

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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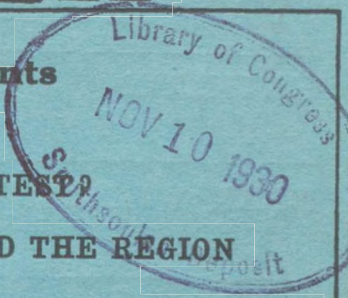
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No. 6

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## EDITORIAL

SIDE by side with the growth of the spirit of materialism, cynicism, anarchy and general unrest, may be noted a corresponding world-wide spread economic depression. We have even been afforded the entertaining spectacle of certain American gentlemen endeavouring vigorously to suggest to themselves that such depression is non-existent. Amid scenes of exuberant hilarity effigies of the alleged "trade depression" have been cast into oblivion, buried or burned, or otherwise consigned to perdition. While it is good to witness such manifestations of buoyancy and optimism, the main purpose of such demonstrations signally fails in face of stark facts. Unemployment figures the world over speak for themselves. No amount of denial will "demonstrate" the non-existence of a slump.

The point of the present allusion to the economic condition of the world is to draw attention to what may, perhaps, be a closer connection between this state of affairs and the spread of the godless spirit. For such it is, whether we label it intelligent revolt, agnosticism, or liberty. Fundamentally it implies

a casting aside not only of those moral and ethical considerations which may act as restraints upon the personal freedom, but involves even a tendency to flout the legal and social code which safeguards the community as a whole. Licence will go as far as it dare. Where individualism is unrestrained by any conception of or belief in a Power, of which we are admonished to "Be not deceived: God is not mocked," how may those qualities upon which the integrity of the social fabric depends, the qualities of brotherhood and altruism, grow and flourish? Where mutual mistrust and consequent lack of co-operation are all too strongly in evidence, how may the finer qualities of enterprise and helpfulness survive?

The idea of God, Professor Julian Huxley would have us believe, is a chimera, a purely imaginative conception which mankind would better definitely abandon; while religion is simply an emotional mood comparable to falling in love. At this point the recollection of an aptly illustrative anecdote presents itself. A scientist well known for his pronounced atheistic views, was standing in admiration at an exhibition before a marvellously ingenious model of the solar system, in which the several planets, with the earth and moon, driven by clockwork, were revolving in their respective orbits. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed, and, turning to his companion, added artlessly the question, "Who made it?" The temptation was irresistible. "It made itself," was the prompt retort.

The blindness born of intellectual arrogance fails to see that even mechanism needs a creator. Many, however, are written down as atheists or agnostics merely because of their inability to accept the limited views of some of the narrower Christian sects. A philosophical incapacity to conceive the necessity for a creator of the universe is one thing; a refusal to subscribe to what appear meaningless dogmas is quite another. Religion, or rather spirituality, which so frequently expresses itself through the form of religion, is the monopoly of no one system, whether Buddhist, Hindu, Parsi, Mohammedan, or Christian. Who but the veriest bigot would dare to imagine that the divine Spirit is other than universal, as wide and free as the cosmos which It nourishes and sustains?

The trouble is that the outer form persists long after the life has left it. Religious observances may be part and parcel of the daily life of a people, yet may mean little more than

nothing ; may be merely a matter of blind superstition. Those who have lived in Russia for any length of time, for instance, frequently tell how, before the revolution, so deeply ingrained was religious superstition that even the burglar, upon entering a house, would throw a handkerchief over the holy ikon, without which no home was considered to be complete, in order to keep from the eyes of God the perpetration of his crime !

Superstition, of course, thrives on ignorance ; and education has provided a pretty sure test of the depth of religious sentiment in many peoples. With the spread of education all over the world, the growth of atheism or agnosticism has brought to light the superficiality of the veneer which passes for spirituality in many civilised communities. The well-known writer, T. L. Vaswani, only recently found cause to lament the havoc wrought in India—of all places—by the spread of atheism. If such a state of affairs is prevalent in what is so generally considered to be the home of spirituality in the East, how much more lamentable must be the position in countries more naturally inclined to materialism.

Mrs. Violet Tweedale, the well-known author and writer on psychic and spiritual subjects, puts forward an ingenious theory to account for the decay of organised religions. In her recently published work entitled *The Cosmic Christ*,\* she gives it as her firm conviction that the time for them is passing. A remarkable change, in the course of the last twenty years or so, has come about. The most critical minds are to be found among the clergy themselves, while the unorthodox, untrammelled by useless dogmas, have found a firmer basis for belief. "The two parties, orthodox and unorthodox, have actually changed sides," she writes.

The cause of the decline of organised religion she finds in  
 THE DECLINE OF RELIGION. "the growing power of the Christ Spirit in the hearts of men, where the true spirit of guidance is to be found." That this is a contributory cause it is not difficult to believe, but that it is the sole or even the main cause seems rather improbable. At least Mrs. Tweedale takes the more charitable view ; but one cannot rid one's mind of the suspicion that in part, at least, the cause of the trouble is to be found in the old but very true saying that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Superficially educated, many self-satisfied but fundamentally ignorant people imagine that the

\* London : Rider & Co. : 10s. 6d. net.

mystery of life and the manifested universe is to be solved by a mere catch-phrase, a slogan. For them, no problem exists, as there is no god and no hereafter. They fail to delve sufficiently deeply within themselves to question why they continue living and striving for a happiness that continually eludes them, and suffer the unavailing pain of loss, and disappointment. The very pleasures for which they strive have nothing of permanence about them.

The more thoughtful, even though utterly heterodox, are convinced that back of all there is Something—call It God, or what you will. For Mrs. Tweedale it is “the Cosmic Christ.”

“After a long lifetime of patient study of the world’s sacred Scriptures and the profound works of learned humanity, we have come to the conclusion that the divine attribute for which we have most to be thankful is the omniscience of the Absolute; the universal conscience of the one and only God ‘in Whom we live and move and have our being.’

“When all is said and done, if we can but hourly live in that belief, what need have we for any other teaching? We will be on the Way, in the Truth, and living the Life.

“The unorthodox have delved very deeply in search of hidden treasure which they believed to exist, and have discovered it to be the Christ within, the divine Spirit of guidance of the one God Who is Spirit. It is in the light of this guidance that the unorthodox strive to live, and for that reason ‘the practice of the Presence’ is the one vitally important religious office in life.”

The purpose of Mrs. Tweedale’s book is to trace the working of the Cosmic Christ in the spiritual evolution of man through the ages from the dawn of time. This Spirit, which manifested through the Master, Jesus, is concerned not merely with the one little planet upon which we live, but, as stated above, is universal.

That science may eventually undermine religion is a danger which becomes the more remote as the true spirit of religion is appreciated. The broader the basis, the firmer the structure.

In the present volume Mrs. Tweedale endeavours to give a satisfactory reply to the earnest inquirer who finds it impossible to believe that so sublime a Being as the Cosmic Christ came to earth for the first time two thousand years ago in the form of a Jewish carpenter.

“What,” she asks, “of the mighty civilisations that flourished thousands of years before Christ? Had they no Christ? Who taught them the marvellous knowledge that they possessed? What of the sacred scriptures of the world other than the British Bible, which teach the same fundamental Christ-truths? Who inspired the scribes who wrote Bibles thousands of years B.C.? Had they no Christ? If it be true that the being who walked the earth in Palestine was the real Christ, then it is impossible for the ordinary intelligence to limit Him to Western Christianity. If the Christ is a reality, then traces of Him exist throughout the world.”

In the early part of the book a brief sketch of occult cosmogony outlines the vast sweep of the evolutionary period during which the Cosmic Christ and his angels worked upon the fashioning of the globe upon which we live; for the Cosmic Christ, in the view of Mrs. Tweedale, is no less than the great solar deity. Through the Lemurian and Atlantean periods she traces the beginning of things. Rudolf Steiner is one of her favourite authorities. Steiner, she claims, did more than any man of our time to glorify Christ and set before us His true position in the cosmos. No view of Christ which would limit Him to the god of Israel; and which fails to take account of the significant parallels existing between Pagan and Christian beliefs and practices, approaches anywhere near an adequate conception of His all-pervasive reality.

“See in Him the Saviour Teacher of the whole earth; unveil Him in the sacred Bibles of all lands where He has revealed Himself under a multiplicity of names; then a cosmic understanding will dawn upon the world, infinitely more inspiring than our present conceptions, and more worthy of the nature of the Great Quest.”

In no land are traces of the working of the cosmic Christ more abundant than those to be found in India. In few world scriptures are the Christ teachings more apparent than in the ancient Vedas, one of which is the oldest literary document in existence.

The parallels between the story of Krishna and the virgin Devaki are too patent to be ignored by any but the wilfully blind. The eulogy of the World Mother to be found in the Vishnu Purana is equal to anything that Roman Catholicism at its best has produced in praise of the Virgin Mary. “The Puranas,”

it is pointed out, "identified the mother of Krishna with the universal Substance, and the female principle of nature. They made of Her the Second Person of the Trinity : the Father, eternal masculine ; the Mother, eternal Feminine ; and the Son, Creative Word."

It was Krishna, it will be remembered, who said that when the tide of spirituality in the world was at its lowest ebb, "then I come." To quote from the Bhagavad Gita : "When the world declineth in virtue and righteousness, and vice and injustice mount the throne, then come I, the Lord, and revisit my world in visible form and mingle with men, and by my influence and teaching do I destroy the evil and injustice and re-establish virtue and righteousness. Many are the times I have thus appeared—many are the times hereafter when I shall come again."

The hope of a Second Coming is to-day world-wide. In every nation the spiritually awakened ones grow daily more firm in their belief that a new Avataric outpouring is imminent. Whether or not the tide of spirituality must ebb yet further before that hope is realised, no man may prophecy.

In the meantime candidates for the high office of World Teacher continue to present themselves, to the confusion of many. Some people are greatly troubled when they become convinced that, notwithstanding their sincerity, they have been mistaken. For such, however, there is no ground for self-reproach, provided only that the shock of their possibly rude awakening has failed to weaken the strength and purity of their aspiration. Disappointment and disillusionment are no sin. Is the Great Love which embraces all mankind so poor a thing that It would fail to understand ? If an idol crashes to the ground, cease grieving over the loss, and rather thank God for the power to see the truth. Look more deeply within ; you will find your Teacher there. It is in the interior life, after all, that true realisation is to be sought and found. Meet Him there, and there is no longer room for doubt. Meet Him in manifestation through a physical form, and then—unless you already know Him interiorly—you may fail to recognise Him through His outer garment. Many are in this position to-day ; they wonder whether, in view of their inability to feel any response, they may be at heart disloyal to one who has been heralded as the vehicle for the coming Avatar. These, no more than the class just mentioned, have any cause for self-reproach. Outer details stand for far less than is



generally supposed. It is the heart that counts. Remember that the Great One has no need of a physical vehicle through which to contact the eternal Ego which is the true self of each one of us. All that is required of the lower self, or personality, is that it should follow with faith the guidance of what light it has.

Of one thing we may rest assured ; namely, that a true avataric manifestation would admit of no doubt on the part of the honest mind. Multitudes will be swept along by the torrent of spiritual power liberated by the Avatar when the time comes for His manifestation. Happy will be their lot. Yet still more blessed will be they who, not having seen Him physically, yet have realised Him in their hearts. For : " Lo ! I am with you always." The physical manifestation is part of a special work. Were this not so, what chance would they stand, who have never lived at the time of a special outpouring ? Only when outer conditions become so bad that it is with difficulty that even the " faithful " can penetrate the mental and psychic miasma does it become necessary for more drastic measures to be taken. When collective humanity begins to forget God and is in danger of going utterly astray ; when mankind begins to perceive that the mess it has made of things by its own unaided efforts is beyond its power to untangle, then it is that He comes to straighten things out again. At the present time the race is confronted with international problems the settlement of which promises to be impossible by the unaided efforts of a spiritually unilluminated humanity. A new spiritual urge is necessary, under the inspiration of which mankind will be enabled to attain to those further heights that otherwise would remain beyond its reach. A percentage of human souls may be able to respond to inspiration from the inner planes ; the mass requires a physical and tangible point upon which to focus their devotion. Admitting that the present epoch may be a particularly difficult one in which to attain to spiritual illumination, it is yet to be remembered that such attainment in the face of grave difficulties means the development of so much more strength for the future. No spiritual power once gained can ever be lost. It may be temporarily clouded over, but never extinguished.

