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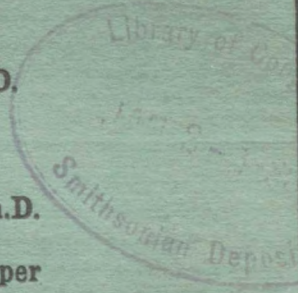
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VOL. LI

JANUARY, 1930

No. I

EDITORIAL

SINCE the appearance in the columns of this magazine four months ago of the article by Mr. K. J. Dastur, entitled *His Holiness, Shri Meher Baba*, and the subsequent letter in this connection from Mr. Meredith Starr, interest in the subject, as manifested by the number of inquiries which have passed through the editorial office of the *Occult Review*, has grown apace. It is true that a certain proportion of students of the literature of Eastern occultism and yoga philosophy, well aware of the fact that no other country in the world produces holy men in such profusion as India, is disposed to regard the case of the Meherashram and its founder as "just another" addition to the long list of saints and mahatmas.

The publication, therefore, of a volume bearing the quaintly amusing title, *Sobs and Throbs*, was not calculated to arouse any particular enthusiasm amongst those already acquainted with the religious literature of that country. The perusal, however, of a copy of the little book, sent for favour of review, has brought to light such a remarkable manifestation of power, and constitutes a record of such undoubtedly psychological interest that the naïve turns of expression, the Oriental extravagance, the

incorrect use of words, and other blemishes of detail, inevitable in the case of a work written in a Western tongue by an Oriental author, faded into comparative insignificance. Indeed, it would not be going too far to confess that the pages of this little work were found to hold a subtle spell, which caused it to pulsate with a vitality which succeeded in entirely overcoming the initial handicap of queer literary form. Decidedly, in the case of the present reader, the events narrated in Mr. A. K. Abdulla's book* bear witness to something which, whatever judgment may be formed in regard to it, is decidedly much more than "just another" case of an Indian "holy man." Admitting what seems to the European observer a tendency for saints and mahatmas to flourish in India "as plentifully as blackberries in the autumn," it must be conceded that here is an account of no ordinary spiritual leader, but, as hinted above, a story of a remarkable manifestation which should hold much of interest for every student of occult and mystical subjects.

The book in question is primarily concerned with the adventures of one of the boys of the Meherashram, Syed Ali AN ILLUMINATED BOY Syed Haji Muhammed ; but it is the "Spiritual Sidelights" which carry the great preponderance of implication. Ali, however, must not be confused with Hazarat Abdulla, another Meherashram boy, who is, according to Meher Baba himself, the most spiritually advanced of all his disciples, "enjoying the last but one stage of cosmic spiritual consciousness." The case of Abdulla, or the "Chhota Baba," presents one of the most clearly-cut examples of the tremendous influence of Meher Baba upon those who come in contact with him, and may well be recapitulated at this juncture. Hazarat Abdulla recounts his own experience in one of the issues of the monthly magazine, *The Meher Message*, of which Mr. Dastur, the author of the above-mentioned article, is the Editor. A lad of about sixteen years of age, Abdulla was admitted as a student into the Meherashram on the 25th October, 1927. "Though we boys," he says, "were not out of our teens, the Master instilled into our minds great spiritual facts, of which even yogis of the fourth cosmic plane are unconscious . . . and gradually went on imparting spirituality to those of us who were ready for it."

In this connection it may be as well to recall to mind the fact that Meher Baba has remained under a vow of silence for some

* *Sobs and Thrills, or Some Spiritual Sidelights*. By A. K. ABDULLA : Ahmednagar (Deccan) : N.N. Satha. Price, Re. 1.

four years, and does not even communicate by writing, relying solely upon gesture and an English alphabet board. Exchange of ideas on the physical plane under such circumstances in itself is a wonderful achievement.

One evening, after "a spiritual-scientific discourse," Baba conveyed to Abdulla the fact that he would "make gold" of him. Thereupon, "a great spiritual longing took possession of me," the boy writes. "The other boys and disciples wondered at my changed state. I myself wondered at it. Sound sleep I could not get, and all relish for food vanished. One day in December a great sensation filled my body from the crown of the head to the soles of my feet. Tears ran down my cheeks, and I could not restrain myself from crying loudly. Everything around me seemed to whirl and vanish . . . and heat pierced my body from the inside. Then I swooned. When I recovered I saw my beloved Master sitting near me. I could not help crying and pressing his feet to my eyes; I kissed them now and then . . . I simply could not help meditating upon him continuously . . . the mere sight of him made me weep. By the middle of December such love took possession of my heart that it made me, so to say, mad after my beloved. Separation from him made me suffer intensely . . . Nothing seemed to interest me, not even my own existence. Then one day in January, 1928, when the holy Master was imparting instruction, I felt that I was losing consciousness, and after exclaiming 'O Baba' I became unconscious. For four days I remained unconscious of the gross world . . . on the fifth day my gross consciousness was restored, but with its restoration the divine form of the Master, which, be it remembered, has nothing to do with his body, did not vanish. Since then I have been . . . enjoying ineffable spiritual bliss. . . . Before I attained to my present state I had often read and heard that this gross world is nothing by *maya*. I could not understand properly why it was called *maya*, but now I see for myself that it really is so. God is real; everything else is unreal."

That this was a case merely of hypnotic influence, or passing
 MERELY exaltation, is a contention scarcely borne out when
 MESMERISM? it is remembered that, accordance to the statement
 of Meher Baba himself, this high consciousness is
 no temporary gift, but an enduring possession, which Chhota
 Baba continues to enjoy in full up to the present time. Again,
 there is no indication of the usual procedure connected with
 hypnotism or mesmerism as generally understood; and the long

period of trance is quite exceptional. It appears to be, in fact, precisely what is claimed for it by Meher Baba, the visible outcome of a process which he had initiated some time previously. A few months prior to the occurrence above narrated, Meher Baba had confided to his more intimate disciples the information that "some time ago I had implanted a spark of Love in the hearts of some of the boys, as well as in a few of the elder disciples. . . . With a mere touch or a look saints can give indescribable thrills and novel experiences to anyone they like, and these last for a certain period. Such thrills and experiences are a sort of stimulus, and have no permanent results. . . . This is not a temporary gift of that kind. Bodies may come and go, but this spark will never, never die."

Meher Baba insisted, however, that the individual effort and whole-hearted co-operation of the "subject" were essential. "This speak," he indicated, "requires personal effort for its complete manifestation. The more one would think of me and try to love me, the sooner and greater will be the outburst. Through this spark there is a chance not only of reaching high spiritual planes, but of actually realising God." And if the testimony of Abdulla himself is of any value, the realisation that the phenomenal universe is *maya* and that in reality there is nothing but God, is as near substantiation of the above claim as anything, short of actual personal experience, it is possible to get. The case of Abdulla, after all, is only one amongst many.

Ali, the boy around whom the main story of the book is centred, apparently attained only a temporary glimpse of this high state of consciousness. The interest of his case lies rather in the manifestation of extraordinary devotion to his Master. Time after time his parents and relatives, in spite of an undertaking given at the outset not to interfere, took steps to remove him from the Ashram on the flimsiest pretexts, but on every occasion the lad found his way back again, after enduring hardships which would deter any but the most courageous and loyal-hearted.

While in the case of Abdulla matters went more or less smoothly, in the case of Ali, a drastic forcing process appears to have been employed. Not satisfied, apparently, with the obviously intense devotion of the boy, the fire of his love was deliberately intensified. He was, in fact, goaded. Events proved that Meher Baba knew the material upon which he was working, although it certainly seems to the outsider that matters were driven to the limit. Ali was

THE GOAD
OF LOVE

brought into the presence of his Master one evening in a state bordering on collapse through the intensity of his thwarted affection. His whole frame, we are told, shook with his sobs, while the tears coursed in a stream down his cheeks. The remonstrances conveyed by Meher Baba were of no avail, and every moment the situation grew more intense. And then, when the child appeared to be at the point of exhaustion after nearly three hours of suffering, "the Master gathered Ali up in his arms, patted his head, imprinted a silent kiss on his forehead, and then placed his head on the boy's heaving bosom for two or three minutes. No sound. No movement. Ali seemed to be sound asleep. Not a trace remained of the terrible storm. For fifteen to twenty minutes he was left undisturbed . . . then the Master beckoned for him to be awakened. But a surprise was in store. Ali could not open his eyes, and when the lids were raised, the iris was found turned inwards. He was looking beyond the gross."

Meher Baba explained, in answer to an inquiry from his disciples, that he had been forced to give Ali "the Sight, but for which he would have dropped his body."

When, in his state of trance, the boy was questioned, he replied in a voice that seemed to come from far off, that he was happy; and, like Abdulla, that he saw the divine form of the Master everywhere. "He began to experience the state of unity in diversity, 'in every object' he explained 'I saw the Master.' If he looked at a tree, he beheld the Master in every leaf. I don't mean," the author continues, "that Ali got the perfect Sight that day. Rather it was a mere glimpse. . . . One day he will get as perfect a Sight as that gained by his more fortunate co-Ashramite, Abdulla."

The morning after this occurrence Ali looked well, and moved about freely, but appeared dazed. On the third day, however, an uncontrollable accession of energy seemed to take possession of him, and he was as one gone mad. Yet with it all, he became averse to food. "He did not avoid food, but he simply would not take it. So much so that on the 2nd February, the Master had to feed him with his own hands, with some rice and milk. . . . From that night Ali began to sleep well, and by the 4th February he was almost his old self again, the Sight having been cut off by the Master."

So intense, however, was his love for his Master, that he was often heard repeating the name of "Baba," "Baba," in his sleep, and once was "actually found in a devotional pose, lying

straight on his back with both hands clasped in a characteristic salute," yet sleeping soundly.

The instance of another of the boy-lovers of Meher Baba provides an extraordinary instance of the remarkable love which he inspires in the hearts of the pupils of the Meherashram.

"Master Vasant B. Kimbhavne is a Brahmin lad aged fourteen. He was the first boy in the Meherashram to begin to weep for Love, and the last boy who has remained weeping to this day. Of course this does not mean that he is weeping throughout the twenty-four hours. Rather, the moment he comes before the Master, tears begin to run down his cheeks. So silent are the throbs of his heart that not the least sign of a sob is perceptible about him when he cries. It is a wonderful sight! Standing like a statue without a sign of emotion on his face he seems to be looking towards the Master with dreamy and moist eyes that go on shedding tears one after the other, until the Master goes away from him. And this peculiar manifestation of divine Love about him is not an occasional affair. It has almost become second nature. Be he walking, sitting, eating or engaged in any other way, he has only to cast his eyes on the Master, and they instantly begin to fill with tears. . . .

"Of all the things he likes best is to be allowed to remain with his head pressed against the lotus feet of the Master for hours together. When asked about the most cherished desire of his heart, he replied, 'I want nothing. I want to give, and I want to give my life for Baba. When that is done I shall desire another life to be laid at his feet again. . . .' This is all the more wonderful since he is not of a docile nature, but is as fiery as a tiger."

Naturally the temperaments of the boys causes them to react differently. In the case of Ali Akbar, the intensity of his Love keeps him always on the move. He never meditates and has never meditated. His safety valve is hard physical labour.

"When he first joined the Meherashram he used to feel quite disinterested in discussions about love and spirituality. He would fight shy of all such subjects and remain as aloof as possible from meditation and concentration. Nevertheless he suddenly became surcharged with the Divine Grace of the Master. He began to reel and writhe in the dust like a fish just out of the water. . . . The moment his Holiness shows an inclination to receive him, Ali Akbar literally takes a bound towards him and begins to fondle him violently. It is

not enough for him to embrace or kiss the person of the Master a number of times ; he will bite and scratch. . . .

“Aspandiar Sarosh Irani, on the other hand, is much calmer and apparently well advanced spiritually. On New Year's Day (1929) he suddenly became unconscious. “But it was not an ordinary unconsciousness, since as he lost consciousness of the gross plane he became conscious on the subtle plane. This came to be generally known when, shortly afterwards, the Master restored his gross consciousness to a certain extent. Since then, he says, he is conscious of unimaginable light, hears wonderful sounds, smells indescribably sweet odours, and experiences various phenomena, including levitation. . . . Asked to describe what happened to him when he became unconscious, he replied, ‘Baba broke my skull and the light began to manifest out of it.’”

It will be observed that in none of these cases is there any hint of the negative psychism with which the West is so familiar in connection with spiritualistic mediumship. Although the boys lose their physical consciousness, they apparently do not go under control, or give any evidence of receiving spirit communications. Rather are the phenomena reminiscent of the power exercised by the late Shri Ramakrishna when in a state of high samadhi, while levitation is a well-known mystical phenomenon.

Nor, to judge from the school records, have these strange happenings at the Meherashram had any deleterious effect on the standard of intelligence displayed by the pupils. “Although spirituality remains the paramount object of the Institution, secular education is not the less efficient for it. On the contrary,” Mr. Abdulla contends, “in the matter of secular education the Ashram may perhaps constitute a ‘world record.’” Remarkable examples of the progress of the pupils are given, and the author testifies how his own son, in two months, made more progress at the Ashram than he had done in the course of two years at one of the leading schools in Poona.

The most spectacular outpouring among the boys occurred on the New Year's Day of 1928. This was the fifty-second day of a self-imposed fast of Meher Baba's, and the twelfth since he had confined himself in a sort of underground crypt.

“As if the deep-rooted Divine emotion of the select few had set the rest of the boys into commotion, the majority of them began to cry openly every now and then throughout the day. But it was in the evening that the climax was reached. From the one to the last of every creed and caste, the boys in the Ashram burst

into tears and began to weep and wail. . . . For about an hour between seven and eight in the evening the commotion could be heard a quarter of a mile away from the Ashram. Attempts were, of course, made by the Ashram authorities to pacify the boys and to ascertain the cause of this outburst, but all to no purpose. 'Baba, Baba' were the only words that could be heard above the turmoil. Only this much was clear, that, however wildly they might have been crying, when brought into the presence of the Master they became silent with magical suddenness.

"During the twenty minutes' recess on the following day a similar outbreak was witnessed in the school grounds, but the wonder of it was that at the sound of the bell calling for a resumption of classes, it all came abruptly to an end. . . . After a day or two more such collective weeping ceased, although many still continued weeping individually for days together."

It may quite rightly be pointed out that there is a strong flavour of mass hypnosis about all this. Nevertheless there are marks which differentiate it sharply from such phenomena as those of the revival meeting. There was no working up of the boys to an intense pitch of emotional excitement, and the routine of the school was strictly upheld; and we have yet to discover any mere emotion or enthusiasm which will be sufficient to cause healthy little boys to turn voluntarily, for days on end, from their food, their sleep, and their play. That the boys were experiencing some extraordinary afflatus is a conclusion from which it is difficult to escape.

Besides, the members of the adult staff of the Meherashram were also the subjects of remarkable experiences. Referring to an occasion when five of these elder disciples went into strict retirement with Meher Baba for a few days' meditation, the author notes, *en passant*, that "the wonderful phenomena witnessed by some of this group during their voluntary imprisonment does not concern this narrative." Nevertheless, although he declines to satisfy our natural curiosity on this occasion, he outlines the extraordinary effects of association with Meher Baba on Mr. K. J. Dastur, whose article first brought the Meherashram to the notice of readers of the *Occult Review*.

A highly intelligent Indian gentleman, an M.A., and LL.B., and apparently somewhat fastidious in matters personal, such as dress and deportment, he was for a time thrown completely off his feet—not only figuratively, but literally. For, along with a temporary lapse into utter

IN THE
DUST

disregard of his personal appearance, he at times reeled in his walk as though intoxicated ; sat huddled in a heap with his head buried on his breast ; lost all desire for food or sleep for days together ; and, as a climax, suffered what, to the superficial observer, looks like an epileptic seizure, when he " simply rolled in the dust on the bare uneven ground with scarcely any regard for injury to his person or clothes."

