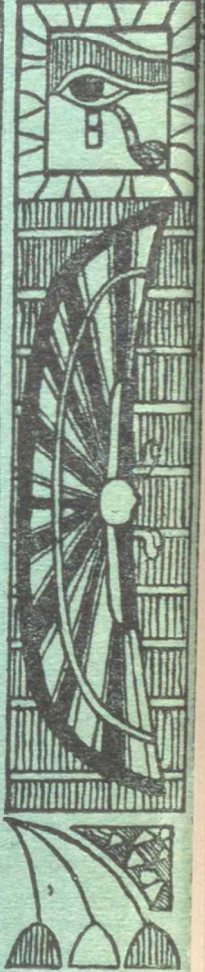


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VOL. LI

JUNE, 1930

No. 6

EDITORIAL

TO-DAY the eyes of the whole world are being focused upon Russia, whose anti-Christian, or rather anti-religious campaign—since all forms of worship under the Soviet appear to be under a ban—is being prosecuted with a ferocity which may without exaggeration be characterised as diabolical. The expressions of outraged feeling on the part of her neighbours, Russia affects to regard as animated by mere self-interest. Such protests are seized upon as an excuse for fostering the belief among her deluded masses that she is liable to be attacked at any time—a course habitually pursued by governments with aggressive intentions. It is no secret that World Revolution is her aim. Her agents are working insidiously in every sphere of human activity throughout the world. She is, in short, the embodiment of what the Christian tradition understands as the spirit of anti-Christ. That she will attempt to achieve her object there is, alas, but little doubt. That she will succeed cannot for a moment be imagined—especially by those who feel, with an intuition bordering on certainty, that a gigantic struggle between the Dark and White forces, preparatory to a great spiritual outpouring for the benefit of humanity, lies not so far ahead in the future.

But supposing that the anti-God campaign and World Revolution were both to succeed! Suppose that, in an otherwise comfortable world, belief in God became punishable by death! What would happen? An attempt to answer this question forms the theme of an arresting novel, entitled *Concrete*,* by Aelfrida Tillyard. Many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will already be acquainted with her works on mysticism, and therefore be prepared for a story of deep insight; and they will not be disappointed.

Miss Tillyard is too much of an artist to detract from the effectiveness of her work by painting the godless world of some two hundred years hence either as an inferno, or a dreary waste. Far from it. Superficially it is a goodly place in which to live. Everything is run on communal lines. Nobody works more than about five hours a day. The opposite sexes are free to mate as they will. Aircraft are as abundant as motor traffic at the present time. Underground roads, well ventilated and lit, are provided for those who prefer to travel by land. Radio and television sets, "teleflicks" as they are called, are installed in every home. The children are taught that Reason and the æsthetic sense are the two things that differentiate mankind from the brutes. Everything runs as smoothly as clockwork.

Nevertheless, the authorities are troubled. In spite of the splendid physique of the people, and the great length of life to which it is possible to attain, the population of the more advanced races is steadily declining. In greater and greater numbers the people are voluntarily seeking escape from life by euthanasia, a pleasant and painless exit from a comfortable but boring world, which is the prerogative of all who seek it. "Fair cities had been built, healthy men and women lived in them, and yet one had a feeling of being cramped and stifled. Why wasn't everyone happy now? Why?"

It is not with the story so much as with its message that we are at the moment concerned. The delightful and thrilling plot which serves to carry the theme must be left to the individual reader. The chief point is, in that "age of Reason," matters were not turning out right at all. Even Alaric, the hero of the story, and head of the Ministry of Æsthetics, began to feel that it held nothing of real inspiration either for himself or others. "Reason," he told himself, "was as much a swindle as Æsthetics."

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"Why?" he exclaimed suddenly to his father, the President, "why did religion have to go? It may not have had a word of truth in it—I daresay it hadn't—but it was one of the finest sources of artistic inspiration we ever had. Couldn't we have kept it with the folk-dances and the old costumes as a harmless picturesque survival?"

In a kind of cold rage, the President turned on him and told him that he didn't know what he was talking about: that religion was the source of all the basest superstitions in the world, and caused more wars, murders, lies and obscurantism than all other evils put together.

Knowing nothing about religion, however, Alaric had no conception of what he was missing. Despite a happy and eugenic mating, *tedium vitae* grew upon him. He was sorely tempted to try taking drugs, a vast secret organisation for the distribution of which had its ramifications all over the world. From taking this fatal step he was providentially saved. How he and his mate found religion again, must be left for the story itself to tell. Suffice it that before his realisation was attained, he experienced "an inner solitude which no human being could penetrate, a frantic yearning unshared by anyone." He became incapable of work, and would wander alone, sometimes "wringing his hands or stretching his arms out seawards." He would have sought euthanasia, but for the fact that his plane had been wrecked on an island where the death-dealing drug was unavailable. He attempted suicide, but his mate came to his rescue and saved him. It was impossible even to obtain any "heroline." He had tried the drug just once. "Why would he do it again now if he had the chance? He had known the consequences. Heroline aroused passion, first natural, then perverse. Its end was madness and death. Knowing this, why had he taken it?"

Forced to face his naked self, the answer came relentlessly, that he had acted from curiosity, from an irresistible desire for a new sensation. He had acted through weakness. He had never told his mate, because he could not bear that she should see him as the weakling that he knew himself to be.

"Then he saw the truth. He saw the picture of himself that he had always believed in: Alaric the proud; Alaric, high-born and well-bred, noble, intelligent, self-sufficient, beautiful, strong of body and of will; owning no master save himself. And, side by side, Alaric

CRAVING FOR
SENSATION

the weakling, who knew no force strong enough to save him from his own weakness.

“Fear gripped him. He flung himself on the ground and covered his eyes, while a shiver trembled through his frame. He was being judged. Something was condemning him.

“He felt that he had transgressed, by his arrogance, not the arbitrary laws of a capricious deity, but the fundamental harmony and beauty of the universe. He appeared to himself as a cancer on the body politic, a few poor cells who, pushing their way to separate growth, had become monstrous and malignant. What right had he to live at all?”

Submerged for a while beneath an overwhelming realisation of his own insignificance, he continued his meditation, when “he bethought himself, with sudden insight, of the distorted demi-god he had disbelieved in. All these years he had disbelieved in a God who presided over the strife of factions, who connived at war and oppression, who was gratified by ecclesiastical vanity and academic word-twisting. Against this he had fought—and, so he told himself, most rightly fought. But such a God had never existed. Here, alone with the night, he could feel the presence of a very different Deity.”

“Could it be, he wondered, that the world was not, as he had passionately disbelieved, ruled over by some monstrous tyrant-king, but that its very basis was spiritual? Spirit is God. Beauty is God. Inner integrity is God. He had sinned when he had failed to conform to his own inner standard of purity and right. He had not sinned when he had refused to believe.

“That was it! Now he saw! No mean conception of the Deity, perverted by the misapprehension of stupid men, should claim his allegiance. Yet there existed a God whom he could adore, a God inescapable, universal, infinitely majestic and adorable, before whom he could bend the knee.”

Alaric had resolved his inner conflict! He had found the God of the mystics, and beside this vital, all-subduing force which surged through him, he perceived what a mockery was the old conventional Deity of ecclesiastical orthodoxy, now banished by the State to a merited oblivion.

In the skilful hands of Aelfrida Tillyard, her story becomes a vehicle for the presentation of deeply spiritual truths. The more attentively the novel is read, the more its inner meaning is revealed. Its message is not, as so frequently happens in the

case of "novels with a purpose" flaunted before the eyes of the reader to the detriment of the plot.

One of the most salient features of the story is the truth that
 NO LIFE no nation, however materially prosperous, can
 WITHOUT GOD flourish, or even survive, when it is cut off from
 the hidden source from whence springs its inner
 life. This central truth of her novel is eloquently expressed in
 the little "fragment of thought" given through the late Mabel
 Collins, under the title, *Through the Gates of Gold*—a little work
 beloved of all true occultists and mystics. The problem arises as
 to why, with the advance of civilisation, and the luxury and
 comfort which physical prosperity affords, the question whether
 life is worth living should become more and more insistent.

"This question," we are told, although it seems so essentially
 a part of the spirit of the day, "is a question which must have
 been asked all through the ages. Could we go back throughout
 history intelligently, no doubt we should find that it came always
 with the hour when the flower of civilisation had blown to its
 full, and when its petals were but slackly held together. The
 natural part of man has reached then its utmost height; he has
 rolled the stone up the Hill of Difficulty, only to watch it roll
 back again when the summit is reached—as in Egypt, in Rome,
 in Greece. Why this useless labour? Is it not enough to produce
 a weariness and sickness unutterable, to be for ever accomplishing
 a task only to see it undone again? Yet that is what man has
 done throughout history, so far as our limited knowledge reaches.
 There is one summit to which, by immense and united efforts,
 he attains, where there is a great and brilliant efflorescence of all
 the intellectual, mental, and material part of his nature. The
 climax of sensuous perfection is reached, and then his hold
 weakens, his power grows less, and he falls back, through
 despondency and satiety, to barbarism. Why does he not stay
 on this hilltop he has reached, and look away to the mountains
 beyond, and resolve to scale these greater heights? Because he is
 ignorant, and, seeing a great glittering in the distance, drops his
 eyes bewildered and dazzled, and goes back for rest to the
 shadowy side of his familiar hill."

Precisely is this the position in which civilisation stands
 to-day. Disappointment and disillusionment confront the
 observer in whichever direction he turns his gaze. On the one
 hand they manifest as forces of disintegration and disruption;
 on the other as a sort of spiritual discontent, "a wistful

agnosticism" so characteristic of the serious-minded youth of our time, as Mr. C. E. M. Joad so finely put it in his recent address to the Annual Congress of the National Union of Students, at Cambridge. But if, on one side, the spirit of anti-Christ is militant, the spirit of Christ is no less active, whether He is acknowledged by that name or not. What matter names to the Spirit?

Although her line of approach is pre-eminently Christian, Aelfrida Tillyard is obviously by no means blind to the fact that the spirit of mysticism is confined to no one religion. The true mystic, in fact, is the only true philosopher: his knowledge and inner experience are based on a study, at first hand, of life itself. He refuses to be bound by the limitations of rigid systems of thought; not for him the arid wastes of outworn theologies, philosophies or metaphysics. He studies the living hearts of men, looks within his own heart, and finds, deep down beneath the surface, the fountain of living waters.

Again Mr. Joad, in the lecture to which reference has just previously been made, gives utterance to the semi-articulate longings of the younger generation:

"The primary need of young people to-day," he says, "is to feel that the universe is significant, and that their lives matter not only to themselves but to something other and greater than themselves.

"Mysticism must become the common heritage of the race instead of the unique privilege of its most favoured children."

How deep and vital that need, and how truly mysticism—or occultism in its true interpretation—satisfies that need, is revealed in a volume of letters to a stranger in answer to his question, *Can I be a Mystic?** This intensely interesting autobiographical record, for which, once more, we are indebted to Aelfrida Tillyard, by a curious coincidence was published simultaneously with her novel. Here, instead of the broad canvas upon which the scenes of *Concrete* were depicted, the intimate recesses of two souls, those of the teacher and the enquirer, are laid bare for the benefit of others. These letters, it should be understood, are not the result of a mere choice of literary form; they comprise the actual correspondence which has passed between an earnest seeker and his spiritual mentor. As Miss Tillyard herself confesses in her Foreword:

"This book is in reality what a former work of mine, *The*

* *Can I be a Mystic?* By Aelfrida Tillyard. London: Rider & Co., 5s.

Making of a Mystic, merely pretended to be—namely, a correspondence between a middle-aged woman and a younger friend who asked for spiritual advice. It is interesting to compare the two. In *The Making of a Mystic* the director is always wise, and the seeker after God makes amazing progress. In real life the matter is much more difficult. The author is often puzzled or clumsy or inadequate; the stranger, who seems at times to know more than his teacher, is discouraged. Nor can the book be nicely rounded off. The search after God continues; author and stranger are fellow-pilgrims on the Mystic Way."

Feeling that the stranger had voiced the cry of thousands of other souls, it appeared both to the author and her correspondent that a distinct service might be rendered to "all those who join with her and the stranger in humbly desiring more Light."

Through his letters the stranger reveals himself as for many years an eager student of the literature of occultism, mysticism, New Thought, Theosophy, psychology, and in fact of everything which promised a path of approach to that Land of Promise for which it was impossible to stifle the longing of his heart.

In the early months of 1914 he experienced an interior illumination which brought with it the conviction that he had at last found God. Everything and everybody appeared to be suffused with a divine radiance. He walked on air. Meditation was pursued not only without effort, but was a source of joy and serenity such as he had never conceived to be possible. Then came the War.

"I struggled somehow through five years' Active Service—sometimes intoxicated with the material joys of life ("leave" was a mad, rushing, hectic business—a noisy effort to forget!), and sometimes cast into the deepest depths of despair. Later, when I got my commission in the Navy, and something of a more peaceful existence was afforded me, I would shut myself up in my cabin and feebly endeavour to recover my lost self—but in vain! Restlessness grew apace, and has more or less dogged me ever since."

In casting about for a possible cause for the long period of aridity through which her correspondent obviously was passing, the author, wishing to stress the need for absolutely disinterested love of God, suggested that perhaps the stranger had fallen a prey to the temptation of endeavouring to coax something out of

God—a suggestion, Miss Tillyard confesses, both clumsy and unjust.

“Low as is my opinion of myself,” the stranger writes, “I must protest against the accusation that my sole reason for getting close to God was to get something out of Him. I can recall moments when I have, with the sincerity worthy of a saint, prayed, ‘Thy will be done . . .’

“Through the aid of my letters and your own intuitions you are, of course, gathering sufficient material to put under your microscope. Well, I welcome this, and will do all I can to help you in your task. Bombard me with as many questions as you will! Even, however, at the risk of your thinking me ‘lacking in ballast,’ I do want you to outline something practical for me: let me again repeat that I am hungry to know how I can attain that state of being ‘suspended in God,’ as Brother Lawrence describes it.”

In due course, the way having been cleared, and some sort of mutual understanding having been reached, the author seeks to give such practical advice as the stranger may with profit apply to his own requirements.

The danger is pointed out of mistakenly imagining that religion is a matter of the emotions. “The first rapture is glorious, but it is not everything! And of course it passes away. Human beings are not made so as to be able to tolerate continuous rapture. It was one of the problems of my very small childhood why—please forgive me again!—the second help of pudding never tasted as nice as the first.”

It is a mistake, Miss Tillyard reminds the enquirer, to think that when one *feels* good, one necessarily *is* good. On the contrary, “when you are doing God’s will while your soul feels as dusty and unspiritual as London streets in August, you are really making some progress.”

Still the stranger complains, however, that he has meditated according to instructions, but that his efforts have met neither with anything startling nor with any sense of peace or upliftment. Thereupon the teacher endeavours to outline some of the obstacles and pitfalls that beset the soul on the path of meditation.

Before everything else, as an obstacle to fruitful meditation, is placed the sense of disharmony, of irritation, resentment, either against society or against an individual. “Even vague annoyance and animosity can play havoc with your peace of

mind. So dig deep into your unconscious, if need be, and drag the horrid thing into the light and—kill it.”

Another mistake to which the mystic is liable, especially the student of mediæval mysticism, is to endeavour to conform the life to some unsuitable and obsolete pattern of holiness. Having made the same mistake herself, the author explains, she naturally feels strongly on the subject. The ideal of the *Imitation* of à Kempis, for instance, with its fear of the world, its detachment and austerity, is far too cloistered for the needs of our time.

Everyone, again, is at some time or other guilty of impatience, another obstacle. There is an old Chinese proverb which bids the aspirant beware of looking at an egg and expecting to hear it crow!

The difficulty of distractions is with the seeker practically always. How many hours the mystic must spend in knocking stray thoughts on the head! Yet, at ever lessening intervals, quite spontaneously and unexpectedly, something happens. The busy mind is held as if by some superior force, and “a calm such as comes in a tropical country after the heavy rain, when nature works so swiftly that one may see her action, comes to the harassed spirit.” The transition from meditation to contemplation has been made.