Those there are to whom the matter of physical colour stands as a barrier to due appreciation of any messenger coming from the East. Yet, as Mrs. Tweedale indicates, " If we look for the traditional cradle of our race, a star overhangs the Orient." So

far, the Light has ever come from the East. Mere colour prejudice is a "complex" which cannot but hamper true spiritual development.

Resuming the thread of Mrs. Tweedale's discourse, another manifestation of the Cosmic Christ is to be found in the case of the great Iranian, or ancient Persian prophet, Zoroaster.

"Zoroaster is of special interest to students and lovers of the Cosmic Christ, for all esoteric schools teach, and all tradition affirms, that he it was who through many incarnations prepared his body for complete Christ-ensoulment and was born into Palestine as Jesus of Nazareth. He was one of the greatest Sufis of whom we have any historical account, and the prophet Daniel based his teaching on that of the Iranian prophet with whom he had been associated in a former life. Let us remember that the Magi who were led by a star to the birthplace of Jesus of Nazareth were Zoroastrian priests. This priestly tribe carried on the faith after the prophet's death, and exist to this day."

In regard to the Sufis, the author claims that no one really knows who the first Sufi was. It is, she says, the oldest esoteric school in existence, and the parent of all others. Sufism, in the following words, unites the whole world into one brotherhood: "To God belongeth the East and the West, and whithersoever ye turn there is the face of God."

Mrs. Tweedale bears her own testimony of the late Pir-O-Murshid Inayat Khan, who left India on his world mission in 1910. "The present writer," she says, "had the honour of knowing Pir-O-Inayat Khan and studying the teachings given out by him in lectures and writings, and it was a blessed experience, never to be forgotten. We have all read of beings called "Masters," but few of us have ever met a "Master" face to face, and so verified the existence of such beings. There was no mistaking Inayat Khan for other than he was, and it was profoundly interesting to see "the life" he lived.

His personality, a disciple testifies, was "irradiated and shot through with divinity, so that to those who were closest to him it became impossible to separate the human from the divine."

"Though it was perfectly obvious that only a Master could live 'the Life,' it was often disheartening to realise the vast gulf separating the Master from the pupil; yet it became apparent that he represented the standard to which we all must eventually attain."

\* *Memories of Inayat Khan.* By a Disciple. London: Rider & Co. 3s. 6d.

Zoroaster at an early age came under the influence of a great one named Vahumano, whom our author identifies with Melchisedek. Before he began his mission, Zoroaster spent ten years dwelling in a cave at the edge of a forest, when at last he received illumination. He was discovered lying fallen with his face to the ground. From this time he heard the voice of Ormuzd by day and night, instructing him concerning the creation of the world and the manifestation of the Word; the Spiritual hierarchies; and the necessity for struggle with Ahriman, who is to be vanquished by prayer and the fire of sacrifice. The *Zend Avesta* is one long conversation with Ormuzd.

The essentials of the Zoroastrian discipline are to be found in "purification, labour and combat."

In a remarkable chapter on Mithraism and the Michael revelation, Mrs. Tweedale contends that Mithra was a great spiritual manifestation of the Cosmic Christ, and that Mithra and the great Archangel Michael are identical. "Since the last decade of the nineteenth century," she writes, "we are in the Sun epoch of Michael, and humanity is destined to understand something through the spiritual outpouring of Michael of the resurrection forces of the Christ. Michael is the great archangel whose work is to lead humanity to the science of the Resurrection."

The British nation, our author believes—in common with many others—is committed to the care of the great Archangel Michael. The "angels of Mons" are regarded as a special manifestation of the power of Michael, Michael's squadrons being composed of the spirits of "the flower of our youth who fell." The squadrons of Michael, she declares, "are destined for use in the coming conflict for the final overthrow of evil, and the archangels presiding over other nations have rendered a like service by gathering together the advanced souls whose physical bodies have perished. They will all act as one under the leadership and banner of the great Archangel."

In the concluding pages of her work, Mrs. Tweedale points to what she interprets as the propaganda of St. Michael. "He is out to slay the dragon of war, and he is succeeding. How? By showing us the damnable futility and stupidity of war. By proving that evolution has swept us past the age when we could go 'over the top' ablaze with the savage lust of blood and slaughter. Journey's End shows us that stage is for ever past. The heroism remains, but it is of a far profounder quality." The

fight against the inevitable moral degradation, she contends, is fiercer than any war against the physical enemy, adding mental poignancy to the physical sufferings. "No one," she continues, "can say there will be no more war . . . but any future war will rest on a different basis, and meet with a different human attitude from that in which past wars were regarded."—Armageddon!

But out of the darkness rises the dawn of the new age which is slowly being brought to birth. "All is well and all will be well. Fear not."

THE EDITOR.

## CAN WE STAND THE TEST ?

By A. B.

FOR many years, perhaps, we have tried to live our lives in accordance with a great ideal. We have had our times of great illumination, and our times of spiritual darkness, but generally the lamp of our ideal, held by the mind, has kept us steady, kept us to the middle path. In many cases we have been neither hot nor cold; we have merely wavered between a certain stage below which we dared not go, and a certain higher stage above which we were afraid to venture. Great heights and depths did not appeal to us, except in our most wonderful moments, and these so soon passed. The Divine Adventure was not really ours, but only a gradual movement towards perfection. The seed was just growing underground.

But now—the challenge has come—the time of testing is fully here—and the call comes to adventure the great heights and the great depths. *Within our own being the challenge arises.* Can we leave the valley of our limited selves for the greatness and glory, the wonder and beauty, of the larger Self? Can we become Divine Alchemists, our own temporal nature the metal we seek to transmute? Can we give up (as we think) our human love and joy for the One Love and Joy that embraces all; this appearing to be the more difficult because our human love and joy seem to have taken on a new beauty and wonder? Can we venture over the threshold, losing all to find All? Can we *become* our ideal instead of having it?

This is the test—are we ready for it? Many of us dare not fail yet hardly dare attain!

## HENRY VAUGHAN AND THE REGION ELENORE

By LORNA COLLARD

THERE are at least three kingdoms which the seeking soul may find and possess in varying degree. One is fair and shining with the light of peace, although attained only through thorny tribulation; another is a dark waste, and he who enters it leaves his youth behind him in those treacherous flowery meadows that led to his betrayal. But a third country lies between the other two, touching the borders of each: a land full of deeply flowing hidden streams, dark groves, and dim mountains, a region of mystery and beauty. A description of the roads which lead to the three kingdoms is given by that strange lady who appeared to True Thomas Rhymour in the 13th century—she who was clad in grass-green silk, and whose horse's mane was hung with "fifty silver bells and nine."

"Oh, see not ye yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few inquire.

"And see not ye that braid, braid road,  
That lies across yon lillie leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,  
Which winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elfland,  
Where you and I this night maun gae."

Few are as bold as Thomas Rhymour to follow the summons of the Queen to that third kingdom, whose call once obeyed was to be heard again. We are told by Walter de la Mare (who is an authority on this strange kingdom) that years after Thomas had returned, "While he sat feasting in his Castle news was brought to him that a hart and a hind, having issued out of the forest, were to be seen stepping fair and softly down the stony street of the town, to the marvel of the people. At this, Thomas at once rose from among his guests, left the table, made down the street, followed after these strange summoners: and was seen again no

more." Years had passed, yet there was to be no peace for True Thomas until he obeyed the summons of those "strong feet that followed, followed after." This ballad is the only one I know which describes all three kingdoms of the mind. Accounts of heaven and hell are given in the earliest literature of the world, but there is a country which is neither of these. It has many names. The ballad calls it Elfland; some say it is the land of Glamour; Childe Roland describes it as the Dark Tower; others call it—Mysticism. It is the hidden treasure of the Quests, Dante's Empyrean, and the light of the Holy Grail. An indescribable "something else" is added to everything which touches the border of that dim land, transmuting commonplace events into something rich and strange.

Richard Jefferies praised the lions of Trafalgar Square as being more real than those of the forest, because, he said—"To these has been added the heart of a man." It is the heart of a man and "the two long white hands of God from behind folding us all" which give the bloom to a butterfly's wing, the light to a child's eyes, and the sheen to a bird's feathers. Poetry may be perfect in technique, beautiful and even moving, but if once it touches the margin of that region Elenore it glows with inspiration and shines with the light of ecstasy.

Those who dwell in or have visited the

"Mountain places  
Where God from the stars dropt nearer  
Our pale dreaming faces,"

bear forever an invisible sign of their initiation. There is no mistaking the road—the call is clear, and must be obeyed. The messenger comes in many guises: it may be the fair lady, the hind and hart, or the song of the lordly ones who dwell in the hills, or it may be the "strange visitant of air" of Emily Brontë, to whom she remains true—"though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay."

"Burn then, little lamp; glimmer straight and clear.  
Hush! A rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air:  
He for whom I wait thus ever comes to me.  
Strange Power, I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy."

It may take the form of a sudden religious quickening such as came to St. Paul, when "suddenly there shone round about him a light from heaven," or of the lonely quest of Richard Jefferies for

his Fourth Idea, or as it came to Blake in the eyes of his Burning Tyger, or the gleam of his Crystal Casket, or the silken touch of his Golden String; but whatever the form may be, the significance is unmistakable.

At all times the prophet transcends the priest, and the religious significance may be submerged in that larger vision of Truth which we call mysticism. The lesser is contained in the greater. There is more than one way of expressing an experience, and there is a link between the mysticism of religion and the mysticism of art or of science. The mysticism of religion is less relative in its expression, and therefore it is the most natural language; but the other tongues, though subject to limitations and more faltering and strained in their utterance, are none the less groping after the same realisation of Truth. In a broad sense all art or religion is potential mysticism. They are but stages on the way, and the search remains the same for scientist, poet, philosopher, or mystic—that quest for Reality, Absolute Being, Unity. Kingsland rightly says that “the truly inspired philosopher is on the same level as the truly inspired artist, musician, or poet. In all there is a certain conventionality at certain periods due to limitation of materials or of human faculty. Mysticism is subject to the same restrictions.”

Certainly the great mystics have received their “experience” as a clear revelation of some particular aspect of truth, and the poetic or imaginative faculty is concerned with the expression of that experience rather than with its conception. But there are other mystics to whom the experience comes less completely, or else is blurred in its reproduction into words, notes, or colour—whatever the medium may be. It may even (as with such poets as Yeats, “A. E.” and de la Mare) appear under the guise of excursions into imaginative realms which seem to have little connection with the clear and unimaginative statements of the mystics but I believe the urge is the same, and that they share (though unconsciously) the same desire—that of “clothing the vast with a familiar face.” It is a question of degrees. Such “poets of vision” are potential mystics, and may be said to express Bergson’s “Intuitionism”—that language which is full of paradox and symbolism but which conveys no definite experience of Reality. Among the exponents of this “Intuitionist mysticism” may be included Emerson and Walt Whitman.

Symbolism is the common factor of all mystic languages. How else can language speak of those paradoxes which make up Truth? The Absolute expresses itself relatively, the whole finds

its full glory in the limitation of the part, Being is at the same time Becoming, Transcendence is one with Immanence.