So far the external effects. Internally, it is claimed, " he saw with open eyes in broad daylight that which even yogis yearn to glimpse in deep meditation." Mr. Dastur himself declares : " I have never loved anyone in my life and was quite free from this attribute until the Master played havoc with my heart. To say that I love him is not enough. O ! to wash those loving feet with the blood of my heart ! " and much more in a similar strain, was the burden of his cry.

To the selected boys at the beginning of his experiment, Meher Baba said : " At first I had intended to advance you gradually on the path, but the time of the great spiritual outpouring that takes place in the world at long intervals is near at hand, so I have changed the programme. I am very soon going to advance a few amongst you who are ready with Love. . . . Love me and you will find me."

It has been suggested by a sceptical friend that Meher Baba is
 WHO IS an incipient paranoiac. Frankly, the idea that the
 MEHER psychological phenomena described above could
 BABA ? have their origin in a form of mental derangement,
 or that an all-subduing tenderness which melts the

hearts and makes devoted slaves of all around Meher Baba could spring from the harshness of inflamed egotism, seems scarcely tenable. Rather do the actions of Meher Baba bespeak humility, compassion and service. Able to command liberal financial resources by the mere lift of a finger, he is content to live on next to nothing. He immures himself for long periods of meditation in an anchorite's cell. He is content to wear a tattered coat over twelve years old, and sandals which are mended and patched until they fall to pieces. He performs the most menial tasks, even to the extent of cleaning the childrens' lavatories. He has wept all night over them ; and had inspired such affection that a boy was discovered to have hidden for twenty-four hours the fact that he was suffering from dysentery, since he knew that Meher Baba himself would undertake the unpleasant task of nursing him. When he travels, it is always third-class. In this connection

one may perhaps refer to the account in the current issue of the *Meher Message*, of the occasion of Meher Baba making a trip to Persia. At the command of the Master, we are told, the disciples had bought—of course reluctantly—a third-class ticket for him, and the captain of the vessel evidently wondered why a first-class ticket was not taken. The European captain came to see the Master and “appeared to be moved on seeing him, as well as on seeing the devotion of the crowd.”

The founder of the Meherashram is by religion a Zoroastrian ; but, his disciples claim, so perfect a one that he is no less a Christian, or Hindu. “In short, he belongs to every religion, cult, yoga, and philosophy, and tries to teach divinity in any form and through any medium. He is ‘religion personified.’”

The apostolic zeal of Mr. Dastur, and other disciples of Meher Baba, while it may naturally jar the more reserved and reticent European temperament, nevertheless bears powerful testimony to the strength of the original source of inspiration. Any propaganda of the teachings of Meher Baba is due entirely to the enthusiasm of his followers. It is frequently found necessary to admonish them “not to be carried away by over-enthusiasm, to stick to truth and never to exaggerate in any respect his spiritual services and the enlightenment he is pleased to give to his disciples.”

To those who protest against the idea that spirituality can be imparted, and who stress the necessity for every soul to work out its own salvation, it may be pointed out that the two things are not so incompatible as at first sight they might appear. For it should be remembered that on the plane of Spirit there is no separation between those Divine fragments which constitute the “Light that lighteth every man.” The spiritual goal of mankind is attained when the Divine consciousness of these fragments, piercing the veils of *maya*, realises itself through all the planes. The process may be regarded from two points of view—human consciousness becoming one with God ; God becoming conscious in man. Nothing lower than Spirit Itself can help Spirit. Those in whom God has become conscious, wield an immense power, because, in their case, Divinity helps Divinity directly to pierce all planes. The lower mind is too prone to carry intellectual conceptions into the realm where separateness is done with for ever. Every saint or saviour is a meditator ; and every such achievement makes the path that much easier

for all. Saints and saviours are manifestations of God, who is the root even of our vaunted "self help."

The Meher Movement, to coin a phrase, is as yet in its early stages. It bears the stamp of genuineness, and holds the promise of a great future ; a future at which the author of this notable little record hints in his preface when he alludes to Meher Baba "amusing himself with the creation of young saints until such time as he is once again pleased to thrill the world from Pole to Pole with Divinity." Will this promise be realised ? Who can say ? The earnest and sincere inquirer, while availing himself of every source of information, will ponder these things in his own heart, and unfalteringly obey his inner convictions. If, perchance, "tidings of great joy" are at hand, he will be prepared not to be over-elated ; nor, in the event of disappointment, will he be unduly depressed. And always he will remember that He may be found within.

THE EDITOR.

THE SHRINE OF APOLLO

By CHARLES WHITBY

Ὁ δε Ἀπολλων ὄν πανταχου μεν ἀνήκε της γης χρηστήρια σοφίαν δε
ἔδωκεν ἀνθρώποις ἔνθεον. JULIAN, ORAT. IV.*

* And has not Apollo set up oracles in every part of the earth, and given to men inspired wisdom?

THERE are moments in life—a select few, whose brimming satisfaction, the well-nigh ecstatic realisation of many dreams, compensate us, at least while they last, for all its disappointments. Such a moment was this when, after a day spent in seeing the sights of Delphi, I sat with Pemberthy on the slopes of Parnassus, listening to the song of nightingales which flooded the moonlit valley. From the shelving slab whereon we sat, with huge jutting rocks and towering cliffs about us and behind us, the twin peaks were not visible, but the snow-capped mountains of Peloponnesus could be seen beyond the glistening expanse of the Gulf of Corinth. The brightness of the moonlight abstracted nothing from the mystery of that wooded gorge which forms so majestic an approach to the lair of the Pythoness: on the contrary, its unearthly glamour, its intensification of shadows, perfected the enchantment. Place and hour were alike luminous: one was reminded of Milton's familiar lines:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.

But what imposed itself here was an urgent yet pervasive presence, fraught with or merged into the rebellious pathos of a glorious irrecoverable past. Not far from where we sat were the precincts of that most illustrious of Greek oracles, reputed to have been founded by the god in person, where the virgin priestess, seated on the tripod so placed as to subject her to fumes emanating from the bowels of the earth, had chanted in mystic hexameters the replies of Apollo to suppliants perplexed by the exigences of statesmanship, war, love or conscience. All Hellas in those days was studded with oracles—little Boeotia boasted twenty-five, and the Peloponnese a like number—but this of Delphi was acknowledged supreme, although that of Zeus at Dodona and of Apollo at Delos were highly venerated.

At many shrines, heroes, not gods were consulted: the oracles of Trophonius and Antinous rivalled in popularity those of Zeus and Apollo.

Was it mere delusion, this widespread and enduring confidence of an intellectual race in the guidance vouchsafed them by immortals? Envisaged here and now, such a capitulation to modern "rationalism" seemed preposterous, but regarding my own judgment as infantile in comparison, I put the question to Pemberthy.

"Men's faith in oracles was no delusion," he said. "Why doubt their veracity? Surely you don't accept the monstrous view promulgated by St. Augustine and other Fathers, that the Olympian deities, on whose worship Hellenic civilisation was based are *devils*?"

"No. I certainly don't believe that."

"Nor yet, I trust, the still sillier modern assumption, that they are nothing at all?"

"Not that, either," I agreed.

"Well, then, where's your difficulty? The oracular shrines were simply the social manifestation of a principle which has also a microcosmic aspect: that the gods are always more eager to impart than we are to receive wisdom. In any perplexing emergency, withdraw into the Silence and listen devoutly for the inner Voice—you shall not lack counsel. So Julian, although longing to return to his studies at Athens, allowed the army to proclaim him Emperor, because, having prayed to Zeus for guidance, the god, he declares, 'gave him a sign' to that effect. Do you find this incredible?"

"Not altogether so," I said, "but many would object that such experiences are susceptible of psychological explanation."

"Psychology is of course becoming the dominant science," Pemberthy rejoined, "and I notice that psychological explanations are superseding the hypothesis of mere fraud, in regard to oracles. But they won't cover all the facts, as recorded, for example, by Herodotus."

"Is Herodotus altogether trustworthy? Norman Douglas dubs him a 'joyous liar.'"

"It won't do," said Pemberthy. "That view is obsolete. Professor Sayce tried, more than thirty years ago, to prove the father of history a liar, but it is now acknowledged that the attempt was an utter failure. Herodotus may repeat a 'tall story' as hearsay, but will be careful to avoid responsibility. The Greeks of his day were increasingly sceptical, and he himself, having

been at some pains to investigate the truth of oracles, arrived at a definite conclusion."

"Favourable or otherwise?"

"Distinctly favourable. He quotes an oracle from the shrine of Bacis, foretelling the bridging of the Hellespont with ships by Xerxes, the invasion of Greece and destruction of Athens, a fierce naval battle and the final victory of the Hellenes. 'In view of which occurrences,' he concludes, 'and of Bacis who spoke thus clearly, I dare not myself say anything against oracles, nor allow others to do so.'"

"They did not always speak so clearly, did they?"

"No: method and procedure differed at the various shrines. Here, at Delphi, the replies were usually intelligible enough, though sometimes purposely ambiguous. Cræsus, for example, wishing to attack Persia, was told that if he crossed the Halys he would 'destroy a great empire.' He imprudently assumed that this would be the Persian Empire, but the event proved that it was to be his own."

"Doesn't the form of the answer rather suggest an attempt at 'hedging?'" I remarked.

"At first sight, yes, but considered in its context it seems to me intended as at once a test of the character of Cræsus and a veiled warning. His proposed invasion of Persia was obviously a rash and presumptuous enterprise: moreover, his previous conduct in regard to the oracle had revealed a want of true faith. When he subsequently complained of having been misled, he was told that instead of rushing to the wrong conclusion he should have inquired *which* empire was threatened. Also, he showed a wrong spirit in assuming that the gifts made to the shrine out of his immense wealth entitled him to special favour. If we accept the story as told there can be no doubt as to the *ability* of the oracle to answer his questions."

"How so?" I asked.

"Because that had been demonstrated at least to his own satisfaction. Quite in the modern spirit, Cræsus had previously tested the veracity of six oracular shrines by dispatching messengers to each from Sardis, who, on the hundredth day, at the same hour, were to inquire what he was then doing. The reply given here, in hexameters, was as follows: 'I know the number of the sands, and the measure of the sea; I understand the dumb, and hear him that does not speak; the savour of the hard-shelled

tortoise boiled in brass with the flesh of lamb strikes on my senses ; brass is laid beneath it, and brass is put over it.' Cræsus was amazed and delighted, for, at the appointed hour, he had cut up a tortoise and a lamb, and boiled them in a brazen and brass-lidded cauldron. The answer given by Amphiaraus is stated to have been equally accurate."

"No ambiguity about that, at any rate," I agreed. "Can you give me some further examples?"

"Plenty," said Pemberthy. "The Persian invasion, under Xerxes, was the occasion, as might be expected, of many predictions, not to mention prodigies of other kinds, such as the miraculous rout of the would-be pillagers of the temple here at Delphi, by two heroes buried in adjoining precincts."

"That reminds one of the 'angels' we heard of in 1914," I said.

"Quite so," said Pemberthy. "But to return to the subject of oracles. Herodotus says that when the Athenians inquired here as to the result of the threatened invasion, they received from the priestess Aristonica a most alarming forecast. Acting on local advice, they returned carrying supplicatory branches, and begged Apollo for a more favourable response. They were then warned not to defend Athens, but to withdraw, relying upon the 'wooden wall' which Zeus had granted to Athene as their defence; and the message concluded with a reference to the slaughter which should take place at 'divine Salamis.' After much discussion, the interpretation of Themistocles was adopted, that 'the wooden wall' meant their fleet, and that the epithet 'divine' applied to Salamis was of good omen, so that it was the Persian losses which were to be so heavy. And, as we all know, the event justified this expectation."

"Yes, in all respects," I agreed. "You spoke of other predictions connected with the war."

"There are many such recorded," said Pemberthy. "For instance, we read that after the defeat at Salamis numbers of Persian wrecks were driven on to the shore of Attica, which was called Colias, thus fulfilling a prophecy made many years before by Lysistratus, an Athenian augur, not previously understood, that the Colian women should 'boil their meat with oars.' At the beginning of the war, the Spartans, inquiring here, were told that Xerxes had the strength of Zeus, and should not be restrained until either their territory or the life of one of their two kings

was forfeited. Preferring the lesser evil they sent Leonidas with his three hundred to defend the pass of Thermopylæ. There, they were again warned, by the augur Megistias, of impending death, and shortly after came news that the Persians had managed to circumvent the pass and cut off their retreat. This story has a curious sequel. You remember that in the year following the defeat of the great invasion, the Persians under Mardonius made another onslaught ? ”

“ By land only, wasn't it ? ” I asked.

“ Yes,” said Pemberthy. “ Well, while Mardonius and Xerxes were collecting their army in Thessaly, the Pythian sent an oracle to the Spartans admonishing them to demand satisfaction for the death of Leonidas, and to accept whatever might be offered. A herald was sent into Thessaly to the Persian camp, and in the name of the Spartans and Heracleidæ made what must have seemed his strange demand. For a time Xerxes ignored it, then, pointing to his general, said laughingly : ‘ This Mardonius then shall give them *such satisfaction as they deserve.*’ The herald ‘ accepting the omen,’ at once left the camp.”

“ And Mardonius justified the oracle ? ”

“ Yes, indeed. His army was routed at Plataæ, and he himself slain.”

“ I suppose it sometimes happened that attempts were made to exploit an oracle for unworthy ends ? ”

“ It did happen,” said Pemberthy, “ but not often, I think. It was dangerous to ‘ tempt the god.’ Glaucus, a Spartan, to whose keeping a large deposit of silver had been entrusted, when, after many years, the sons of the depositor applied for it, pretended to have forgotten the transaction, and pleaded for time to consider. Meanwhile, he consulted the priestess here, as to whether he should swear that he had never received the treasure. He was ironically counselled so to swear, since thus he would make a present gain, but was warned that a bodiless Nemesis pursues perjurers and exterminates their race. Alarmed, he begged the god to pardon his rash words, promising restitution, which he in fact made. Still the Pythian sternly insisted that his evil intent had been tantamount to committing the crime. Three generations later not a single descendant of Glaucus—a notable man in his day—was to be found, nor any vestige of his dwelling.”

"On the whole then you regard the oracles as having been a power for good in Hellas!"

"Unless they had been, they would not for so many centuries have been revered as means of celestial guidance. A notable instance of their prestige is the case of Tisamenes the Elean. The Delphian priestess had foretold that he would be victorious in five important contests. The Spartans accordingly invited him to co-operate with their general; he thereupon demanded and actually obtained an unprecedented concession—full privileges of Spartan citizenship for himself and his brother. And the five victories began with that of Plataea."

"The oracles were an integral part of religion, were they not?" I asked.

"Yes, and were conditioned by purificatory rites. At some shrines the answers were imparted in dreams."

"Did the oracles originate in Greece?"

"No, they were derived from Egypt. The oldest Greek shrine was at Dodona. The priests at Thebes in Egypt told Herodotus that two priestesses had been abducted long since from their temple by Phœnicians, and one sold into Libya, the other into Greece. At Dodona, he was informed that of two 'black doves' which had flown from Egypt one had arrived there, the other in Libya, each proclaiming that where it had settled an oracle sacred to Zeus must be instituted. Herodotus rationalises the myth by identifying these 'black doves' with the dark-skinned foreign-speaking Egyptian priestesses."

"The two traditions confirm each other," I observed. "And what caused the decay of the oracles?"

