quotation. Hear, however, Philemon, a Greek apothecary:

"Sometimes it seems to me that He heard the murmuring pain of all things that grow in the sun, and that then He lifted them up and supported them, not only by His own knowledge, but also by disclosing to them their own power to rise and become whole."

And John at Patmos:

"I would tell you more of Him, but how shall I? When love becomes vast, love becomes wordless. And when memory is overladen it seeks the silent deep."

And Susannah of Nazareth, speaking of the Mother of Jesus at the Crucifixion:

"Her face was not the face of a woman bereaved. It was the countenance of the fertile earth, forever giving birth, forever burying her children."

Though all attempts to restate the Scriptures are fraught with difficulty, and meet inevitably with only partial success, yet any reverent desire to throw new light upon great truths must be welcomed. There is much in this book that seems to bear the stamp of inspiration, and it will surely prove of value to many orthodox Christians, as well as to many of those who find that a too orthodox presentment of the life-story of Jesus has ceased to make an intimate appeal.

EVA MARTIN.

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By Rudolf Steiner. London : Anthroposophical Publishing Co.
Pp. 84. Price 2s. net.

THREE lectures given by the late Rudolf Steiner at Norrköping, Sweden, in 1912, are reprinted here. They deal with the development of human morals, from a standpoint which will be familiar to any who have read other works by Steiner. The argument is that immorality came into the world "through the secrets of wisdom being disclosed to persons who were not sufficiently mature to receive them" in the ancient Atlantean epoch. Thus people were tempted, succumbed, and then degenerated; and to restore the rightful condition of things a great spiritual impulse, the Christ-impulse, had to come into the world, St. Francis of Assisi being taken as an example of one in whom this impulse was especially active. The lectures contain a considerable amount of thought and knowledge; but, as is usual with this author, the rather dry and difficult style does not conduce to their easy assimilation.

EVA MARTIN.

CONTEMPLATIONS. By W. L. Wilmshurst. Second edition. London : John M. Watkins. Price, 10s. net.

THE publishers are to be congratulated upon re-issuing Mr. Wilmshurst's work in its present revised and enlarged edition, for indeed, this is a delightful book to read, and what is rarer, to dip into as the mood takes one!

The author is a charming and entertaining guide, who, whilst frequently soaring high in the rarefied atmosphere of spiritualised thought, enables us to understand something of the vast mysteries which lie hidden behind the shadow of material phenomena. To do this, he takes religious subjects and the pregnant times through which we are now passing, and interprets them from the standpoint of the mystic.

Amongst the varied and interesting contents is a remarkable personal experience entitled "The Vision Splendid." Other interesting essays are "Mystical Experience," "The New Priesthood," "Not Peace but a Sword," and "The Present Passover."

In his paper "On Crucifixion," Mr. Wilmshurst brings home to us how complete and *penetrating* is the Design of the Deity in His Work :

"The Cosmos is as a symphony wherein Crucifixion is asserted and reasserted as a leading motif. . . . God—wrote the author of Timeous, 400 B.C.—designed this world archetypally in heaven and then bent it *Crosswise*. . . . The Chemic Crystal and the Snowflake contain the Cross as their structural principle; every leaf and flower is the modification of a cruciform idea; every sub-human vertebrate is an effort to produce a physical organism expressive of the primal thought, until at length man, standing erect with arms outstretched to his Maker, proclaims to heaven that the perfect symbol is accomplished."

Altogether a very delightful book.

JOHN EARLE.

AN OPTIMIST'S CALENDAR for 1929. London: L. N. Fowler & Co.
Nottingham: H. B. Saxon & Co. Price 1s. 2d. post free.

MANY readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will have grown to look forward with pleasurable anticipation each year to the advent of the *Optimist's Calendar*. For the mystical, occult or New Thought reader, no compilation of extracts could be more delightfully appropriate. No trace of bias creeps in to mar the spiritual harmony of the gems from the most diverse quarters which are grouped together under the heading of each month of the year. From Baba Bharati to Archdeacon Wilberforce, not to mention such famous names in literature and poetry as Rabindranath Tagore and Frances Havergal, the choice of the compiler, Miss Gertrude Norton, has roamed impartially in collecting the luminous fragments.

To those who have already made the acquaintance of the *Calendar* there is no need to extol its manifest attractions; to those for whom the pleasure is yet in store, we can only recommend that they hasten to repair the deficiency.

LEON ELSON.