Who may be called the Mystic Poets? There are many to whom the name has been given—to the author of that exquisite gem "Pearl," to Blake, Wordsworth, Browning and others. A little group of metaphysical Poets appeared in the Caroline Age, which included Southwell, Fletcher, Herrick, Quarles, Herbert, Crashaw, Traherne and others, and among them is one who shines with a brighter light than the rest—Henry Vaughan. That brighter light is not of intelligence or wit, nor of technical skill, nor of religious devotion, but is the light which falls from the skies that brood over Elenore.

It is largely due to the spirit of the age into which they were born that many of the Caroline poets were mystics of religion. One might be with impunity a Court "wit," or a poet of the imagination whose fancies were as finely embroidered as his coat, one might model poems upon those of the classical writers, or one might be a good Churchman and produce metrical versions of the Psalms, or hymns, or songs of the New Jerusalem—in a Catholic or Protestant spirit according to the prevailing mode—but one must not wander down the "bonny road that winds about the fernie brae." It was unbelievable that mysticism could exist apart from organised religion, and most of the Mystic Poets conformed to the convention of their age. Vaughan alone broke free to a great extent from the ecclesiastical restrictions which had held his immediate predecessors, and seemed to have learnt that the "fair shining mountains of our pilgrimage" are often nameless.

The outline of his life may be told in a few sentences. He was born on April 17th, 1622, at Newton St. Briget in Wales, and came of an old and distinguished family. He uses the term Silurist to distinguish among the many families of the name of Vaughan that which had its home in South-East Wales, once the seat of the tribes of Silures. He was educated with his twin brother Thomas by a neighbouring clergyman. In 1638 it is supposed that they entered Jesus College, Oxford, where Thomas took his degree, but no record remains of his brother's matriculation, and the accounts of this period are confused. Henry Vaughan then began to study law, but finally became a physician, and in 1645 obtained a practice near his old home. His first volume of poems was published the following year, the last one in 1678. He married twice, had a large family, and died on April 23rd, 1695, at the age of seventy-three. Like Jefferies, Vaughan crowded his finest work into the space of half a dozen years, but



unlike Jefferies, whose death snapped the ecstasy, Vaughan's blossoming time was followed by a deliberate or accidental silence of forty years.

In his youth Vaughan's work was secular in character, but afterwards he regretted this 'sugared sin':

"The skin and shell of things,  
 Though fair,  
 Are not  
 Thy wish, nor prayer,  
 But got  
 By mere despair  
 Of wings.

Search well another world; who studies this  
 Travels in clouds, seeks manna where none is."

He tells us that "the first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream (of profane poetry) was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of which I am the least." In 1651 he became very ill, and this period of sickness, combined with George Herbert's influence, appeared to develop the spiritual side of his nature, for we find him calling out for release from sin, and for communion with the unseen, and declaring "I will no longer cobwebs spin." "Brush me with Thy Light!" he cries.

The question of Vaughan's indebtedness to other poets, and in particular to George Herbert, has been a subject of much controversy. It is impossible, perhaps, to find any poet who has been uninfluenced wholly by other writers. All art is partially imitative, especially in its earliest conceptions, and the true test of a poet's worth is how far he is able to transform each influence into a spark from which to fan his own holy flame of venture and achievement. His earlier poems were modelled on Donne, and later ones were influenced by George Herbert. But Canon Beeching says: "When we have allowed that Vaughan owed to Herbert his religious life, and so the practise of religious poetry, that he followed him in the employment of certain metres and in the treatment of certain topics, that he was content to adopt certain of his tropes and phrases, and to vie with him in the manufacture of curious conceits, we have perhaps stated the case not unfairly. But there was a radical diversity in the nature of the two men that could not but find expression in their poetry." This is perfectly true. Herbert was theistic, Vaughan more

pantheistic ; Herbert was the devout Churchman, Vaughan the devout mystic ; Herbert walked " the path of righteousness " with earnest content, while Vaughan joyously danced " the bonny road." He possessed all the fervour, the ardent faith of Herbert—with a finer responsiveness to the beauty of Nature, and with that strange something else added. One must not forget that Herbert was a theologian, whereas Vaughan by profession was a Doctor of Medicine, which in his age implied a student of chemistry and minerals, of the mysteries and of astrology. Yet though Herbert chiefly bestowed on Vaughan " spiritual quickening and the gift of gracious feeling," the influence was one of technique as well as of inspiration.

It was hardly surprising that in many instances those imitations were unsuccessful, for how should two such distinctly opposite natures express themselves in the same language? It was Vaughan's unhappy mistake that he should have attempted such an impossible and futile task. It was only when he cast aside the intensely binding remembrance of the debt he owed to Herbert and launched out upon those " shoreless thoughts " of his own conceiving that he reached the summit of his work. It was strange that the feud which had raged between the Vaughans and the Herberts in medieval times should reach such a beautiful conclusion in the devotion and gratitude of a younger poet to one whom he may never have seen, but to whom undoubtedly he owed much. Further than this into the controversial discussion of their several merits it is not necessary to go. Vaughan was no plagiarist.

It is possible that the great spiritual outpourings of George Fox also helped to mould Vaughan's outlook, but of this we have no direct proof.

There is great affinity of thought and style between the writings of Vaughan and Traherne. Indeed, when Traherne's poems were discovered by chance in MS. on a bookstall in 1896, they were at first taken to be the work of Vaughan. Like his contemporary, Traherne knew the secret way to the Kingdom, the glory of the " Inward Sphere of Light."

Many other comparisons might be made. For instance it is interesting to compare Shakespeare's well-known passage on Sleep :

" Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course."

with Vaughan's verse in "Night":

"Dear Night! this world's defeat;  
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;  
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat  
Which none disturb.  
Christ's progress, and his prayer-time;  
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime;

"God's silent, searching flight;  
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all  
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;  
His still, soft call,  
His knocking-time; the soul's dumb-watch,  
When spirits their fair kindred catch."

The similarity is obvious, especially in the first few lines, where even the rhythm and order of the words echo those of Shakespeare. Sir Philip Sydney employed the same method in his sonnet to Sleep. This metrical listing of detached phrases was a favourite artifice of the time. Vaughan's poem "Son-Days" was composed of three long stanzas on this pattern. Quarles in his "Feast for Worms" used the same device, and George Herbert when he wrote a Prayer.

The comparison between Vaughan's "Retreat" and Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" has been made so often that it is only necessary here to offer a reminder of such an obvious influence and response.

In Dr. Geraldine Hodgson's *Studies of "Illumination,"* she says: "It is of the essence of the mystical position that illumination is a divine gift. Yet there may be, in some mortals, a predisposing temperament to its reception. The student of Vaughan will realise that his nature showed two marked characteristics of this predisposing kind; his remarkable power of interpreting the beauty of wild Nature, and his unusual grasp of spiritual things; qualities which in his case interacted, but which are not all necessarily to be found in one and the same person." This is perfectly true. Very few poets can sing with such certainty as Vaughan: "Each bush and oak doth know I am," or:

"I walk the garden, and there see  
Ideas of His agony."

Always, for Vaughan, Nature is the gateway to the unseen

world—from it he obtains nearly all his metaphors, in it he finds a mirror rather than an explanation of the spiritual. Eddington's summing-up of the nature of mysticism is of value, more especially as it comes from the pen of a scientist. He says: "If I were to put into words the essential truth revealed in the mystic experience it would be that our minds are not apart from the world; and the feelings that we have of gladness and melancholy, and yet our deeper feelings, are not of ourselves alone, but are glimpses of a reality transcending the narrow limits of our particular consciousness—that the harmony and beauty of the face of Nature is at root one with the gladness that transfigures the face of man." And again: "The physical no less than the mystical significance of the scene is not there; it is *here*—in the mind." Both in the language of Science and in the language of the seer, then, to know oneself is to know one's universe; and this is the discovery of the mystic—that in looking within he also looks without, for we live in a conceptual world.

Jefferies expressed this thought over half a century ago—"Except when I walk by the sea, and my soul is by it, the sea is dead." And Traherne voiced it nearly three hundred years ago: "'Tis not the object but the light that maketh heaven." And Henry Vaughan:

"Could see a glimpse of His bright face,  
When on some gilded cloud, or flower,  
His gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity."

"Darkness and daylight, life and death,  
Are but mere leaves turned by Thy breath."

"Some love a rose  
In hand, some in the skin;  
But, cross to those,  
I would have mine within."

One feels that E. V. Lucas has missed the essence of Vaughan's poems when he criticises them for their other-worldliness.

Three of the finest poems he wrote—"The Timber," "Friends Departed," and "Peace"—well represent the varied character of Vaughan's work. The first displays his intimate knowledge of and oneness with Nature, and his power of enduing inanimate objects with life and consciousness of their own. He apostrophises

a fallen tree—we are not told what kind, but one can imagine a giant oak from the description :

“ Sure thou didst flourish once ! and many springs,  
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,  
 Passed o'er thy head ; many light hearts and wings,  
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living bowers.

“ And still the old succession sings and flies ;  
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot  
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,  
 While the low violet thrives at their root.”

But the tree is dead, and no longer can be touched by :

“ Any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.”

“ And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,  
 Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,  
 Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent  
 Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

“ Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath  
 Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease ;  
 But this thy strange resentment after death  
 Means only those who broke in life—thy peace.”

It is a wonderful picture and shows extraordinary penetration and imaginative power.

The second poem is perhaps the best-known of all Vaughan's writings—“ Friends Departed.” Many In Memoriam poems have been written—this is one of the loveliest. Its note of sustained faith, its “ sweet reasonableness ” under the heavy mantle of grief, its courage, the trust which can inspire the words “ Dear, beauteous Death ” after that indescribably poignant line :

“ They are all gone into the world of light,”

all present an amazing revelation of his dauntless spirit. Instead of bewailing the loss of his loved ones, he says their memory

“ Glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove.”

The third poem—“ Peace ” is purely religious, and perhaps the most beautiful of all. It has a slighter touch of mysticism than most of his, but is full of beauty, and must be quoted in its entirety :

" My soul, there is a country  
   Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a wingéd sentry  
   All-skilful in the wars.  
 There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
 And one born in a manger  
   Commands the beauteous files.  
 He is the gracious Friend,  
   And—O my soul, awake!—  
 Did in pure love descend,  
   To die here, for thy sake.  
 If thou canst get but thither,  
   There grows the flower of Peace,  
 The Rose that cannot wither,  
   Thy fortress and thy ease.  
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
   For none can thee secure,  
 But One who never changes,  
   Thy God, thy life, thy cure."

" My soul, there is a country"—yes, a nameless, strange country,  
 far-off, yet as near as breath to speech, in the future, yet ever-  
 present, indescribable except by paradoxes and signs and symbols :

" Pierce thy heart to find the key ;  
   With thee take  
   Only what none else would keep :  
 Learn to dream when thou dost wake. . . .  
 Plough thou the rock until it bear ;  
 Know, for thou else couldst not believe ;  
 Lose, that the lost thou mayst receive ;  
 Die, for none other way canst live.  
 When earth and heaven lay down their veil,  
 And that apocalypse turns thee pale ;  
 When thy seeing blindeth thee  
 To what thy fellow-mortals see ;  
 When their sight to thee is sightless ;  
 Their living death ; their light, most lightless . . .  
 When to the new eyes of thee  
 All things by immortal power,  
 Near or far,  
 Hiddenly  
 To each other linkèd are,  
 That thou canst not stir a flower  
 Without troubling of a star—  
 Oh seek no more !  
 Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region  
   Elenore."