"Materialism," said Pemberthy. "That dry-rot which sooner or later infects all cultures. You can find indications of it even in the literature of the Periclean age. But five centuries more had elapsed ere Lucian, the Voltaire of Paganism, poured scorn on the Olympian deities. And even much later, in the fourth century of our era, the Emperor Julian quixotically attempted to revive the dying embers. He was, I suppose, the very last to consult the Delphian Apollo."

"On what occasion?" I asked.

"In regard to the Mesopotamian campaign which cost him his life," said Pemberthy. "You'll find a good account in one of Arthur Platt's essays. How Julian's envoy, coming hither, found the temple destroyed and the vale desolate. But somehow

this answer was returned : ' Go ye and tell the Emperor that the carved work of the sanctuary is cast down upon the ground, and the god thereof hath no longer where to lay his head. And the laurel of his divination is withered and the waters that spoke with voices are dried up.' . . . ' A strange coincidence,' comments Myers, ' that from that Delphian valley whence as the legend ran had sounded the first of all hexameters—the call to birds to bring their feathers and bees their wax to build by Castaly the nest-like habitation of the young new-entering god—should issue in unknown fashion the last fragment of Greek poetry which has moved the hearts of men, the last Greek hexameters which retain the ancient cadence, the majestic melancholy flow.' "

Clouds had crept up as we sat there talking ; the moon's face was obscured. The nightingales had ceased singing ; the wooded vale was hushed and dim.

" Come," I said, rising, after a long silence. " We've a full day for to-morrow. Let us get back to Chryso."

SHADOWS

By FRANK LIND

We drift amidst them in the street,
 With scarce a glance, no word to greet ;
 Our brother souls.
 Here falls a tear, there voices sing ;
 Some hasten to a christening :
 For some the last bell tolls.

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

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

LAPIDEM PROBATUM

By HECTOR ST. LUKE, PH.D.

A CABBALISTIC WONDER-STONE

IN the village of Sutton St. James, near Wisbeach, but just within the county of Lincoln, may be seen at the cross-roads, within half a mile or so of the church on the Spalding side, the remains of an ancient cross. Bearing the appellation of Ivy, or Ives' Cross, it is also locally sometimes called the Butter Cross, being the place where butter was sold in times of flood. Before the Fen country was properly drained much damage was caused from time to time by floods, both from the land side and from the sea, and it is evident that the stones of the lower sections of the cross, apparently of an earlier date than the upper parts, have been washed out of their original position. Upon the several tiers of this older masonry a later builder some time in the fourteenth century laid two stones to form an octagon, about five feet across and nine and a half inches deep, having a chamfered edge which reduces the facets to eight and a half inches in depth. Each facet is about twenty-five inches in length, making the circumference about two hundred inches. Upon this octagon rests a huge stone thirty-seven inches square, much worn in places, originally about nineteen inches deep, with chamfered edges which would make the depth of the facets about eighteen inches, and on this base was reared the cross, the lower part of the shaft of which only remains at this day. This square stone conceals beneath its measurements such an intricate and amazing cabbalistic scheme that it could be the work of none other than a great master mason of that same Masonic Guild whose impronto we have seen stamped so indelibly upon Salisbury Cathedral.

About a mile away, across the border in Cambridgeshire, is the ancient Fen port of Wisbeach from whence came that renowned master-mason of the Benedictine Order, John of Wisbeach. Alan of Walsingham, sub-prior of Ely, employed him to build the Lady chapel of Ely Cathedral, and much work at Croyland Abbey is also attributed to him. It may be that further investigation will place this wonder-stone to his account. One thing is certain, if my evidence is to be credited at all, and that is that this mutilated wayside cross bears a close cabbalistic relationship to several neighbouring churches and also to Ely and Salisbury Cathedrals.

In my article in the August number of this magazine, mention was made of the three cabbalistic systems employed by the mediæval masons, corresponding to the trinity of language which was recognised, namely those of the Old and the New Testaments, Hebrew and Greek, and of the Church, Latin. Naturally, the adept who found a number of mystic import in Hebrew, for instance, would try and find how that number worked out in Greek, and especially would this be so with those to whom both systems were considered to be of divine origin. Sooner or later Latin would be tested, and we know that two systems of Latin were used by seventeenth century cabbalists. The system employed by the church builders we have reason to believe was that known as Latin Cabbala Simplex, as follows :

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22

There are signs that this system was used in the early days of Christianity. The inscription on the cross, REX JUDÆORUM, "The King of the Jews," has the same number value as "the Son of God" in Hebrew. The number is 138, and this is the measure of one of the arcs shown in Fig. 2 of my Salisbury article, and it is marked off in the steps of the central tower in the two stages comprised of 74 and 64. The name Jesus in Latin has the same value, 67, as "The Prince" of Daniel ix, 25 ; and 67 is the number of steps in the upper section of the central tower at Salisbury. Mary in this Latin system (*Maria*) equals 38, the diameter of a circle the radius of which is 19, the number of Eve in Hebrew, and a rhombus with sides 38 equals 152, the number of Mary in Greek (*Μαρια*).

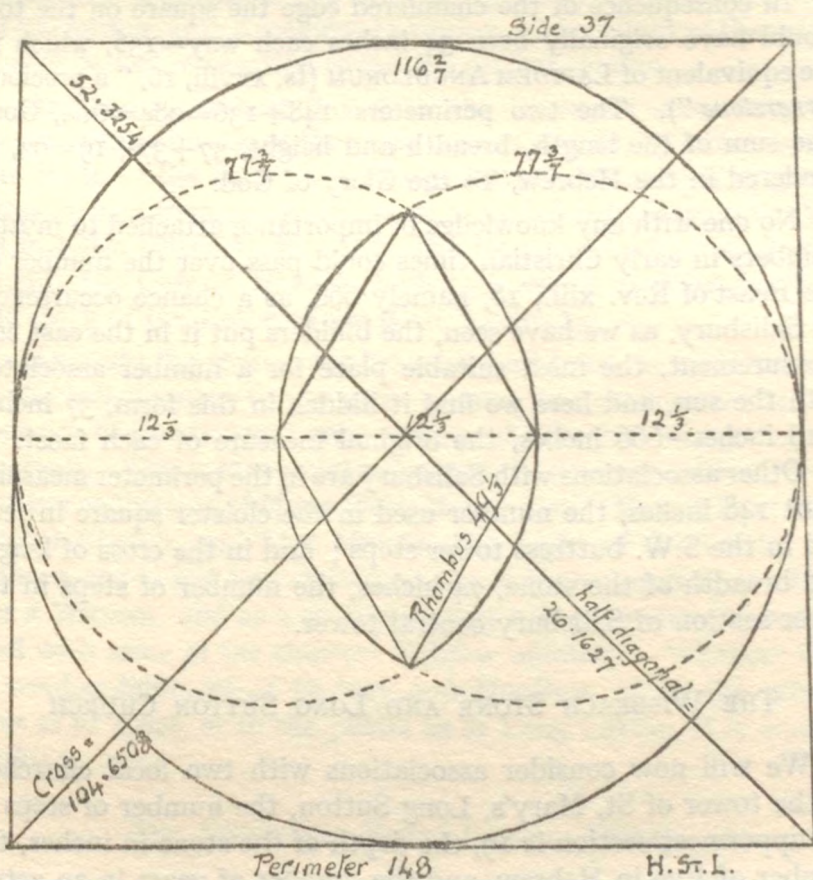
Returning to the large square stone 37 × 37 inches, this is a number which Mr. F. Bligh Bond and Dr. Lea claim* to be the basis, geometrically as well as numerically, of a whole series of Gnostic Christian words, names, titles and expressions. The number represents a geometrical figure formed of circles, and may be explained in this way : Take a penny, place six round it, then twelve round the six, and then eighteen round the twelve. This plane figure is really intended to represent the six radii of a series of cubes, and so has significance in a three-dimensional sense, but this need not be considered here.

In the Hebrew cabbala, 37 is the number equivalent of Abel,

* *The Cabbala contained in the Gnostic Coptic Books*, by F. Bligh Bond and Dr. Lea.

and it should be noted where this name is placed in the Canon of the Mass, namely, immediately after the consecration.

The cross of length and breadth, $37 \times 2 = 74$, gives us, in the Latin, Agnus Dei (The Lamb of God), and in Hebrew $\gamma\epsilon$, a Witness, the stone of Joshua which was set up as a witness (Joshua xxii, 27; xxiv, 27), and also the pillar set up by Jacob and Laban (Gen. xxxi, 45 and 52). In the words "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is our Lord," two letters were written in large type, and the explanation has been given that these letters were intended as a reminder that God is Witness.



The perimeter is 148 inches, which in Hebrew cabbala is פסח, Passover, thus bringing in again, in a duplicate system, the Paschal Lamb. In the Latin it equals LAPIDEM PROBATUM, a Tried Stone (Isaiah xxviii, 16).

$148 \times 2 = 296$, which is the equivalent of $\gamma\epsilon$, a Rock, one more title of Christ.

- $148 \times 4 = 592 = \Theta\epsilon\omicron\tau\eta\varsigma$, Godhead.
 $148 \times 6 = 888 = \text{I}\eta\sigma\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$, Jesus.
 $148 \times 10 = 1480 = \text{X}\rho\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\varsigma$, Christ.
 $148 \times 11 = 1628 = \text{K}\epsilon\phi\alpha\lambda\eta \Gamma\omega\upsilon\iota\alpha\varsigma$, Head of the Corner.
 $148 \times 12 = 1776 = \text{H} \Sigma\omega\tau\eta\rho\iota\alpha \text{I}\sigma\rho\alpha\eta\lambda$, The Saviour of Israel.
 $148 \times 20 = 2960 = \Upsilon\iota\omicron\varsigma \tau\omicron\upsilon\varsigma \text{A}\nu\theta\rho\omega\pi\omicron\upsilon$, Son of Man.

If we take the vertical perimeter, which would be within a fraction of 110 (roughly $37 + 18 + 1\frac{3}{4} + 34 + 1\frac{3}{4} + 18 = 110\frac{1}{2}$), the equivalent is Joshua's age number, and in Latin cabbala, CRUX SANCTA.

In consequence of the chamfered edge the square on the top would have originally been 34 inches each way = 136, which is the equivalent of LAPIDEM ANGULORUM (Is. xxviii, 16, "a precious *cornerstone*"). The two perimeters $148 + 136 = 284 = \Theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$, God. The sum of the length, breadth and height, $37 + 37 + 19 = 93$, is rendered in the Hebrew, To the Glory of God.

No one with any knowledge of importance attached to mystic numbers in early Christian times could pass over the number of the Beast of Rev. xiii., 18, namely 666, as a chance occurrence. At Salisbury, as we have seen, the builders put it in the east end measurement, the most suitable place for a number associated with the sun, and here we find it hidden in this form, 37 inches \times 18 inches = 666 inches, the original measure of each facet.

Other associations with Salisbury are in the perimeter measurement 148 inches, the number used in the cloister square in feet, and in the S.W. buttress tower steps; and in the cross of length and breadth of the stone, 74 inches, the number of steps in the lower section of Salisbury central tower.

THE WISBEACH STONE AND LONG SUTTON CHURCH

We will now consider associations with two local churches. In the tower of St. Mary's, Long Sutton, the number of steps of the uppermost section is 19, the depth of the stone in inches, the number of Eve in Hebrew, and the number of years in an astronomical cycle used in finding the Paschal moon for the celebration of Easter. Below this we find 18 marked off, a number corresponding to the depth of the facets caused by the chamfered edge, and the two sections together equal 37, the measure of each side.

From this point to the base the number is 64, the number equivalent of VIRGO, and the factors of 2368, the Jesus Christ number in Greek (*Iησους Χριστος*). The total number of steps in

the spiral is 101. In Greek few equivalents of any importance can be found for 101; the fact, therefore, that it equals $\epsilon\eta$ αγαπη, Love, stands out with greater prominence. In Latin, 101 equals MATER JESU, The Mother of Jesus, and it is the measure of the small rhombus plus the enclosing arcs in the accompanying diagram. But this is not all. The Virgin number 64, which is the number equivalent of Truth in Greek ($\Delta\lambda\eta\theta\epsilon\iota\alpha$) leads from the base to the bell-chamber entrance; here three steps lead to the bell-chamber door, making 67 in all from the base, and 67 in Latin equals JESUS. Thus the Virgin Mother and the Divine Infant are symbolised, the head of the latter being on one side of the former, as in a mediæval painting. The height of the spiral is also 64 feet, measuring round the central column.

Another connecting link with the Wisbeach stone may be found in the division of the steps into 19 and 82, 19 inches being the depth of the stone, and 82 equals approximately a diagonal cross formed from corner to corner of each facet (18 inches \times 37). 82 in Latin equals DOMUS DEI, The House of God; also JANUA COELI, The Gate of Heaven, both expressions used by Jacob in the story of the Bethel stone (Gen. xxviii, 17).

If we add the three steps branching off from the main column to the bell-chamber to the main column, the product is 104, the measure of the diagonal cross of the cabbala stone (omitting the fraction). This is of especial interest in the masonic cabbala, since it is the equivalent of MONS SION, Mount Sion; MATER ECCLESIA, Mother Church, and LUX MUNDI, The Light of the World. In Hebrew 104 is not less significant, for it is the equivalent of לער. For a Witness, and as a multiple of 13 it is geometrically associated with some of the choicest Hebrew numbers. Whether used in window-lights as at Gedney and Moulton, or in the ground plan as at Fleet, or in the pillars as at Long Sutton, it is equally striking.

THE STONE AND FLEET CHURCH TOWER

The number of steps in Fleet Church tower, without the threshold at the top, is 93, the length, breadth and depth of the cabbala stone (37+37+19). This number is the equivalent of Love in Greek, without the article ($\alpha\gamma\alpha\pi\eta$). Another eight unwanted steps above the highest usable one appear to be intended to supply the article ($\epsilon\eta=8$), and so bring in the 101 of Long Sutton tower steps. In Hebrew cabbala, 93 is the number equivalent of נגבוהיאל, To the Glory of God (Ps. ix, 2).

At the base three steps are detached from the spiral, thus marking off as the lowest section on the spiral 26, the number equivalent of the Tetragrammaton, or four-lettered name, the most sacred name of God in Hebrew, יהוה. This number is the radius of a circle enclosing the cabbala stone square (37×37), in other words, one-half of its diagonal, and the number used in the upper section of the tower ($37 \text{ feet} + 26 \text{ feet} = 63 \text{ feet}$). Above the clock chamber are 64 steps, and so, as at Long Sutton, we find the Virgin number in Latin cabbala and the Truth number in Greek.

Recalling the appeal in my former articles to the theo-astrological traditions which may be traced so continuously back to prehistoric times, I think the evidence of this Wisbeach cabbalistic stone, this *lapidem probatum*, this "well-trying stone," reveals another fascinating phase of the master-craft of the mediæval masonic guild, which employed geometrical plans so wonderfully to bear witness to the Truth.

HARMONY

By BRENDA MURRAY DRAPER

Flowers have a voice too rare for mortal ear,
A petalled grace that, floating, dies away ;
I listen, breathless as the atmosphere
In the still sunshine of a summer day ;
They whisper intimately each to each. . . .
I would I were attuned to their fair speech.

Flowers, too, have dark complexities ; they toil ;
Dangers beset them ; also to them comes Death ;
Yet they arise so simply from the soil,
Lovely and tranquil, with a fragrant breath.
They brightly turn, like alchemists of old,
The common elements to purest gold.