VISIONS OF GOD. Given to S. (Seer) and A. (Acolyte). By Lars Taylor. London: Old Royalty Publishers, John Street, Adelphi. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE Foreword of this collection of messages from the spirit-world informs us that both the recipients of them are now dead; and that one of them ("A") made, some years before his passing, "a selection of those visions that carried the widest appeal and left them ready for publication."

It is interesting to hear that A. was an Indian Civil Servant who, for some years, served as a district-judge, and that S. worked as a missionary among the Santhals. It was, as the pseudonyms imply, S. who, in trance, received the messages and A. who recorded them; but it is the Acolyte rather than the Seer who appears to be the stronger force and moving spirit.

The editor reminds us that, in his work as district-judge, A. had been trained to weigh evidence; and he draws the not unnatural inference that this gives his own evidence weight, in the matter of the alleged revelations from the Other World.

Yet, obviously, whoever the witnesses may be, the fact remains that all such matters must be judged on their own merits, and all such revelations submitted, as far as possible, to the so-called "Law of Parsimony," which, as we know, aims at discouraging the *supernatural* interpretation of any strange experience, until all the *natural* interpretations have been exhausted.

Having uttered this criticism, as in duty bound, we are free to commend this sincere and earnest little record to the sympathetic reader. These visions, we learn from the Foreword, were the means of changing the mental and spiritual outlook of A. and of restoring to him (apparently after a melancholy and disastrous loss of faith) "the great Vision of the Face of Christ." There must be many who will be glad that he was willing to share his experiences with the world.

G. M. H.

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THE GREAT FORERUNNER. Studies in the Inter-relation of Platonism and Christianity. By John S. Hoyland, M.A. London: Constable and Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE marriage of Platonism and Christianity is no new thing. It was accomplished in the latter's youth, the writer of the Fourth Gospel being certainly versed in the Platonic mode of thought. Later, indeed, Christianity would appear to have divorced her early spouse in order to become wedded to Aristotelianism. But in the seventeenth century, a new union was essayed between Christianity and Platonism, the officiating priests being Whichcote, Smith, Culverwel, Cudworth and More; and right well did they perform the ceremony.

Mr. Hoyland, perhaps, is more of a pure Platonist and less of a Neo-Platonist than the members of the celebrated Cambridge group. Above all, he is a Christian, the works of Plato to him being especially valuable as a *preparatio evangelica*.

The Great Forerunner is a cheery and optimistic book, broadminded and tolerant. The author writes occasionally, however, with a complete disregard of the many knotty problems his philosophy involves.

For instance, sin is conceived as being selfishness and bestiality, a return on the part of man to a form of behaviour lower on the evolutionary scale. It may be seriously questioned, however, whether the behaviour of the lower animals is uniformly selfish, their behaviour clearly indicating the operation of group-consciousness, directed towards the good of the group, and not to that of the individual. It is probable that primitive man was less selfish than is man to-day; and it might be argued that selfishness is a stage through which man has to pass, on the way, we may hope, to a future more ideal.

H. S. REDGROVE.

PHYSIOLOGUS. A Metrical Bestiary of Twelve Chapters, by Bishop Theobald. Translated by Alan Wood Rendell, Lt.-Col., V.D., M.Inst.C.E. London: John and Edward Bumpus, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d.

THE mediæval *Bestiaries* are of quite exceptional interest on account of the insight they afford into the workings of the human mind in the Middle Ages. This translation of the Bestiary of Bishop Theobald, from the edition published in Cologne in 1492, is a model of how translations of mediæval books should be made and produced, reflecting very great credit on translator and publishers alike. First there is an exact photographic reproduction of the text of the Cologne edition. Follows Mr. Rendell's excellent translation. Then, in Appendices, we have (i) a comparison, for the metrical portion of the work, between the text of the Cologne edition, that published in Migne, and a version recently discovered amongst the MSS. of the Archives of the Chapter of Fano, and (ii) a translation, from an Italian journal, of a very interesting article dealing with this last version. Moreover, Bishop Theobald is believed to have been Abbot of Monte Cassino during the early part of the eleventh century; and the translator, in his Foreword, gives an interesting account of the Abbey of Monte Cassino and adorns his book with a number of illustrations of the architectural beauties of this magnificent structure.

The writers of mediæval bestiaries depended for their natural history on Pliny and an early Greek *Physiologus* of unknown authorship. They were remarkably credulous or indifferent as to facts, reminding one very strongly of the modern men and women who derive their information about everything from the pages of a favoured newspaper. What interested the mediæval writers was the moral that could be drawn from the behaviour, real or imaginary, of animals; and they displayed the greatest ingenuity in finding analogies between this behaviour and the teachings of the Christian Church of the Middle Ages concerning the mysteries of religion. Theobald's *Bestiary* deals with twelve animals: the lion, eagle, snake, ant, fox, stag, spider, whale, siren, elephant, turtle-dove, and panther. Accompanying the verses are prose commentaries, which apparently only appear in the Cologne edition of the work, and which are by no means its least interesting portion.