## PHANTOMS OF THE SEA

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

WHEN I visited the west coast of Ireland in my childhood, many were the tales I was told of the ghost music heard by the fisher-folk off the coast of Clare and Kerry. Resembling the sweet and plaintive music of a harp, sometimes seeming to come from the surface of the water, and sometimes from deep down under the waves, it was said to portend invariably the death of some relative or friend of those who listened to it. The sea and shore near Doonmore Castle to the north of Kilkee were, and for all I know to the contrary still are, haunted by ghost music of a rather wilder and more harrowing description. Many wrecks have occurred, from time to time, off this particular part of the coast, and the music is thought by some to be associated, in some manner, with the tragedies resulting from them. There is an islet near the mouth of the Shannon famous for its ghost music. It is haunted by a beautiful female phantasm that is, periodically, seen sitting on a wave-washed rock. She sings to some unseen instrument resembling a harp, and her voice is so infinitely sweet and sad that all who hear it are said to be fascinated as they have never been fascinated by a voice before. Furthermore, she is credited with the power of prophecy. And *à propos* this, is the following story, which was current for a long time in the neighbourhood.

A local fisherman caught one day in a squall, was driven ashore on the islet. Tired after his exertions, he lay down on the beach and slept. For some time all was a blank and then, suddenly, he heard someone singing a very sweet and plaintive air, to the accompaniment of what sounded like a harp. He sat up and looked about him, and there, perched on a rock, facing him, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had long, yellow, curly hair, eyes as blue as the bluest sky, and a lovely mouth and chin. She was dressed in a filmy white robe, and there were bracelets of dazzling gold round her wrists and ankles. When she saw the fisherman gazing at her, she left off playing and singing, and pointing at the water in front of him, she bade him look down into it. Directly he did so, he saw reflected in its shining surface—it was now as still as still could be—a poorly furnished room. Lying on the floor of the room

was a man in the scarlet uniform of a British soldier, and there was a great gaping wound in his throat. The spectacle was so dreadful that the fisherman fainted, and when he came to and opened his eyes, the maiden was no longer to be seen, while the water was rough, and the waves were beating with a great force against the rocks and shingles. It was some hours before the water was calm enough for him to leave the islet, and all the way home he kept wondering if what had happened was only a very vivid dream, or if he had actually seen the ghost maiden who was known to haunt the islet. Some hours later, when he learned that a deserter from Athlone barracks had cut his throat in a cabin on the banks of the Shannon, at the very hour he, the fisherman, had had the strange experience on the islet, he came to the conclusion it was no dream at all but an actual *rencontre* with the Unknown.

Everyone, of course, knows the story of the Inchcape Bell, but it is not everyone that knows hauntings by phantom bells at sea are fairly common. For instance, there are the bells of Forrabury Church. Long years ago the inhabitants of Forrabury, in Cornwall, determined to have a chime of bells that would rival those of the neighbouring church of Tintagel. An order was accordingly sent to a far-off town for the bells which, being duly cast and blessed, were put on board a ship for Forrabury. The weather was most propitious for the voyage: an unclouded blue sky and just sufficient wind for the good ship to glide easily and steadily along. In due course, Tintagel was sighted and the pilot of the ship, hearing the bells of Tintagel Church chiming, knelt down on the deck and thanked God for a safe journey. The captain of the ship laughed and jeeringly remarked that, instead of thanking God, the pilot and all on board should thank him and themselves, and when the pilot rebuked him for his profanity, he laughed louder than before and said he could get to port without the aid either of God or of His angels. Hardly had he made this boast, when a huge wave, generated by some mysterious force, was observed bearing down on the ship. On it came, to the intense horror of all on board the ship, and as it swept over the vessel, sending her like a stone to the bottom, the bells in her hold were heard by those who were watching the grim spectacle on shore to give out a muffled tolling sound, as if ringing the death-knell of the captain and crew.

No one was saved and, periodically, ever since then, the bells, deep as they lie beneath the waves, can still be heard chiming and



tolling. Legendary as this story may appear, there are (or were, a short time ago) people living near Forrabury who affirm they have actually heard those bells. The tower of Forrabury Church or, as it is sometimes termed, "The silent tower" of Bottreaux, remains to this day without bells.

A somewhat similar case of haunting occurs at Whitby. At the time of the Suppression of the Monasteries, in or about 1539, the bells of Whitby Abbey were sold by the King's agents and placed on board a ship to be taken to London. As soon, however, as the ship left harbour, she was seen to sink, some thought, and probably they were correct, because of the heavy cargo; and all on board perished. Ever afterwards, at varying intervals, the bells that lie at the bottom of the sea can be heard ringing.

" Up from the heart of the ocean  
The mellow music peals,  
Where the sunlight makes its golden path,  
And the seamew flits and wheels.  
For many a chequered century,  
Untired by flying time,  
The bells no human fingers touch  
Have rung their hidden chime."

So wrote a well-known poet. It is the same near Blackpool. According to tradition the church and cemetery of Kilmigrol once stood about two miles seaward of Blackpool. They were submerged by the gradually encroaching sea, but the church bells can even yet at times be heard either tolling sadly, as if for a funeral, or ringing merrily, as if for a wedding.

Likewise, the bells of St. Ouen's Bay, Jersey. Tradition has it that at the outbreak of the Great Civil War Jersey had twelve parish churches, each possessing a valuable peal of bells. During the war one of the sides engaged in it seized the bells to help them pay their soldiers. The bells were accordingly put on board a vessel, with the idea of sending them to France to be sold. Hardly, however, had the ship raised anchor before she foundered in a sudden storm in St. Ouen's Bay. The bells, of course, sank with her. To this day, however, before a very severe storm, they can be heard, far beneath the waves, clanging their warning chimes, and nothing will induce those who listen to them to put to sea.

A similar haunting is said to take place, periodically, in the Baltic Sea, near Vineta. According to a Dutch tradition, some pirates once seized the silver bell belonging to the church of

Nijkerk and placed it on their ship, with the intention of taking it away with them to sell. Soon after they left port, however, a terrible storm arose and sent their ship to the bottom. Ever since then, before some local maritime disaster, the silver bell of Nijkerk can be heard tolling dismally deep down beneath the surface of the green waves.

Several centuries ago the Caribbean Sea was much frequented by buccaneers, who often subjected their prisoners to very barbarous treatment, and consequently it is not surprising that this particular sea should in parts be very badly haunted. Between Jamaica and Curacao an area of water is haunted periodically by the sound of very beautiful music, that seems to follow in the wake of ships and is believed to mark the spot where a large Spanish vessel was once captured by buccaneers, who murdered everyone on board her. Nearer home, the Solway Firth is a great place for haunting. Years ago the *Rotterdam* went down somewhere in this water. According to report, there was dancing and much merriment on board at the time, and ever since then the Solway Firth has at intervals been haunted by the phantasm of this ship. She appears with all her portholes lighted, and sounds of laughter and music are heard proceeding from her. Then suddenly the music ceases, piercing screams take the place of laughter, and as the vessel sinks, bows foremost, her lights are extinguished. Her appearance is invariably regarded as a portent of some local maritime disaster.

Also in the Solway Firth is sometimes seen the phantom of a vessel which, according to tradition, was purposely wrecked. Apparently very little is known now of the original story. The vessel is supposed to have had a bridal party on board, and someone on shore who knew this and had a spite against either the bride or bridegroom, or both, lured the ship on to the rocks by means of a beacon. Ever afterwards, before some grave local catastrophe, usually of a maritime nature, the phantom of this ill-fated vessel appears somewhere in the Solway Firth, and those on the water who see and recognise her make hasty tracks for the shore. Apart from her old-world build she is identifiable on account of the music that is always heard coming from her decks. It is music associated with Scottish weddings in olden times. And this reminds me of a singular story of a Scottish sea-haunting once told me in Argyll. The narrator, Jock Smith, was a fisherman living on the shores of Loch Fyne. He was out one misty night on that loch with his two friends, Sandy McGregor

and William Tosh. McGregor and Tosh had been rowing steadily away for some time. Smith was steering. Suddenly all three men heard the sound of bagpipes coming towards them from a distance. Gradually it came right up to them, and as it passed them by, they very distinctly heard the tramp of feet, just as if a procession of people was moving, slowly and solemnly, along the high road. At least that is the impression it gave them. For some minutes no one spoke, and then Jock suddenly remarked: "That was for me. I know it. Someone at home is going to die." His companions, who were themselves feeling none too easy, did their best to cheer him up, but in vain. He persisted in his belief that the ghostly sounds augured ill for him, and he was right. For on his return home he found a letter waiting for him to say his only son, who was in Edinburgh, had died, suddenly and quite unexpectedly.

In Wales the sound of fiddling and harping would seem to take the place of the bagpipes in Scotland. Near Pendine, in Carmarthenshire, is a cave haunted at times by the sound of fiddling and the spectre of an old man. According to tradition, the cave always bore a very sinister reputation. Crimes of a mysterious nature were said to have been committed in it, and all kinds of weird and ghostly noises were periodically heard proceeding from it. It seemed, however, to have a peculiar fascination for a certain old fiddler who lived in the neighbourhood. When the tide was out he used to sit on a rock facing the cave and fiddle away, till the rising tide made him go elsewhere. One day, despite the warnings of his friends, he entered the cave, candle in hand, and was never seen in flesh and blood again. What became of him is a mystery that time has never solved. The more superstitious among the local people were of the opinion that he had been spirited away by some of the evil phantoms long reported to haunt the cave. Subsequently, ever afterwards, his ghost is declared to have haunted the cave and the adjoining beach. Sometimes it is heard fiddling away in the innermost recesses of the cave, sometimes, more especially on very calm moonlight nights, it perambulates the beach fiddling, and sometimes it is heard fiddling away on the sea. The airs it plays are always very weird and plaintive, and it invariably leaves off in the middle of one, as if suddenly disturbed or interrupted.

A spirit, known locally as a *Gwrach-y-rhibyn*, was once said to haunt the ruins of Pennard Castle, near Oxwich Bay. Tradition asserts that the castle was built by a Welsh sorcerer,

who hid in it from some Norman soldiers, who were pursuing him. After his death the castle was horribly haunted by all kinds of harrowing phenomena, auditory as well as visual.

Among them was a Gwrach-y-rhibyn, or Hag of the Dribble. This ghost, which would seem to be peculiar to Wales, not only haunted the castle and its immediate vicinity, but is said to have haunted the sandy shores of Shire Combe and Oxwich Bay as well. Sometimes it was preceded by the sounds of exquisite music which seemed to blow in from the sea.

There is a tradition in Cardiganshire that a wandering harper was drowned many years ago in a pool in the Teifi, near Llandyssil. Not only is the pool itself believed to be haunted on certain nights in the year by sounds of ghostly harping, but the phantom harper is said to have been seen from time to time, splashing his way down the Teifi, and also occasionally heard harping at sea, in the vicinity of the river's mouth. A Newquay fisherman vowed and declared in my presence that he and his father were out fishing one night near the mouth of the Teifi when they heard an unmistakable sound of harping coming towards them from the distance. At first they thought it must be some boat or ship, but there were no ship or boat lights anywhere near them. In the meanwhile the harping kept drawing nearer and nearer, and then they saw a gruesome leadenish-blue light, which passed right in front of them and disappeared in the direction of the shore. The sound of the harping accompanied it, gradually growing fainter and fainter, the farther it receded. A feeling of intense eeriness, such as neither of the men had ever experienced before, now coming over them, they abandoned their fishing and made for home, just escaping a very severe storm. The next time they visited Aberparth, which was close to where they had been that night, they narrated their experience to some fishermen there, who far from ridiculing them, at once exclaimed: "Why, that must have been the ghost of the old harper who drowned himself in the pool near Llandyssil; it is sometimes seen off this part of the coast, but only before a very bad storm."

Before concluding this article I must refer to music at sea, which has been the subject of much controversy, some people believing it to be due to some quite physical agency, such as a certain species of fish or mollusca, and other people to the super-physical. A writer to the *Baltimore Republican* of some years ago belonged to the former category. The ship he was once on was at anchor for some time off the coast of Nicaragua, and every

evening when he was on deck, he heard, to quote his words, "the most heavenly music that ever fell on human ears. It was sweet, mellow, aerial, like the soft breathings of a thousand flutes, touched by the fingers of nymphs at an immense distance away."