With this step a new factor enters into the life. In the case of Aelfrida Tillyard it took the form of becoming acquainted with her “guardian angel.”

“Another delightful thing that happened to me as the result of meditation,” she writes to the stranger, “was getting acquainted with my guardian angel. Now I have no definite beliefs about guardian angels. You may take the expression as purely symbolic, if you like. What I call my ‘guardian angel’ is what the Quakers call the Inward Light.” By whatever name it is called, she proceeds, “the important thing is that you become aware of a force, a monition, a power, guiding your life. When you reach out into the darkness and ask for guidance, something—someone—answers.”

In the symbolism of *Light on the Path*, it is the voice of the Warrior, of the Higher Self, that has been heard. With His coming the first great battle has been fought and won; but again and again it must be fought, every step being hardly won, but each step bringing with it deeper peace and added strength and insight. “Take His orders for battle and obey them,” is the

injunction to the neophyte. "Obey Him, not as though He were a general, but as though He were thyself, and His spoken words the utterance of thy secret desires ; for He is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself. Look for Him, else in the fever and hurry of the fight thou mayest pass Him ; and He will not know thee unless thou knowest Him. If thy cry meet His listening ear, then will He fight in thee, and fill the dull void within. And if this is so, then canst thou go through the fight cool and unwearied, standing aside and letting Him battle for thee. Then it will be impossible to strike one blow amiss."

In her own experience, Aelfrida Tillyard testifies that whenever an order is given the means is always provided for carrying it out. In 1915 she was commanded interiorly to give some lectures on Spiritual Exercises. She remonstrated, and pointed out that the idea was impossible. No one would provide a lecture-room, and no one would come and listen ; she knew next to nothing of the subject. "However," she proceeds, "my guardian angel said I had better go and see Professor C. S. Myers, then professor of Psychology at Cambridge. I did so. He received me as though his mind had been prepared beforehand to be specially courteous to me. He put a room at my disposal, and gave me every encouragement. I did my best with the lectures. I suppose it was my guardian angel who sent the audience. Anyhow, the course was a complete success. I repeated it afterwards, and finally published the lectures in book form. And it was this book, *Spiritual Exercises*, which put me in touch, dear stranger, with you."

By way of illustration, Aelfrida Tillyard furnishes the stranger with specimen records of her meditations. For the most part she appears to realise God as *light*. On one occasion she writes, "I strive to put down a description of the form under which I apprehend Him. The most accurate seems to be 'a sphere of infinite consciousness.' . . . He is infinite Spirit—not a void of infinity, but an infinity tense with life, which I feel to be full of justice and benevolence and purpose. . . . I am glad that I cannot *define* God. My mind can meet Him, but cannot walk round Him."

Naturally enough, in a series of letters exchanged between two correspondents, a variety of topics all more or less closely associated with the main theme are touched upon, both by the teacher and the "chela." Strong though the temptation may be, space will not permit of even a glance in passing.

With the passage of time, the teacher begins to note signs that the stranger is beginning to find himself, and hopes that the further counsel she has been saving up to bestow upon him as occasion demanded may never be required after all. Flashes of illumination begin to lighten the darkness in which for so long he has dwelt. He records a fragment, inspired by one of such flashes. "Love," he writes, "is the divine quality *par excellence*, for out of it emerges all other godly attributes: faithfulness, faith, peace, patience, purity, selflessness, service, hope and understanding. Its effect . . . spreads a flush of warmth over the chilled or slumbering soul, infusing a revitalising influence to the weary; so that, at its blessed touch, the sleeper awakes to find a golden world around him. Love is the Kingdom of God within each of us."

The Spirit has begun to put forth its tender buds. With the promise of Spring, it is necessary to part company, leaving the fellow-pilgrims to press onward in that Quest which knows no end till man becomes something more than man. But, as the teacher, in taking her leave, feels constrained to testify how greatly, in trying to help another, she has in turn been helped, and ends on a note of gratitude for the opportunity thus afforded; so would we voice our thanks for the sacrifice involved in thus permitting the cold light of publicity to fall for the benefit of others upon the most cherished intimacies of the inner life.

THE EDITOR.

THE HIDDEN PLACE

By EVA MARTIN

In that fair country I have known in dreams,
Laughter and song like coloured bubbles float
Upon the air, surging in rainbow streams;

And those who dwell there toss their shining thoughts
Across far space, like wild birds homeward winging—
I have stood breathless, and have heard their singing.

But once, once only, unawares I came
Into a hidden place amid the spheres,
Where wept repentant souls. . . . *I saw their tears
Burn as they fell, pure jewels, white as flame.*

THE GROWTH OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S., D.Sc.

PART I

IT is impossible to give a completely satisfactory definition of the term "consciousness" so as to include all its states and phases. The popular idea invariably connects consciousness with life and the living organism. There is, however, a consciousness, a sensibility to environment, an awareness of and response to stimuli, inherent in minerals and chemicals. Without this unflinching and purely material or atomic consciousness, there would be no reaction, and the scientific laws on which physics and chemistry are based could not be framed.

The lower stages of plant and animal consciousness depend on the life-factor or vital energy and sentiency. There is a gradually ascending and expanding scale from the purely vital to the higher or spiritual consciousness, with several intermediate stages, such as the instinctive, the emotional and intellectual consciousness, until we finally reach the highest pinnacles of human consciousness attained to by the sages, mystics and saviours of the race in the present stage of evolution on this planet.

The Life-principle or energy is the dominant factor in the lower degrees of consciousness. Feelings, sensations and appetites dominate consciousness in certain phases, and only when the human consciousness has reached the highest point of development is the spirit (love and wisdom) regnant and dominant over the life-principle. If we bear this in mind it will help us in trying to solve the problem of Good and Evil. The life-energy produces feelings, appetites, emotions and desires, which the natural man is ever ready to gratify, often regardless of consequences to self and others. This life-energy is also called Eros (Freud's *Libido*).

The Spirit, on the other hand, seeks to control and to sublimate the consciousness, the mental and psychic faculties, and thereby to save mind and body from suffering. This struggle for supremacy between the spiritual and the vital principles seems to be inevitable in our existence, and at a certain stage of the human evolution, until individually, and in future ages collectively, a stage of consciousness will be reached where the life-or vital-energy will be under the complete dominance of the spirit—the Christ-spirit, the God-within, the Father-in-Heaven, or

by whatever name we prefer to call the immortal divine Monad, which is the real Self of man.

The chief problem of Religion, of Philosophy—yea, even of Science, especially of Psychology and of Ethical Education—appears to be the strengthening of the spiritual control of consciousness, so that the vital energy and the body should simply be the most perfect vehicle of expression of the undying and reincarnating divine Self.

What is called "Evolution" appears to be the process of gradual development and expansion of consciousness with concomitant unfoldment of mental faculties, powers and abilities of adaptation to environment and perfection of the bodily organism. It may reasonably be assumed that man is the first and oldest living creature on this planet. The human body has, through the æons, evolved from the lowest origins, such as the protozoa, through the whole scale of animal creation, until millions of years ago the animal form was a fit vehicle for the reception of a self-conscious ego with nascent faculties and powers which in due course raised it above the level of the animal consciousness, however crude and even bestial primordial man at first may have been in appearance and self-expression.

We may likewise reasonably postulate the whole animal creation on the earth to be offshoots of the evolving human race, at various stages, or of the intermediate stages of the slowly expanding consciousness which ultimately became man.

It has always been an interesting problem whether consciousness is necessarily connected with, or is independent and perhaps superior to life. The atomic consciousness of the chemical elements is independent of vital energy, and we may go further and state that consciousness is independent of matter. This is proved not only by a great many phenomena which are subjects of investigation in psychology and psychical research, such as Hypnosis, Suggestion, Telepathy, Prevision, Clairvoyance, Clair-audience and kindred phenomena, but also by what cannot any longer be denied or ignored by normal and fair-minded people, namely, man's survival of death. There is more known on this latter subject than the world generally is aware, or is ready to believe.

We shall deal with seven phases or stages of consciousness :

1. The atomic consciousness of the chemical elements which is inherent in all matter. This atomistic sentiency to environment constitutes the character which distinguishes one element from another, and is the subject matter of Chemistry. Recent

theories as to the internal structure of the atom attribute the difference in atomic weight, valency and other chemical properties, to the number and relative arrangement of the protons and electrons of which it is composed. The protons are the solid nuclei, the sun, while the electrons are the planets, as it were, which revolve in astronomical orbits round the protons. The theory is largely inferential, and authorities are by no means agreed on many points, nor has it invalidated the old general idea that chemical elements react to environment in an unchangeable and characteristic way, and enter upon chemical combination according to definite laws. Yet here again modern research in radiation and radio-activity has discovered that the character and consciousness of the elements is by no means constant. Uranium, for instance, by radiation of energy turns into radium; and the latter, by the same means, becomes lead. Thus the idea of the old alchemists, of the transformation of metals, was not after all so far removed from truth, except that this change is spontaneous and not under human control.

Another recent discovery, that of Planck's Quantum Theory, which is very difficult to understand clearly, even for scientists themselves, shows matter in a new aspect of consciousness. According to this theory, energy radiates from matter in definite proportions and in a kind of rhythmic "heartbeat," which can be expressed in mathematical formulæ. It shows the phenomenal universe in a new aspect, and endows matter with properties hitherto unsuspected.

If there were not some kind of directive spirit or consciousness in atoms and molecules, how could one account for the regular geometrical forms into which mineral and chemical molecules range themselves during the process of crystallisation? What can it be but an inherent consciousness which produces straight lines, and planes at certain angles of inclination, and axes of cleavage which distinguish various crystals? What is it that causes water to arrange itself into the beautiful geometric shapes of snowflakes or the palm-leaf-shaped fronds and blooms of hoarfrost on the windowpanes? Can we reasonably deny the attribute of atomic consciousness to non-vital matter? Does it not appear that there is a directing spirit or consciousness which marshals inanimate molecules into geometrical forms of beauty?

2. The next phase of consciousness is the Vital- or Cell-consciousness, which is the property of protoplasm, the living cell-jelly, and is inherent in every cell. We may consider every cell to be a

living and intelligent unit which, under certain circumstances, can exist as a uni-cellular organism, endowed with individual consciousness; or it may be a unit of an animal organism, and then be subject to the corporate control of that organism and, like the soldier of a regiment, be obliged to merge its individuality into that of the community. The cell is the unit of the living organism and a constituent of the commonwealth of multi-cellular animal or vegetable structures. The individual cell as well as the corporate organism is endowed with an appropriate consciousness, which causes each cell to do its duty intelligently for its own welfare, as well as for that of the organism of which it is an integral part.

Some of the micro-organisms may exist in myriads in a single drop of stagnant water, or in fresh or salt water, or live as bacilli and disease-producers in plant and animal organisms. Some act as ferments, producing chemical changes, maybe either useful or detrimental to man. In all cases, whether these micro-organisms consist only of a solitary cell or of a corporate organism, even the minutest of them have a distinct psychic life, with motor-response to stimuli and irritation, a will to feed, to live and prolifically to reproduce their kind.

In the higher animals the vital or physiological consciousness is more developed. Its instrument of expression is the motor and sensory nervous system (the etheric body of the Theosophists), which wires up, as it were, the organs and senses with the centres of control and volition located in the brain, spine, solar-plexus and other nerve-centres. The vital processes go on automatically and regularly as long as there is no strain to interfere with the vital consciousness. If there is, then the normal working of the organism is interrupted, with the resulting discomfort, pain and suffering which we call disease.

The highest phase of the vital consciousness includes sense-perception, touch, sight, hearing, taste and smell, as well as volitional motor-movement.

The corporate, or vital consciousness, is diffused throughout the organism of both plants and animals, and not only controls different parts of the organism, but is the sum-total of it. This diffused consciousness is focused or individualised, and transcends in power and control the corporate consciousness of the separate organs and structures. This transcendent controlling consciousness is the soul. Plants, as well as animals, have souls, which control vital functions and manifestations, and constitute

the inner or psychic life, which causes the billions of living cells to take up their appropriate stations and to perform their appointed functions for the welfare and self-expression of the plant or animal organism of which they are integral units.

This corporate or vital consciousness differs in several respects in plants and animals. In plants it is of a lower order and never reaches the perceptive and volitional state of the higher animals. At best it may only be deemed to be a trance-state. We may call it vegetable consciousness. Plants are sensible to environment, and their cell-consciousness responds to sunlight, temperature, moisture, soil and atmospheric conditions, either in a favourable or unfavourable way, according to the character of the plant. There is a wonderful sentient intelligence displayed in plants to make the best of the environment in which they are placed. Roots and branches of trees spread towards a supply of water; flowers, in course of evolution, shape and colour themselves, and give off scent, so as to attract insects to assist in fertilisation. Sir J. Chandra Bose, the eminent Indian physicist, in his long and patient researches, has beyond doubt established the fact that there is a distinct inner psychic life in plants. Although not endowed with a nervous system like animals, they nevertheless feel pain when injured or poisoned, respond to stimuli such as alcohol, ether or bromides, and if severed from their roots, or otherwise severely mutilated, go through a death-struggle, which may be artificially retarded. It appears that the vital mechanism of plants is identical with that of animals.

Plants, apparently, have no sense organs because, being rooted to the spot and lacking the means of volitional locomotion, they can dispense with those sense organs which are indispensable to the animal creation. The physiological processes and metabolism of plants, like their consciousness, are essentially different from that of animals. Plants can convert the mineral constituents of the soil into living matter, which animals have no power to do. The animal kingdom depends on the vegetable kingdom for its supply of food. Plants depend very largely on the carbon suspended in the atmosphere for building up their bodies, and they exhale oxygen; while animals reverse this process, inhaling oxygen and giving off carbon-dioxide. There is probably an intimate connection between the vital processes and the trance- or vegetable-consciousness inherent in the plant creation.

In some plants the tactile sense appears to be developed beyond the mere trance-state. A few plants fold up their leaves

when touched. Insectivorous plants, such as the sun-dew, the Venus flytrap and others, have developed their structure and sense of touch so that they can trap insects and even humming-birds, and use them for food. This, however, is the very highest state of consciousness to which the plant-world has attained on this planet.

4. Another aspect of consciousness is Instinct, which is a psychical faculty innate in animals, and enables them to act spontaneously, almost from birth, in the best way to preserve life, to obtain food and shelter, and to do all that is needed for the purposes of defence and reproduction of their kind. Instinct is automatism or spontaneity; it is the accumulated experience inherited from a long line of ancestors, and differs in its nature and working from intellect, in so far as instinctive actions are performed automatically and unconsciously, yet for a certain purpose or plan.

Birds build their nests instinctively in a certain manner and position. Bees, without any rules or measures, build the hexagonal cells of their honeycombs in perfect geometrical forms. Ducklings, even if reared by a hen, will enter the water the first time they come near a pond, to the consternation of their foster-mother. So much is known on the subject of animal instinct that we need not say more about it. In man instinct is almost entirely superseded by reason and will, except in early childhood. Yet, even in adults, one phase of the automatic or instinctive mind is retained. Every conscious action, frequently repeated, becomes a habit, and is performed without conscious effort. Man is a creature of habits—good, bad and indifferent. Mannerism and character have their root in this "habit-mind." All skill, such as playing musical instruments, writing, driving a motor-car, swimming, even walking, are habits. Much thought is saved by habit, for without this automatic memory every act would have to be performed as a novel experience and experiment. This part of our mind is the storehouse of the experiences of our present life, and in combination with the vital mind it forms what psychologists term the subconscious mind. Some psychologists include the emotional and also the psychic consciousness in the "subconscious," but in our opinion this latter term should be limited to the unconscious and automatic vital and instinctive consciousness.