Nowadays, we can afford to laugh at the mental gymnastics of the mediæval moralists. I fear, however, that human nature has altered but little, and that much of present-day thinking is equally to be criticised as mental gymnastics, though less obviously so than in the past.

If Mr. Rendell's book serves to make us analyse our own thought-processes, it will have performed a most salutary task.

H. S. REDGROVE.

PLOTINUS ON THE BEAUTIFUL. London: "The Shrine of Wisdom," 6, Hermon Hill, E.11. Price 1s. net.

SOME few years ago I had the pleasure of calling the attention of readers of THE OCCULT REVIEW to the good work "The Shrine of Wisdom" was doing in re-issuing some of the classics of mysticism, and I am very glad to read this new translation of *Ennead I*, Book VI, of Plotinus, which has been added to their series and constitutes Manual No. 10.

Plotinus' views concerning the beautiful are too well-known to require any commentary. For him, the beauty of material objects resided, not in any mere harmonious combination of their parts, but in the formative principle of the soul with which they were suffused. Beauty was something spiritual and transcendent: it was identical with the Good; and those who had once caught sight of the Beautiful would rest content with no lesser delights—in a word, the true perception of beauty was only to be gained by the contemplation of God.

It is a lofty doctrine; though one fears, perhaps, that in this quest for the (possibly unattainable) ideal, the beauty of the real, in the sense of our ordinary life of perception, thought and feeling may be lost sight of. But in any case, this new and readable translation of the thoughts of a great man on a great subject is very welcome.

H. S. REDGROVE.

GANDHARVA-MUSIC. By John Foulds. Opus 19. London: The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Price 2s .net.

"THIS music," writes the composer, "was heard clairaudiently on a hot summer's day (September 9th, 1915)—not heard imaginatively in the way that a composer's work is usually done, but actually and objectively." He wrote down part of what he heard, choosing the pianoforte as the

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instrument, because of its obvious convenience, although the music heard was in natural intonation, not tempered, and its tone-colour resembled that of the flute. He believes the music to have originated with music-angels, called "Gandharvas" in India, whence the title of the composition.

The reader who, after this explanation of its origin, anticipates a composition of a Scriabinesque character, in which free use of "false relation" and other violent departures from traditional rules of harmony are made, will be disappointed—perhaps agreeably. But, after all, rules are only means to an end, and, in the last analyses, all that one can say of a work of art is "It pleases me," or "It does not please me." John Foulds' *Gandharva-Music* pleases me. It is exquisitely calm and peaceful, devoid of emotion as we know it, but none the less beautiful for that. "Perhaps," writes the composer, "it was the music of the breezes, the flowers and the fruit-trees at that place and time"; and these words describe its impression on my own mind better than any words of mine.

Musical readers of *THE OCCULT REVIEW*, I am sure, will wish to hear this music, whose performance on the pianoforte, I may add, calls for no high degree of technical skill. And it is with interest that I learn that other compositions of a similar origin are in course of preparation by the same composer.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR AND OTHER POEMS. By W. H. Abbott.
London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Price, 2s. 6d.

AFTER the literary grimacings of many of the would-be modern poets it is a genuine relief to come across a book of verse such as the above. Mr. Abbott is a true poet, one who is not afraid to write as the spirit moves him, nor to be sincere for fear of being dubbed "traditional." His language is forceful and dignified, and the thoughts compacted of beauty and truth; moreover, the verse runs smoothly without apparent effort. The latter is not made to fit the rhyme as is so often the case in the present day. Though the poem which gives its title to the book is extremely fine, personally we are most struck with the poem "Human Life" and the verses on "An English Cemetery in France." From the former we quote:—

. . . But wont of wonts, and holiest use of all
This life has taught me near approach to God
Sympathy with the divine, the art of prayer,
I see Him, feel His pressure everywhere.
In utter joy I yield the gracious call,
And set my feet upon the shining way.

When I review the chart of those I've lost—
Love's converse used of old in intimate speech—
I seem to draw a doubtful breath, where each
Is shadow-substance, each illusive ghost.
Certes, I scarce do know to which world I
Belong, which living is which dead: so few
Of mine, people my twilight still, so true
Death's diligent toll, so near they be who die.