Much mystified, he asked various of the officers and crew if they could in any way explain it, and one and all answered in the negative. To them it seemed to proceed right out of the sea. One night, seized with a desire to fish, he obtained a line and the other necessaries from one of the officers and soon caught several small, white catfish. For a reason he does not explain he put them alive in a tub of water in his cabin, and getting into his berth, speedily fell asleep. He was awakened by the sound of music very similar, though on a much reduced scale, to that which he had heard on deck. Getting up, he at once found out its origin. It came from the fish in the tub. Attached to each lower lip of these fish was an excrescence divided by soft wiry fibres, and by the pressure of the upper lip on the lower and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created, similar to that produced by the breath and tongue on a jew's harp. Such was the explanation of the apparent phenomenon given by this writer to the *Baltimore Republican*.

Sir James Emerson Tennant, in his account of Ceylon, also says he heard mysterious music, which he ascribed not to any fish but to molluscs. "In the evening, when the moon had risen," he writes, "I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to a spot where musical notes were to be heard issuing from the bottom of a lake, and which natives supposed to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny notes, the sweetest treble mingling with the deepest bass, evidently and sensibly from the depths of the lake, and appeared to be produced by molluscs, and not by fish."

"Somewhat similar sounds," writes a contributor to *All the Year Round*, "are heard under the water in some places on the western coast of India."

These are the views of the materialists, and no doubt the physical is at times responsible for some of the music of the sea, just as it is at times responsible for some of the strange and mysterious sounds on land, but there are other times when an explanation must, in my opinion, be sought elsewhere.

## TEACHERS OR MASTERS

By "M."

IF anything in this article may cause distress to your mind I pray you pardon me, for this is a subject worthy of the greatest consideration, and, as a student of life, I write this within the range of my own experience, for such is the Law when writing upon occult things.

I have never been told to address any of the Great Ones by the title Master. "We are nothing, the WORK is everything," was the answer of a Teacher when I asked him how I should address him. He looked at me, put out his hand, then said: "Call me Friend." With this reply a great stream of energy swept over me and I felt that my real work had become implanted into my mind.

It makes no difference where one is born in order to gain the attention of a Teacher. Though unknown at first to the student, desire and prayer bring about a physical change, and the body and mind are severed from conditions which formerly possessed them. A subtle change takes place within the narrow chambers of the mind, which have opened; and the light which places itself above the brow is recognised by the Teacher, who calls its rays to his own mental atmosphere. It is by this symbol that the Teacher recognises the student's intelligence; for by a "Man's light is he known." This attraction comes from an intense desire to be of assistance to others and from a willingness to give up everything in order to gain a knowledge of the REALITY. It is that longing, and that aspiration to know that bring the assistance of a Teacher.

The mind is a prisoner until it is able to get its nourishment from an Inner Source, and the process of its development is given an activity by the Teacher's atmosphere. The débris we have attracted to our mind's development has to be eradicated, and from this the vibration of the Teacher's atmosphere delivers the mind.

If you are really in the presence of your Teacher his objective body does not demand anything from you; yet his presence is sensed as something which gives you a new conception, for instance, of the way you should walk, and impresses your atmosphere with a newer and more developed consciousness.

The world is divided into sections, and each Teacher has his own division wherein he is best suited to work; and the cry of the student is not passed over by the Teacher who is in his division.

The Teachers vary according to the density of the mental atmospheres in which they work, and they have to adjust their bodies according to their locality. They adopt a vibratory balance, and train themselves and their sensory systems to accord with their environment. If you looked into the face of the American, or of the Great Soul working in Russia, who looks like a Finn, you would realise what wonderful work they are doing, and what strain their physical bodies must be carrying.

At the present time pupils are being trained to associate with the lower conditions of life, business, etc., in order to bring their higher vibrations down into their bodies while in their uncongenial surroundings. This causes the student great suffering on account of his sensitivity, but a time will come—after he has sensed the conditions about him and learned by what laws his environment may be governed—when he will be freed, and, if worthy, will be given an opportunity for further development under the protection of one more advanced than himself.

The World Teachers will develop us if we are really in earnest; but we are often blinded by our own individuality, and desire to carry out its expression rather than to react to the force of the Sun in our mental atmosphere. These Real Teachers implant the germ of the Individual *Nous* in our mental atmosphere, and as this functions it eradicates the disturbance which takes place within it, and gives us the feeling of possession, possession of great individuality as well as of a new point of view regarding things in general. This causes the mind to function in another direction, for we are then able to realise our real but hitherto idle powers. In other words, the Teachers impart to the student's atmosphere another product which grows and begins to assume its own particular expression. Being immersed in another atmosphere, we slowly surrender to it and to its possessions.

The mind atmosphere is like a sealed vessel, and it operates as its individual expression desires. But its Sovereign Counterpart will dissolve this operative nature if we are able to implant the actual *Nous* atom, which will then operate as the Sovereign Counterpart desires.

The difference between these Great Teachers and others is that they can *demonstrate* the things they talk about, and teach

their pupils to do the same. Words are useless unless they call into action their energies, and these, if expressed in their own fundamental way, can produce immortal literature.

No Teacher should be accepted who is not able to demonstrate his ability to transfer his activities to his pupils. There are many who teach, but yet are not able to do this, often surrendering themselves to the mental atmospheres of others, so that they may be given the instruction needed, being unable themselves to contact their own spheres of intelligence.

The pupil expects, when meeting a Teacher, that all obnoxious conditions will be swept away, and that he will be given powers and knowledge of wonderful things, be placed immediately upon the Path towards adeptship, be taught how to produce phenomena and be *en rapport* with the gods and mahatmas. He does not realise that he must first shape and chisel his own stone; that he must construct his own foundations and build upwards with his own hands, and that he is not allowed to talk freely about things he cannot demonstrate.

The real Teachers of Yoga adopt different systems for the Western world from those accepted by the Teachers of the East, for our attitude towards things is different, and we must apply present-day conditions to our work. Only by doing so can we get definite results.

Being of the West, I was told that the exercises and teachings of the East were not adapted for the Western temperament as the material essences of our bodies are not the same as those of the East, though there was a similar chord or note to which we would attain in time.

The personal appearance of the Teachers varies. We have been told how they are supposed to look, and idealised pictures are sold by some societies for students to meditate upon. But idealism often makes serious mistakes, and if the truth were told, people would be greatly surprised. Out of the body a Teacher appears as he desires, but in his physical body he is similar to the inhabitants of his country. I well remember my surprise when I first met my Teacher: the merry laugh he gave me, and the pleasure he took over his cake and icecream. My ideal of the Masters fell from the skies, yet when one learns and begins to understand the great work which his industrial relationships have brought about between capital and labour in the United States, one realises how great a man he is. He remarked



that : " To-day you must work from the top downwards, from the cause of things, if you wish to help humanity, not from the bottom upwards, as the Master Jesus did." Also : "*Keep your feet on the ground, live in the world, sense its activities, and become its instrument.* Then you can help humanity and give it enlightenment."

This is why the physical body must be made strong, for it is the stepping-stone to the Greater Reality. Get knowledge. Go where wisdom is found. Do not meditate on the way. The East is the East, and to build with materials different from your own is to destroy that which you have laid down as your foundations. The Teachers unite in saying : " Where your soul is planted, bring to birth other souls as well. The seed is planted in the earth. Destroy it not with the seeds of other earths." We have often noticed that Teachers coming from the East to the West seemingly lose their clear atmosphere and become subject to their new environment.

Teachers seldom receive support from their fellows, yet as the churn turns out butter in the end, so do they patiently await the result of their churning, and students seldom realise how carefully they are watched, or realise the love bestowed upon them by their Teachers. They feel that they are being worked to the limit of their endurance, but they are never allowed to go too far, and when they are taken out of their bodies by their Teachers to witness things in the inner spheres, they become more resolute and stronger for their own work. For out of the body they realise the Presence that is in their own self-constituted universe, and It gives them courage and strength.

The most important teaching the student is first given is in regard to the care of the physical body and the control of the imagination. If the liver is out of order the imagination is not healthy, and this will make the ideals unhealthy, for it is by calling upon the imagination of a people that the Teachers implant those ideals that are to rule them. Thus the imagination can be the great secret enemy, as well as the saviour of mankind.

Though these great Teachers know that the supply is limited, yet they do not take pupils when the student asks for assistance, for their atmosphere is not pleasing to them, and they have learned from experience that the student is apt to become conceited when immersed in their atmosphere. Being placed in an atmosphere which stimulates his mind to activity, and having contact with a higher intelligence within his own mental atmosphere, the

student begins to feel elevated into knowledge not revealed to his fellows.

The Teacher's individuality expresses itself in the student's atmosphere, and the Teacher is responsible for the student's activities in those spheres wherein Nature balances the mind-body's atmosphere. But later on all intercourse is severed, and the student must rely upon his own efforts. This is the dark period for the student. He is now mentally individualised and must progress upon his own path.

After the Teacher has contacted the student's mind with its higher counterpart's activities, he is then passed on to another Teacher—for each one is a specialist—till the student is slowly absorbed into the centre of his own self-created universe, and into the trine-unity which Nature has for the seeker.

The mind of a Teacher is not like an ordinary mind, for it functions in an opposite direction, and often the student feels that he is disregarded and is seemingly left without any realisation or benefit. He says: "Why am I left absolutely alone? Why am I not helped when I need it most? I have struggled along without any aid. I have known hunger and cold. The Teachers could make my position better in a moment by relieving my mind and restoring to it peace and happiness. Why must I struggle on all alone and no help come to me?" This is the cry of thousands who have sought the Path, and are seemingly without guidance or teaching.

The answer is that all effort is regarded as possessing the Great Intelligence of the Source, and in different walks of life the human understanding must be used as a stepping-stone to greater wisdom; and to possess wisdom is to develop its intelligence within our own self-created atmosphere. This is why we are often apparently neglected by our foster-parent, the Teacher, who is our true guide in that he can express himself in the mind-body of the individual as well as in the many.

The student cries *out* into the material world for his Teacher to accept him, but he will not get an answer, for the mind generates discord and the vowel sounds do not reach the Teacher. But if he asks *inwardly* he will knowingly hear his Teacher's voice, for the Teacher can call his pupil from any distance.

Our bodies are the instruments upon which the activities of the world play, and the secrets of the mind-bodies are not allowed to be given to outsiders who are often morbid in their expressions,

and are not alert to hear their Teacher's voice. Adopt the attitude that the world is a prison, and one becomes its prisoner. Adopt the attitude that the world is a channel to the Great Reality and *its* presence will become conscious to one. And if the student desires to find the information which he seeks he will look for the mind that has passed him in the path to the Sovereign Goal.

The problem which confronts the seeker is : " Who is my Teacher ? " Here is the answer : " The real source of his own self-created universe is his Master Guardian and Saviour, and the Teacher is but the Servant of that Source who awaits the time when the soul is awakened into its own atmosphere and who gives it aid for its freedom of action."

And such are they who seek the seekers of the Reality's expression in Natural Law, the Masters of humanity, and the Servants of the Source.

## AN OLD MAN'S WISDOM

By FRANK LIND

The moon-white eve is silent, still ;  
Like to a holy nun at prayer ;  
A myriad thoughts unuttered seem to fill,  
Waiting to stir to tune, the slumb'rous air :  
As though some unseen minstrel touched the lyre,  
Ready to wake its strings with dew and fire.

Though golden joys have passed away,  
Singing of birds, sweet scent of flowers ;  
No longer echoes youth with laughter gay,  
Wine of more worth o'erbrims these later hours :  
On him who humbly in the shadows kneels,  
Rays down a glory never sun reveals !