The sub-conscious mind has distinctive characteristics. It actuates the physiological or automatic functions of the living

organism and all the bio-chemical processes connected with it. It is responsive to suggestions of the conscious (emotional and reasoning) mind without opposition. It has limited deductive, but no inductive reasoning power. It has a perfect memory, and only the volitional power of recollection is defective. It is the habit or automatic mind for forming both good and bad habits, which include not only virtues, but failings and vices, such as fear, worry, dishonesty, alcoholism and indeed all the ills that man is heir to. Chronic disease is a habit of the subconscious mind and is mostly curable by appropriate suggestion.

5. The emotional consciousness next claims attention. It is a stage in the evolution of consciousness which is reached only in the highest animals, but is fully developed in man. It is actuated or fed by the senses, and has for its opposites pleasure and pain, desire and aversion, happiness and sorrow. All the feelings, passion, sensations and emotions—anger, despair, despondency, ecstasy, hope, enthusiasm—are all moods or aspects of this consciousness. Most, if not all, the sufferings of man have their root in this part of the mind. Its destructive power probably outweighs the constructive in most men and women, and few have perfect control over the emotional nature under all circumstances. It is only the true aristocrat of the spirit who can retain perfect tranquillity in face of a vital crisis and say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"; or realise the truth that nothing can ever hurt the real Self, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

It is the attainment of this tranquillity or equanimity which was the aim of the Stoic Philosophers; for they had discovered that in the control of the emotions lay man's power of self-expression, and not in passionate outbursts, in giving way to fear, anger, panic or terror, or in bitterness and hatred. The emotional consciousness is the personal self, the lower self which must be dominated by reason and by the real Self, if man is to live in peace and harmony with himself and his environment. Good and evil and all the pairs of opposites have their root in the emotional nature of man. It is likewise the seat of the imagination, the image-forming faculty, which uses the material and the experiences stored in the subconscious- or memory-mind for constructing new images or mental concepts. It is the mind which desires to do and to have; it is the mind of "the world" that wants to make the material universe its paradise. The emotional consciousness is the mainspring of the artist, the writer, the musician—in short,

of all who desire to express themselves in sound, speech, colour or form. It is the consciousness and source of material beauty.

The emotional consciousness is the focus or seat of all the sense impressions or stimuli received from the environment. It is therefore the source of both pleasure and pain, of attraction and repulsion, and of all appetites and animal desires. It powerfully impresses the vital consciousness, and through it exercises a great influence for good and ill over the physiological or vital processes. Most, if not all diseases, have their origin in the emotional nature of man—in his inharmonious sensations and feelings, in fear, worry, hatred, anger, disappointment, despair, envy, jealousy, in all the emotions which produce mental tension and react on the nervous system and through the latter on organs and functions.

The emotional nature of man is intermittent in its manifestations. It is evoked and brought into action by stimuli from within and from without—by remembrances, reflections, anticipations, or other thoughts, or through events or experiences brought to bear upon the consciousness from without. Without such inward or outward stimuli the emotions remain passive or quiescent. The purpose of "going into the silence," of meditation, of "going into the wilderness" (an expression we find in the Bible) is to get the emotions into a state of quiescence, which is necessary for the inner or higher self to manifest, and to inspire the personal or lower self, so as to raise it above the inharmonious and unhappy experiences of mundane life.

(To be concluded.)

THE STRANGER IN THE BORROWED GARMENT

Recorded by A. K.

(While the Salvation Army is busy with the rescue of the flotsam and jetsam of incarnate humanity, the work of Salvation is being carried on among the unhappy souls of the discarnate by a private circle in the West of London. The following record would seem to indicate that the opportunity afforded by the medium for full and free confession on the physical plane is a vital factor in the awakening of the soul to the Light.—Ed.)

MEDIUM: "I hear a sad voice calling. I will go singing 'All the way long it is Jesus.' Perhaps they will understand."

The medium was controlled very quietly. "You do not know me," said he, "and I do not know to whom I am speaking."

"You are speaking to a friend, dear one."

"I see you are in a white robe; I am in black clothes. Are you not afraid of me?"

"No, not afraid, because I love you. I know you are in trouble. I wish to befriend you."

"Yes, I am in trouble—and weary and ill. I cannot wander much more."

"We will tell you how to find rest and peace."

"Forgive me, but you cannot know what you are saying when you talk thus to me. I am a great sinner."

"That may be, but we have a great Saviour, Jesus—"

"Hush!"—putting his hand out to stop us speaking. "There is no pardon for me. My mother died of grief. I, her first-born, left her for evil company—left my good home for the wicked world; became abandoned and an outcast. One day I heard a voice calling, 'Edward! Edward!' It was my mother's voice. Shamefaced I went home, to find her wasting away—my mother dying through me. My sinful life had broken her heart. Edward, whom she loved so dearly—her pride, the boy of her younger days—had disgraced her, disgraced my father and the family! It was no home for me—I was too depraved for such companionship. I heard when my mother was to be buried, but I was too degraded to follow her. I was not expected to do so. I should have been an open disgrace at my mother's funeral . . . a public disgrace . . ." He hesitated.

"Dear one," we said, "do not grieve. Try to believe that you are with friends."

"Are you really my friend?"

"Yes, really. Will you respond? Will you be my friend, as I am yours?"

"Ah, I would that it were possible!"

"It is possible. Quite possible for us to help each other, not only now but in the future."

He seemed to be lost in thought, analysing our words:

"I am trying to believe in your friendship. You convince me. . . . Yes, I have decided. There is something I should like to tell you—as a friend—what I did in order to see the last of my mother. I borrowed a long garment, and went to the place where they were putting her in the ground. The borrowed garment hid my rags. I stood a long way off, but near enough to hear and see. No one knew me, but some wondered who 'the stranger' was. When it was all over and the family went home, the stranger remained, wandering to and fro—to and fro. . . ."

He was silent for a while again, and we fancied—nay, we felt sure—that we could see before us the lone stranger in the borrowed garment of that far-back day.

"And then . . .?"

"Then I went to my mother's grave and lay down on the fresh earth. . . . The evening was closing in, and in the unbroken silence I called—called again and again, 'Mother! Mother! It is Edward—the stranger is Edward, your erring son. . . . Will you open the grave, mother, and let me come to you? The door of home is shut, mother—all doors are shut. Open your deep grave, mother, and let me come into your arms. I shall not need the borrowed garment, mother. You will take me in my rags. I am your first-born, mother. I went astray. Your love has drawn me back.' . . . In the stillness—the lonely stillness—came a voice. It seemed to rise from the grave and hover over me. It was my mother's voice: 'Edward, Edward, pray!' . . . And I prayed and prayed, until fear crept over me—fear, and the falling darkness. . . . At last I heard footsteps—it was the gateman coming to lock up the entrances. I was frightened, and, getting up, I ran and ran, until I came to a fence. Climbing hurriedly over it, I fell into the roadway, and there I lay, unable to move. No one passed. It became very dark, and oh, so cold—dark and cold! A pall of unutterable blackness fell over me. . . ."

In the morning I was found by a passer-by, and ultimately it was discovered who the stranger was. My father and brothers and sister came, but they could not waken me. I was dead. Their tears fell upon my cold face as mine had fallen on my mother's grave. They took me home. The door was open for the prodigal—but too late! That is all I can remember, but I thought, dear kind friend, I would like to tell you about the borrowed garment."

"Thank you, dear friend."

He sighed. "That was long ago. What I have told you happened in the distant past. I am still a stranger, wandering in the borrowed garment—a black, black garment. It is worn and dirty, but in the dense darkness no one could see it. . . . I don't know whether it was real, but often I've heard a faint voice calling, "Edward! Edward!" . . . I wonder—I wonder, was it the echo of my mother's voice? And now—am I dreaming, friend?—I hear it now, and it is nearer. 'Edward! Edward!' Oh, mother, mother, have my cries for help reached you?"

"Dear one," we told him, "beside you stands an angel—ah, you can see him! He is here to tell you that your wanderings are over—that if you will pray to our Father in Heaven in all humility, you will not only hear your mother's voice, but you will see her. She will come to you. She is waiting to tell you of the home above, the door of which is never shut."

"Angel, angel!" he cried. "Shining angel, teach me to pray! My knees are stiff—help me to kneel."

"*Jesus, have pity! Jesus, forgive!*" whispered the shining one.

"Oh, listen! The angel has told me what to say: 'Jesus have pity! Jesus, forgive!'"

He was kneeling now, and, as he kneeled, his mother came. "I see," he cried, "a glorious figure in spotless white.

"Oh, mother, you are not in the grave—your arms are around me. Mother! Mother!"

The stranger in the borrowed garment was safe.

Edward's mother was the next to control. She was beautiful in her gratitude—so gentle and kind. "My boy's father will speak to you now," she told us; and the father came, full of contrite thanks.

"If only," said he, "I had kept an open door for our son, these years of misery might have been spared. The father of

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the prodigal son in the Scriptures not only kept the door open, but he watched for his son, and when he was afar off he ran to meet him—hailed him with joy. . . . No, no, friend, I was wrong. Tell all earthly fathers to keep an open door for their own sake, as well as for the sake of the prodigal.”

Then followed Edward's brother, Michael. “We all looked up to Edward when we were children,” he said, “and thank God we shall all look up to him again. He has had a sad time. No friend, no light—wearing and lonely—but it is all past. Home, joy, Jesus and the angels are awaiting him. . . . Yes, I am in the Rescue Band, and I knew that when little sister* had taken his hand he could never go back. My brother Robert will thank you now.”

Said Robert: “Dear friend, help little sister to remember this day. Tell her of our joy. And you, too, we would thank. Little sister could not do this work alone. Go on, friend, keeping the door open for the strangers.”

Then came Mary: “My brother Edward was lost and is found. I, his fond sister, bring you my gratitude. The cup of blessings is full this day. We are all going home now, singing praises to Jesus and His redeeming love. Edward is no longer “the Stranger.”

Last of all Edward took possession. “You are indeed a friend,” said he. “This is a great day for me. I have found myself—myself, humiliated and repentant. My mother will help me to rise higher and higher. She will join with me in prayer to our Holy Saviour. He will accept a contrite heart and give me peace.”

*The Medium.

TRAINING "THE THINKING PRINCIPLE"

By OLIVE HOWELL and BEN BAYLISS.

"YOGA is the suppression of the transformations of the Thinking Principle."*

Thus says Patanjali, the greatest exponent of the Raja Yoga† philosophy. This is the profound and basic fact of occultism—the control of the instrument called the Thinking Principle or the Mind; but to understand this we must have a clear conception of what is meant by the Thinking Principle and its transformations, and why the latter have to be suppressed.

The Thinking Principle here meant is consciousness working in the mental body of the personality, *i.e.*, the body that is composed of the matter of the four lower sub-planes of the mental plane. It is the instrument of the Ego as thinker in the three lower worlds, the means by which he learns to cognize them. Hence the Thinking Principle may be called the lower mind, for it functions at the level of concrete analytical thought, isolating, examining and reasoning upon the facts of experience gleaned from life by the physical, astral and mental bodies. Everything must be referred to this mind for due registration, for it guides the personality, performing this task adequately or inadequately, according to the mental development of the individual. Thus, every vibration to which the sensory nerves of the physical body respond is conveyed to a certain area of the brain. The irritation of the brain centres is then passed on, via the etheric vehicle, to certain receiving centres in the astral body. Not until the vibration has been received by the astral body can feeling be experienced, for there is the seat of sensation. This explains why no pain is felt under an anæsthetic, as the latter has the effect of disconnecting the etheric and physical bodies; hence the distress of the nerves cannot be passed on to the astral receiving-centres. The sensorial reactions in the astral body then affect the mental body and so reach the consciousness which notes, registers and interprets the sensation for future guidance. In this way a ladder of com-

* *The Yoga-Sutra of Patanjali*. Translation by M. N. Dvivedi.

† Yoga may be defined as the quickening of human development by deliberate self-application of the laws of the unfolding of consciousness, with the object of attaining union with the Divine Life.

munication is established between the mind and the experiences of the physical body, enabling knowledge of the external world to be gained and the material necessary for the development of thought to be gathered. Similarly the process of thought produces changes in the mental, astral and etheric bodies and also reaches the brain. Every moment of time there is this rapid transmission to and from the consciousness, which thus becomes aware of every detail affecting the personality.

Abstract thought, *i.e.*, the power of synthesis, raises the consciousness to the level of the higher mind which functions in the causal body, focussing unity. Unity, however, cannot be apprehended till diversity has been experienced, and at the present time the majority of people are still occupied with diversity. The lower mind predominates. Analysis, observation and experience, however, constitute the highroad to Unity. It follows, therefore, that the lower mind leads us eventually to the understanding of life, for to apprehend Unity is to know Truth and experience Reality. As Professor Bergson in *An Introduction to Metaphysics* points out, "We cannot win the confidence of reality except by a long fellowship with its superficial manifestations."

It must be clearly realised that the mental body is but an instrument of consciousness. Consciousness should be conceived as a unit, as one, although it may express itself in many different ways (or psychical states) according to the particular vehicle it may be using at the time; *e.g.*, a highly evolved consciousness using the Buddhic vehicle would be in direct touch with life, or in other words would be capable of exercising the faculty of intuition, which disregards form because it is one with that which is the life of the form. The same consciousness using the causal body would express itself in terms of abstract thought; if using the astral body, feeling would be displayed, and finally, if using the physical body, action and sense perception would result. The student thus should clearly separate the vehicle, *i.e.*, the form, from the consciousness, *i.e.*, the life. In other words, a vehicle limits or particularises expression, but at the same time clarifies and defines it.

The mind, then, is the instrument of thought; but even casual observation will reveal to the average person that it is by no means under his control. The degree of concentration necessary for acquiring knowledge of any difficult subject or noticeable success in work is not easily achieved, and can hardly be accomplished without a considerable amount of intellectual education. Even

the student who has trained his mind will frequently find it difficult to keep it one-pointed. There will be a scattering of energy, a lack of attention very disquieting at times. Concentration where an object of interest, or the expression of a talent or special ability is concerned, is natural and effortless, but as in this case interest is the motive force it does not demonstrate control of the mind. Most people, too, can concentrate up to a point, where the motive for doing so is adequate, such as the need to earn a living.

Genius again is the result of concentrated mental and emotional effort in a particular direction. It is said that Beethoven concentrated on his music to such an extent that he seemed at times like a man in a trance. Apart, however, from its native expression, genius may show a marked lack of poise and control in other ways.

The concentration aimed at by the student of yoga is that which is capable of direction at a given moment upon a subject or object without reference to interest or motive. It must be under the control of the will, the function of the latter being to inhibit all distracting and disturbing influences, thus freeing and steadying the mind for the desired act of concentration. This power to direct and maintain attention voluntarily, with intensity, in any given direction, is the prerequisite of yoga.

The inability to control the mind is due to its normal tendency to pass swiftly from one thing to another, from one thought to another. For during the early stages of mental development progress depends upon the accumulation of facts, which form the material for thought. The mind has gradually evolved as a result of the innumerable experiences gained in many incarnations. In its earlier period it developed under the pressure of circumstances, under the imperious necessity of supplying the needs of, and satisfying the desires of, the physical body. This is the biological use of the mind—it subserves the organism. In this way gradually the qualities of comparison, analysis, criticism and judgment are acquired and mental energy accumulated. In order, however, that these faculties may flower, a variety of experiences are required. The mind must be versatile, mobile, eager to learn, seeking change and variety. Hence it has been likened aptly to a butterfly, for it darts about from one thing to another, skimming lightly over the surface of knowledge, restless, lacking the ability to concentrate.

As in course of time mental capacity increases, ambition to achieve is felt, and this motive acts as a great stimulus to the

developing faculty of concentration, steadying the mind and directing its attention into definite channels, helping it to acquire one-pointedness. Gradually, too, the exercise of the mental faculty becomes a joy in itself. Man finds himself using it to study and reflect upon the phenomena of the physical world, and the many sciences of to-day record the success of his investigations into the mysteries of nature, and the discovery and release of many of her hitherto hidden forces. By this means another way of apprehending our environment other than that of sense perception is discovered—a way which interprets and explains the evidence of the latter and leads us to the borders of the unseen world, into the realms of causation.