Poems are they to heavenly music set,
Lyrical to the eye they softly sing
Ever in harmony, whilst we forget
The art of living ; wantonly we fling
Our separate notes, by chance, upon the air,
Then hear, dismayed, sad discord everywhere.

They, with delicate intonation, shame
Our blatant speech, our clamour, and our strife.
Oh, may we, flower-like, and with hearts aflame
Transmute the baser elements of life ;
And tune, with those that in our orbit fall,
To the one note that harmonises all !

MY FRIEND, W. H. :

A Personal Reminiscence

By CLIFFORD GREATOREX, F.Z.S.

W. H. was a friend of long standing. He and I had during several years been in each other's company with great frequency. Many were the long walks we enjoyed together, and diverse the themes we discussed. Innumerable were the ounces of tobacco we smoked by our joint efforts. In many matters, I made W.H. my special confidant, and he returned the compliment. In fact, I believe he sometimes entrusted me with secrets that were divulged to no one else, and assuredly, I told to him private concerns that I would not have mentioned to less trusted friends. I know that he never betrayed my confidence, and I am thankful to say that I was no less faithful to his.

In many respects, he and I were opposites. Perhaps that was one reason why we were such firm friends. He was a lover of sports, he overflowed with high spirits, and he was acquainted with nearly everyone in the district. On the other hand, I was without liking for vigorous games, was addicted to not unfrequent fits of depression—even of pessimism—and seldom ventured beyond my then rather limited circle of friends and acquaintances. However, both he and I took a vital interest in books, and we were both idealists. We found much to talk about on every occasion of our meeting ; were never bored when in each other's company ; and invariably displayed the utmost frankness in our opinions and comments, whatever might be the subject under discussion.

W.H., at the time when the Great War broke out, was a clerk in a big Sheffield engineering works. I was a teacher in a local private school. He was ambitious, and worked hard. I also had aspirations. H. intended attaining a much more exalted position, whilst I determined to make for myself a place in the world of authorship.

H. enlisted in an infantry regiment almost immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. As time went by, I noticed that military training seemed to have increased his optimism and his all round kindliness of disposition. But, I found also that he showed, in moments when he thought he was unobserved, a strange, new pensiveness, though such moments were few.

In due course, I also enlisted, but a weak heart, combined with the consequences of a serious operation, presently restored me to the ranks of the civilians.

For some time H. and I were both stationed on Salisbury Plain. Occasionally we met. On the day before he was due for final leave, I saw him for some hours. He seemed to have regained his old cheerfulness . . . But the element of pensiveness had deepened, as I noticed when we said good-bye. "And if it be for ever, old boy," said he, "then let's be glad we've always been good pals." I left him hurriedly. There was something ominous about his farewell words that rendered further speech impossible.

When H. was out in France, I was safely at home ; though with a wrecked constitution that, even now, has not been thoroughly repaired, and, perhaps, never will be.

I heard from him now and again. His letters were always bright, even humorous, and abounding in the spirit of good will. "When I get back," he wrote, "we will have the time of our lives. We will talk about every subject under the sun—and some subjects beyond it. And we will turn every moment to the best account. . . . You mention the effects of the present dreadful happenings upon one's belief in God. . . . There can be no God such as we were once taught to believe in, but that is not saying everything. God is vaster than the clergymen imagine. He is vaster than the philosophies we have talked about could possibly conceive. . . . And God, it seems to me, must be able to turn even this awful, mad and brutal slaughter to good account. Though, to be candid, one could wish that His ways were not quite so damnably mysterious . . . nor his methods so appalling. However, I don't see why we shouldn't be immortal, in some way or other ; and, let us hope, in some future state of existence, we shall be able to understand much that is at present beyond us. If you were not so heterodox yourself, I should think it necessary to point out that I've *not* turned atheist—though I listen to much that the padres preach with my tongue in my cheek. . . . Cheerio, old chap ! Hope you're better."

One evening, I was walking alone on a quiet road in the vicinity of my home, when, becoming tired, I leaned against a fence, and gave myself up to the contemplation of the unutterable splendour of the sunset.

I thought of that passage in Wordsworth's unforgettable Ode :

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye,
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

And suddenly I turned. There, by my side, stood my dear friend, H., concerning whose welfare I had endured such sorry misgivings of late.

His face was wreathed in smiles. No sign of the strange pensiveness there! He extended a hand that looked remarkably white and clean for one who had spent long months amid the blood and filth of the trenches. A thrill passed through me as I took his hand in mine—a sensation which I attributed to the heartiness of his clasp.

"Well, well, this—this is—excellent!" was all that I could say. I was so astonished.

At length, he released my hand. "Yes, it's certainly *that*," he said. "And, do you know—it's *permanent* leave, this time."

"But," said I, sorely puzzled, "you're still in khaki—and, you don't look—wounded. All the better, of course." I laughed, and his own merriment was delightful to behold and hear.

"That's just it," he remarked. "Just so. You're still a bit of a doubting Thomas though. Eh, old man? You never would believe anything until you'd thought about it for donkeys' years. A failing of yours—but we'll overlook it. *For me*, let me tell you, the war is over—OVER! Thank God!"

"So—you're discharged?" I queried, "like I am? Well, I hope you aren't ill; but it's mighty fine to know you've come to stay."

For a moment, his radiant face clouded. "Not to stay *here*, exactly," he replied, "I'm afraid I'd give them all such a shock. But, I've done with war—I've done with everything that's beastly and terrible. We get a real move on, now, you know. None the less, I guess I'll be seeing you more than once. Say, old man, how's Paulie?"

"Paulie? Who do you mean? I don't remember——"

"Of course you remember. *Pauline!*"

"Why, yes, of course I do," I replied. "One of the very nicest girls in the world. Well, I've not seen her for some time,

but your sister tells me she's well, though dreadfully worried about you. I suppose you've had no time to write to anyone, though, being out in the thick of it as you've been lately. Perhaps, on the other hand, you didn't mean letting any of us know you were coming home so soon?"

He laughed again—and replied: "I've been in the *very* thick of it—can't describe it—don't want to. But it's all over now. I've finished with everything but the best things. Well, I must leave you. Good-bye, for a little time." And again, I felt that electric thrill as he shook my hand. Then he was gone. . . .

It was all very mysterious, but absolutely real. I am certain that he and I met, conversed, shook hands, even as I have stated. And his manner and speech were joyous even as in the good days when there were neither wars nor rumours of wars.

I returned home in a very exalted mood, preoccupied, oblivious to the sights and sounds of the everyday world.

The next morning, I was told by an acquaintance that H's mother—a widow—had received yesterday an official telegram, informing her that her son W. had been killed in action. . . .

Of course, it had been too much to expect a matter-of-fact official to substitute the words *passed over to the other side* for the dire phrase *killed in action*. But I KNOW that W.H. still lives; he has proved to me a belief that I have long been disposed to hold—that death signifies no more than the shattering of the chrysalis-case, so that the butterfly—child of the sun and of the boundless air—may escape from bondage.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SHADE

(Psychically received.)

By GERALDINE CUMMINS

GOOD day and good evening. These terms mean very little to me now. What an immense significance they possessed at one time. A spring morning meant the song of birds, night the red flares of sunset in the western sky after grey days of rain. All these experiences, these sensations are gone from me. I suffer now from a complete absence of sensation. I scarcely realised when I was on earth how much we depended on our senses. Without them we can hardly be said to be alive at all. Yet I know and feel that there is an existence, a life without sensation ; and I believe that now I stand upon its threshold, that my intellect must learn to apprehend, to listen, hear, touch and feel through its powers alone. I must face the stark truth of death ; namely, that we part with our senses and gain a closer contact with our mind. I must envisage reality now through my intelligence alone ; I must depend on no windows of the soul ; I must reach out to others through mind alone.

Truly, I am a drifting mind. And if space and time are one, I drift but to and fro in time and space ; and yet, I drift not : for if neither of these exist save as an invention, an illusion, then I have no connection with either time or space. I am the universe, the stars, the sun, the skies, the seas, the vast dark spaces ; I am the ascending spheres, if I be mind alone.

All this I dimly apprehend while still my soul abides within a lake of night. So I mourn no longer for the sunset, which can be imaged by the fleshly eyes. I do not sorrow because no delicate physical hearing conveys to my intelligence the spring melodies of the birds. I am not desolated because I may no more touch a dear companion, feel her presence near me. For now I know I am an existence, living, it is true, in a void, without the power to handle, hear or see, but capable still of thought, capable of sounding the depth of thought, able at last to reflect without the distraction of sight and hearing.

I know, therefore, that growth must come to me through imagination only.

Pray when your soul renounces its flesh, when it tosses its bones away, leaving a skeleton to some charnel house, pray that your imagination will grow. For it is through that mental

activity you will exist in the beyond. Here, in the life to come—as men call it—we are minds slowly becoming aware at last of our timelessness. Here I must learn apprehension of the whole creation. I must, through imagination, conceive of the myriad forms that exist throughout all creation. By such a conception I come to live in them all. I become all creation, and yet I am still A.C., living in a void. I am myself, I am all else. Can you grasp these two separate states? If you can even dimly image them in your understanding you will begin to grasp the significance of death. You will have some idea of what is meant by the Place of the Departed Souls, by Heaven, by the Paradise of the Blest, by Purgatory, by Hell, by the Dark Place of Pain.

All these are but states of mind in the world invisible. So study your mental processes while on earth, strive to maintain a serenity of disposition. Suffer yourself to contemplate, each day for an hour or so, life, the universe, with eyes closed, with your senses at rest. Thus will you prepare for this mind existence here.

I write but of my own experiences in the so-called world beyond the grave. I cannot speak for the numberless dead.

Learn to find pleasure that is not derived from the use of the senses. These pretty tools must all be laid aside at death.

THE ROSE AND THE CROSS

By R. A. S.

Transmute bliss into desire, transmute power into love,
Ruby Rose seeks Cross of Fire, Earth is drawn to Heaven above.

Heaven-ascending, earth-descending winds the Path through
deepest night,
Till, like perfect music blending, Path and Pilgrim merge in light.

Lower, lower, higher, higher, life to light, and life to love,
Radiant Rose wins Cross of Fire, Serpent strong gains gentle Dove.
Now retreating, now advancing, winds the spiral Path of Fate,
Like the sun through green leaves glancing, as the wild swan
woos his mate.

Cross and Crown no force can sever in the age-long strife of soul
Until both are lost for ever as the parts are in the whole.

Heaven-ascending, earth-descending, winds the Path through
deepest night,
Till, like perfect music blending, Path and Pilgrim merge in light.

WEST AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES

By I. TOYE WARNER-STAPLES, F.R.A.S.

ALL who are interested in old customs and beliefs, and the whole gamut of faculties classed as psychic and supernormal, owe a debt of gratitude to Captain F. W. Butt-Thompson for recording those still in existence on the West Coast of Africa.* The work he has done so ably has required much patience and sympathy with the native point of view, a wide knowledge of kindred phenomena in other countries and times, and an absolute freedom from bigotry: every line of this important book shows how well he has succeeded.

A former book by the same author dealt very fully with *Black Magic*, another was on *Sierra Leone in History and Tradition*, and the present one deals with the Secret Societies, their organisations, officials, and teaching. It will come as a surprise to many people to learn that these West African "savages" have some very high ideas of morality, religion, and social behaviour. Some of their teachings are distinctly Christian, though handed down before the arrival of modern missionaries, and a few customs are much like those of the ancient Hebrews.

Especially good is the teaching given by the natives to their children. "If the people praise you, let them do it for your goodness and your kindness. Never be too busy to listen to a request, nor too selfish to deny your indebtedness to others." Surely "acknowledge" is meant instead of "deny"?)

"Youth is sweet, strength is stimulating, experience is best of all; therefore, honour experience." "Injustice soon ruins a country." "Be slow to quarrel, be obedient to parents and elders, be not garrulous, think of manly things, think and act as a man." "One finger can scatter the nuts, but it takes them all to gather them again." "Suffer not the lone man to be overpowered by several." "Be just to your enemy: rescue him when he is in danger, and never go out of your way to get him into trouble." "Watch to take the weakest side: always side with the one when fighting against odds." "To kill in war is to defend oneself and show valour, but to kill at other times is to imitate the beasts."

* *West African Secret Societies*. London: H. F. & G. Witherby, 326, High Holborn, W.C. 1. Price 21s. net

All the life of the West African is practically ruled by his firm belief in survival and the influence of the discarnate on their relatives in the flesh. This central idea comes into their religion, ceremonies, oracles, initiations, festivals, and system of government. It is therefore not surprising that mediumship is valued, and that people possessing psychic faculties are honoured, after they have undergone such a strenuous training as to thoroughly test the genuineness of their gifts. Their doctors and diviners are not frauds, but exhibit in most cases both genuine mediumship and medical knowledge not to be despised even by European physicians.

Of their medical skill Captain Butt-Thompson says, "Properly qualified European doctors often remain to praise where they halted to scoff." "Their knowledge of preventative and curative medicines has puzzled and surprised the very elect." Native doctors had discovered that mosquitoes caused malarial fever long before it was known to Europeans, and they cured it by a bitter drug.

Still more remarkable is their anticipation of the latest discovery, that general paralysis can be cured by the bite of a malarial mosquito! Their knowledge of poisons is unique—one being so subtle that it does not act for months but then causes death. Many cases of psychic phenomena are given which compare with those investigated by our modern scientists. These include augury, crystal-gazing, geomancy, sortilage, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, and even "direct voice." Trance is common and direct writing much in use.

"The Mukanda man has a writing stick; a bit of wood slung on to a length of bamboo—the bamboo being tied into arc-shape in order to leave the suspended stick free to circle and write at the will and wish of its owner. The messages it writes may be in characters unknown to any of the onlookers." So here we see what we should call "direct writing" which is a very rare form of mediumship—the medium having no actual physical contact with the stick.

Crystal-gazing is common, and the stones used are kept in the Council House or the sacred enclosure, and carefully guarded. It is usually done by the Head of the Society or his Deputy. One Society has seven sacred stones, two being fragments of black lava, two pebbles rounded by action of sea-water, another porous stone having a bit of black coral embedded, the sixth a curious piece of rock shaped like a skull, and the last a rounded

flat shale of cryolite glass " whose milky depths look fathomless." All are polished with oil and generations of rubbing.

" It would seem that psychometry also is used, as in the case of the King of Dahomy, who wished to discover which of his twenty wives had been unfaithful. He made them all give their tooth-sticks and then asked a missionary if he could tell from them which was the guilty wife! On the missionary declining, the king asked his head doctor or diviner, and the latter immediately selected one stick, the owner of which then confessed.

Most curious of all, I think, is the psychic manipulation of a " whip " by men of the Poro tribe. This consisted of a bit of stick and two lanyards borrowed from artillery gunners in 1917. " They were washed in a preparation, and the hands, arms, chest and forehead of the man chosen to hold the whip were also annointed with a mixture. Then the assistant walked down the ranks of the collected people followed by the directing official. There were hundreds of bushcutters, house-boys, natives, etc., on the parade, but the whip found the culprit, the lanyard-thongs writhing and squirming snake-fashion before starting to thrash the face and chest of the selected man. The cords struck heavily enough to draw blood. The man whipped was afterwards arrested by the police, and in prison at Freetown confessed to the thefts concerned, telling where the stolen goods were hidden."

This case presents, I think, some strong psychic elements which the sceptic must find it difficult to " explain " by normal means.

Some voice phenomena which the author attributes to " ventriloquism," are, I believe, merely an exhibition of the " direct voice." It would be worth while for him to obtain a few séances and hear this form of objective phenomena in England, so that he might compare the two. In the case he cites the " doctor " goes into trance and then the voices come, and afterwards when he returns to his village he tells people, " I'm the spirit world, whence the noises come." He listens to footsteps which no one else hears, and is shut up by his superiors and given various concoctions which are said to enable him to understand and reply to the speech of the " after-death spirits." After more ceremonies he is declared a fully qualified doctor.