## VIRGIL AND OCCULTISM

By THOMAS FOSTER

TWO thousand years ago, on the fifteenth of October, a wealthy landowner of Andes, near Mantua, in Northern Italy, was presented with a son, whom he named Publius Virgilius Maro. The boy grew up in troubled times. In the preceding fifty years Rome had seen foreign invasion, civil war, rebellion of its allies and revolt of its slaves. Further trouble was brewing, which was to culminate in a struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, with the whole civilised world as stakes, when Virgil, at the age of twenty, was to see military service on the side of Cæsar.

A year's hard campaigning, however, resulted in his retirement through ill-health, and it may be that this year of warfare laid the seeds of the consumption that afflicted him in later life.

He had already written some short poems when, two years after his Army experiences, he bade farewell to poetry and the Law (at which latter he was a decided failure) and went to study philosophy at Naples under Siro, a famous Epicurean.

Naples at this time was the Brighton of the ancient world—a Rome by the sea. Villas of the wealthy lined the bay, and the whole region—including Pompeii and Herculaneum—was the centre of a wealthy coterie, and a great resort of Greek and Eastern traders. With these came a multitude of philosophers and prophets, and among them the Epicureans Siro and Philodemus, under whom Lucretius probably studied. They were Gadarines; not Jews, but Syrians whose country had just been emancipated from Jewish rule.

Their master, Epicurus, despite his own blameless life, had taught a somewhat contradictory system of materialism, which amounted in practice to *carpe diem*, and which found its lowest expression in the inscription on the famous tomb on the Appian Way: "Eat, drink, fornicate, then—come!" Yet it so happens that the spade of the archæologist has uncovered, in Herculaneum, the library of no less a person than Philodemus, and from these charred rolls, every one of them dealing with Epicureanism, we may see that he had considerably modified his master's system. Eastern Epicureanism was more tolerant of popular religious beliefs, and more ready to give not only praise but adulation to the great.

Yet, although Virgil resided at Naples for the rest of his life, and inherited Siro's small villa there, he by no means adhered rigidly to Epicureanism. Some scholars, indeed, believe that he later became a Stoic, but it seems more true to say that with his friend, Horace—and the OCCULT REVIEW—he was *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* (*Horace, Ep. I, lib. i, l. 14*).

While Virgil was thus in philosophic seclusion, events had moved rapidly in the outer world. Cæsar had been assassinated and his nephew Augustus, by a series of dissimulations and callous atrocities, had gained the mastery of the Empire. He promised the people universal peace, and the memories of war, bloodshed and proscription predisposed them to listen to him.

The new despot immediately began to consolidate his possessions, and to weld them into a loyal whole by every means at his disposal. One of these was a religious revival, centring in Augustus as Pontifex Maximus, and later, as the recipient of divine honours. Revivals in art, literature and trade were other parts of his scheme, and each was pressed into the service of the others. Thus we find Virgil at court encouraged by the Emperor and his advisers to write on patriotic, religious and agricultural themes.

The Eclogues (pastoral), the Georgics (agricultural), and the Æneid (patriotic and religious) belonged to this period. Although beautiful in thought and diction, they have not the spontaneity and charm of his earlier work.

His Epicureanism so far influenced his religious outlook as to make him what to-day we should call a Modernist. In his verses—although all the Gods play important parts in the fortunes of Æneas, are invoked by his shepherds and husbandmen in the Bucolics, and their worship is enjoined in the Georgics—there are passages which show that he believed them to be man-made; deified heroes to whom honour was due for their good deeds.

This was the belief of most educated people of the age, and may explain to some extent why the Eastern custom of paying divine honours to living rulers took such firm and speedy hold in Rome. They argued thus: "If, in olden times, great men could be deified, shall not we now deify Augustus, since he has given the world peace, and revived all the ancient splendours of Rome?"

Virgil, in virtually rejecting the Roman pantheon, was forced, albeit reluctantly, to take refuge in Fate, which to him was

master of the Gods. This makes his philosophy inhuman and pessimistic, and has the effect of robbing Æneas of his humanity, making him a puppet in the hands of Destiny. This may have been intentional, however, since Æneas is supposed to be the son of Venus, and thus but half human. On the other hand, this very pessimism lends a terrible grandeur to the Æneid—especially to Book IV, which deals with the sorrows of Dido.

Moreover, it is this philosophy that makes Virgil, in all his works, keenly alive to all the sorrows of life. He had a peculiar facility for compressing the essence of deepest woe into a few simple words, and of making his readers feel the dread weight of tragedy as perhaps no other poet has done.

Yet, while excluding the Gods, his modified Epicureanism found room for a belief in survival after death. Eastern concepts learnt from his Syrian teachers are responsible for his belief in reincarnation, which is an essential part of the Æneid if not its very climax.

After many wanderings and trials, with the pain of parting from Dido still fresh in his heart, Æneas has landed at Cumæ, where, in answer to his prayers, he is permitted to visit the Shades to consult his father, Anchises, as to the future. He finds Anchises in the Groves of the Blessed, relating deeds of Trojan prowess to "the imprisoned souls destined for the light above." After their greeting, Æneas sees a river in the secluded valley with "countless nations and peoples" at its banks. Anchises tells him that "they are spirits to whom Fate owes other bodies, and who drink potent draughts of long forgetfulness at the water of the River Lethe." Æneas asks, in wonder: "Must it be thought that some go from hence to earth and again inhabit dull slow-moving bodies? What means this insensate longing for the light of earth?" Anchises replies that "the heavens and the earth, the sea and the sun are sustained and directed by an inward spirit and mind infused throughout the whole. From this (the Soul of the World) comes the life of men, beasts, birds and fishes. These life-seeds are of fiery nature and divine origin, in so far as earthly bodies and mortal members do not retard or blunt them. From these last come men's hopings and fearings, joyings and grievings, since, being wrapped in darkness and in the blind prison of the body, they cannot see the light. Even after leaving this earth, some of the evil clings to them, and not all of the fevers of the body have left them, since many taints become deep-rooted by the habits of long years. For this

reason they are taught by suffering, paying the penalties for old sins. Some are cleansed by winds, some are washed clean by vast floods, while from others the guilt is burnt out by fire. Then they are transferred to this vast Elysium, until, when the cycle is complete, the lapse of time has taken out the deep-rooted taint and leaves the ætherial sense pure, and the fire restored to its golden simplicity. Only a few of us remain in Elysium for ever; the majority, when Time's wheel has turned through a thousand years, are summoned by the god to the river Lethe, so that, bereft of memory, they may revisit the earth above, and begin to wish to assume bodies again." (*Æn.* 6th. 6c. 679, *seq.*)

Then Anchises shows Æneas his future descendants among the shades at Lethe's banks awaiting rebirth—all the famous kings and heroes of the Rome that is to be—and ends with that famous passage (*Æn.* bk. 6, l. 847—853): "Some shall make figures that breathe from bronze, shall draw living faces from marble, shall be greater orators, shall measure the paths of heaven and tell the rising of the stars. All this I well believe; but, Roman, remember that it is reserved for you to rule the world, and that your arts shall be the crowning of Peace with Law, the sparing of the vanquished and the subduing of the proud."

Perhaps the poem should have ended there. At any rate, it can be safely said that the wars and sieges which follow, if they do not provide an anti-climax, are all too reminiscent of Homer to strike that exalted note again.

It may be of interest to note here that in the *Culex*, Virgil seems to extend survival after death even to insects.

Reincarnation is not, however, the only debt that Virgil owes to the East. In proclaiming (in his fourth Eclogue) the birth of a child that should usher in the Golden Age, he uses sentiments that vividly recall the eleventh chapter of Isaiah. It is not likely that Virgil had read the Old Testament, but the tradition probably reached him through his Syrian masters, who would have been acquainted with the Messianic expectations current in Jewish circles. In his hands it formed, perhaps, nothing more than a new method of paying a compliment to his benefactors, Pollio and Augustus. Yet there well may be something more in it: the child mentioned in the Eclogue cannot be identified, and scholars are much divided on the subject of even a possible identity. St. Augustine, Lactantius, the Emperor Constantine, and St. Basil considered the Eclogue a prophecy of the Incarnation; several people, including Statius, were converted to

Christianity by it, and the preservation of Virgil's work intact through the Dark and Middle Ages was in large measure due to this belief.

In addition, there are numerous references to occult and magical rites scattered through Virgil's works. The second half of the sixth Eclogue gives a detailed account of a magical rite for recalling a faithless lover ; there is Dido's unsuccessful attempt to forget Æneas by witchcraft ; there is a description of the Cumæan Sybil, and references to the drugs of Pontus (which enabled sorcerers to assume animal forms) and to Thessaly and its witches.

Auguries and omens bulk large, and show how, in the shade of Roman Epicureanism, superstition flourished again. Even the Emperor begged at his own door one day of every year, to avert ill-luck, and all Virgil's Modernism did not prevent him from promising a statue of Cupid and the usual offerings to Venus should he be given aid in writing the Æneid. (*Catalepton*, XIV.)

These references are important because Virgil took the greatest pains to achieve absolute accuracy in even the smallest detail, and was aided therein by his philosophical training and a prodigious memory, which enabled him to recall every line he had written. The Eclogues and Georgics show him as the Roman Wordsworth—a keen and close student of Nature and rural life ; while for the background of many important events in the Æneid, he paid special visits to Cumæ ; and must have fought out every move of the battles in his imagination on the ground itself. Indeed, this unremitting industry caused his death. While in Greece, in search of local colour for the Æneid, he was smitten with fever, and returned in the Emperor's suite to Italy, only to die at Brundisium very shortly after. The Æneid was left unfinished at his death ; for, before submitting it to the public, he had intended to spend three years revising it. The foregoing facts go far to justify the saying that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains."

His works were so frequently used by grammarians and schoolmasters as to acquire, shortly after his death, a semi-inspired character, and it is only natural that his poems should have been used for divination by *Sortes*, which practice has continued almost to our own time. It is said that the death of Charles I was foretold to him by Lord Fairfax, who employed the *Sortes Virgiliana*, and foretold his own speedy end by the same means.



Because of the inoffensiveness of his Muse, and because he was considered "a Christian before Christ," Virgil continued to hold the foremost place among poets after the fall of Rome and the breaking up of Roman civilisation. By influencing Augustine and Jerome, he indirectly influenced the whole of the Middle Ages, but in many instances his influence was much more direct. Alcuin, Theodore and our own Bede read, admired and imitated him, and these are but the first of a long list of mediæval writers (culminating in Dante) who were very considerable debtors to the bard of Mantua.

The mediæval opinion of Virgil is best summed up in a verse of the Sequence in the Mass of St. Peter (in use until the liturgical revision of 1570) which represents the Apostle

*Ad Maronis Mausoleum  
Ductus, fundit super eum  
Piae rorum lacrimæ.  
"Quem te," inquit, "redidissem  
Si te vivum invenissem,  
Poetarum Maxime."\**

There is, however, another side of the mediæval conception of Virgil that demands notice. Popular folk-lore and romance do not give the poet's true history, but tell of "the life of Virgilius and his death, and many maravyles that he did in his lyfe time by witchcraft and nigromancy, through the help of the devylls of hell."† The stories relate how, by releasing a demon imprisoned in a bottle, "Virgilius became very connynge in the practyse of the blacke scyence." He became the friend of the Emperor of Rome (who is drawn as a typical mediæval prince), made a brazen horseman and dogs to rid Rome of nocturnal footpads, made an inextinguishable lamp, built Naples literally by magic, made a bronze figure to keep Vesuvius from eruption and a bronze fly to keep flies away from Naples. He became enamoured of the Sultan's daughter, whom he visited by a bridge of air, and finally met his death by accident while attempting to rejuvenate himself by magical means.