Both success and failure play their part in mental development: thwarted hopes, disappointments, the insecurity of love, the inability to avert old age or prevent death, help to awaken the deeper reflective levels of thought. The meaning of life is sought, and the mind tends more and more to retreat inwards upon itself, to dwell upon its inner content in order to discover the significance of the facts it has accumulated, the purpose of experience, and the value of pain. When this stage is reached development is greatly accelerated, for it is the interpretation of facts, and not their mere accumulation (however necessary this may be as a foundation for thought), which brings into play the really creative powers of the mind, and leads eventually into the world of the higher mind-consciousness from whence are derived the true understanding and wisdom that give nobility and sincerity of character, and that establish the philosophies, arts, and ethical ideals of civilisation. Moreover, the spiritual discernment which follows upon the practice of inwardness loosens the bonds of customs, conventions and moral codes that will not bear the light of this higher and clearer vision, and thus helps to raise the level of the social consciousness.

It is not then until the mind is well developed and capable of concentration that the practice of yoga can begin. The experiences and vicissitudes of life shape, as it were, the instrument which the would-be yogi proposes to polish and use freely for his own purposes. To this end he aims at establishing complete control over the whole of the activities of the mind. This involves a continuous surveillance over his thoughts and desires coupled with a deliberate and self-controlled mental and emotional expression, until he feels that, in whatever direction he chooses to put his energies, there will be no opposition from the mind

or the desire-nature, but, on the contrary, willing and ready co-operation.

It is not an easy task to make of the mind a one-pointed instrument, consenting to serve us at any moment, thus overcoming its tendency to seek variety and change. Every student practising this deliberate control of the mind quickly becomes aware of its extreme mobility, its seeming dislike of being held at will to a single point, and the ease with which irrelevant ideas intrude upon it, making fixed attention difficult, arduous and often wearisome. The mind, unused to this unremitting supervision, may experience a shock or strain when its activities are thus subordinated to the authority of the higher egoic consciousness and directed to definite ends.

Control of the mind, moreover, means not only the power to make it one-pointed, and to exclude irrelevant thought, but also the power to still it at will, to keep it at rest when not required, to stop the process of thought itself. The difficulty, as also the necessity, of this is easily demonstrated by the fact that many people spend sleepless nights because of worrying, or anxious or excited thoughts that escape control and throng the mind. Until, therefore, the activities of the Thinking Principle are mastered, it cannot be regarded as a free instrument for our use; on the contrary it will appear frequently to hold us in chains by its restlessness and versatility. This experience, however, is common to every aspirant who seeks freedom from the trammels of the undisciplined personality with its desires and longings. Thus, Arjuna more than 2,000 years ago complained to his Teacher, Shri Krishna, that the mind "is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend. I deem it as hard to curb as the wind." The Great Yogi replied to his disciple, "without doubt the mind is hard to curb and restless; but it may be curbed by constant practice and dispassion."

It is this incessant activity of the mind that Patanjali calls its "transformations," and these it is which have to be suppressed, in other words controlled, so that they can no longer disturb its poise. These transformations may be likened to whirlpools and ripples passing over the surface of the mind, affecting its tranquillity as waves agitate and disturb the stillness of a lake.

It is important to understand clearly that it is not only the control of the transformations, but also the elimination of involuntary ones, that is aimed at in the practice of yoga. Clearly,

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our every thought and emotion causes a vibration or transformation in the mental and astral bodies, but it is we who should decide its nature. The response that we make to circumstances should be self-initiated, not involuntary; *e.g.*, if someone is angry with us, causing vibrations of a certain order to impinge upon our subtler bodies, we must determine what our reaction will be to this experience. If our mind is uncontrolled the tendency will be for us to become angry too, as every vibration in matter is correlated with a corresponding change in consciousness. Hence the same mood could be evoked in us, in which case irritable waves (transformations), would sweep over and radiate from our subtler vehicles and we should find ourselves the slaves of an undesirable emotion; but if, instead of yielding to the impact received, we were to examine it with detachment, we should be in a position to determine what response we should make. Then anger would leave us undisturbed, and would be met with suitable counteracting vibrations of friendliness, calm or peace, as the situation required; this would serve the double purpose of restoring harmony to the atmosphere, and of helping the angry one to recover his poise.

It will be seen, therefore, that control does not mean that we are to become less sensitive to the thoughts and emotions of others. On the contrary, it will be noted that extreme sensitiveness results from this training, and though this may add to our nerve-strain at first, and even give rise to irritability and apparent lack of control at times, it is of the utmost value in enabling us to sense rapidly the moods and needs of others, so that we can respond quickly to them in suitable and helpful ways.

The continual watchfulness of our reactions to the experiences of everyday life and the emotions and thoughts of others is inclined to be very irksome and tiring at first, and sometimes may give rise to feelings of weariness, exhaustion or deadness. Care must therefore be exercised in the practice so as to avoid undue strain and to permit free play always to the expression of the higher emotions. It is a good plan to note what calls forth an easy and natural expression of the fine emotions, so that when need be we can stimulate the flow of life. Sometimes the society of a little child will restore to us the rhythm of life—the unconscious frankness, sincerity and joyousness of the child having a wonderful capacity of releasing the springs of our purer and sweeter emotions and thereby helping us to retrieve the joyous thrill of living. The young of all animals or birds, too, seem

to share the mysterious power of appealing to the heart of mankind. Others again may feel that nature or music will bring back to them their lost sense of wholeness or harmony. In some such ways, then, we can try to counteract the hardness or dryness which may threaten occasionally to cramp us.

It is essential, however, that we should remind ourselves constantly of our own power to determine or to alter our moods, by deliberately initiating emotions from within. With practice, and in time, we should be able to radiate love, strength, joy, peace or serenity automatically, as our condition requires and as necessity arises.

The realisation that every vibration in matter has the power to bring about a change in consciousness, *i.e.*, give rise to a thought or feeling, and that every change in consciousness that we initiate from within causes a vibration in the matter of our subtle and physical bodies, is of practical significance to us all, and helps us to understand how to deal with the painful experiences of life. A certain sorrow may befall us, perhaps the loss of someone whom we love very dearly; this throws the emotional and mental bodies into waves of agitation, which hold the consciousness captive so that it cannot escape from the sorrow. The powerful transformations of the Thinking Principle hold it in its grip. With the average person sorrow has to run its course until the transformations subside and the consciousness is freed. This will perforce happen with the passage of time, which, as is rightly said, is a great healer. New interests, too, will inevitably come into the life, causing fresh transformations of the mind, which will take the place of those that occasioned the sorrow. Yet is there really need for us to wait for the passage of time to heal the wound. Need we be the slaves of time? Can we not do consciously and deliberately what time does for us slowly and certainly? The understanding of the relation of matter and consciousness shows us that we can be the master of experience. We can stand aloof alike from sorrow as from anger in the sense that we need not yield to it. This means that we shall endeavour not to allow our consciousness to attach itself to the vibrations in the matter of our subtler bodies. On the contrary we shall try to maintain a detached attitude and adjust ourselves to the new experience, weighing, observing, and testing it, trying to judge it impersonally, and finally determining our reaction to it. In this way we shall learn from the sorrow since it has come to us for a purpose, but we shall not be

overwhelmed by it. It will affect us, and may make life feel a blank for a time, but we shall not now give way to despair. We shall maintain a poise that is unfeigned, and a self-control which is constructive and enables us to plan our lives afresh, to look to the future and not dwell in the past. Thus we shall free ourselves from dependency on time, or, in other words, we shall bring the future into the present, by anticipating what time would ordinarily accomplish for us. Not only this, but the ability to distinguish between our consciousness and the event that has happened to us helps us to realise something of the immortality of the Self, which dwells in the eternal and remains unshaken by the storms and troubles of life; and we may perhaps experience something of the calm peace which comes to those who have sounded the depths, and yet have remained undaunted.

The mind of the average individual displays but little control as yet. It is in a constant state of agitation and activity, dominated by impulse and ruled by desire, the slave often to preconceived and ill-digested ideas which may not even be his own, but which he has just borrowed from others. Viewed clairvoyantly the mental and emotional bodies of such a one would be ever changing their colours with great rapidity. The first step, therefore, to the control of the mind is to note its content, and watch its behaviour and its reactions. We should know exactly what we are thinking about, and why, and the source of our thoughts. This analysis of ourselves at once has a steadying effect. It is the first step in self-discipline, and deliberate choice of thought will naturally begin to follow. The mind will then no longer be allowed to run suddenly from one thing to another, nor to fritter away its energies over a large number of insignificant thoughts.

The involuntary transformations of the mind are stimulated from several sources:—

1. *Association of Ideas.* This is a major cause of the inconsequential thoughts that race through the mind and become particularly noticeable when concentration is being deliberately practised. The mind may be conceived as a system of memory-traces, the result of past thinkings, feelings, actions and sense-perceptions, which may be stimulated from without by the external world or from within by the inner activity of the consciousness. Every perception arouses associated traces which then become for the time being the focus of attention. A sight

or a sound, for instance, may awaken a host of thoughts, perhaps give rise to day-dreams, or lead us down the avenues of remembrance, reviving longings, unsatisfied desires, unsolved problems or frustrated hopes. The whole content of the mind is linked together by association, a fact that is taken advantage of in systems of memory-training, and it is a useful exercise just to note how, when the mental body is not being definitely used by the Ego, it keeps churning up these past traces animated by a casual sense perception. Even if success is attained in closing the avenues of the senses, there is still the association of ideas, due to the inner activity of the mind, to be reckoned with; this causes frequent wandering of attention and the intrusion of irrelevant thoughts. Some idea, for example, that we are turning over in our mind may recall some totally different experience, and successfully sidetrack our attention for the moment, until the mind is again brought back to the point at issue.

2. *The Thoughts of Others.* The fact of thought-transference is now generally accepted. All thought creates currents, *i.e.*, vibratory waves, in the mental world, which, impinging on the mental bodies of others, tends to reproduce similar thoughts in their minds. We are continually affecting and being affected by others in this way. Public opinion is largely generated in this silent manner, for numbers of people thinking along certain lines create a powerful group thought-form difficult to resist, so that those who have not learnt to think for themselves will repeat ideas quite innocently as if they were their own, yet without having given them the necessary careful consideration.

In this way also national thought-forms are created, and they profoundly colour the outlook of a people. At times they become the cause of serious misunderstanding between nations, by hindering the clear understanding of differing points of view so essential for co-operation.

Amid the swirl of currents in the mental world, too, will be found the creative ideas of great and progressive thinkers. These have often to meet opposing thought-forms, and hence the need for persistence, endurance and courage on the part of such idealists; gradually, however, the new thought-form will be strengthened by the cohesion of similar thoughts as they win response from other minds. Such thought-forms exercise an invaluable influence, for they stimulate and assist the development of the race.

We live, therefore, in the midst of the streams of thoughts of others, but, while there is need to guard against careless

thought and the intrusion of irrelevant and casual ideas, yet the mind must not be closed to the finer thoughts and emotional currents of the mental and astral worlds. It should not shut itself off from contact with elevating influences. How then are we to avoid that which is harmful, and profit by that which is beneficial? How are we to protect ourselves from injurious thought transference? Fortunately, the normal vibration-rate of the mental body comes to our aid, and this is determined by us when we begin to discipline the mind, for the well-trained mind has its own rhythm. This endows the mental body with an automatic selective power, so that it disregards the chaotic mass of thoughts that impinge upon it, and responds only to those that are in harmony with its own tone. The ill-regulated and ill-disciplined mind, on the other hand, is a fruitful field for passing thought-waves. In this way, therefore, we can close the mind to lower influences and deliberately, by aspiration, open the door at will to those that are higher and beneficial.

3. *The Subconsciousness.* This includes the working of the fundamental instincts in human nature—our likes, dislikes, tendencies and habits of mind and emotion. The effect of the subconsciousness on the Thinking Principle will need to be dealt with in a further article.

With persistent practice, a finer automatism of the emotional and mental bodies is developed, so that they tend to reject undesirable emotions and ill-advised thoughts without the volition of the individual being involved. This is the higher involuntary response to experience—the reward of character-building, which finally enables poise to be maintained without effort in the midst of trying circumstances. It is the fruitage of steady and persistent endeavour. Seen clairvoyantly, the mental body that is fully under control presents a colourless appearance, for it is undisturbed, quiescent, until it is required for use by its owner, the Ego. It is a tool in his hands.

In practical Yoga, therefore, the control of the mind means the crossing of the Antahkarana, the imaginary bridge that separates the higher from the lower consciousness. It requires the ability to withdraw the consciousness from the lower mental to the Causal body. A useful analogy is that of learning to drive a motor-car. At first one's attention is wholly concentrated upon the mechanism. Later, we detach ourselves from it, controlling it automatically. We master it.

THE MYSTIC AS POET

By R. DIMSDALE STOCKER

Author of *Poetry and the Scientific Spirit*, etc., etc.

"MYSTICISM" happens to be a most unfortunate term, which has imperilled the reputation of many a great man. Generally speaking, it has been applied to any view or theory of life so long as it was supposed to be sufficiently vast, vague and visionary. That, however, has been so owing to a profound misconception of its meaning.

Let us then, in the first place, disabuse our mind of the fallacious assumptions with which it is popularly associated; and let us begin by observing that a "mystic" is one who has had a particular kind of experience. It is with the nature and significance of this that we shall be dealing.

The difficulty in approaching the subject is due mainly to this fact: To what extent is such experience *communicable*? This is a debatable question; for Mysticism is, above everything, an individual problem. All Mystics, however, no matter to what period or place they may belong, disclose similar, if not identical, features. Their appeal is universal. Blake, for instance, was nominally a Christian: yet his version of Christianity, which offended the orthodox of his age even more than the free-thinkers, was modernist and mystical. What Blake discerned was beyond the letter, which kills: he penetrated to the Spirit, the Essence, which alone is Life-giving. Hence his disclosures constituted a more authentic interpretation of the Truth than the theology of the eighteenth century.

And this brings us to the point, which is of immense mystical significance, that the Real is not merely the *apparent*—which may be compared to a mask or veil, concealing more than it reveals. Revelation is thus possible only for those who are qualified to accept it. It is a conscious experience, involving an act of inward recognition on the part of those who are prepared and privileged to receive it. This is well illustrated by the beautiful poem, "Truth," by A. E.:

"The hero first taught it,
To him 'twas a deed:
To those who re-taught it,
A chain on their speed."

Such is the fate of all attempts to define and justify to the intellect what was originally a matter of intuitive experience. It must, first and last, consist in a process of inner illumination. Though all faiths may be *true* therefore, the Truth must transcend the mode of apprehension which limits the vision of those who seek the Spirit externally. Yet our conceptions may be diverse. Diversity indeed is essential; but the Truth of diversity can be discerned alone through the sense of a fundamental and ultimate Unity. From that Unity all diversity emanates: therefrom proceed all the myriad manifestations of spiritual experience which engender growth and promote the manifold expressions of conscious development which facilitate the process of Re-union.

Mysticism, therefore, has but one foe—literalism. But this by no means implies that the mystics have scorned to avail themselves of the means which orthodoxy, mistaking them for ends, has erected into fetishes and idols. In mystical experience, the term, having a symbolic value, may be a very precious thing. Accordingly, when George Herbert, in the seventeenth century, is moved to write:

" Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee."

he appears, to the average person, to be doing no more than offering up a prayer to an invisible being, the belief in whom would seem to be a question of personal opinion and belief. But this "prayer" (as reference to the poem will show) is singularly different from the official supplications which are traditionally addressed to the Almighty. No sense of unworthiness or inferiority is suggested. Nor is there any consciousness of separation between himself and the Divinity apparent. And this is typical. For, in the Mystic Life, the attitude is such that one is perpetually in the presence of One with whom one is in the closest and most inseparable contact. Indeed, one may go further and say that, without the Nameless Companion, I myself, so ineffectual, mean and meaningless, am naught. Unless it be inspired by the Divine Breath—what is this life of "mine"? And is it *mine*?

The mystic therefore is one who, as a preliminary exercise, has ceased from all pride, arrogance, self-will, egoism and the illusion begotten of the not-self. This is beatifully exemplified in Emily Brontë's "Last Lines," the second stanza of which runs:

“ O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee.”