Lack of space prevents further quotation. We can only advise all true poetry-lovers to place this little book upon their bookshelves.

ETHEL ARCHER.

GHOSTS SEEN AND HEARD. By Wilfred Rex Sowden. London: Stockwell. Price 2s.

THE philosophising of the writer of this book of strange occurrences is good—extremely so at times, and he expresses himself well: but of the seven stories which go to make up the volume, scarcely one can be said to carry conviction. The writer seems so obviously out to tell a story that he defeats the end he has in view. Perhaps the story which comes nearest to convincing us is "General Booth." But the first and last stories in the book are in many respects ludicrous. Imagine a British soldier, dying on the battlefield, exclaiming: "Whatever would mother do without her only boy?" What follows is even worse. "The Little Floweret" (*sic*) could only be a source of amusement to any Roman Catholic who chanced to read it. It is full of amazing statements, *e.g.*, "She was entering a convent to become a votary of eternal silence—a devotee to her patron saint the *Ave Marie*!" Elsewhere, "'Know thyself,' *exclaimed the Apostle.*"

(The italics are our own.)

But it would be unkind to quote further.

The curious thing is, that, apart from the stories, the digressions are really good, and the author gives birth in them to many a luminous thought.

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE LONE EAGLE: By Elise Emmons, Author of "Summer Songs among the Birds," etc., etc. Boston, U.S.A.: The Christopher Publishing House.

THIS volume is dedicated by the author to that daring aviator whose modesty is only equalled by his courage, "Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, in token of what he has done for the world." A poem entitled "The Lone Eagle," in this hero's honour, opens the book, which consists of a selection from previous works by Miss Elise Emmons, with the addition of several charming lyrics which have not, I think, previously appeared in volume form. As the present collection numbers about two hundred poems, it will be readily inferred that the Muses have found in this lady a very facile instrument for the transmission of their thoughts. Only a soul attuned to the vibrations of F. W. H. Myers could have written the beautiful verses entitled "St. Paul," included in this volume. The fine lines, "In That Great Day," are also on the highest level:

"When I shall stand before the King of Kings,
And with abaséd face and eyes cast down,
Ne'er dare to stretch my hand for any crown,
Perchance across my mind will flash like wings
Thought of some simple deed, which comfort brings,
Rather than any act of great renown,
Which I had dreamed of in the years now flown—
'Twill be as music in my heart that sings! . . ."

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Birds" convey their joyous message. The Saint admonishes his feathered audience to:

"Fly o'er the world and give out gladness, too!
Let every mortal ever welcome you.
And as you spread your wings in upward flight
So lift their hearts and thoughts to greater light!"

A Foreword by "L.W."—the initials of a brilliant and well-known personality—gives some brief details of Miss Elise Emmons's full and vivid life, with its literary and artistic associations. A portrait of the author further enhances the book's attractiveness. Indeed, a sense of Peace and Goodwill shines through all its pages.

EDITH K. HARPER.

ELIZABETH. A Record of Conversations between a Wife in the Spirit World and a Husband on Earth. London: Rider and Co. Price 2s. net.

LIKE so many of its kind, this little work is a simple record of the love that so-called death cannot destroy. The author had no knowledge of spiritualism before the loss of his beloved wife, the "Elizabeth" whose name forms the title of the book. Then sorrow drove him to seek consolation from a source which in the right conditions seldom fails to give sincere inquirers at least some measure of the assurance they seek, *i.e.*, that memory, personality, and affection do indeed survive.

Unfortunately, the bereaved husband's first essay in search of comfort seems to have been anything but edifying. "I visited so-called spiritualist churches," he says, "but came away disillusioned: no mention in any of their services of the Founder of Christianity, their very hymns had been altered to exclude His name—their clairvoyance, if one may call it that, savoured more of cheap fortune-telling than anything else. . . ."

Among other sensitives, the author visited Mr. Hope, the photographic medium, with whom he had results that gave him great satisfaction. Two of these photographs are reproduced, but they do not include a psychic portrait of his wife.

Most of the messages were received through a "trance-medium," and many prophetic statements were made in regard to the condition of the earth and its inhabitants to-day. Some of these predictions, we are told, have already been verified, while others are yet awaiting possible fulfilment.

EDITH K. HARPER.

A GUIDE TO THE PSYCHIC LIFE. By Philip S. Haley, Ph.C.D.D.S. Los Angeles, California. The Austin Publishing Co.