It is not very clear how these popular legends gathered about his name. Many of them betray an Eastern origin and others are distortions of classical Grecian fables. The stories of the Sultan's

\* "Being brought to the tomb of Virgil, he shed a flood of holy tears over him, and said, 'Had I found thee living, how much I could have given thee, O greatest of all poets.'"

† "Early English Prose Romances:" edited by Thoms and Baker,

daughter and the demon in the bottle are reminiscent of the Arabian Nights, while Virgil's attempted rejuvenation very closely resembles Medea's attempt upon her father-in-law.

When we remember that part of Southern Italy was held by the Byzantine Emperors well into mediæval times, it will easily be seen how Eastern merchants trading thither could have brought these stories with them, and how from thence they could spread throughout Europe. They are good stories, and the mediæval story-teller was fond of making famous men the heroes of his tales in order to give them greater interest, as may be seen from such collections as the *Gesta Romanorum*. Perhaps this will account for the transformation of the gentle poet into the cunning necromancer.

With the Renaissance, Virgil came into his proper reputation once again, and as a poet he has done more than any other to mould English verse, and through it, the English language. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Wordsworth, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson betray strong marks of his influence, and through them we all are debtors to "The Swan of Mantua."

## FETTERED

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

This body in whose passionate hold I dwell,  
 This frame I move in and appear to be,  
 At times seems weirdly not a part of me,  
 But presses round my being like a shell.  
 The swaying limbs, the pulses' heave and swell,  
 Are marks of some obscure captivity  
 Which, vaguely felt, I vaguely long to flee  
 As cage-born linnets crave some flowered dell.

The "me" of aching nerve and fragile bone  
 Is not myself . . . It seems I darkly clutch,  
 Fumbling like one gone blind, at some far height  
 Where, sloughing matter like a robe outgrown,  
 I rise on wings like wind itself, and touch  
 The bodiless divine in trance-bound flight.

## SOME PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY

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

### PART I.—THE FINITE WORLD OF SPACE

SCIENCE and philosophy are distinct and must, perhaps, ever remain so. The problems of the first are immediate, those of the latter ultimate. Science is for ever solving her problems; but as each one is solved, so, like the heads of the hydra of antiquity, others arise to take its place. Philosophy never solves her problems, which remain always the same. Nevertheless, she for ever asymptotically approaches their solution. In each case there is progress, but it is progress of a different character.

At the same time, it would be quite incorrect to describe philosophy as independent of science. There is, indeed, both action and reaction. The prevailing philosophic temper of the age will to a large extent determine the terms in which science will endeavour to solve her problems—it will remain for a future age to separate the real solution from its unnecessary philosophic accretions. On the other hand, the findings of science will, not necessarily determine, but certainly tend to shape, the development of philosophic speculation. And in this latter sense, but in no other, since pure science carries with it no positive metaphysical implications, it is true to describe the science of the nineteenth century as materialistic.

Its geometry derived from Euclid and its mechanics based on the work of Newton, who was strongly influenced by Euclidean geometry, made Materialism not inevitable, but certainly easy. To question the validity of Materialism was to question the very basis of science and seemingly to throw the mind into complete confusion. Materialism was distinctly useful: it provided an apparatus of thought. That it was an apparatus that could withstand criticism was by no means the case. Berkeley, for those who cared to read his work on Human Knowledge, had long ago pretty completely destroyed it. Indeed, so self-contradictory is the metaphysic of Materialism that it is almost impossible to say precisely what Materialism is without contradicting oneself. Berkeley, however, had provided no alternative apparatus suitable for the purposes of science. His unanswerable arguments were either ridiculed or ignored, or, more fre-

quently perhaps, completely misunderstood, since they seemed to knock away the universe from under one's feet.

To-day, thanks to the work of Einstein, Minkowski and others, we live, or can live, if we so desire, in an entirely different intellectual atmosphere. The Theory of Relativity provides us with a new apparatus of thought, which not only renders the old apparatus of Materialism completely unnecessary, but exhibits its inadequacy for the purposes of science. And if the Theory of Relativity no more compels us to believe every tenet of Berkeleyan idealism than Newtonian mechanics necessitated belief in Materialism, it at any rate renders Berkeleyan idealism extraordinarily easy.

The Theory of Relativity, however, entails so many novel concepts, which violently run counter to our most ingrained modes of thought, that what might otherwise prove a very simple story becomes an extraordinarily elaborate one. Moreover, the theory is so highly mathematical in character, that it is by no means easy to make plain its philosophic implications in ordinary language. The fact is that ordinary language is too crude, too inexact, to describe the modern scientific concept of the Universe. Only the highly refined and perfectly precise language of mathematics will suffice.

The man in the street is too apt to think that the validity of a theory is determined by his capacity to understand it. Make the Theory of Relativity intelligible to me, he asks. But no one can make it intelligible to him, unless he is first willing to learn to think precisely, and this involves, on his part, an intensive course of mathematical study. Nevertheless, in the course of the studies of which this is the first, I shall endeavour to do my best to put certain aspects of the Theory of Relativity into "plain" (that is, rough and inexact) language. But it must be understood that, in so doing, I can only lead my readers into the outskirts of that new world of thought which the Theory of Relativity in very deed is.

It is well known to educationalists that, whilst much that is learnt in childhood seems to be forgotten as the individual reaches maturity, it may nevertheless play an important part in determining the trend and character of his thought. Indeed, it is on this ground that the inclusion of many items in the usual educational curriculum is justified, items which seem, at first sight, devoid of practical utility. Geometry, by which I mean geometry as it is taught to children, is a case in point. It is

not usually a popular subject, and most of what is learned seems rapidly to depart from the mind.

Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly due to the fact that the geometry we learn at school is, in essentials, the geometry of Euclid, that the bulk of us are convinced that the physical universe, the universe of space, is infinite. The details of that geometry, the assumptions on which it is based, may have passed out of consciousness; but the memory of them remains in the unconscious mind, compelling our belief in that important consequence of Euclidean geometry, the infinitude of space, and rendering for us any other concept of the physical universe "inconceivable."

There is no doubt that Euclid himself realised that his geometry was, in a sense, hypothetical, since it had as its basis certain assumptions, in particular the fifth, or "parallel," postulate. At the same time, no doubt, he hoped that the space whose geometry he developed corresponded to the real space of experience. It remained for later editors of Euclid's *Elements* completely to mask the hypothetical character of his geometry by transferring this postulate to the "axioms" or obvious truths.

The fact of the matter is that numerous systems of geometry are possible, some of which have been worked out in detail. Each system is perfectly consistent with itself, but inconsistent with any other system. The question which system corresponds to the real space of experience can only be determined by experiment—*a priori* reasoning is useless. Unfortunately, several systems all correspond very well with ordinary experience—the difficulty is to devise an experiment the results of which can be regarded as decisive.

Consider for a moment what are perhaps the three most important systems, namely the Euclidean, Hyperbolic, and Elliptic geometries. These three systems, which are based on different hypotheses concerning the existence of parallel straight lines, lead to conclusions concerning the sum of the angles of any triangle which are mutually inconsistent and exclusive. In the Euclidean system, the sum of these angles is always exactly equal to two right angles; in the Hyperbolic system it is always less than this amount; whilst in the Elliptic system it is always greater.

What, one might think, could be easier than to test this by measurement? We draw a triangle, measure its angles, and add

them up. The result comes to two right angles exactly, *as near as we can tell*. The proviso is important. No measurement is exactly accurate. How can we be certain that the sum of our errors may not have made the final result too large or too small? Moreover, it can be proved, in both the Hyperbolic and the Elliptic systems, that the deviation is proportional to the area of the triangle. In the case of the little triangles which we can draw and measure, the deviation may be ultra-microscopic, whilst in the case of an immense triangle, whose vertices are the centres of three far-distant heavenly bodies, it might be very considerable.

The Elliptic system of geometry is important, because, in this system, space is finite. If the Elliptic system corresponds to the space of experience, then the physical universe is finite, though unbounded. There is not the least real difficulty in conceiving of finite and unbounded space. The concept of a finite and unbounded three-dimensional continuum is as easy as that of a finite and unbounded two-dimensional continuum, such as, for example, the surface of a sphere. Indeed, it is really an easier conception than that of infinite space. Our minds only find it difficult because in childhood they were saturated with the assumptions and implications of Euclidean geometry.

The Elliptic geometry was invented by Riemann in 1854, whose epoch-making essay on the subject was translated into English by Clifford in 1873. He wrote as follows: "In the extension of space-construction to the infinitely great, we must distinguish between *unboundedness* and *infinite extent*; the former belongs to the extent-relations, the latter to the measure-relations. That space is an unbounded three-fold manifoldness, is an assumption which is developed by every conception of the outer world. . . . The unboundedness of space possesses . . . a greater empirical certainty than any external experience. But its infinite extent by no means follows from this; on the other hand, if we assume independence of bodies from position, and therefore ascribe to space constant curvature, it must necessarily be finite provided this curvature has ever so small a positive value."\*

It is interesting to note that Madame Blavatsky expressed a similar view concerning the nature of the physical universe in *Isis Unveiled*, written in 1877, though whether she arrived at this

\* Riemann: "On the Hypotheses which lie at the Bases of Geometry," trs. by W. K. Clifford, in the latter's *Mathematical Papers*, ed. by H. J. S. Smith, London, 1882, pp. 67 and 68.

independently, or, what is more probable, derived it directly or indirectly from Riemann, I am not prepared to say. She writes: "Notwithstanding that the world of matter is boundless for us, it is still finite" (1910 edn., Vol. 1, p. 7).

The concept of infinite space involves certain cosmological difficulties, which have been explained in a non-technical manner by Einstein himself in his *Relativity—the Special and the General Theory*, translated by Dr. Lawson (London, 1920). If space is infinite, the average density of matter in it must be nil. The difficulty is obviated if the Elliptic system is adopted; and modern physicists are now generally agreed that this system corresponds in general with the actual structure of space. The physical universe is unbounded, but finite. Indeed, computations of its size have been made; and, although these can only be regarded as very rough, they are nevertheless extremely interesting.

It is perfectly true that a belief in an infinite physical universe is not completely incompatible with an idealistic philosophy. Even on the Euclidean assumption, the infinitude of space is not an absolute infinitude, since space is necessarily limited by the definition of space, all definition implying limitation.\* I developed this idea many years ago in an essay "On the Infinite," published in my *Matter Spirit and the Cosmos* (Popular edition, London, 1916).

Nevertheless, to escape from the concept of an infinite physical world, a concept on which so high a value is placed by Materialism, is a relief to the idealistic philosopher. And this, therefore, I record as the first implication of the Theory of Relativity of philosophic importance: that *the world of space, though unbounded, is finite.*

\* Cf. Spinoza: *The Ethics*, Part I, explanation of Definition vi.

(To be continued.)

## SPIRITUAL PRIDE

By A. BANKS

SPIRITUAL pride, that most subtle production of separateness—what is it? Is it not a certain poise reached by the soul after many struggles, many hardships, many failures, many attainments, a poise from which the soul fears to be thrown, once more to enter the stream of life, the stream of suffering, struggling, pain and growth?

It is a dangerous position because it seems to be a poise, a peace, a spiritual upliftment hardly won, a point in the attainment of which the soul thinks that it has risen superior to the mean level of ordinary humanity, thinks that it has attained a position where it can help the world. This last—always an illusion of the mind until true freedom is reached, until the soul has become the blossom of Life, as perfect, as natural, as is the flower. When this happens, then the soul is the centre, the heart, of every living thing, and only at this point can it truly help.

“The mind is the great slayer of the Real”\* we are told. The mind is separative, therefore it cannot direct the affairs of spiritual growth, though the spiritually proud man thinks that it can.