These words might be uttered by any man of almost any faith. But how many formal prayers assume such a form ? So many are still infantile : the outcome of fear, doubt, insecurity, perplexity and selfishness ! But when such self-less prayer is once offered, the very sense of self ceases. Thus does the One who inhabiteth Eternity take utter and entire possession of His own.

The world of the Mystic, however, is invisible to mortal eyes. Nor can anything, or the likeness of anything, do more than furnish a clue to it. Yet a grain of sand, it may be, or a tiny flower in the crannied wall, may recall to mind the Infinite in whom the whole universe lives, moves and has its being. Not facts, however, but Values ; not forces, but Volitions, are the true objects of mystical contemplation. But these, it turns out, belong to no *other* world, but to the One World of which the seer is but an aspect or symbol.

But every form, to the Consciousness attuned to the Eternal Mind, may become the interpreter of untellable wisdom.

“ Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity,”

cries Alice Meynell, to a daisy. No impalpable abstractions, but concrete images, instinct with the one Divine Life, of which her own life is but another manifestation, are the authentic witness to the Unseen.

Nature, in all her infinite variety and splendour, may become therefore the veritable garment of the Lord. Through her innumerable disguises a Wordsworth beholds a Presence which so thrills and elates his soul that he is lost in the ecstasy which takes possession of him. Such ecstasy, however, must not mislead us. It is rather a by-product of the mystical experience than mysticism itself. These fugitive glimpses into the great Heart of things, though they may be favoured by temperamental susceptibility and exaltation, come only by protracted discipline ; and when we go to Wordsworth we must remember that the poet's Vision is reinforced by the exercise of labour, patience and insight, the cultivation of which has cost him interminable endurance and endeavour. His poems are no casual deliverances, prompted by

unpremeditated rapture. In all, we find the expression of an effect which has been again and again rehearsed, and which, unless it had long and often been achieved and pondered, could never have produced the final result.

"O Lady! we receive but what we give,"

exclaims Coleridge, apostrophising Nature. Which is true. For unless we bring to the Supreme Object of Life our choicest and best gifts, it can profit us nothing. Accordingly, mystical experience may be regarded as the fruit of successive renunciations. The connection between this fact and our Unconscious is of extreme importance. Thus, biologically considered, man is endowed with impulses which qualify him to function as any other animal; these, however, in the process of adjustment to a social environment, undergo inevitable repression—in consequence of which his primal energies are relegated to a state of oblivion. In its social situation therefore the ego seems to be deprived of access to its original resources. Hence, vast potentialities of energy and sensibility remain latent and unutilised. But these still crave expression and fulfilment. And, though unable to follow the ancestral paths of discharge, they seek a fresh outlet. For a while, it may be, the increasing feeling of self, which is engendered by the exigencies of social life, may enhance the conception of the separateness of individuality; and this is liable to produce excessive preoccupation with subjective experience. Liberation, however, from this is what is needed; and this is possible only through Sublimation.

Now to Sublimate, a sense of a Greater-than-self is required; and this is supplied only when a new orientation is accomplished. This comes from a turning away from infantile and personal desires to Universal and Impersonal aims.

In *The Hound of Heaven*, Francis Thompson furnishes us with the most amazing autobiographical account of this experience. First, he shows us the creature-self, the natural man, who, in a condition of spiritual nescience, is vaguely conscious of a Greater, but whom, not knowing or understanding, he flees from in consternation, terror and dismay, projecting upon It all the attributes of a rival self that would decree the extinction of the creature. To this Blake has applied the name of "Noboddaddy." Then comes the flight, the intensification of awe and dread, during which he hides from the celestial Pursuer; and, resorting to every species of sophistry and subterfuge, does his utmost to

evade capture. Then the final phase is entered upon : when at length, overtaken by the Great Companion, all illusion of separateness is dispelled ; and when he sees, instead of the limitations and obstacles that have beset him, the Boundless Love which not only wrought all things for his good, but is Himself the very soul of his own soul.

It is in Love that all Mysticism must rest. And that is why the Poets are ever the greatest Mystics. For are not they of all men the most tremendous lovers ? It is in such Love, and that alone, that we find the Vision of Life.

VENUS

By LEO FRENCH

I worship the Presence Whose Suffusion is Venus.
Spirit of Human Love, whose Shrine is Beauty's Bower,
To Thee I raise my heart's adoration.
My burden is that I have so light a load to bear for Love's sake.
I would be crushed for Thee.

Every flower in my heart's hidden garden I dedicate to Thee,
Some for Thy treading, to prepare Thy way before Thee ; others
for Thy Crown and Garlands ; the fairest and sweetest for the distilling
of those fragrant perfumes in which Thou, Soul of Sweetness, dost
delight.

O Human Love, Thou Who art all that Earth's little ones can
know of Love Divine, make of me a living Chalice, an Urn of Thy
Treasure. Leave my heart and cup empty, if so it please Thee.
Then will I raise both to Thee, knowing my bareness shall feed Love's
fullness. . . .

SPIRITUAL CONCEPTS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By SYLVAN J. MULDOON

MISSIONARY efforts among the North American Indian date from the earliest acquaintance of that race with the white man. The first records of attempts to bring Christianity to the savages are those of 1542, when priests, who accompanied Coronado on his expedition in search of the Seven Cities of Cibolda, made explorations among the tribes of Mexico and as far north as the present State of Nebraska.

The religious concepts of the aborigines, of course, date back many centuries before the coming of the white man; and, while the different clans held different beliefs on certain matters concerning the soul, on other points practically all tribes agreed, and the analogy of many of these original Indian conceptions with the teachings of the present day is obvious.

All Indians were devout believers in a magic power which existed everywhere, and was similar to what we now refer to as divine intelligence or God. This magic power was called Manitou by the Algonquian tribes; Wakanda, by the Siouan tribes; Orenda, by the Iriquois; Sulia, by the Salish; Naualak, by the Kwakilutl; Tamamoas, by the Chinook; Mahupa, by the Hidatsa, etc. In fact, there were countless names applied to "divine intelligence," but Manitou and Orenda were by far the most common.

The Manitou, while permeating all things, was thought by the Indian to be especially centred in the sun and stars, and for that reason the stellar bodies exerted a great influence over the race, whose destiny was determined by the heavenly bodies. Other creations in which there was an abundance of Manitou were trees, animals, fire, and reptiles.

The savages were mostly concerned with spirits, Manitou, and magic, and held that certain ceremonies, prayers, and incantations greatly interested the unseen powers which existed all about them. Most tribes had only one God, but the Iriquois, for example, had several subordinate Gods and a superior God called Ra-wen-ni-ioh, who is depicted as being much like the God of the Old Testament.

Ra-wen-ni-ioh rewarded his faithful followers in another world, and punished the unfaithful, and was so subject to fitful moods that no one, not even the wise men of the tribe, knew just what he might do. He would strike in revenge at the least provocation, and, like the God of the Jews, whose wrath was appeased by the smell of burning lambs, Ra-wen-ni-ioh delighted in the sacrifice of dogs.

To most Indians nature was but an expression of the spirit. There was an invisible world all about them which was filled with spirits and powers, and some of these spirits could be sensed occasionally by uninspired members of the tribe, while particular members called "shamans" or "medicine men" were able to hold intimate and secret conversation with the unseen phantoms.

Not all the spirits were good, and many of them were very, very bad, and it was deemed necessary to secure the favour of the good entities in order to ward off the influences exerted by the evil ones. An evil phantom could sometimes exert such a power over a mortal that the latter would be evil also, and do strange things. How similar to what Spiritualists call obsession!

When this occurred, the victim or his relatives tried to buy off the evil one, but it was always a great problem as to just what reward the obsessor required before he would cease his evil designs. If an "inspired dream" did not reveal the wishes of the evil phantom, the shaman would be urged to coerce him by rite, invocation, or sacrifice—according to the instructions from the good spirits with whom the shaman could converse.

Some other Indian beliefs which can also be identified in Spiritualistic teachings are that while the spirits of the unseen world could see mortals, the only mortals who could see spirits were the shamans; that the spirits employed themselves as guides and messengers; that the spirits could travel speedily and to great distances—even to the stars. It was only when the spirit was in a physical body that it was unable to travel thus.

Indians were strong believers in the doctrine of transformation, i.e., that spirits had the power to transform themselves and others into varied forms, and the physically alive red man contended that once he could gain the favour of a familiar spirit he would be endowed with the ability to transform at will. Probably no myth was more prevalent with the North American Indians than the doctrine of transformation, and while no savage was ever found who admitted being able to transform himself, every

believer was certain that there were members of his race, who, through harmony with Manitou, *could* accomplish the miracle.

For protection against disease the savage sought superhuman powers. He recognised only two causes of disease—either the presence of a material object in the body, or the absence of the soul from the body. To cure sickness was the business of the shaman, who worked both with herbs and occult powers, and was assisted by guardian spirits.

If no material object was discovered in the body of the patient, the shaman and his guardian spirits were compelled to make a search for the escaped soul of the sufferer. These two methods of procedure by the shamans in the cure of disease were practically universal among the Indians.

When the shaman began to treat his patient he would at once proceed to work himself into a state of ecstasy by the use of drums, rattles, and dances, and finally his spirit was said to withdraw from his body and join the guardians in the search for the patient's soul. It is interesting, in this connection, to note that the dervishes claim to accomplish projection of the phantom double by ecstatic whirling.

Religion and magic were inseparable in the mind of the Indian. There was something mysterious about the weird beating of the tom-tom, in false-faces and masks, in powdered bones, and if by chance an autumn leaf fluttered down at his feet as he passed through the forest, it was considered a timely warning from the invisible powers.

In many of their dances, especially the scalp-dance—a most horrifying orgy—the red men would work themselves into temporary insanity, and with maniacal shrieks would perform some of the most apparently agonizing bodily contortions. Just what religious significance was attributed to this dance is a question which only the present-day Holy Rollers can answer. In the nineteenth century a religious mania known as the "ghost dance" spread through almost every tribe on the American continent.

With some tribes, Orenda (God) dwelt in certain springs whose waters healed the sick; Orenda was in certain foods at the annual ceremonies. Orenda was the *good* power, whose opposite was Otkon, the evil power. Witches were thought to be saturated with Otkon, and evil spirits could spread Otkon over the land. The only defence against Otkon was the possession of much Orenda, and the object of many of the Indian's strange ceremonies was to expel Otkon and receive Orenda.

The prime means of retaining Orenda was by strict observance of special prescriptions. An important group of these may be combined under the term "taboo." Food taboos were especially common. The Indians had veritable Lenten seasons, even in ancient times. Every tribe in America, regardless of how squalid or scant their means of subsistence, had tabooed foods.

One clan of the Omaha were forbidden to eat the shoulder of the buffalo, another dared not eat elk—just as the Jew of to-day cannot eat pork and the Catholic must observe Lent. The Eskimo must not eat caribou and walrus in the same season. The Navajo must not touch the flesh of the bear, and the Zuni nothing that lives in water.

To disregard these taboos would bring the evil power of Otkon upon the culprit, and he would lose his Orenda. There were also taboos on certain games, stories, work and play, and it was not enough for the disobedient savage to be punished in the next world, he must be punished also in this world by members of his tribe.

Punishment for the disregard of taboos might even consist in death. Among the Athapascans, the Iriquois, and the Eskimos, *confession* was considered a means of expelling Otkon. Other tribes believed that Orenda was inherited to a great extent by many individuals, and the Arapahoe and Blackfeet believed that Orenda could be purchased—just as some churchgoers believe to-day. Charms (also called fetishes) were thought to keep away Otkon.

The Indian's idea of sin and virtue would not in many respects coincide with our own. Murder was not always a crime, and the savage even cultivated a "scalp-lock" to be taken as a trophy of victory by anyone who succeeded in murdering him! The scalp-lock was like a flag waving o'er a fort, saying, "take me if you can."

The young Indian boys were taught early in life to take scalps, and it was considered a mark of disgrace for a brave to reach manhood without them. Further, Indian maidens looked with disdain upon such a young man.

The scalp mania which characterised practically all North American savages, had its origin in a religious concept. They believed that any warrior who entered the world of spirits without scalps in his possession would be looked upon as a coward and be forced to perform never-ending tasks, while an evil spirit

continually flogged him. Scalps were buried with their possessor, and acted as a passport to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The desire to communicate with unseen powers was the inspiration of some of the finest examples of aboriginal literature in the form of prayers and ceremonial affirmations. Many of those prayers are unmatched in richness of expression and sincerity. This was especially true of the prayers of the Iriquois, Navajo, and Pawnee tribes, and it is a remarkable fact that these were actually three of the most cruel and cunning races. The following is an example of an Iriquois prayer :

“ We are grateful for thy favours ; we are grateful for all that has been given us. Continue to bestow these favours and withdraw them not ; thy children live by thy bounty and without it we cannot live. Continue to listen and inhale this sweet incense as we speak to thee ; forget us not, for we are here by thy power begotten, and without thy favour we shall despair ! ”

The sacrifice of human beings was, as a rule, uncommon among American savages. The Aztecs, while highly organised, deemed it necessary to resort to wholesale sacrifice of human beings, while the cowardly Pawnees sacrificed captives to the God of War and the Sun in what they called their “ Rite of Torture.”

In the view of the Indian, all things in nature possessed immortal spirits. Says Lindquist : “ When some animal, such as the bear, had been killed, the Indian knelt down beside it and built a little ceremonial fire upon which he cast his tobacco incense. He would then address the spirit of the bear, seeking to curb his anger at having been slain.”

“ Oh, brother bear, do not be angry,” the Indian would say. “ I needed your skin and your flesh, for I must have clothing and meat to eat. The Great Spirit has made both of us, but he has made man more cunning. I have not slain you for malice or for mere sport, so be not angry. I should not have been angry had you slain me. Come, accept my sacrifice. See, I cast aside the arrow that killed you—watch it burn. See, I give you these beads and this knife, accept them as my gift to you and do me no harm.”

The Happy Hunting Ground, the heaven of the Indian, is described as being not unlike the physical world. Many legends are to be found in Indian history of persons who in some mysterious way projected their spirits into the Happy Hunting Ground and returned to tell the rest of the tribe of their experiences.

Not many tribes concerned themselves with ethics in religion, but, of course, there were exceptions, and some eventually began to stress moral conduct and advocate the belief that the best assurance of a happy life after death was to lead a virtuous earthly existence. Again, the Indians had their own ideas as to just what constituted a perfect moral code. The teachings of Tenskwatawa, Handsome Lake, and Little Turtle, were much like those of present-day orthodoxy, i.e., that evil souls would be tortured in a veritable hell, while good souls would find eternal bliss.

When the first missionaries came to Manhattan Island in the days of Dutch supremacy to teach the Commandments to the Hudson River tribes, the latter scorned them, saying, "Thou fools, dost thou think our mothers did not teach us these things while we were young? Begone!"

That the spirit retains the desires of the body for a time after death, and the belief in spirit guides, is indicated by an interview with Walking Cloud (Mauchowemahnig) a Winnebago of the Wisconsin tribe, who said, concerning the spirit's transition:

"The body rests in the earth four days. During that time we take food and place it on the grave, that the body (spirit) may not starve. After four days, the body rises and starts out alone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

"A spirit comes to guide the body on its way unseen. They come to a swift-running stream. They must cross it on a slender pole. If the body is that of a bad Indian, it sinks in the river and never lives more. If it is a good Indian, it walks steadily and crosses the pole.

"A woman stands on the farther bank and receives the newcomer. The woman asks the stranger his name. When she receives it, she says: 'You are good; you shall always live in the Happy Hunting Ground.' This woman is neither old nor young, nor will she ever be old; for the Great Spirit placed her there at the beginning of the world and she has always looked the same."

Some Indians placed the bodies of their dead in trees—like a dead bird in a nest—so the spirit would not meet with difficulty in rising; for it would already be in the air! Others placed the cadavers in crude coffins on the ground, and in one end of the coffin a small hole was cut to permit the spirit to escape.