If anyone dares to practise as a " doctor " unless properly initiated, he is executed—unless in territory governed by Europeans. So that is their way of disposing of frauds and

keeping mediumship pure. Hypnotism is often used for curative purposes, also auto-suggestion and faith healing.

Captain Butt-Thompson tells us that these doctors can, by some fluid they concoct and force into the body "galvanise a dead man into the movements of seeming life." They can also "raise a sullen recumbent doubter, in the last stages of ague, by a mesmerism apparently produced by a touch of a wand." They have power to induce cataleptic sleep which will last several days, and render the sleeper insensible to pain.

The natives believe that the lower spirit of a person is able to leave the body during sleep and have adventures which on waking are thought to be dreams. But the higher spirit or self only leaves at death.

It would seem that there must have been some means of communication in prehistoric times between these natives and those of Egypt, Syria and Arabia, for long before either the Koran or the Bible were translated into their language, they "were telling stories of the Garden of Eden, the slaying of Abel by Cain, the Flood, the Flight from Egypt, and the Translation of Elijah, and they still tell these stories as their fathers told them." Also they relate fables like those of Æsop; indeed, so numerous are the legends that in Nigeria they are in groups each of which is said to contain sixteen hundred and eighty connected stories.

Soon Western civilisation will have stamped out the greater part of these legends and customs, so that students of the future will be more and more grateful to such men as Captain Butt-Thompson, Amaury Talbot, and others who are doing such valuable work in collecting and publishing them now.

THE KINGDOM OF POSEIDON

By EDITH K. HARPER: Author of "Stead: The Man,"
St. Francis of Assisi," etc.

ONE cannot imagine a time to come, however far ahead, when the magic and mystery of the ocean will have ceased to cast its glamorous spell over the human mind. Mayhap I am specially conscious of this, for I was born almost on the shore of the great North Sea, and amongst my earliest memories are the blue-grey zone of water meeting the sky, the ceaseless murmur and surge of waves, and sometimes of a stormy winter night when distant echoes of recurrent rocket-signals, booming across the angry waters, told of some ship in distress. There were those among us who fell on their knees and prayed at that ominous sound.

Another memory, but of the superstitious order, assails me yet if anyone accidentally overturns a loaf of bread on the trencher, for this betokens, North country folk say, that some good ship is doomed to founder and sink to rest in Davy Jones's locker.

I have just come across a perfect mine of sea-lore, in Dr. A. S. Rappoport's fascinating book: "Superstitions of Sailors," which has just been published,* and of which the title hardly conveys the full extent of the scope and variety of its information. The learned author, if he cannot, like Prospero, "Call spirits from the vasty deep," can, and does, explore its every nook and cranny, and we see mermen and mermaidens, enchanted castles and churches beneath the foam—those churches whose bells still sway and clang for us in Debussy's mystical and entrancing music. The earliest childhood of the human race is revealed to us as in a mirror "darkly," in the weird farrago of myth, legend, and superstition, which has come down to us maybe from the days of Noah!

Certain modern alchemists have claimed that gold may be obtained from sea-water, and the ancients were constantly inventing "ferlies" to explain why the sea is salt. These quaint tales are found in the folk-lore of many lands. Most of them relate to a mill or "quern" of magical properties, of which the owner by merely *wishing* as he turned its handle could make it

* London: Stanley Paul & Co. (1928), Ltd. Price 15s. net.

grind anything he desired. This much-coveted mill was always secured by one person after another through bribery or theft, coming at last into the possession of some master-mariner who wanted plenty of salt. Unluckily for him the final owner forgot the magic formula to stop the mill from grinding, so that in panic it was flung overboard and sank to the bottom of the sea, where it is still grinding salt to this very day! . . . "Ignorance, irrational fear, and a desire to propitiate the occult and unknown powers are generally the cause of man's superstitious beliefs," says Dr. Rappoport, and certainly in all this medley one looks in vain for any hint of the truly spiritual. Only at last in a Jewish legend quoted by Dr. Rappoport do we find a motive other than selfish cunning and greed, and the overcoming of the weak by the strong.

A poor widow, so runs the legend, had baked three loaves of bread with the last of her scanty store of meal, when a beggar came to her door and implored her to give him food. She gave him one of the loaves. Presently, when she was about to partake of the second loaf, another beggar appeared, looking even more destitute than the first. He, too, asked alms, and at once she gave him the second loaf. Again she had just sat down to satisfy her hunger with the third, when yet another mendicant presented himself at her door, in so sorry a plight that the kind-hearted woman forgot her own wants and gave the third suppliant the remaining loaf, leaving herself with none. She then went out and at long last collected a few ears of corn and had them ground at a neighbouring mill. She was returning homeward intending to make herself another loaf, when, alas! a violent gust of wind from the sea suddenly swept the little bag of meal out of her hand and carried it far away. In her despair the poor woman hastened to King Solomon and told him her sad story, asking how it was that she who had denied herself to feed the hungry should be thus left to starve. At this moment three merchants arrived and prostrating themselves before the king laid at his feet a large sum of money, all in golden pieces, which they begged him to bestow on the poor. The wise king asked the reason for this generosity, to which they replied that having been overtaken by a furious storm when on the sea, they vowed to The Almighty that if their lives and property were spared they would devote a tenth part of their ship's treasure to the "noble and deserving poor." They suddenly discovered that while they prayed the leak in the vessel had been stopped and they had reached the shore. Thereupon Solomon, the wise king of Israel, asked the

merchants, " Know ye the exact spot where your vessel did leak, and did ye notice how the hole was stopped ? " To which the merchants replied :

" This we know not, for in our joy and our anxiety to come here we never investigated the matter."

" Then go," said the wise king, " and look at your ship." The merchants went away, returning soon with a small bag of flour, saying that this was what they found had stopped up the hole in their vessel. The king asked the woman whether she recognised the sack, she replied : " I do, it is what I was carrying when the wind blew it out of my hand." Hereupon, ends the story. King Solomon said :

" The seven thousand gold pieces are thine ; it is for thy sake that the Lord wrought this miracle : The Lord never forsakes those who walk in His ways."

Legends of another kind have to do with the mer-folk, men and maidens, those weird beings half-fish, half-human which are said to people the deep, and which have given to poetry and music some of their most delightful fantasies. All the stories have more or less the same purport, either an earth-man falls in love with a maid of the sea and persuades her to share his dwelling, or it is a sea-king who woos an earthly bride and beguiles her into his palace under the waves. In either case the result is the same ; each feels the ultimate call to return to its natural element, and cannot resist its spell ; the mermaid returns to her coral caves and the woman of earth to her own people on dry land, drawn by the echo of church bells borne across the tide on the evening breeze. So like returns to like.

Dr. Rappoport gives a reason, unknown to me before, why that charming bird, the wren, is subjected to almost universal persecution. I have heard the Manx version of the legend sung in the Purple Island itself. On St. Stephen's Day men and boys go out with staves, stones, and firearms ; chase, beat and kill all the luckless wrens their cruel eyes may light upon, and bury the bodies of the murdered songsters deep in the kirkyard earth. Several years ago a writer in the *Evening Standard* opined that this strange dislike of the wren in " Christian countries " is probably due to the reverence which was felt for it by the Druids. Dr. Rappoport, however, mentions a belief that mermaids were often turned into wrens, though why is a mystery. Its song is like a sudden pearly cascade of rippling water, strangely loud for so tiny a

creature, as though the imprisoned mermaid were trying to imagine herself once more on her native rock, instead of on an apple tree in a Surrey orchard.

From mermaids to water-fairies is a near cry, and again I quote Dr. Rappoport, who tells that : " There is a tradition among French fishermen of Dieppe that at a certain season of the year the water-fairies hold a bazaar on the cliffs overhanging the sea. Here they exhibit wares of rare beauty, offering them for sale. The passing fisherman who is strong enough to resist the temptation and the allurements, and to turn away his head from the strange beings, who employ every art of fascination, escapes unharmed. But woe to him who is persuaded to approach the brilliant spectacle ! for he is gradually drawn to the edge of the cliff and hurled into the waves."

I have only slightly sketched some aspects of this absorbing page of the book of man's mind : " For," to conclude in the same learned doctor's words : " There is a wonderful world in the deep, there are secret gardens and blooming sea-flowers unseen by human eyes ; coal beds of poppy tints and myriads of living things dashing in and out of coral castles. There are forests and groves where sea-shells and pearls are tinted with orient hues. No wonder that the superstitious minds of early mariners have peopled the space beneath the waves and the ocean's depth with a wonderful world."

A PRAYER

By E. M.

That I may be the pure and perfect expression of Thy love, O Master :

That I may become a sublimely beautiful book wherein all who wish may read the inspiring lines of Thy Perfection.

Amen.

EVIDENCES OF REINCARNATION.

By LEONARD BOSMAN.

IT was in 1907 that I first heard of Reincarnation. It changed me from an agnostic and almost an atheist into a firm believer in Universal Law. For here, inherent in this wonderful theory, which I have since proved to my own satisfaction to be a fact was nothing less than pure Justice. The teaching satisfied every fibre of my being, emotional, mental, spiritual; it threw a wonderful light on the hitherto insoluble problems of life, of religion, of philosophy; it cleared away, as morning mists before the rising sun, all the deep resentment, the soul-destroying bitterness and hopelessness that had for years made life a nightmare. It saved me, in fact, from suicide. "As one by a dark stair into a great light," I found myself suddenly in a new world.

From then onward life took on a new meaning. Gradually everything became clear. I saw that, if considered as a means by which justice and adjustment came to the world and to the individual, Reincarnation, taken with the doctrine of Cause and Effect, could not only solve all difficulties, but could also awaken in man himself the courage to face whatever life might bring him, and the wisdom to turn it to the best account. It became clear to me that if man by his thoughts and actions during past lives had produced causes which made him what he was, and brought him what he had to meet in his present life, then, obviously, man was master of his own fate, captain of his own soul. For while he could not change the harvest he was reaping, he could at least sow such seeds as would bring him a finer harvest of opportunity, character and environment in his future lives. Those who now laboured helplessly, crushed beneath a burden they could neither understand nor remove, would find their "chance" come in the lives ahead of them. Their aspirations to become what now they were not, would be the cause of enabling them to become that to which they aspired. "So all's law."

Later I left the logic of it and its application to social and individual problems, and fell to wondering what I had been in past lives—where I had lived, what I had done, what left undone. One day, while thus meditating, the idea flashed into my mind that I had in one past life been an Egyptian priest—a mere curate, nothing more—attached to one of the temples and employed in

the teaching of painting and sculpture. The idea grew stronger as the weeks passed, and I finally turned my attention to the study of Egyptology, spending many hours wandering through the Egyptian Galleries of the British Museum. What attracted me most were the hieroglyphics, and these I studied, copying them into my notebook that I might have them always near me. Now, the names of the Pharaohs are written in little rings or squares—cartouches, as they are called—and there was one among the many I copied which appealed to me so much that I found myself constantly rewriting it, each little stroke of the pen having something very dear and familiar in it. Why this should be so I did not know. I had no knowledge as to whose name it was I thus rewrote. Later I discovered that it was the name of the Pharaoh, *Unas*.

Then one day, wandering down the stairs of the British Museum, I suddenly found my attention caught and held by a tall granite pillar in the Hall below. The strange feeling came over me that I wanted to embrace it. This was obviously ridiculous. But the strange feeling held me. I felt like one who, after long wanderings, comes back to a dearly-loved scene, even to a life companion. I took my way to the Hall to examine the notice affixed to the fascinating object and found from it that the pillar had been erected in the reign of the same Pharaoh, *Unas*. The name did not grip me then; the impression was too vivid for two and two to be put together at the moment, but later I found myself wondering. "It's always *Unas*!" I thought humorously. Sure enough, it was.

Some time after this, I happened one afternoon to be at the London Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, upon the walls of which I noticed a striking picture of an ancient Egyptian Temple and Sphinx. I was examining it with much interest when a friend walked into the room and introduced me to a lady, a Mrs. C. D. Y——. This lady, it appeared later, was a sensitive; that is, a psychic, but of this fact I had then no idea. Something in the conversation, however, made me turn to her and say: "Just look at that picture and see what you can make of it." She looked for a few moments, but on her return changed the subject and, beyond remarking that it was a wonderful picture, said no more. A little later, I heard from a mutual friend, Arnold B——, that he had had a letter or some communication from this lady describing her meeting with me and my request to her to look at the picture of the Egyptian Temple. Gazing at this, she had seen,

psychically, the scene revitalised, or, as she herself put it: "I saw you (Arnold B—) as an Egyptian, raising another Egyptian (Mr. Bosman) *out of a sarcophagus*"—a saying which every Freemason will understand.

Some years later, whilst on a visit to this lady and her husband, she suddenly turned to me and exclaimed: "How it is that, as you sit there thinking, you seem to be dressed in a velvet coat, knee breeches, and to wear a powdered wig?" This sudden exclamation certainly struck me very forcibly, for one of the memories that had gripped me with especial vividness was that of the last life I had lived. This had been in France. I did not, however, tell her this, but asked if she could see anything more, and after a moment she said: "Yes, you are wearing a sword with a splendidly jewelled hilt." It was such clothes and such a sword that I could myself remember wearing.

About this time, having occasion to write to an acquaintance—a well-known, trained occultist, a Mrs. M. B. R.—, of California—on business, I added a postscript to my letter: "Did you ever 'see' me in the French Revolution?"—thus implying that I had a memory of having been alive during that period and desired confirmation. Mrs. M. B. R— replied that she did not remember having seen me in that phase, but that when in London she had seen a clairvoyant picture of me in a past life when I was a Moor in Spain and had fled north to avoid the Spanish Inquisition. Her letter ended: "As I write, I see a picture of you in Egypt. You were then a *priest teaching sculpture and painting in the Temple*. It was in the reign of King Unas. We were all there together."

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.*]

DANGERS OF MAGIC

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—At the present time, as is well known, the Western world is undergoing a great revival of interest in matters occult. A realisation is beginning to dawn upon the public mind that there are many forces—Natural Forces—outside its ken which, nevertheless, have a very definite effect upon its psychic and everyday life. Naturally, the man in the street, when once sufficiently interested, asks, "Well, what are these forces and the laws governing them?" and unless he gets a reasonable explanation he probably turns to books to find out. That is the crux of the whole trouble. Never before in the history of the world has there been such an output of occult and pseudo-occult works. Scholars are translating and publishing works from the great libraries that were never for a moment meant for the public—systems of Magic and of Spiritual Training that are often no more than the author's private notes, and intended to be used solely as such, *and from which the controlling key is missing*. Only the skeleton of these systems was put on record. Sometimes, even, mistakes were deliberately included as a blind, in case the paper should be lost. Naturally, then, these wonderful occult discoveries are not only positively dangerous to use without the missing key, but, as the following experience of my own will show, may lead to a disastrous contact with the left hand path.

Desiring some information which I could not get in any ordinary way, I resorted to the System of Abra Melin, and to this end prepared a copy of the necessary Talisman, perfecting it to the best of my ability with my little stock of knowledge. The ritual performed, I proceeded to clear my "place of working." A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; my ritual was imperfect, and I only rendered the Talisman useless, without in any way impairing the activities of the entity I had invoked. This looks like nothing else than gross carelessness on my part; and to a certain extent that is true—but the point I wish to make is this, that my knowledge of this particular system, and therefore my ritual, were imperfect; and in any case I had been shown no method of combating this particular entity when once it was roused. Now for the results.