THE author of this little book conducts his readers through a preface and ten chapters giving a general survey of a very difficult subject. Much that he says is of considerable interest, in particular a brief chapter entitled "The Influence of Psychic States upon the Physical Environment," wherein he refers to "the Biblical teaching of Jesus, who reminded men constantly of the power of their thought, and the power of good and evil spiritual entities to read it." Modern psychology is at any rate in part realising this great truth. In the same chapter the author refers

incidentally to the familiar and very interesting experiments in Thought Transference between Miss Clarissa Miles and Miss Hermione Ramsden, as showing "a clear case for voluntary transmission of ideation." And he adds the reasonable and not unfamiliar suggestion that "the human thought wave, like that of the radio, perhaps travels indefinitely through space. It may be picked up, consciously or not, by others, and will affect their subjective or conscious minds accordingly." In regard to precognition he quotes René Sudre's interesting theory that "experience as we now have it, through our recognition of the reality of precognition, quite reverses Bergson's whole philosophy of duration."

So doctors continue to be divided!

EDITH K. HARPER.

TELEPATHY AND SPIRIT COMMUNICATION. By L. Margery Bazett, with a Foreword by Sir Frank R. Benson. London: Rider and Co. Price 2s. 6*d.*

In this carefully-thought-out book, Miss Bazett, already well known as a writer and a valued channel of communication between this and the other side, gives the conclusions at which she has arrived during her eleven years of special work.

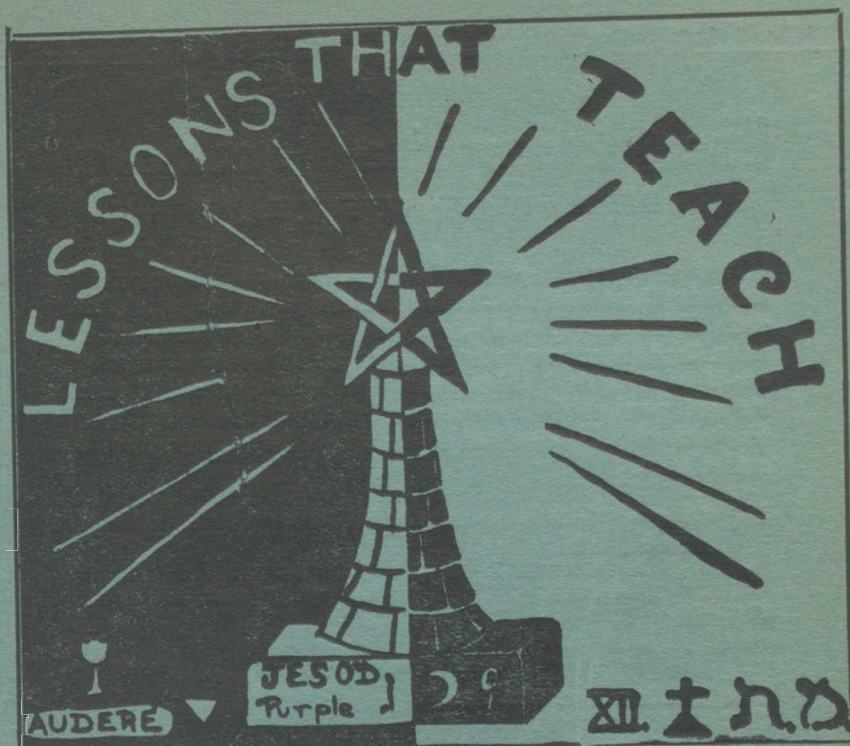
The author makes it very clear that telepathy, though stretched to its utmost limits, cannot possibly explain many of the communications she has received, though it may explain some. She has carefully collated her records, and gives the conclusions at which she has arrived. In some cases no information whatever has been given Miss Bazett as to the person from whom communication is desired; in others a few particulars are given, such as name, date of death, or other slight details.

As telepathy might explain some of the latter, Miss Bazett gives fuller information as regards those cases where either no information or only the name and date of death are given her.

Her method is to ask her guide to trace the one whose name has been given and then she thinks about that person during the day until she goes to a quiet room set apart for this work. Then, after sitting for a few quiet minutes with the letter asking for information open before her, she concentrates for about an hour and then usually becomes conscious of mental impressions, or visions. Some are vague and fleeting, some clearly defined. Sometimes scenes of the past connected with that person come before her. Her work has fully convinced her of the survival of personality, of spirit intercourse, of occasional knowledge of the future shown by those who have passed on, and of their remembrance of the past and continued love for and interest in those they have loved here.

We can cordially recommend this carefully and clearly written book to any who want to understand better a difficult subject.

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