In the days of old, food, water, and tobacco were placed near the hole in the coffin so that the spirit of the dead Indian could

satisfy his earthly desires during the *three days* in which he hovered over his body. After the third day no more food, water, or tobacco were needed, and the phantom would depart.

Each tribe was composed of several bands, each band being designated by its totem—the symbol of a bird, beast, or reptile. Totems had a religious significance, and were appended to signatures, treaties, etc., as a sort of divine vow. Totems were also placed on grave-posts, as Longfellow tells us :

And they painted on their grave-posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral totem,
Each the symbol of his household,
Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle and the beaver.

Spirits would punish severely any Indian who slew the sacred animal, bird, or reptile which symbolised his household. The Indians named their children in accordance with the totem.

Every tribe had its seers, and probably Tenskwatawa, brother of the world-famous Tecumseh, was the best-known Indian prophet in history, and certainly his occult powers, when employed against the United States in the War of 1812, were a cause of much consternation on the part of the white men.

Another instance of Indian prophecy demonstrates how a seer may interpret what he sees:—When the first steamboat to go up the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Minnesota River (a stern-wheel craft called the *Virginia*) made its appearance, the shores were lined with Sioux Indians. For many years prior to that time, the prophets had predicted that on that day a “monster water-god, coughing water, and puffing smoke from its nostrils” would wade up the Father of Waters. They had come for miles to see their prophecy fulfilled!

Another famous Indian seer was Smohalla, of the Pacific Coast,—and among the Eskimos, particularly of Greenland, seers were common.

THE GOSPEL OF EFFICIENCY

By E. WILMOT LAMBERT, F.R.G.S.

MY purpose in writing the present article is that my former contribution, "The Musings of a Mystic," was of insufficient length to enable me to complete my task and round off my subject.

After most careful consideration, therefore, I have felt it incumbent upon me to supplement my former treatise and point out that a good deal of literature, appearing to-day both here and especially in America, is beginning to stray from the strict lines of those whose aim it is to follow the Mystic Path.

To make my meaning clear I would wish to stress the point that a good deal of the desires and aspirations that well up from the lower self is being incorporated in its teachings. It cannot, furthermore be too clearly enforced that spiritual regeneration is above all things the aim and purpose of true mysticism, not primarily to gain health, wealth or happiness. Though it is true these things often do come along in its wake, as the result of right living, they should never for a moment be sought for as an end, but should be regarded, rather, as a consequence.

The injunction of the Master, "Be ye perfect," I interpret as referring not merely to spiritual perfection, but to an ideal comprising also mental and physical perfection.

St. Paul speaks of man as body, soul and spirit, or, if I may be allowed to transpose the words: spirit, mind, and matter—a realisation in consciousness that man's real nature is essentially spiritual, involving thereby the discipline and training of the mind to a higher level of consciousness, and subjecting the body to obey the higher will in curbing its desires and appetites. To give an example, the development of the faculty of attention, leading as it does to enlarged powers of concentration, can be found to be most useful and helpful in all departments of life.

In the realm of the religious life this gradually leads to meditation, contemplation, adoration, and even, in certain cases, eventually to ecstasy. This last phase should never be sought for, though it often follows as a result.

It is evident, therefore, that the development of these hidden forces and higher powers must tend to make man happier, as well as more capable and efficient in his daily work.

Hence results follow.

As regards the body, can anyone truthfully aver that sickness is a desirable thing in itself? Otherwise why, when sick, do we all run to doctors or spiritual healers to be cured? Still, sickness has evidently its purpose in the scheme of things.

Consider the case of one who has never known what sickness is.

How can he possibly sympathise with those who suffer, when he has never gone through similar experiences himself?

An ache or a pain is often a salutary admonition, and timely treatment may, in many cases, be the means of warding off a serious illness. Then again, sickness is often the result of one's own folly and imprudence, and teaches us caution in the future.

Sickness, however, too often cripples the body and enfeebles the mind, thus reducing man's opportunities for usefulness.

Jesus, the Master Physician, never regarded disease as forming part of his Father's Kingdom of perfection; and whenever He came across it—where conditions were favourable—He healed it.

Sana mens in sano corpore was the old classic proverb, and the ideal of the ancient world.

To sum up the whole position, I should say that the Spirit which is in man is for ever striving at perfection on all the planes of life—the spiritual, the mental, and the physical—is, moreover, ever at our disposal, and that man, therefore, living a life of right thought, right word, and right deed, can do much to reach this much-longed-for ideal.

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.*]

A WEIRD EXPERIENCE

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—Some time ago, February 28th of last year, to be correct, I submitted a short article dealing with an unusual occurrence that perhaps touched upon the Occult ; in this article I made vague reference to an experience which came to me on the day my sister departed this Life.

What follows, can, in the main, be verified by the officials at the Middlesex Hospital, where my sister was a patient suffering from an incurable disease of which she was kept in ignorance—Cancer. I am not given to “imagining things,” neither do I possess any “mediumistic qualities,” so far as I know ; perhaps I am too “matter of fact.”

I must begin by stating that I am at sea as an engineer, and it was while the ship on which I was serving was in Malaga, Spain, that I knew all was not well with my sister, of whom, naturally, I was very fond, as she was of me. During the day I was, for some reason then unknown, decidedly uneasy. I was what might be called “nervy,” and my work was carried out during the day in a manner very far from perfect—quite different to what is expected of an Engineer. At length came the time for all hands to cease work, and for this I was indeed thankful, as I wished to be alone ; but even then I was not myself, so I went ashore to try and pull myself together, and even went so far as to patronise the Cinema. One hour of this was quite sufficient, and out I came and went for a long walk. Still the uneasiness was with me, even when I was back on board the ship. Though my sister was seriously ill, as stated above, she never failed to write frequently. The last letter I had was at Valencia, four days previously, wherein she said she would write again if she could, but she felt very ill.

I did not have the promised letter, and some may suggest that this omission was the cause of what followed later ; it may be, or it may *not* be so ; but of this I have my own opinion.

I was feeling tired after my long walk, and as I could not settle myself to do anything, I “turned in” about 9 p.m., and before doing so set my alarm clock as usual for 7 a.m. Afterwards I must have gone to sleep.

Suddenly, however, I was awakened by the most unusual sound,

which is most difficult to describe adequately. I switched on a small electric light above my head, and what I saw astounded me. There was my alarm clock playing antics that it never did before or since—both hands were revolving round the face at a great speed, finally stopping at 11.45.

I concluded that the main spring had broken, and tested the clock to see if it was so. To my astonishment I was able to wind it full. Having decided that the timepiece was in its normal condition, I replaced it upon the hook, and again must have dozed or slept, perhaps for an hour or more, when I was *again* disturbed to witness similar antics on the part of the clock.

The time at which it stopped was 11.45.

Something made me look at my watch ; that, *too*, had stopped at 11.45. I was amazed, and could in no way account for these more than remarkable coincidences—if they *were* coincidences.

I did not wind the clock again, neither did I touch the watch.

I lit a cigarette and lay down once more, and feeling sleepy soon afterwards I extinguished light and cigarette ; but in the darkness I could not induce slumber, and therefore lay awake, thinking.

Facing me was the looking-glass over the washstand. Happening to glance in the former I saw something which made me shiver with fright. I tried to call out, but could not utter a sound.

The mirror was suffused with a phosphorescent glow and from this unearthly light *appeared the head and shoulders of my sister, with a sweet smile on her face, as of newly found happiness and freedom from pain.*

Her lips were moving, but I could not hear any words.

I was spellbound—and frightened, I admit. I could not move or call out, and had to lie there until this visitation should cease, which it did after, I should judge, about three minutes.

I was *not* dreaming, I was awake, as much as I should be in broad daylight ; and yet I saw her smile at me, from “ somewhere.”

The ship left Spain two days later for Glasgow, and on arrival there was a letter from my wife telling me that my dear and only sister had passed peacefully away at 11.45 p.m. on August 29th, 1924. Her last words were that she sent her love to me.

Another letter was from my now dead sister written on *the morning* of her death and bearing the London W. post-mark of 11 a.m., and sent to Lisbon, and returned from there to Glasgow.

This letter is my most cherished possession.

Since this remarkable occurrence I have had “ feelings ” that my sister has been near me, but *not* a repetition of the visitation as before, and candidly I must admit that for this omission I am indeed thankful,

as the experience completely unnerved me for several days afterwards, when I was almost afraid to be in the room in the dark.

I wonder if any of your many readers could give any explanation of this phenomenon?

Very truly yours,

LOUIS SCHAAL.

ASTRAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE SUPERCONSCIOUS

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—With reference to the recent article on the "Crypto-Conscious," by S. J. Muldoon, in which he says, "When Goethe was twenty-one he suddenly saw himself in a grey suit embroidered with gold . . . such as he had never worn, riding on horseback towards himself."

It is a fact that the lower astral self can and does clear off entirely on its own account while an individual is wide awake and engaged on some material occupation, such as reading, etc. One has seen it done. Will power does not seem to have anything to do with it. The lower astral self is fluidic, and takes on different forms for no known reason—forms of people and creatures of no interest to the individual. It is a happening of which one would never take the slightest notice, except in regard to a study question, as now. One thing is certain: the lower astral self *never gets anything direct from the superconscious.*

I do not know anything about the methods of spiritualists, but from what one has read it is to be feared that they may not like my saying that the lower astral self is very cunning, deceptive and *not* of goodwill generally. Speaking from personal experience—not being widely read and having little time or cash—the complete freeing of the lower astral self when an individual is wide awake and very interested in something quite different, only happens when a high grade has been passed, and is a sort of prelude to "winning the final," when the lower astral self is done away with altogether; but it does not seem as if that would apply to the phenomena mentioned in Mr. Muldoon's article. Anyway, my own point of view is that the tendencies of the lower astral self are Satanic.

"HANDMAID."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

LE VOILE D'ISIS has been asked to reprint an article on Popular Places of Pilgrimage—such as Rome, Compostella, Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes—which appeared over the signature of the late Guillot de Givry some ten years ago. It affirmed that if a straight line be drawn on a terrestrial globe from Lourdes to Rome it can be prolonged as far as Jerusalem; that if another be drawn from Paray-le-Monial to Rome it can be prolonged to Mecca; that a third from Compostella to Rome can be taken on to Benares; and finally that a straight line from Compostella to Lourdes and from Lourdes to Rome can be continued also to Lhassa. The suggestion is that the geographical situation of all these pilgrim-shrines is not fortuitous, and some curious speculations are developed from this standpoint. Probably the author intended to proceed further, as no definite issue is reached, and for this reason the reprint is mentioned only because of some prefatory words contributed by M. Clavelle, who discerns a secret significance in some of the old pilgrimages and alleges that persons described as “initiates” took part in them for purposes of their own which could not be pursued in public. He cites certain intimations of René Guenon in this connection. Here is a subject which, it must be confessed, is of extraordinary attraction, remembering the things that were at work beneath the surface in the Middle Ages and even at later periods. The question is whether it can be removed from the region of plausible hypothesis, which is a land of dream, to that more solid ground on which reasonable inference can be drawn from fact. M. Clavelle hazards an opinion that some of the supposed initiates had a political object in view; in any case Paray-le-Monial must be ruled outside the debate, for it belongs to the eighteenth century, and although it is not altogether impossible that a few Masonic Lodges may have lent a hand in the business of the French Revolution—it would be absurd to suggest that *adepti* of this kind saw anything to their purpose in the visitation of Christian Shrines. The VOILE is of moment in other respects, and we offer our felicitations to Dr. Vergnes for his perhaps too brief paper on Jean de Roquetaillade, Minorite, Alchemist and Prophet, though it is to be wished that he had furnished some dates and not left us to infer the period from a bare reference to the Pontificate of Clement VI, and though we question very much whether the Latin Geber ascended the Throne of Peter as Sylvester II. Amazing propositions of this kind can be made in France, apparently without incurring disdain; apart from evidence they would be impossible in England for a serious contributor to any serious review. As an alchemist Roquetaillade is remembered for his LIBER LUMINIS, which was included in some of the great Hermetic Collections and was therefore not without honour in their day. But the story is that, “like all initiates who truly deserve the name,” he despised riches, and Dr.

Vergnes adds that he regarded the Great Work rather as a transcendental and mystical question than as a means of augmenting influence and satisfying ambition. In case this is an accurate statement, with evidence forthcoming thereon over and above mere inference from a mode of life, it will mean probably that the alchemical text demands special consultation. Should it speak or even hint of the alchemical *Magnum Opus* as transcendental and hence not performed on metals, it will follow that an early tract on Spiritual Alchemy has been overlooked by those who hold that this aspect of the Hermetic Subject began with Jacob Böhme and Heinrich Khunrath. Dr. Vergnes goes on to tell us that *une fois le Grand-Œuvre réalisé*, Roquetaillade left his monastery, went about begging his bread, preaching to the common people and seeking salvation of souls. He denounced the luxuries and vices of the rich, including Princes of the Church, and earned not unnaturally his recompense in two imprisonments, the last of which endured for six years. After his liberation he was sent to the monastery of Villefranche, where he died on the day and hour which he had foretold, in virtue of his prophetic gift. The date is not given.

We are not deriving at the moment that kind of help which could be desired from L'ÈRE SPIRITUELLE in its study of Cagliostro. Affirmation succeeds affirmation apart from all evidence and any reference to authority, real or supposed. It is said that he reached London in 1876, carrying a fortune in money and jewels, and—what is yet more to the purpose—that he was equipped inwardly by a knowledge of all esoteric *arcana*. The external advantages went to the rogues and professional beggars, not to speak of a certain lawsuit, which proved ruinous. It has been reported at length by Mr. Trowbridge and does not need repeating. As regards alleged proficiency in secret sciences or arts, it was illustrated by finding lucky numbers in lotteries, and not otherwise. We learn further that when Cagliostro returned to the Continent he wandered about Europe, visiting Masonic Lodges and trying to infuse a new spirit therein, one result being that he received the homage due to an adept, not only in those quarters of official initiation but in Swedenborgian and Rosicrucian Societies. The records are unfortunately wanting to verify this triumphal progress, or alternatively we await their production and doubt very much whether the Minutes of a single Lodge can be produced, much less those of the Rosy Cross. The latter underwent a Reformation in Germany, *anno* 1777, and did not preserve memorials of its sessions. There were enemies in the camp, moreover, who were challenging its claims and unveiling some of its Rituals. Our contemporary is being misled by romantic inventions of the past, and we make these strictures in the hope that it will contrive to do better before the narrative ends. . . . It is otherwise with THE THEOSOPHIST of Hollywood, which has a signal story to tell concerning the Comte de Saint Germain, by way of rehearsing in summary form the lucubrations of Leadbeater and others, who for something like twenty years have been reading Akasic

Records and reconstructing the immemorial past of Cagliostro's more brilliant precursor, through the centuries and ages. He is classified as a wonder-worker, though no evidential wonders stand to his credit in the known history of the time, and as one who was an expert in all hidden sciences, though even his own claims touch only the fringe of that field. Much stress is laid on his political activities and influence, especially that which he exercised at the English Court. The Mitchell Papers are quoted in this connection, and those who care to consult them in the monograph of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley will see that they belie the statement. The memoir of Marie Antoinette under the name of Comtesse d'Adhémar is marshalled also as evidence of his repeated appearances long after his supposed death, but its fictitious character has made this lady's *Souvenirs* a by-word of scholarship. Finally it is stated that there is no record of Saint Germain's last illness or departure from this life. On the contrary, the fact and date of his death—February 27, 1784—are certified by the Church Register of Eckenförde, and on April 3 the Mayor invited his creditors to come forward, his effects having been sealed. This is how occult history is written for the benefit of easy believers in the new-old THEOSOPHIST of Hollywood. There is no need to add that he is represented as "a Rosicrucian of note," and also as "a Mason of renown." So far as evidence goes, he never mentioned the Rosy Cross, and still less made claims concerning it. That he was a Mason is beyond contradiction in view of the period, but that he joined in Masonic activities there is nothing whatever to shew. Some of our readers may have heard the pleasant story, according to which he was asked the direct question: Was he in fact a Mason? And he answered, saying he supposed that he had once been such; but it was long ago and he had forgotten.