Unfortunately I have no account of the date when these occurrences began, but the first hint of trouble must have come on or about March 3, 1927. I can guess this date with fair accuracy because, as I was to learn, the manifestations were always strongest about new moon, and

after I had gone to sleep. Upon this occasion I can remember waking up suddenly with a vague feeling of terror oppressing me; yet it was no ordinary nightmare terror, but an imposed emotion that could be thrown off by an effort of the will. This passed almost as soon as I stood up, and I thought no more about it.

Again on April 2, or thereabouts, I was troubled by the same feeling, but still regarded it as nothing more than a severe nightmare, though the fact that my sleep was distorted towards the time of new moon had occurred to me; while, as full moon drew on the nights grew peaceful again.

The new moon of May 1 brought a recurrence of the trouble. This time very much more powerful, and necessitating an almost intolerable effort of will to cast it off. Also, it was about this time that I first saw the entity which was rapidly obsessing me. It was not altogether unlovely to look at. Its eyes were closed, and it was bearded with long flowing hair. It seemed a blind force slowly waking to activity.

Now there are three points which I must make quite clear before I proceed. In the first place, I was never attacked twice in the same night. Secondly, when I speak of physical happenings, the smashing of glass, and voices, they were never, with one absolutely inexplicable exception, actual, but pure obsessions; and this leads to the third point. Not one of these incidents happened while I was asleep. Always I found myself awake with the terror upon me and struggling violently to cast off its spell. I have had nightmares before, but no nightmare that I have ever had could hold my mind in its grip for minutes at a time as this thing did, or send me plunging through a ten-foot high window to the ground below.

The first indication I had that these visitations were absolutely out of the ordinary course of events came on May 30. About midnight I was suddenly wakened by a voice calling loudly, "Look out," and at once I became aware of a red serpent coiling and uncoiling itself under my bed, and reaching out into the floor with its head. Just as it was about to attack me I jumped through my window, and came to earth amongst the rose bushes below, fortunately with no more damage done than a badly bruised arm.

After this there was absolute peace until the 30th of June, when the real climax came. I had seen the thing again on the night of new moon, and had noticed considerable changes in its appearance. Especially it seemed far more active, while its long hair had changed into serpent heads. The night after I was awakened by a violent noise, and jumped out of bed. I then saw that the noise was caused by a great red obelisk which crashed through the west wall of my room and leaned against the wall at the east end, smashing both that and the window to pieces but missing my bed, which was in an alcove to the left of its path. In transit it had smashed all the mirrors, and the floor and top of my bed were strewn with broken glass and frag-

ments of wood. This time the obsession must have lasted for minutes. I dared not move for fear of cutting myself, and to reach the matches—wherein, I knew, lay safety—I had to lean across the bed and again risk the glass. Yet in my heart I knew that all this was false, but had no power to move. I could only stand there, incapable, looking at the shattered room in a state of hopeless terror.

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the whole business. When I had finally mastered the obsession I went to bed again dead tired, and I know that the only sound I made that night was jumping to the floor, also my room is at least a hundred yards from the rest of my family, yet next morning at breakfast I was asked what was the terrible noise in my room during the night.

After that I realised that the game was up. I had not taken these occurrences lying down, but I knew that it was impossible for me to try and control the force which I had set in motion. In desperation I turned to a good friend, who, I was aware, knew much of these things. She did not hesitate, but came instantly to my assistance, and from that day to the present the trouble has absolutely gone from me.

Such is the case ; and I only hope that it may warn those who are contemplating my folly to treat with the greatest of care any printed systems of magic, and not to use them at all unless they have the fullest control over the entities invoked.

Faithfully yours,
H. CAMPBELL.

ASTRAL MUSIC

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—On Saturday the 31st of August, between the hours of 2.30 and 4 p.m., I was resting in my bedroom in the upper storey of the house we have rented for the season. I was disturbed by a very heavy shower of rain, though it was no more severe than many we had previously. As I lay listening to the thunder of the rain on the iron roof I distinctly heard strains of music, as though played by a band. The tune I did not know, but it was distinctly military. I wondered at the time if there was anyone at the gramophone, and why I was hearing music that I knew was not in the house. However, I would have thought no more about it had it not been for a friend who was staying with us, beginning conversation at teatime by saying, that while it was raining heavily he had heard music like a march being played by a military band, and that he went to the sitting-room to see who was at the gramophone, and not finding anyone there, thought it very strange. On comparing notes he came to the conclusion that we had been listening to Astral Music.

Perhaps some reader who takes an interest in and understands these Occult manifestations will be able to throw some light on this.

We are far away from any hotels or public places where a band is likely to play.

The house is in a beautiful spot, overlooking the interior mountains and the eternal snows. It is comfortable and airy, built after the style of an English double-storied cottage and for an Indian hill station residence, has a fair amount of ground. It was, I am told, built by a General many years ago. Since our occupation we have very frequently heard sounds like someone walking up the stairs, and as frequently I have been out to see who is there and not finding anyone have come to the conclusion that the house is haunted. I have often heard footsteps about both day and night when I knew I was the only person in the house or the others were at rest.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. B.

THEOSOPHICAL DIFFICULTIES

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I was very much interested in reading the letter of Mr. W. R. Sevier. He has evidently studied the subject closely and taken a great deal of pains to understand the points of view expressed, and many of his criticisms apparently have a great deal of foundation for them.

I would like to help him, but it is doubtful whether I can, as I myself do not come into the category he specifies. I can, however, enter into his feelings in the matter, as I have felt the same only from the opposite point of view. I myself being of pagan tendencies was very much repelled by the apparent Christian leanings of Theosophy. Nevertheless, I will try.

As I said above, his criticisms of various Theosophical writers appear quite just, but the blame should really be laid on the English language which was never constructed for expressing the ideas embodied in Theosophical teachings. Some blame must, however, be attached to the writers, because I feel sure that the ideas could have been made very much plainer than they are. For instance, take the words "real" and "unreal" as used in those writings. They are used in a sense meaning permanent and impermanent; in the conception of the Ancient Archaic Teachings, there is only one reality, the oneness, the absolute, the one life, call it by what name you will. Everything else is temporary, therefore unreal, in this particular sense. Writers who represent the higher planes as dreamy, illusory places, are expressing themselves badly.

I think if Mr. Sevier will look up the quotations he was thinking of he will find that the word "illusory" was used; but taken in that sense, the physical world is the most illusory of the lot. Those higher planes are relatively much more permanent and therefore much more real. If Mr. Sevier will study Prof. Eddington's book on relativity, *The Nature of the Physical World*, he will see that even modern science has come to the conclusion that this physical world is of an illusory

nature, and that even time and space are not what they appear to be.

As I understand the teachings, the higher planes, while being illusory, are much less so than the physical world. To the conception of an entity functioning in them they are much more real and permanent than the physical world appears to us. Mr. Sevier is quite right in his contention that all these higher planes are still material, although relative to the physical plane, much more spiritual. According to the Archaic Doctrine, spirit and matter are not two and distinct but are opposite poles of the same—the one reality—and it is the interweaving of these two opposite poles which makes up the manifested universe. Spirit cannot function or manifest without matter, and matter cannot function without spirit.

There is another point on which I must touch. Occultists, as such, have no use for "blind faith" and accord it no merit *per se*. All the teachings are put forward as theory though to the advanced occultist they are not theories but known facts. When communicating to a pupil, he is not told that he should believe: he is told practically the reverse; he is told that such-and-such a thing is the case—"You can prove it in such a way, go and prove it for yourself."

With regard to Mr. Sevier's difficulties on the question of the resurrection, I am afraid I am not competent to help him, except inasmuch as my answer to his last point may do.

Mr. Sevier says: "It is my object to make theosophy square with the teachings of the Church, not to make the teachings of the church square with theosophy." I am afraid that in this instance he is attempting the impossible in trying to make the lesser contain the greater, the part contain the whole.

My own studies in comparative religion, and by that I include all religions, Christianity being but one of the small and comparatively unimportant ones, have satisfied me that all these religions are partial and distorted expositions from one original source. In every case a great deal of extraneous matter has been added. When the teachings of different religions are tabulated, the points where they agree noted, the different allegories and symbols employed compared, new light is thrown on the whole subject.

Just one point more in conclusion. I feel sure that Mr. Sevier must have misunderstood the writers if he thinks that reincarnation means separation from one's loved ones. This is far from being the case. The separation is no more, relatively, than the separation when one's children go to school, when one's wife goes off for a week or so's holiday, or any of the various reasons which cause temporary separation in this physical world. The Law of Karma must inevitably bring people together again and again, not only the loved one but, alas, those also who are hated. The root of the theosophical teaching is, of course, that we are all one, all part of the same whole.

Yours faithfully,

K. A. R. SMITH.

GEMATRIA

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read with interest the article on *Master-Craft of Salisbury Cathedral*, Part III; by H. St. Luke; which is a fitting conclusion to the earlier sections. May I, however, add just a few notes on the number 666. In the first place—let us note that the number 6 is the first perfect number we know of; being equal to the sum of its aliquot parts, *viz.*:—one-sixth, plus one-third, plus one-half. These perfect numbers are rare, but they were well-known to the ancient architects; there is only one such number between the numbers one to 10; which number is 6. There is only one such number between 10 and 100, which is 28 (which in turn is the sum of the numbers 1 to 7). There is only one perfect number between 100 and 1000, which is 496; in fact we only know of seven perfect numbers.

Because of this, anything connected proportionately or in sequence with a perfect number is consequently proportionate in beauty.

But Beauty is not Holiness.

And yet Beauty of itself is dangerous, for it demands worship—for no other reason than its symmetry of form, and its peculiar power of resistance.

The Comacines were well acquainted with the properties of this number, and the symbolism for which it stood.

The numbers 1 to 3, added together equal 6, which in the Hebrew is "gog" "a coverer," "A Protector" (hence a Cherubic symbol), 6 squared equals 36, which in the Hebrew "ohel," "a circle," "a tabernacle"; literally, "that which possesses its own sanctuary," *i.e.* "SELF-enclosed." The numbers 1 to 36 added together equal 666; further—we have no need to seek outside the pages of The Bible to find the Name corresponding to the number 666.

The Hebrew "vau" which is the number 6, is the symbol of the anointed Cherub, the chief rebel; the so-called divine-hermaphrodite of the ancients. It is the *third* letter of Tetragrammaton, the "Yod-He-vau" added together equal 21; which is also the sum of the numbers 1 to 6.

In contrast and antithesis to this is the Hebrew "he," which is the number 5 symbol of "the breath of life," "the Son". It is the *second* letter of Tetragrammaton, and the "Yod-He" added together equal 15; which is also the value of the sum of the numbers 1 to 5.

Now, in the Greek language which is the second main tongue of earth, the number 5 remains as in the Hebrew, but the number 6 is the "STIGMA," and as a number and symbol IT IS CUT OUT of this tongue; it is the "stigmata" of a false worship.

BUT in the Latin, the *third* main tongue of earth, they make the V (the Vau, originally 6) to be the symbol for 5; thus making the Vau to be the Son; which is a blasphemy.

The ancient master builders knew these things—and conformed

their architecture to correlate—not only with cosmic principles, but also with the story of Creation and the Fall. . . .

Thus we find in Solomon's Temple—the symbols coming under the numbers 5 and 6; in themselves and their multiples; continually intertwined, this particular structural design (especially in connection with the number 6) being the special craftsmanship of the Tyrian masons.

But in the future and more perfect Temple of Ezekiel, all structural form and ornamentation symbolised by the number 6 is cut out.

One further point of interest—arising out of Pars. 4 and 5 of Part III, the cyclic number 1260 splits up as shown into 666, and 594; and 666 is the numerical equivalent of "the head of the Corner." (*i.e.* the Keystone) see Ps. CXVIII, 22, and the number 594 is the numerical equivalent of "Aben-Israel," Gen. XLIX, 24. "The Stone of Israel." By trying to make the number 595 the companion number of 666 your contributor obliterates the true symbol; I suggest he does this because the numbers 1 to 34—if added together—equal 595, and he makes 34 ft. the length of Salisbury Cathedral Sanctuary. Is he sure this length should not be 33.8?

The soli-lunar cycle of 1260 years is the most exact we know, but even that is SIX hours short in its epact.

The general structure of Salisbury Cathedral—its pillars, windows and doors, correlates with the architecture of Time.

The true mystic, however, worships at the shrine of Eternity.
Z.A.S.

In his letter our correspondent points out certain errors which appeared in the article referred to. These are, however, being dealt with in a list of errata by the author himself.—Ed.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Please allow me to acknowledge gratefully the letters drawing my attention to some misprints in the Hebrew text of my articles on Salisbury Cathedral. My time during the last few months has been so fully absorbed in other pursuits that I did not check the Hebrew text as, in fairness to the printer as much as to my readers, I should have done. As my researches are evidently of interest to some, I beg you to accept these errata:

(PART II.)

1st page, bottom line, *Χριστος* should read *Χριστος*.

2nd page, line 2, קפה should read פסה.

3rd page, line 29, יהוה should read יהוה.

6th page, line 13, 'Αγα should read 'Αγα.

6th page, line 9 from bottom, האלהים should read האלהים.

6th page, line 7 from bottom, הוא אהבה should read הוא אהבה.

6th page, 5 line from bottom, אן should read אן.

(PART III.)

1st page, line 4, נרוך קסר should read נרוך קסר.

2nd page, line 6 from bottom, ה should read ת.

3rd page, line 4 read השנינוה.

5th page, in diagram אהלה should read אהכה.

5th page, in diagram גבה should read פח.

I also thankfully accept the addition to the last line but one on third page of Part II, of: "and also of *Μικροπροσπος*."

Faithfully yours,

HECTOR ST. LUKE.

CONVENT SCANDALS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to have the assurance of Mr. Thomas Foster that stories of escaped nuns and the occasional scandals in convents "have been long since exploded." One would certainly not wish to counter false accusations against spiritualism by advancing false ones against our critics. But if it is really as Mr. Foster says then why these sad tales from those who have got out, why these prison-like walls, and above all why this determined opposition to inspection? I am convinced that the Roman Church would be in a stronger position if these matters were open to public inquiry and that her true interests lie that way.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

WITCHCRAFT

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Having read with great interest Mr. R. E. Bruce's letter on the subject of Magic in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW I feel that it would be of interest to the majority of your readers were he to describe under what circumstances it is possible to injure an enemy by the mutilation of his image. Whether, for instance, it is only true in respect to the destruction of an image made by the hand of the magician himself, and also if the law works for good as well as evil, enabling the cure of an ailing person to be effected through the treatment of an image made for that purpose.

Yours faithfully,

IAN BARKWORTH.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE future for Bergson is contingent and does not therefore exist, unlike the past, though the latter's mode of being is psychological, not spatial. Miss Maud Joynt proposes, however, in the *Quest*, that future and past are alike real, and exist, both psychologically, this theory being "the only one which offers any satisfactory explanation of prescience." The future is in front of our consciousness and the past behind it. Established facts have proved that we can foresee in the one case, even as we recollect in the other. But the reality and co-existence of past and future persuade Miss Joynt that there is "some sphere of consciousness or super-consciousness in which Past and Future appears as a Present," and this is Eternity, which for Bergson is "mere abstraction." She regards certain experiences in psychometric clairvoyance and prevision as suggestive of such a state, and still more those of mystics in all ages. There remains a further question: "If our Future already exists, are we condemned to fatalism?" The answer offered is that "one of the elements which exists" in such Future is "the will which shapes our actions." Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove studies Alchemy in relation to Economics—the views, in other words, of those who sought to transmute metals, or believed that they could, on the social and general consequences of their method of conversion becoming known. Mr. Redgrove considers that "the scientific production of gold cheaply and on a large scale" is a scientific likelihood of the future and thinks that the effect would be comparable to that of "a highly inflated paper currency," involving ultimately "an entire reconstruction" of the world's economic system. He says further that the possibility may become actual "with alarming suddenness." Mr. G. R. S. Mead's *New Quest of the Jesus of History*, is something more than a review of Mr. D. Robert Eisler's recent "encyclopedic work" on the Slavonic Josephus which extends to more than thirteen hundred pages; in two volumes. An abbreviated English translation of the German original is promised in "due course." Mr. Mead presents meanwhile individual reflections on the undertaking, prompted by his own wide acquaintance with its theme, and gives some of its vital findings. The Slavonic text is an Old Russian translation "of a last Greek version of an early work of Josephus," entitled *The Capture of Jerusalem*. The result of Dr. Eisler's research is to satisfy him (1) that Jesus was "an eschatological prophet" in "lively expectation" of the world's end, and therefore mistaken; (2) that His public activity was within A.D. 19-21; (3) that John Baptist was an older teacher and was not martyred till A.D. 35.

Supposing that the German school of Reinarus and Schweitzer is justified completely at last by Dr. Eisler's researches, and that Jesus of Nazareth was actually an eschatological prophet expecting the end of

the world at any moment, but chafing meanwhile at the Roman domination of the chosen people, we expect that the Fourth Gospel will enter upon yet another era of drastic criticism. There is no end meanwhile to divergent points of view, and these are well illustrated by *The Hibbert Journal*, in which Prof. B. W. Bacon's study of History and Dogma in St. John is followed immediately by Dr. C. F. Nolloth's essay on the Fourth Gospel and its critics—a voice from Yale and a voice from Oriel College, Oxford. There is nothing more significant than this juxtaposition of unconsciously contradictory views on the part of those who seem well matched in scholarship. We who listen from without, taking no side and acknowledging no definite view, are reminded irresistibly of those old dead days and centuries when it was supposed to matter vitally, in the sense of our eternal salvation, what we believed about the Canonical Gospels. Nothing remains now but a precarious balance of probability in this or that direction, depending from points of view. Our souls are not in the balance which weighs the comparative values of Prof. Bacon and Dr. Nolloth, and they are not in the balance which weighs any Christian orthodoxy against New Testament findings of modern scholarship. It has dipped long since too heavily on one side. We ventured on reflections like these some years ago; but they are with us again strongly. There comes also the sense of an almost divine comedy when incautious people tell us that Christianity is in the melting-pot, owing to this new discovery or that new argument. It manages to survive always, possibly because of a spirit within which dwells beyond debate and above the state of texts. What seems really in the melting-pot is perhaps the Latin Church, which leaves nothing and changes nothing and condemns the new voices, their facts and conclusions together. But this also survives, and it is ready to tell us why—at the value of its infallible judgment—if anyone cares to listen. Meanwhile Prof. Bacon assures us that “the five festal dialogues or discourses of the Fourth Gospel do not “pretend to report actual logia, or sayings of Jesus.” They are the Evangelist speaking “almost defiantly in his own style and from his own contemporary standpoint.” On the other hand, for Dr. Nolloth, if the discourses of Our Lord in St. John's Gospel were not “actually spoken” by Him then “our estimate of the spiritual value of the gospel” must be entirely altered. His own conclusion is that “they are their own best proof that they came from Him to whom the writer assigns them, and from no one else.” Here is a joyous dilemma: it is little wonder that churches survive; perhaps little wonder that the voice of Roman anathema still claims and passes for some as the voice of the Holy Spirit. We become disposed also to listen and to smile—indulgently or approvingly, as may happen—when Dr. Hugh Brown invites us to look on the universe as a Divine example of “playing the game,” a genuine “cosmic game,” even although the result is admittedly uncertain, and even if—under the best circumstances—“a large share of the ultimate spoils of war” will fall to the devil. Mr. Edmond

Holmes criticises Prof. Alexander's "new realism" as an exponent of "the revelation of spirit to spirit, of self to self," and as one who believes and knows that this, and not sense experience is "the realm of reality." Mr. C. G. Montefiore's acute and sympathetic study of "the originality of Jesus" commands our unstinted admiration.

The editorial reflections in *The Sufi Quarterly* are pleasant and suggestive; but the affirmation that "one flower in the forest is worth all the words about flowers" is a statement which clouds the real issues. It is at least a platitude, for the obvious reason that if there were no flowers we could have no words about them. Those being given, it serves no valid purpose to dogmatise on the comparative values of thought—objects in Nature and the inspirations of mind and heart which they may awaken in man. There is a reasonable temptation indeed to affirm in the opposite direction. The value of external things in this order of notions is sacramental, and the sacramental value is in proportion to the communicating power. Man himself, and he only, is then the standard of judgment: apart from him, all is valueless. What is the measure of worth in the wall-flower but his measure who can see that the secrets of God and man are within and behind the "little flower" which grows in "the crannied wall!" It is the same in other directions. The value of foam on the head of the crested wave is his value who tells us of "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faerie lands forlorn." Sir William Young-husband says that his faith in God is as real as his faith in England; that God is above him as England also is above, and is greater than England as England is greater than the writer. He is not less certain of God than he is of himself, or of the country to which he belongs. "God, England and I go together in inseparable and sacred communion." Of such is the higher patriotism . . . *Psychic Science* is in part a memorial number, with a frontispiece portrait of the late Mr. James Hewart McKenzie, a memorial of his work in the Psychic College by his wife, and the report of an address by Mr. Dimsdale Stocker. Dr. Glen Hamilton contributes an important study of Teleplasmic Phenomena observed recently in Winnipeg, and Mr. Stanley de Brath's editorial communications are of interest and consequence as usual. They deal with accusations of fraud among popular and other mediums, with the Chinese script of the Margery séances, the Chinese voices of the Valiantine séances, and there are some excellent notes. The last include an enumeration of elementary factors in metapsychics, described as demonstrably true and expressed in plain language. They begin with the affirmation of a Directive Idea immanent in nature—otherwise, a Divine Creative Power. . . . We learn from a Journal published by the Los Angeles National Association of Astrologers that the "chronoscope" is a method of rectifying horoscopes "by the use of equatorial arcs of direction and the prenatal epoch." It has been used recently in casting and judging the nativity of Mussolini, particulars of which are set out with singular detail and

apparent precision. Astrology of this kind is no occupation for idle moments or amateurs. The indications are that Mussolini will continue in power so long as he can carry on physically and that he will have "at least twelve more years to build a solid future for the nation whose destiny he now directs." A series of evil directions which threaten the life of the native will date from June, 1941. . . . *Anthroposophy* has completed its fourth volume, the last issue being a good average number. There are articles on music as a means of healing, on the social structure of the future, on old Russian legends—one of which is delightful—and on trends in the philosophy of modern science. Dr. Steiner's study of European Mysteries and those who came thereto occupies the chief place. It affirms (1) that those Mysteries were schools of training for vision in the spiritual world; (2) that they exist, even at this day; (3) that they were and presumably are "centres for developing the faculty of fully conscious clairvoyance"; (4) that they influenced ancient European civilisation in France, Germany and Britain. Their reference is to mysteries of the Druids, Scandinavia and Northern Russia. Unfortunately there is no evidence of these things, and we are in precisely the same position with the revelations of Dr. Steiner as with those of Max Heindel. We may believe, if we can, that that latter was initiated into alleged marvels of the Rosy Cross on the astral plane, and we may accept similarly the German anthroposophical teachings, which *ex hypothesi* have a similar source.

We offer our usual welcome to another special issue of *Le Voile D'Isis*. It is devoted to the Knights-Templar and contains nine contributions by different writers, some of whom are well known in occult circles of Paris. The first is pseudonymous and discusses the Order from the standpoint of instituted chivalry and its supposed "secret," which so far unfortunately has been neither divined nor formulated, except in so far as Éliphas Lévi pretended that it was a veiled conspiracy against papal domination in the West and proposed an eastern Pontificate in an imagined Johannine interest. The debate in the *Voile* opens therefore in a fantasia of the whole subject. René Guénon looks at the Templars as Guardians of the Holy Land, and affirms that Druses and Assassins lay claim to this title, no authority emerging. The Holy Land is not Palestine in his view but a certain Land of the Living, Earth of Immortality, World-Centre, Heart of the World and Palace at the Centre mentioned in the Cabalistic *sepher yetzirah*. A transition from this reverie to the symbolism of the Holy Grail is easy for such an *excursus*, and we are brought back in this manner to the Templars, for a moment only, to hear that some obscure heretical sects, grouped as *Fideles Amoris*, were heirs of the Temple. We are now in the mania of the subject, and the paper ends by testifying that the Way of the Holy Land is last in these modern days, meaning the Way to the Centre, but that it may be found hereafter by recovering the immanent spirit which abides in Western traditions. Paul Chacornac is content after these alarums to tell the plain story of the

Chivalry, from its foundation to its final suppression. There follow (1) an enumeration of Templar Grand Masters, with such details as happen to be at hand concerning them; (2) a description of the Temple at Paris; (3) an attempted parallel between Templars and Assassins, affirming their identity and producing more imaginings concerning *Terra Sancta*, medleyed with the Last Word and the First Matter of Alchemy; (4) a comparison between heretical alleged doctrines of Knights-Templar and those of Mussulman sects, also alleged, apart from evidence produced; (5) a thesis concerning two Pontificates, one public and one in concealment—that of St. Peter at Rome and that confided by Christ to His Beloved Disciple: the Templars were in communion with the latter, their devotion to St. John being the only evidence offered; and (6) a brief paper on the social object of the Templars, which was to build a Terrestrial City, where Christian, Jew and Mussulman would dwell together in peace. It will be seen that this special number of *Le Voile D'Isis* is a contribution of moment to occult mythos rather than occult history: its root is in the world of vision and not in fact. A later issue of the same review devotes an article to Rabelais, whose *élucubrations gauloises* are held to conceal hidden truths and who was in fact an esotericist and initiate, protagonist of *gai savoir*, which was that of Islamic Sufism. It has to be remembered in conclusion that none of these notions are new, that they are old speculations of Gabriele Rossetti—the poets' father—of Éliphas Lévi and Aroux, further inventions being added belonging to the same order. It would be diverting to read over these old dreamers and compare their findings with those of modern disciples.

TOPICAL BREVITIES

HONOUR for the name of the late F. W. H. Myers by the Society for Psychical Research is a particularly fitting compliment. We notice that it is proposed to establish an Annual Memorial Lecture in his memory. Sir Oliver Lodge, who was very closely associated with Myers during his lifetime would be a most appropriate inaugural lecturer. It will be recalled that in his book, *Raymond*, there are good grounds for believing that their friendship has not been ended by death.

LIVING STONES are one of the conceptions of Professor Rinne, mineralogist of Leipsic University, according to the report of his lecture on "Living and Dead Matter" in the *New York Times*. Taking crystals as an instance, the professor showed that numerous processes which we know only exist in living substances can be observed in an analogous manner in inorganic matter, an achievement impossible before the discovery of Roentgen rays. Respiration clearly resembling the breathing process of men and animals has been noted in crystals, and not only crystals, but hard rocks also.

A GHOST THAT BITES is reminiscent of the vampire. A clerk in Bangalore paid a month's rent in advance for a house which proved to be haunted. There were weird cries at night, and a poltergeist threw stones; while one witness declared that an ugly female ghost had bitten his wife. Judgment against the landlord by the Sessions Judge of Bangalore, who ordered 27s. to be refunded.

WHAT PRICE PHILOSOPHY? It was stated during the trial of a barman who robbed his employer that books on black and white magic, psycho-analysis, the power of visualisation, and the philosophy of life had been found in the room of the accused. Of what type could the philosophy have been? Nietzschean? The man was obviously unbalanced, a case for mental treatment rather than prison.

EARTHQUAKES—Signor Bendandi, a prominent Italian seismologist, is convinced that the earth's centre is totally rigid. But neither the fluidic nor the rigid theory, he contends, explains the origin of earthquakes. His recent experiments, with special apparatus, have led to the conclusion that gravity is subject to rapid variations. In some manner not made clear in the Press reports, "this phenomenon is explained by the Law of Newton." Earthquakes, he says, are subject to periodicity.

A CHURCH PSYCHICAL SOCIETY has been proposed, "for the consideration and study of things psychical with reference to religion and the Church," and those interested are invited to communicate with the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Weston Vicarage, nr. Otley, Yorks.

A SKELETON, believed to be of a prehistoric man, has been unearthed from under fourteen feet of peat at Portumna, Co. Galway. Specialists declare that the skeleton is about twenty thousand years old. The head is massive and beetle-browed, and the shin-bones flat like a sword blade.

DAMAGES have been obtained by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle against Mr. Horatio Bottomly, in connection with an article alleging plagiarism by Sir Arthur from the work of Mr. J. H. Symons.

ANCIENT PROPHECIES have been discovered by Monsieur Forthuny, in an old French book, written in 1756, and long since forgotten. These predictions, made by the Marquis of Argenson, René Louis Voyer, are startling in their accuracy. He foresaw perfectly the Revolution of 1789. Quoting from the book in the *International Psychic Gazette*, M. Forthuny writes: 'Anarchy is approaching with hastening steps. Very soon the king will be of no account. . . . To-day everyone is discontented. From disturbance we may pass to revolt, and from revolt to total revolution, and create real tribunes of the people, consuls, &c.'" Another amazing anticipation is in regard to aviation. "I am convinced," says the author, "that a discovery will be made of the art of flying in the air. There will be aerial armies, and our present fortifications will become useless. Air police will be established to cut the wings of aerial bandits and impudent intruders. Artillerymen will learn to fire in flight. . . ."

THE TRAGIC DEATH recently, of Walburga, Lady Paget, removes to a wider sphere of service one of the early pioneers of the psychic movement. Her work entitled *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend* will be remembered gratefully by many readers.

THE SURVIVAL LEAGUE listened to an address, among others, by Mr. Oliver Baldwin, M.P. at the Queen's Hall, London. The speaker recounted an interesting personal experience. It was, he said, during the war that he first became interested in psychic matters. In 1918, while the company he was commanding was being heavily shelled, he suddenly heard in his ear a voice saying distinctly, "Go and see your company." He looked round. There was no one in sight at the moment except his runner, and he had not heard the voice. He felt that the message had a super-physical origin. Getting up from the spot where he was at that moment sitting, he walked in the direction of his company, but had not gone thirty yards before a shell was heard coming over. Turning his head, he saw his runner sitting where he left him. Mr. Oliver Baldwin threw himself on his face, and the shell, falling close by the runner, exploded, and left no trace of the man.

HERR HEINRICH NUSSLEIN, whose psychic paintings are well known in Europe, has now organised a series of exhibitions of his works in New York and other large cities in the U.S.A.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE should not be called Buddhism is the burden of the theme of an interesting pamphlet by Mr. J. A. Crampton Chalk, of 1613, Elgin Road, Victoria, B.C.

CHILD PRODIGIES flourish in such profusion in California that a summer training school has been started at La Escuela del Mar for children from the ages of 5 to 12 who are abnormally intelligent. It is planned to graduate from the universities pupils of seventeen!

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REVIEWS

THE FOURTH MYSTERY. By C. G. Harrison. London: Rider & Co. Pp. 95. Price 2s. 6d. net.