LA REVUE SPIRITE has entered on its 73rd year of publication and has adopted a slightly different and improved form of printing for its more important articles. The last issue has a further obituary notice of Léon Denis, who may be called perhaps the successor-in-chief of Allan Kardec. His was evidently a fascinating personality, and it is regrettable that his work for Spiritualism—in the better sense of this term—has been practically unknown in England until very recent days. . . . The Italian ULTRA, published at Rome, is devoted to spiritual study and research, and is the organ of an Association which exists for these purposes. Signor Ernesto Bozzano has been lately elected President, and we wish the *Associazione Spiritualista Italiana* all profit from his wise guidance. He is well-known in the domain of Psychical Research, and our recollection is that he accepts the spiritistic hypothesis. ULTRA, however, gives prominence to the mystical side, the relation of so-called practical life to life in the light of the spirit, experience of the inward part and realisation attained therein. . . . We learn from LE CHARIOT that a *Club des Psychistes* has been founded at Paris, with the editor of that Review occupying the

secretarial chair. It is an offshoot of the Academy of Psychological and Conjectural Sciences, to which we have referred previously, and is designed to be international in character. The official organ continues to be mainly astrological, but gives space also to other occult arts which pass as practical—Cheiromancy, Graphology and so forth. As regards "Occult Science" in its broader sense, a leading article affirms that we are far as yet from the possibility of its free experimental study, the reason being that it is charged too heavily with the overgrowth of superstition and charlatanism. For the same reason, we are far also from that time when it will be admitted to the rank of science. . . . We have mentioned on a recent occasion a contribution to Atlantis research by M. Philéas Lebesque which appeared in the REVUE DE L'AMÉRIQUE LATINE under the title of the *Mystery of the West*. He has contributed also to the REVUE MÉDITERRANÉENNE a study on the Problem of Origins, in which the views of Diodorus Siculus on the Atlantis Legend of Plato are considered at some length. The suggestive paper makes reference also to the hypotheses brought forward by Mr. Lewis Spence. . . . The periodical mentioned takes us naturally to that which is entitled ATLANTIS and is issued by the *Amis d'Atlantis*, an incorporation with its headquarters at Paris. This official organ is now in its third year, and has published recently, under all reserves, a summary of reports concerning an island said to have emerged in the Antilles and to be covered with the remains of an ancient city. The French journals LA CROIX and DERNIÈRES NOUVELLES DE STRASBOURG are quoted, but the story in all probability has gone the round of the newspaper Press. It needs confirmation badly, more especially as American destroyers are said to have been sent on a voyage of discovery and the Carnegie Institute is supposed to have despatched a scientific expedition to pursue researches on the spot. Our contemporary has much speculation otherwise on the subject of Atlantean writing, and many specimens of ancient alphabets are produced in this connection—Pelasgian, Phœnician, Etruscan, Cadmæan, Sabæan, and so forth. We shall always remember ATLANTIS for its splendid bibliography of 1700 items on the subject of the Platonic Myth.

We are thankful to THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST for elucidating Mr. Krishnamurti's position respecting alleged Theosophical Masters, as proffered in a discourse delivered at Eerde and printed originally in the INTERNATIONAL STAR BULLETIN. The scornful question is: "Why are you bothering about the Masters?" Like everyone else, "man" and "every being"—presumably apart from man—they have to "attain." It is said that they may have done so, or again that they may have not; this, however, "is of very little importance." Whether they exist or not is also of no "vital" consequence. Moreover, to be one of their pupils should be avoided rather than sought. The essential is to be "free and strong," a condition which cannot be reached by one who is the "pupil" of another.

TOPICAL BREVITIES

THE NEW PLANET.—By an interesting coincidence, the announcement of the discovery of the new planet was made on the birthday of Professor Lowell, who mathematically proved that it existed. It is something of a pity that he should not have lived to see his theory verified by actual observation, which, incidentally, took place at the observatory of which he himself was the founder, at Arizona. Of still more remarkable significance to students of occult science is the fact that the publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW announced at the same time a book giving observations on this very planet by a new method of research. In *The New Astronomy and Cosmic Physiology*, by G. E. Sutcliffe, are given full details of the method of investigation, in which the consciousness of the sensitive is "tuned," so to speak, to the wave-length of the magnetic instead of the normal electro-magnetic rays, thereby rendering the observer independent of telescope or microscope. The group of investigators concerned maintain that their researches prove the existence of two extra-Neptunian planets, of which the astronomers appear to have discovered the more distant one first. It looks as though the scientists were on the verge of a further discovery, *i.e.*, of the existence of the nearer planet.

"A MAHATMIC OUTBREAK IN NEW YORK" is the heading of an account published in the *March O. E. Library Critic* (1207 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.), from which it appears that an attempt is being made to forward the interests of one of the candidates for the Presidency of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, Mrs. E. R. Broenniman, by circulating as letters from the Masters some effusions of a characteristically mediumistic type. Such episodes are deeply regrettable, both for the harm they are calculated to do to the prestige of the Society in the eyes of the public, and for the pity of witnessing a lofty spiritual ideal subserving such puerilities.

MR. CHARLES TAYLOR, of Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4, one of the pioneer publishers of spiritualistic books, passed away on March 6th, at the ripe age of 76. Mr. Taylor, it will be remembered, popularised the works of the Rev. Arthur Chambers, *Our Life after Death*, *Man and the Spiritual World*, etc., as well as Mrs. Heslop's *Speaking Across the Borderline*. The business is being continued by his son, Mr. C. R. S. Taylor.

THE QUEST, according to an announcement which appears in the current issue of this scholarly quarterly, will, after a valiant struggle to maintain its existence, definitely cease publication with the issue of July next. We venture to tender our sympathies with Mr. G. R. S. Mead, its able Editor. With the termination of the exacting task of editing the magazine, however, it is to be hoped that a further fund of energy may be released on behalf of the *Quest Society*, with which

for the past twenty-one years the name of Mr. Mead has been so intimately identified, and for which he has laboured so unremittingly.

LEADBEATER FOR LONDON?—The General Secretary of the T.S. in England, in a letter to *News and Notes*, the official organ, announces a proposed visit during the summer of C. W. Leadbeater. "It is proposed that during his visit his work shall be chiefly amongst our members rather than in the direction of public lecturing." According to news received by Dr. Stokes, at the Adyar convention, "Leadbeater, addressing a meeting, got the ether twisted, and had to be shown to his room." A flippant way of indicating a breakdown?

THE INTERNATIONAL SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION is now organising the next International Spiritualist Congress, to be held at the Hague in September 1931. In addition to the question of mediumship, it has been decided to discuss in particular the subject of healing. For this purpose a special Section is being established. Persons interested should write to the *Fédération Spirite Internationale*, 8, Rue Copernic, Paris.

A POLTERGEIST is reported recently to have been up to its pranks in a house at Conyers Park, New Barnet. According to the *Evening Standard*, one of the local residents avers that if she leaves her furniture in one place, she finds it somewhere else on her return. "Tables, chairs, and even beds and carpets have been moved in my absence," she says. "I have heard strange noises in the bedrooms, and when I go upstairs I find the furniture in confusion, but I see nobody." Nor does it appear that she actually sees the articles moved! The evidence appears scarcely strong enough to be taken seriously.

LEGALISED ABORTION is in force in Russia, and now the Association of Norwegian Surgeons is endeavouring to get the National Assembly to acknowledge "*abortio provocata*" as legal, thus following in Russia's footsteps. Should this practice spread to other European countries, a further infection by the virus of the "Godless" will hasten the disintegration of Western civilisation. In this connection it is worthy of note that the *Star Review* for December 1929 commented on the project as follows: "Every woman is coming gradually to realise that she must be given the absolute right to decide whether she wishes to be a mother or not." Prevention of conception is bad enough, but abortion . . . ! Tendencious is scarcely the word.

BROTHER XII, in his latest book, *Unsigned Letters* (Fowler), again sounds the tocsin. Writing from British Columbia, he says: "The time is short. In the East I see plagues greater than any yet known to men. In South America tremendous inundations. In Europe, in the Eastern parts of this Continent, and in Mexico, the sky is reddened with bloodshed. The whole earth is upon the very verge of what threatens it. The present year, 1930, and those immediately following, shall see the dissolution of almost all these things upon which men and nations now rely."

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REVIEWS

CALVARY. By "Rita." London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

How rarely it is one comes across modern fiction which can be picked up, say, after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, and enjoyed with that pristine appreciation which was one's happy lot when one first read the story! Few, indeed, are the novels that can so thrill, for most fiction to-day is written for the passing pleasure of a public satiated with ephemeral literature churned out for its consumption.

But *Calvary* is different: it possesses an elusive yet very real quality which, like Peter Pan, will never grow old. The present writer read "Rita's" novel a good dozen years ago, and loved and appreciated it. Since that time it has been unobtainable, and now makes its welcome reappearance in a cheap edition.

Calvary, with its eloquent sub-title, *A Tragedy of Sects*, is a skilfully written and boldly conceived story of the development of an ardent soul who feels a definite "call"; and the narrative of this youth's vicissitudes—his ideals, his loves and, above all, the subtle attempts to disillusion him—are a poignant revelation. The charming love-story which is intermingled with the plot, however, is subsidiary to the main theme.

"Rita's" fine work wears remarkably well, and is as apposite to-day as when it made its first appearance, for the story of the Quest is as eternal as the hills. It is a story which should be read, and re-read, by all thoughtful people.

JOHN EARLE.

CHEIRO'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1930: With specially calculated predictions, birthday guide and readings for the year. By "Cheiro." London Publishing Company. Price 5s.

FOLLOWING upon the first of these "Year Books," which appeared last year, this popular presentation of astrology in the form of predictions of coming events for the year is offered. Here the reviewer is unable to compare the predictions with the events until much later on, and can only comment upon such of them as he himself possesses any information about, noting that the predictions must have been written some time before the end of 1929. Cheiro predicts "an overwhelming victory at the next General Election" for the Labour Government. Present circumstances—including things not published in the daily Press—point to this more strongly than they did in September last. Cheiro gives no date, but the autumn is indicated in other quarters. Trouble is indicated for India; but for whom is the famine and pestilence? Further minor street explosions are promised, more widespread and serious. United States attempts at peace-making are doomed by opposition within. The "birthday" predictions are even more general in nature. A comment is given for nearly every day in the year, for people whose birthdays concur. The book does not aim at stating a case for astrology, but simply gives, on the basis of empirical science, these predictions, choice of propitious times, probable fortunes, and psychological characteristics of people.

W. G. R.

THE APOCRYPHA. Reviewed by a Spiritualist. By M. A. St. Clair Stobart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 6s. net.

THERE is a double aim in this book, which slightly clouds the issue. The author desires to discredit the stories in the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, while at the same time appealing to them as evidence of a psychic science as so largely in vogue to-day. The Church, as an institution, is indicted for accepting, and advocating the study of, the Apocrypha as divinely inspired, while at the same time denying the possibility of inspiration and revelation in subsequent centuries. This is the stronger position of the two.

But with regard to the author's minimising the value of the Old Testament, we would remind her of the attitude of the "Father of Spiritualism," as he has been called—Emanuel Swedenborg, the Seer, who endows "the probably fictitious Abraham, the commonplace Isaac, and the reprehensible Jacob" (*vide* Chap. xxi of the book under review) with the most sacred and prophetic meanings, and sees in the whole of the Law and the Prophets a mystical forecast of the coming and the mission of the Lord Christ. Furthermore, Anna Kingsford, surely one of the greatest seers of modern times, classes the "unedifying and unspiritual tale" of Esther as "one of the most mystic books in the Old Testament." There should be some sort of unanimity among the advocates of Continuity of Revelation.

One regrets that these blemishes obscure the really valuable brief held for the witnesses and unwearied students and researchers of Psychic Science to-day, and the sound plea for their recognition and respect by the Churches.

A. M. C.

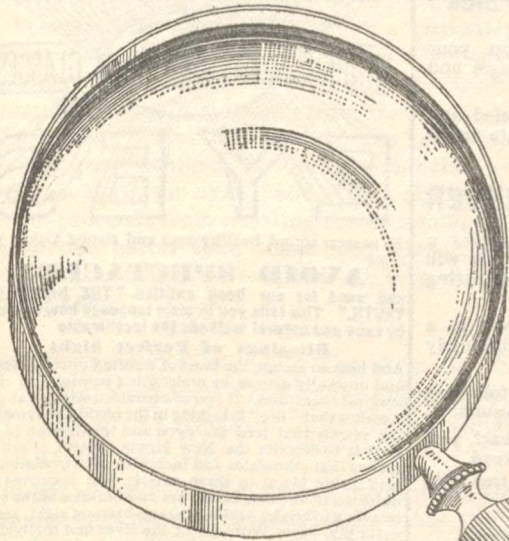
THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOUR. Aspects and Applications of the New Psychology. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. Brussels: Elmer Prather. 5s. net.

MR. STOCKER, in his double rôle President of the Hampstead Ethical Society and President of the International New Thought Alliance, may well be allowed to speak with some authority on the subject he has chosen for his latest book. He has indeed been a very deep and faithful student of all the various aspects of Psychology which have risen to the surface during the past half century—including the rather baleful *furor* over Psycho-analysis. But while he confines himself more or less to a consideration of the intermediate region of Psychology, the very fact of the title he has chosen hovers like a ray of light over the pages—pointing always to Browning's inspired dictum through the lips of Paracelsus:

"Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise
From outward things. . . .
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness . . . and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. . . ."

Mr. Stocker makes a strong plea for more leisure, more relaxation, more gladness in life—for "the right to be happy"—and it is likely that

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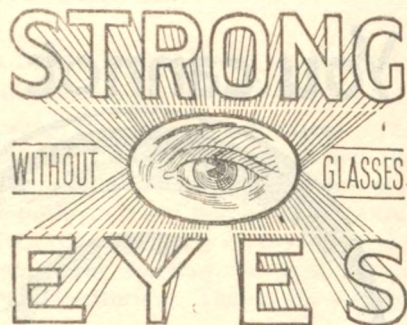
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by the

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Commendatory Note by
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some of his pages will bring a sense of relief and liberation to many who have made too strenuous an ideal of Work—and unduly repressed their natural and God-given desire for a fuller, richer meed of life.

The concluding chapter gives a curiously interesting psychological interpretation of Reincarnation, which he suggests is the recapitulation of race-history in the individual, and the series of Life-cycles which the normally constituted being passes through in his growth and development. The problem of life, as he holds it, is to “surrender each phase through which we may pass, at the right time, in order that we may thereby facilitate our entrance upon the next,” and “the only fatality that can befall us is that which proceeds from resisting the oncoming of the Life-cycles. And none know this better than those who, though they may be aged in years, have yet managed, as so many do, to preserve the spirit of eternal youth within them.”

A. C.

RE-INTERPRETATIONS. By the Rev. W. S. Bowdon, M.A., with a Commendatory Note by Sir Oliver Lodge, and a Foreword by the Bishop of Liverpool. Pp. 176. London: Skeffington & Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d. net.

THE growth and development of modern knowledge has helped to make the average intelligent individual, who takes the trouble to think about his religion, exceedingly doubtful, if not frankly incredulous of many of the tenets of the Church; and there can be but few people who do not feel the urgent need for a re-interpretation of Christianity. Our author has made a most praiseworthy attempt to clear away many points of difficulty, and to present the reader with a reasonable statement of belief. While unable to agree with several of the views expressed, especially those which seem to be of the nature of apologetics, we should be doing Mr. Bowdon considerably less than justice if we did not congratulate him upon the stand he makes against the anthropomorphic conception of God; and upon his endeavour to restore to its proper value the feminine aspect of the Deity—though why he should assume that mankind, even including the Jews, was unprepared for the reception of such a thought, we cannot understand.

This book should certainly command favourable attention, and we trust that it will be widely read by those responsible for teaching in the Church.