MR. C. G. HARRISON is the author of *The Transcendental Universe*, a course of lectures published in 1894, and delivered before the Berean Society of which he was President for that year; he can also claim the distinction of being one of the earliest contributors to the *Occult Review*. In this book he endeavours to elucidate the mystery of "Birth and Death"—the fourth of the seven Great Mysteries of Occult Science. As he himself states, he has to proceed warily, since there are in every occult fraternity, certain secrets jealously guarded, none more closely than those of *number*; so one must penetrate beneath mere words.

"Man's earth life," Mr. Harrison informs us, "does not begin as an 'infant mewling and puling in his nurse's arms,' nor does it end with the expiry of his last breath." The first of the seven stages of man's earth life is intra-uterine, during which, as ontogeny is a copy of phylogeny, he goes through the whole course of evolution from mineral to human being; the last is likewise invisible, the preparation for a rebirth. Immortality of the soul is a heathen doctrine, the revelations of the séance-room are but dreams of the deceased; whether or no the "astral" becomes the true "resurrected" body depends on a quickening of the spirit by a divine life impulse.

Speech and writing will, in Mr. Harrison's view, eventually give place to "another kind of symbolism less capable of being perverted"; a statement that recalls to mind the *signatura rerum* of Paracelsus. The system of occultism here outlined is essentially that of the brotherhood of Hermetic philosophers known as Rosicrucians. All have an opportunity to realise one of the "dreams" of the old alchemists, the transmutation of baser metal into gold, by obtaining for the small price of half a crown this valuable little work.

FRANK LIND.

EATING FOR PERFECT HEALTH (Food Reform and Meatless Cookery).
By Mrs. Milton Powell, F.N.C.A. London: Lutterworths Ltd.
Price 2s. 6d.

STUDENTS of occultism who must pay more than ordinary attention to the food and drink they place within their bodies, will find useful common-sense guidance in this small volume by an expert in natural dieting and curing. She deals in the first half of her book with the practical considerations of sensible diet, and states a vigorous and well-balanced case for a meatless menu as a matter of health and economy. There is no doubt that many phases of indisposition which develop into serious ill-health and chronic disease are first caused by wrong food and bad food. Those who must be well developed and sensitively balanced in brain and body cannot afford to take diet risks. The latter part is taken up with recipes, making an introductory handbook on an important subject that can be commended.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

THE HOLY ORDER OF KRISHNA. Practical Instruction in Occultism. (Yoga.) Tinnevely, India : The Latent Light Culture.

THIS book consists of twenty-four lessons for probationers of the Holy Order of Krishna, and says frankly that—"The lessons are strictly personal and not self-contained. The completion of each lesson will be only for the inquirer and suitable to each individual requirement."

No reasonable person, however, is going to quarrel with a teacher who takes precautions to safeguard his system and his pupils, and subject to the proviso that I have not experimented with the system, nor have been supplied with the missing keys, I will endeavour to express an opinion thereon.

The name of no author is mentioned, but the work is obviously that of a scholar and mystic. The general impression conveyed is that here we have something worthy of serious attention by Western occultists who are desirous of studying that aspect of their philosophy in which India excels . . . the etheric double and its practical manipulation by the controlled breath concentrated by meditation.

The employment of a Sanskrit terminology makes the study somewhat difficult for a European, but an excellent glossary gives valuable help. In fact it is well worth the while of any student of esotericism to get the book for the sake of the glossary alone.

The question arises, however, how far is the Eastern Guru able to deal with the Anglo-Saxon temperament and physique? The Anglo-Saxon has an unfortunate knack of apparently getting no results at all from Yoga exercises for a considerable time, and then suddenly going all to pieces. Apparently the organisers of the Holy Order of Krishna know what they are about, and a very interesting opportunity seems to be offered to Europeans by their school.

There is one point that may be raised, however. The Order appears to have for its slogan the words, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." This phrase has somewhat sinister associations in English ears and the organisers of the Holy Order would be wise not to employ it in literature intended for European circulation.

DION FORTUNE.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE NATIONAL LABORATORY OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Compiled by Harry Price. London : 16, Queensberry Place, S.W. 7. Price 15s.

ON its title-page it is announced that this 422 page catalogue embraces "Works on psychical research, spiritualism, magic, psychology, legerdemain, and other methods of deception, charlatanism, witchcraft, and technical works for the investigation of alleged abnormal phenomena from circa 1450 A.D. to 1929 A.D."

The introduction goes on to say that "Full and complete information on the following subjects (amongst many others) is available"; and lists 142 different abnormal activities, not to mention the "also rans" included under the elastic heading, "Amongst many others."

A little sampling revealed an interesting state of affairs. Tackling "Autosuggestion," to see what was available under that heading, I looked in vain—nothing by Coué; and Baudouin's standard book absent. The sole representative of the extensive literature on the subject appears

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to be an article in the *Encyclopædia of Psychology*, which, although an excellent work, does not quite afford the "full and complete information" promised.

Then I tried "Faith Healing." Mrs. Eddy, the mother of faith healing, was also conspicuous by her absence.

Psychology was also among the subjects listed. Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams," the fountainhead of the New Psychology, was not available, nor anything at all by Jung.

On the other hand, there is what must be an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection of books on conjuring, confidence trickery, drawing-room stunts, ventriloquism, training performing animals, and a host of similar subjects.

The library appears to have been selected by someone with a quite exceptional knowledge of fraud in all its branches, but none at all of the literature of occultism, mysticism, and psychology.

A quotation which appears on the fly-leaf declares that "The first necessity for the investigation of alleged abnormal phenomena is a thorough knowledge of the art of mystification." We disagree. The first necessity is a thorough knowledge of psychology, normal and abnormal, and that requires a little more literature than the potted information contained in the *Encyclopædia of Psychology*.

Students, however, will find in the library many rare and valuable books, such as Sir Richard Burton's copy of a MS. on Burmese Magic, and similar treasures; and one should be grateful to anybody who is collecting the older and rarer books on supernormal phenomena, even if these books find themselves with some queer bed-fellows.

DION FORTUNE.

EBENSERINNERUNGEN DES KABBALISTEN VITAL. By Chajim Bloch.
Vienna: Vernay Verlag, Cansiusgasse 8-10.

MR. CHAJIM Bloch is well known as a writer on occult and especially on Cabbalistic subjects. He is the author of a book on the famous Jewish Golem legend which was widely dramatised a few years ago. In the present volume he deals with the 16th century Cabbalist Vital, a favourite pupil of Rabbi Isaac ben Luria, another far-famed occultist of the period, known as "The Lion."

The mystical happenings recorded of these initiates by Vital (Rabbi Chayyim), are full of deep interest; for in them the borderland between the two worlds waxes extremely thin, and there are accounts of miraculous teachings, the effect of the Shem or Hidden Name of God, stories of spirit-possession and the ecstasies felt by inspired masters of the higher arts. It is a book which well repays serious study and consideration.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

DREAM AND REALITY. Extracts from Letters of a Clergyman to his Mother. A Religio-Psychological Fantasy. London: Rider and Co. 6s. net.

THIS is a book that all students of religion would do well to read. Written in a style at once attractive and lucid, it presents in an original and striking form some of the more important aspects of the modernist's attitude

towards the Christian religion. The author exposes the absurdity and the immorality of a spurious cult which postulates the existence of a war-like, national deity, and he shows how utterly obsolete and misleading is the greater part of the uncouth theology embodied in the established State religion.

On the constructive side, the author indicates very forcefully that the hope of humanity's highest welfare lies in the acceptance of a purified Christianity, and that the only Christianity likely to appeal to the modern mind is the lofty yet practicable idealism of Jesus of Nazareth. Stress is laid upon the mystical side of Christ's teaching, as being a sure aid in the soul's effort to attain serenity, wisdom, and joy.

In the course of the 220 pages of this book, many vital subjects are touched upon, amongst them being the sheer incompatibility of the worship of "the red Jehovah" with the religion of "the white Christ"; the reconstruction of religion in the light of modern knowledge; the basic importance of sex in relation to the highest spiritual faculties and their cultivation, and the unreality of death.

This book ought to be in the hands of every professional exponent of the Christian faith. It affords an eloquent commentary upon the reasons why the orthodox churches are empty, and why they will remain empty, until the ecclesiastical mind takes cognizance of the fact that men and women to-day do not believe in the ridiculous and preposterous fabrications of an antique theology, but require a religion consistent with the belief that may co-operate with the influences that make towards a higher evolution.

CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE. By Raoul Allier. Translated by Fred Rothwell. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Demy 8vo. Pp. 293 (including Appendices). Price 15s. net.

"THAT human nature is everywhere and always the same, and that consequently the difference between uncivilised man and ourselves is only one of culture and development," was a proverb for long current among psychologists. Against this traditional postulate, vigorously challenged by Taine and others, M. Lévy-Bruhl has advanced precisely the contrary hypothesis. In this book M. Raoul Allier, Doyen of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris, endeavours to solve the problem; the conclusion at which he arrives being that humanity is "one in essence and one in destiny," but that—the mental activity of the savage suffers from age-long ankylosis, consequent upon an all-pervading belief in magic.

Although no unbiased and normally intelligent person could, in face of the amount of authoritative evidence M. Allier supplies, disagree with him as to the evil causes and malefic effects of Black Magic, he is surely mistaken in not differentiating between the lowest type of sorcery and the highest psychic gifts. Also he fails to remark the significance of the *persistence* of the savage's faith in the occult, dismissing lightly, as the product of superstitious ignorance, the claim of uncivilised man to "powers of perception going beyond the reach of his senses." M. Allier's cure for the moral and mental debility of uncivilised peoples is the propagation in their midst of the Gospel teachings. The Bible, however, lends firm support to many of those beliefs upon which he looks askance. Obviously

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the wise and right course to pursue is not to deny to the savage the existence of the occult (an actuality of which he has so intimate a knowledge), but rather to divert into a more healthy direction the stream of his psychic energies.

This book is, considering the nature of the subject with which it deals, easy reading; M. Raoul Allier is most fortunate in his translator.

L. BUTLER.

OUR AFRICAN WINTER. By A. Conan Doyle. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Price 7s. 6d.

WRITTEN in the form of a somewhat rambling diary, this book tells of the doings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his family during their six months' travel through South Africa, Kenya and Rhodesia, where they went to spread the good news of Spiritualism and all that it implies. There is about the whole a charming and unaffected simplicity, which from the beginning makes the reader feel that he himself is one of the party. This feeling of intimacy is further enhanced by the delightful portrait of the dramatis personæ which forms the frontispiece to the volume.

Apart from psychic matters, Sir Arthur, with his customary courage, deals with some of the most pressing problems of the country, both geographical and political, and shews up not a little that is undesirable in the administration of justice; for which the friends of South Africa will surely thank him. From one who has lived in that country for fifteen years we have had a similar account, so that in this case the opinion of the passing traveller seems justified.

To return to the book; it is probable that the writer's strictures on missionaries and the harm that they do will be far from popular in ecclesiastical quarters: but then, has truth ever been popular in those quarters? We think not. As before remarked the book is somewhat rambling, but that rambling covers a wide field, touching on such matters as gold digging, diamond mining, native population, present day fauna and flora, hunting, agriculture, "strange animals," and buried cities. Persons contemplating a visit to Africa will find the book of considerable value.

With regard to spiritualism, Sir Arthur evinces a justifiable annoyance with those persons who base their attacks on it on a few books written by bigots. "It is," he says, "as though I were to try to understand the Church of Rome by reading Mr. Kensit and nothing more."

Altogether the case for spiritualism is very fairly stated, and the mass of confirmatory evidence and other varied information which the book contains makes it pleasant and profitable reading. We trust it may find a wide circle of readers.

ETHEL ARCHER.

BEHOLD THE MAN. A revelation of Christ the Master, by Lana Sachmann and Rasmus Alsaker, M.D. New York: The Grafton Press. Price \$3.

THIS is indeed a thought-provoking book, and full of shocks for the orthodox! The writers give us no indication of their authority, and, rejecting the idea that their work is a sheer piece of imaginative writing, it has either been inspirationally or psychically received. However this has been

accomplished, the book is distinctly interesting and is, withal, written in a manner which can offend no one.

The authors touch upon all the phases of the Master's life, from His birth to His resurrection, in addition to which they append three final chapters: *The Workers in the Master's Vineyard*, *The Master and the Old Testament* and *Hear the Master calling*.

Whilst of necessity referring very briefly to Christ's esoteric life, one is conscious of a lack of that "warmth" (if one may use such an expression) which is so vibrant, for instance, in Schuré's *Jesus, the Last Great Initiate*. The authors' defence to this would probably be that they are dealing with the human and not the divine Man of Sorrows.

Christ, according to our authors, performed no miracles; "the Master never masqueraded . . ." (p. 55). Neither did He preach the Sermon on the Mount as it has come down through the centuries. "He spoke many of the striking sayings therein, and the gospel writers remembered these and condensed them into one sermon . . ." (p. 105), nor did He rise from the dead. The "explanation" of this last statement is that after the death of Christ, Joseph of Arimathea *intended* to bury the body in his own tomb. At the request of Mary, however, Joseph changed the burial plans (fearing the curiosity of the mob) "leaving the grave clothes in his own tomb. The Body was buried on the side of the Mount of Olives, and there it remained undisturbed." (p. 197).

From these three points, culled at random, it will be seen that *Behold the Man* is a controversial work, the reading of which gives rise to much speculation. On this account, it at once becomes stimulating—but it could have been made of far greater value had the authors substantiated their statements by Biblical references. This addition would not necessarily have eased the minds of their readers—for there are divers interpretations put upon the utterances of Holy Writ—yet somehow, it would, we believe, have indicated the assumptions which led them to their rather startling conclusions.

JOHN EARLE.

THE SHRINE OF LOVE. By Henry Thomas Hamblin. Bosham, Chichester: H. T. Hamblin. Price 3s. and (paper covers) 2s.

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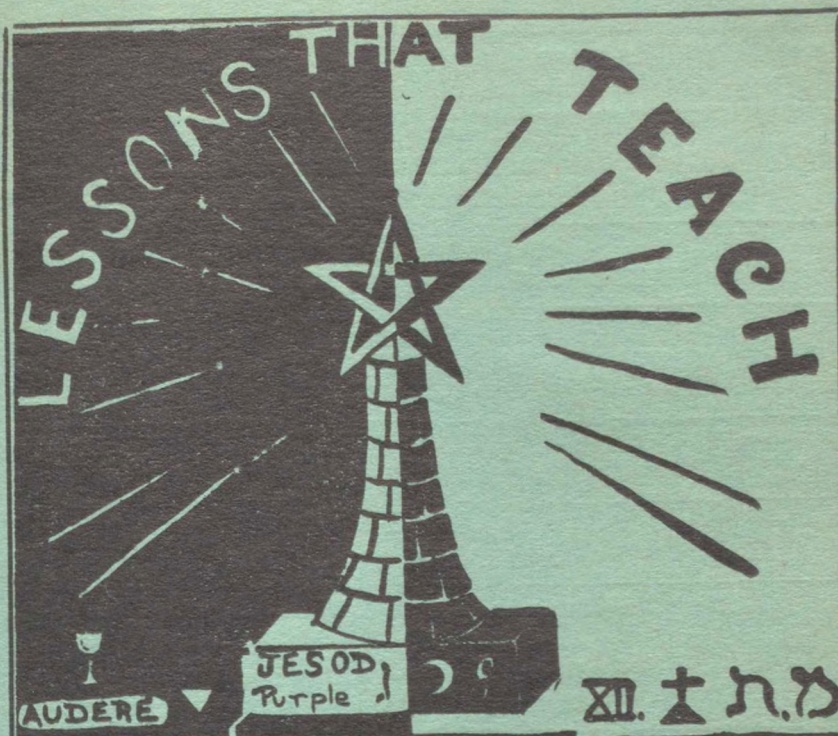
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