E. J. L. G.

BIG THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE THINKERS. By Ruth C. P. Stevenson. Boston, U.S.A.: Richard G. Badger.

A WONDERFUL attempt to simplify and compress the elements of the Secret Doctrine to suit the compass of the child-mind. Very suitable for use in the home or school-room of those who are following the Theosophic, or philosophic order of thought. The principles and ethics of the daily practical life are admirably delivered—and leave no reader unconsidered. Purity, Self-control, Motherhood to humans and to animals—the power of thought and its practice, all are dealt with wisely and sincerely in the fifty pages which comprise this little Manual of Life.

A. M. C.

MEMORIES OF HAZRAT INAYAT KHAN. By a Disciple. London: Rider & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

INAYAT KHAN was one of those great, and at the same time, simple souls through whom the waters of life flowed freely. Contact with him invariably enriched and elevated. In his music he spoke to the depths of the soul, arousing a kind of divine home-sickness in the hearer which frequently caused tears of longing. What impressed the reviewer most was his humility, gentleness, and the atmosphere of love he radiated.

In these beautiful *Memories* one of the Murshid's most devoted and zealous disciples recounts her impressions of the Teacher, together with several spiritual experiences of her own. She relates that in all his teaching, in whatever form given, the central theme was God. But Inayat Khan preferred silence to speech—one of his favourite phrases when surrounded by friends and pupils was, "Let us have a Silence together."

Inayat Khan was a very noble soul, and continually gave of his best to all around him. Those who knew and loved him will be most grateful for this fitting tribute to his memory and work. His life was a service and a song of love.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE GOD OF SHELLEY AND BLAKE. By J. H. Clarke. London: John M. Watkins. Cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s.

WRITTEN with the author's usual clearness and simplicity, this little book gives us an excellent idea of Reality as conceived of by Blake and Shelley. Speaking of the meeting in conference of the headmasters of our principal English schools, and their avowed difficulties as regards the giving of religious instruction: "If," says Dr. Clarke, "the headmasters would consult the poets in preference to the Doctors of Divinity, they might find more light for their path than they seem to have attained hitherto." "Shelley's atheism was a revolt against the conventional idea of God that is held by the generality of people." Christ's idea of God was something very different from that held by the vulgar. "Man ever creates God in his own image, and according to his spiritual capacity, and hence no two persons' conception of Deity is the same. It matters not to Truth, what conceptions we form of IT, but it makes all the difference to us"; and this is where Blake's Gospel of the Inner Vision comes in, that Inner Vision which is the offspring of the Poetic Genius which lies within every man.

A poet, Shelley tells us, participates in the Eternal, and is therefore not bound by Time or Space; and, says Blake, "he who sees the Infinite in all things sees God. He who sees the ratio sees himself only. Therefore God becomes as we are that we may become as He is."

There are many paths by which the Kingdom of Blake may be approached besides those of poetry, painting and so on; and the path of Science is that whereon Dr. Clarke has essayed to travel. In his Gospel of Science we are given a descriptive catalogue of his other works on Blake. In *Copernicus to Blake* he reminds us that, "as in our bodily life we live in the Sun, since the sun fills the entire solar system, so in our spiritual life we live in the Spiritual Sun, and cannot think a thought or feel an emotion without it." A similar analogy holds good for the prenatal growth of our

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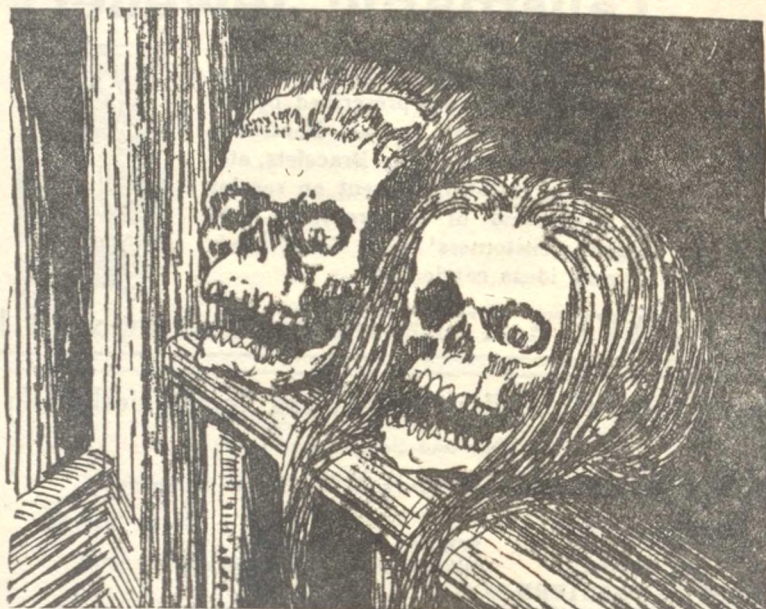
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physical body, and our further growth when launched within the womb of Time and Space; our interior faculties are growing for themselves the organs which are their instruments, and which will come into full exercise when we shall have shed our earth bodies. "Initiates have eyes to see within as our bodily eyes see without." Furthermore he adds: "It is the business of *Science to know* that which *is* and to distinguish it from that which merely *seems to be*. . . . So long as a false humility rules mankind, vision is impossible for him."

The book is most pleasingly "got up" and clearly printed. We wish it every success.

ETHEL ARCHER.

HARTMANN'S INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM, 1930. Compiled and edited by William C. Hartmann. Published by the Occult Press, Jamaica, New York, U.S.A. Price \$1.0.

THIS 150-page directory is an exceedingly useful publication, offering a kind of "Who's Who" in the varied activities concerned with the study of psychic science. It contains a good deal of interesting information about practitioners, students and societies all the world over, as well as lists of useful publications and a bibliography of these subjects. Correspondence and criticisms are invited by the editor for use in the compilation of future works. He has done his work in a very thorough and unbiased manner, for which students will be grateful. The excellently full lists of addresses of people engaged in spiritualistic work, teaching and research enables anyone interested to get in touch with the one who may be nearest; or alternatively to communicate with as many as they wish in the speediest manner. All spiritualist propagandists should possess a copy of this invaluable directory to utilise as one of the principal tools in their work.

W. G. R.

POTTER'S CLAY: SOME STORIES OF SOUTH INDIA. By Hilton Brown. Madras: Ganesh & Co. Pp. vi + 191. Price Rs. 1-8.

Potter's Clay is fine clay indeed—and who could have shaped it better, given the finishing glaze more cunningly with his own pottern-ore, than Mr. Hilton Brown? Here is a writer who, employing the fewest words possible, persuades us at once, and continuously, that he has something very much worth saying; who is, further to his credit, wisely content to lay down his pen each time so soon as he has said it. Let us trust, however, he will constantly be inspired to pick it up anew.

All the nineteen tales in this book are bound to please, if only by their originality, the most fiction-worn reader; "Sacrifice Rocks," "The Good Eye," and "Bo 99"—which are, in the words of their author, "stories of what is called the Occult"—one can recommend as morsels particularly savoury to lovers of the mystical.

Mother India, asking riddles;
Riddles, riddles, riddles, riddles,

has a clever interpreter in Mr. Hilton Brown.

There is in the list of contents a misprint, "Pater" for "Peter." Also the "Invocation" indexed is missing from the volume.

FRANK LIND.

COMRADES ON THE HOMEWARD WAY. By H. A. Dallas. London: Win. Oollins 320 pp. Price 21s.

BOOKS written by Miss Dallas are always worth reading by serious students of psychical work. The first part of this latest book consists of a useful examination of some of the cross correspondences purporting to have been received by various sitters from F. W. H. Myers after his death. These very curious and intricate messages—designed in part to do away with the possibility of attributing them to telepathy—have hitherto been available only in the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.* Those which Miss Dallas has summarised are rather like cross-word puzzles, indicating very great ingenuity and much classical and literary knowledge on the part both of the transmitter and the interpreter. To the various receivers, few, if any of whom had any classical knowledge, they were quite unintelligible. It was only when the sentences received in various places were put together, that their meaning began to transpire. It is chiefly the cumulative effect of these messages which shows so remarkably the persistence of the personality of Myers.

Only part of the volume, however, is concerned with the Myers cross-correspondences. The second part contains personal evidences obtained by the author confirming her belief in the survival of personality and memory, and giving the conclusions at which she has arrived. We should learn, Miss Dallas concludes from her experiences, to live as friends of Christ in both worlds, realising more the consciousness of the hidden life we share with Him, manifested in constant sympathy with, and service to, mankind.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

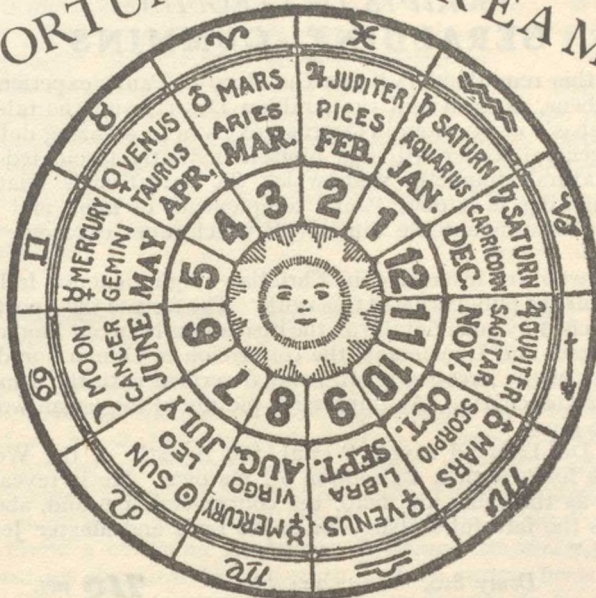
THE RUSSIAN CRUCIFIXION. The Full Story of the Persecution of Religion under Bolshevism. By F. A. McKenzie. London: Jarrolds, Ltd. Price 2s. net.

RUSSIA has ever been a land of mystery to the outer world from long before even the days when Peter the Great made of his name-city "a window through which to look out at the rest of Europe," and since the Great Empress Catherine strove to introduce some measure of Art and Learning to the Muscovite under her sway. Catherine indeed foresaw in the far future "a Revolution the like of which humanity has never yet witnessed." And that Revolution came. Of its sequel, the crushing-out of all religion, all the world is aware to-day. Now comes this terrible book, giving chapter and verse, of which the author's credentials are that he is a London journalist "who lived for several years in the Soviet State and was allowed to travel freely there. . . . He knew the Communist chiefs, and was a friend of the Patriarch Tikhon."

Referring to Mr. F. A. McKenzie, Senator King in a speech before the United States Senate, is quoted as having declared, "His sincerity and intellectual honesty are beyond question." These words give added force to the opening sentence of the Chapter, "I Accuse":

"I charge the Communist Government of Russia with deliberate, systematic and sustained persecution of religion, persecution more odious, more severe and more widespread than the world has witnessed for centuries. In the Dark Ages, many governments persecuted some religions. This Government persecutes all religion." The rest of the book is devoted to details of this indictment.

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In his final chapter, "What Can be Done?" after touching on various futile political efforts and suggestions, he quotes the mournful sentiment of a "Group of Russian Writers," whose "Message to the Writers of the World" is given in full at the beginning of the volume: "We know that you cannot help us or our people except by giving your sympathy and moral support." And he adds his own convictions:

"I wish to maintain and extend relations, in order that the people of Russia can understand our faith, our aims and our ideals as they really are. The Christ the Communists have rejected is not the Christ I worship. To them He is the friend of the rich and powerful, the defender of injustice. I want to plead with the Russians to study Jesus Christ as He is. . . ."

No persecution can finally crush the true "clairvoyance," the inner sight of the soul.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MOORLAND TERROR. By Hugh Broadbridge. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS graphic and picturesque story in no way belies its sensational title. At the same time its interest does not depend solely on the working-out of the dreadful climax to a series of horrors. Running throughout this intensely thrilling and realistic tale is a vein of very delightful gentleness and beautiful colouring, and there is the constant recurrence of descriptions of birds among the wild verdure of the "delectable Duchy." The theme revolves round a charming personality, Professor Kingsbury, who has for his constant joy the scientific investigation of the various birds in his home surroundings. He is preparing an elaborate treatise on birds and bird-life (throwing in sundry caterpillars, moths, and butterflies, as a sideline). The peace of this happy sanctuary is suddenly broken by the advent of a new neighbour, a rich hooligan of doubtful antecedents, who, obsessed by mingled blood-lust and personal aims, lets loose the powers of evil over the whole neighbourhood. The situation is typical, for as the story proceeds we see the most peace-loving of individuals gradually swept into the vortex of hellish strife. The Professor's niece and constant companion, June, a courageous and handsome girl with a talent for modern invective, provides a poetical and romantic background in conjunction with a young artist who hurls himself into the fray. The whimsical sayings and doings of local police and natives flicker in and out of the gruesome medley and serve to lighten a study of black malice and heartless revenge, which it is difficult to lay down without a shudder. The book is saved from being merely melodramatic by the delightfully intimate descriptions of feathered life, which prove the author to be an artist in words as well as a true lover of all lovely things.

EDITH K. HARPER.

AUTORITÉ SPIRITUELLE ET POUVOIR TEMPOREL. By René Guénon.

Paris (Ve): Librairie Philosophique J. Vrin, 6, Place de la Sorbonne. Pp. 158. Price 12 francs.

OF the four great Hindoo castes, all derived from a primal caste, *Hamsa*, which name indicates a lofty level of moral and intellectual advancement, first in importance are the *Brahmans* and the *Kshatriyas*. The functions of these two castes, in their relation one to the other, are approximately

those of "knowledge" to "action," the "immutable" to the "mutable"; being the interplay between what M. Guénon designates the *autorité spirituelle et pouvoir temporel*. As he points out, this dual manifestation of a single principle is clearly evidenced, under various aspects, in every country and in all times; a statement equally provable by the facts of history or by reference to symbolism.

In respect to the latter, M. Guénon instances, as a striking example, the Sphinx. Here the lion's body may well be considered as representing *physical* force, otherwise *pouvoir temporel*; while the human head signifies the *metaphysical*, the ever-unchanging *autorité spirituelle*. Sometimes, as in the Celtic symbolism of the boar in struggle with the bear, these two ruling elements are shown in opposition; at other times, in their normal relationship, which is the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal; the second being, in fact, but a reflection, or incarnation, of the first. From disregard for this order, and the attempt even to reverse it, has resulted what "*la tradition hindoue appelle le Kali-Yuga ou 'age sombre,'*" of which the present epoch constitutes the final phase.

Although M. Guénon appeals, with forceful erudition, for a return to traditional authority, he entertains not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate issue; knowing that, "*ce qui participe de l'immuable et de l'éternel est assuré d'avoir toujours le dernier mot.*"

FRANK LIND.

ONE LORD ONE FAITH. An Explanation. By Vernon Johnson. London: Sheed & Ward. Price 2s. 6d. net. An Edition in cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"I am publishing this book," writes Father Vernon in his Preface to the volume under notice, "as a little explanation in answer to the many letters which I have received asking for the reason for my action in becoming a Catholic."

This candid avowal is the prelude to an equally candid description of the writer's spiritual adventures from the moment when, in the late autumn of 1924, a copy of the Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux was put into his hands by the Reverend Mother of an Anglican Convent where he was taking a Retreat.

Up to that moment, Father Vernon tells us, no doubts or wonderings had consciously entered his mind; but from that moment the wonderful story of his coming under the influence and guidance of the Little Flower of the Child Jesus, is exquisitely conveyed.

Part two of the book is devoted to Theological Argument; the Authority of the Church and the Papacy in the Gospels; the Acts; the Epistles; and in History. There is a chapter on Anglo-Catholicism, and a brief summary of the whole.

Readers of whatever phase of religious development, cannot but feel deeply grateful to one who has so modestly and humbly laid bare the struggles of his soul, in the simplest way and in the purest spirit of goodwill to all. And those who already know and love the Little Flower will find fresh delight in reading of yet one more proof of her constant ministrations and solicitude; a solicitude expressed in many and various ways for varying human needs.

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