No—it is only by being willing to live, to experience, to suffer the pain of being tossed between the pairs of opposites, love—hate, humility—pride, pleasure—pain, that we grow spiritually. The individual who sits in the mind, thinking himself balanced, superior, poised, giving his light to all around, is a small god of his own making, living in a stagnant back-water of life. Should such an one be big enough to respond to the life-impulse of growth, his idea of himself will lie a shattered idol at his feet, and the true man, naked, unprotected, saved by his own inner strength, will rise through pain and suffering, through identification with the lowest as well as with the highest, to true spiritual attainment, a Saviour of the world.

It is by identification that we truly understand, by becoming one with all the joy and all the sorrow of the world, by becoming one with the sinner as well as with the saint, that we truly help. The spiritually proud man can never do this, for he cannot

\* *The Voice of the Silence* translated by H. P. Blavatsky from the *Book of the Golden Precepts*.



forget his own supposed superiority, and this makes him forever outside, apart from, the struggling soul, an artificial light at best, and not the warm, healing, life-giving ray of the soul's own true light from his spiritual home.

Let us not deceive ourselves, the way is not easy, and the Path pointed out by the Mystics and Seers of all ages has to be trodden by each one of us for ourselves, and we can only tread the Path by living in the fullness of life, of experience, never by the self-satisfactions of the mind, which give, perhaps, in spiritual pride, their most subtle illusion.

The growing soul has to break this fetter, has to cast away this limitation, it must enter the stream of life, of joy—sorrow, love—hate, pleasure—pain, experiencing the pairs of opposites with all other souls until it reaches that true poise, that true freedom, which is perfect Union, perfect Joy—Bliss unspeakable. Then shall the soul shine with the glorious Light of a true Son of the Father, and not one grain of dust but shall be quickened on its upward way.

## URANUS

By LEO FRENCH

I loose my shoes from my feet.  
 Naked I tread the Uranian Burning-ground  
 Son of Prometheus I. Æons ago I lay bound, bleeding, but uncon-  
 quered, on The Mount of Torment—Riven by alternate frost and  
 fire, gnawed by creatures of prey that bring not death's release.  
 Thence, at length, liberated by endurance of penalty self-incurred,  
 The Avenger Himself bade me descend from the Mount of Torment,  
 to tread the Way of Sacrifice, and to live The life Thereof, among  
 my human brethren, that they might know the high Gods still  
 live, love, call and draw Their Votaries to Them.  
 In this mortal vesture clad, I raise mine eyes to Thy Fire-Orb.  
 Did I approach nearer, its burning brilliance would slay Thy lover at  
 Thy feet.  
 My death hour strikes not yet. Time's wheel turns on, its revolutions  
 bring momentarily nearer my release.  
 Thou Titan-God Uranus, I am Thine.

## 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.]

### RE ROSICRUCIANS

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—As a rule I do not care to write to publishers or editors, however I may disagree, but in this instance I feel I ought to. Your editorials are always interesting and a source of pleasure and gratification to any serious thinker or truth-seeker. I myself have taken the OCCULT REVIEW for these last twenty years and find always a real enjoyable evening spent with every issue.

“What percentage of the total number,”\* remarks the Editor, “could bear a searching into their origin, and rights to the title, it would be idle to speculate.” Quite right! Nevertheless, the real authentic Brotherhood is to-day just as active as ages ago, and in its true purity and unprofaned principles working in the midst of all pseudo-fraternities undefiled, and its secrets only given to the worthy and earnest seeker for truth and illumination. No one can penetrate into their secrets unless duly qualified. With regard to the author of *Man's Highest Purpose*, his statement that the actual Rosicrucians have no visible brotherhood, etc., only proves that the author does not know, although he may quite sincerely believe. *Vide* the author's statement that he “delved deeply into the secrets”: if he has, he would have refrained from his sweeping statement. In one instance he claims the title of real Rosicrucian and then denies actual and physical activities, which are and always were part of the duty and work of the members of this ancient and venerable brotherhood. Commonsense should tell any deep and logical thinker that the author made a serious mistake in that particular statement, which speaks for itself. This tends to confuse, and certainly is not correct.

“Purposely the term is used,” etc. Quite so. The real Rosicrucian Brotherhood is no mere organisation in the outer world of men, but is a fact and more. They are, and were, always active, even as a physical body, which is a positive truth. “Some students of the Rosicrucian tradition go so far,” etc. Exactly! There we have the hitch: “some students of” the Rosicrucian tradition, therefore *not members of*, let alone *initiates of*. With all due respect for the knowledge and development of the author by his sweeping statement, he shows how far and where he stands! Such broadcast statement does a lot of harm, and however sincere the belief may be,

\* Of “Rosicrucian” fraternities—[ED.].

it brings its own karma. A true Rosicrucian does know and is not given to argument. He would sooner keep silent, but an error of this magnitude produces great harm and must be corrected for the sake of genuine and sincere seekers. There are pseudo-Rosicrucians, but any fervent and real seeker for truth, life and peace, and freedom of slavery, will find the Real Brotherhood even if temporarily misled. A pity it is that being helpful on one side, the author allows himself by a "believe" to make such an incorrect statement. It proves again how careful one has to be to discriminate between "Belief" and "Knowledge." Jesus, the Christ, the Highest Initiate, Adept and Master we yet have known on this plane, Himself freely offered teaching to the masses and secret teachings to others! Were they ripe then, or even to-day? How many? Many are called, few are chosen. If one wants to lead one *must have positive Knowledge*, not merely believe, or even *negative knowledge*. However sincere, one otherwise misleads and hinders in some direction. That attitude of mind shows want of wisdom, of enthusiasm and zeal.

ROSICRUCIAN.

### THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—The comments on this subject, in your September issue, make it clear to me that very considerable explanation is necessary before many misinformed persons in the West can begin to understand the Russian problem, even in only its religious aspect. I will, therefore, end this correspondence by remarking that it is not religious practice but religious organisation (in its abuse in politics) that is punished by the Soviet authorities. It may be noted that nothing has been heard of any Moslem "persecution" in Russia (though there are 15,000,000 of them) and that Jewish persecution, once frequent in Tsarist days, has now ceased. Real religion, in fact, is now freer than before, despite the official ridicule of crude theology, as Mr. Emrys Hughes, an editor of a Scottish paper, clearly shows. He says:

"In the morning we went out early into the market places, and into the churches, where services were being held regularly, although the English Press has led a large and credulous section of the British public to believe that all the priests have been boiled in oil.

Some of the members of the delegation were Catholics, and went to Mass just as they would have done in England or Ireland."

Those who wish to discover the historical sources of the undoubted enmity between Communists and the clerical organisation may find excellent accounts in *Religion under the Soviets*, by Julius F. Hecker, *The Jews and other Minor Nationalities under the Soviets*, by Avraham Yarmolinsky (Ph.D., Columbia), *Liberty under the Soviets*, by Roger

Baldwin. These works are all published (at fifty cents each), by the Vanguard Press, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York.

If the same attention be given to a careful perusal of these inexpensive and unbiased works as has been given to the pernicious nonsense of the gutter Press, it is highly probable that a considerable change of view may occur regarding the exact location of "black forces."

Faithfully yours,

W. G. R.

#### REINCARNATION

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR—It will, I think, interest your correspondent, W. R. Sevier, to know that in the first edition of my reincarnation novel *Rebirth*, on the authority of Mr. E. D. Walker's book and of Mrs. Besant's quotation of Mr. Walker in his little book *Reincarnation*, I included the name of Swedenborg among famous believers.

After consultation with Mrs. Besant and the Secretary of the Swedenborg Society I have omitted the name in all other editions.

Mrs. Besant's secretary wrote to me "as you will see in the little book *Reincarnation*; Mrs. Besant merely quotes from Walker, who must, I am afraid, have written without book as I cannot find any support in Swedenborg's remarks on Life after Death for the view attributed to him."

RATHMELL WILSON.

#### PSYCHIC REMINISCENCES

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—One of your contributors recently gave some psychic reminiscences, and concluded his record by inviting others to give their experiences. In accepting the invitation I have to start with a few self-revelations. I am an old man, for whom the conundrums of life shall soon be solved, and I trust that this may be taken as a guarantee of my veracity.

With advancing age and wider reading I found it increasingly difficult to secure an anchorage in orthodox Christianity. I was attracted by the reports of Madam Blavatsky's teaching, but dropped it on reading the vilification through the Coulomb affair. It is only about nine years since I had an opportunity to read *The Occult World*, by A. P. Sinnett. A satisfactory vindication of the character of H. P. B. led me to the further study of Theosophy.

Unfortunately I am not of high spiritual attainments, and my last waking moments of a night are generally somewhat troubled; the load of the past, the lack of perceptible progress and the question to

Whom I should direct my prayers for light and help, are typical of my difficulties.

One night I woke with the feeling, or rather, *knowledge*, that a visitor from the other side was near me. The effect was indescribably exhilarating. The nearest similitude I can give was that it had the same effect on my inner bodies as warmth has on a physical body that is suffering severely from cold. I cannot say that words were spoken, but an intensely comforting feeling was produced. When I was fully awake it vanished—to my regret.

This visitation was in accord with theosophical teachings, *viz.*, that initiates in their subtle bodies visit slumbering humans to exercise a beneficent influence on them. My awaking was an unforeseen event, and it is only on higher levels of development that conscious contact with spiritual beings is permitted.

Very truly yours,  
"L."

ST. JOHN VIANNEY

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—Perhaps the following extract from a recent issue of the *Church Times* may be of interest to your readers. It concerns the life of St. John Mary Vianney, Curé of Ars, in France, from 1817 to 1858, who has recently been canonized at Rome.

Here, then, are the remarks above referred to :

I

The things he endured from fellow-men were as nothing compared with those he endured from Satan. For more than thirty years hardly a day passed in which, in some way or another, Satan did not manifest his malice. Sometimes the Curé was hurled out of bed, and the bed-clothes torn to ribbons, the furniture upset, and the crockery broken. Sometimes the bed seemed to be on rollers; once it was burnt. "Thank God," he said, "I am now truly the poorest person in the parish, for they all have a bed, and I have none." Night after night there were noises—sounds of cavalry charging, sheep grazing, horses leaping on the ceiling, hammering, sawing, and cries of groaning, sighing, pain, cursing. Holy pictures were covered with filth, and holy water-vessels smashed.

St. John Vianney, it must be remembered, cured many unhappy beings who were possessed by devils, and it is not to be wondered at that one day, when he had heard two hundred and fifty confessions, the devil manifested himself in a particularly terrible way. M. Vianney was not the sort of person who would imagine these things, and many of these manifestations were witnessed by his fellow-priests and friends and others. Such pantomimic onslaughts would not be likely to shake the faith of a saint, but they must have been a terrible physical and mental strain. But it was not always in the open that the devil assailed him; he often tempted him in more subtle ways. The devil ruined his sleep, and often humiliated him; but, by the grace of God, his soul emerged from these trials purer and stronger than ever.

Yours faithfully,  
"T."

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

LE VOILE D'ISIS has issued another of those special numbers which distinguish it from all occult magazines and reviews produced in France or elsewhere. It is devoted to gnosticism and includes a bibliography of French works on the subject, beginning with the *Histoire* of Jacques Matter in 1828 and including many articles buried in periodical literature, in LA REVUE HISTORIQUE, in L'INITIATION, L'AURORE, LE JOURNAL ASIATIQUE, the bulk of which has suspended publication long ago. The list altogether materially extends our knowledge: we learn, for example, that no further back than 1928 the *Philosophumena* of Hippolytus, a refutation of all heresies has appeared at full length in a French translation. The issue is valuable otherwise, in part for original articles and in a particular manner for the reproduction of a study on Origins of Gnosticism, which Michel Nicolas contributed so far back as 1860-1861, to the Strasbourg NOUVELLE REVUE DE THÉOLOGIE: it is notable for that period and is not without interest at the present day. Here it is annotated in a supplement by T. Basilide, who contributes otherwise two articles, one on the "History of Gnosticism," and another on early aspects of its doctrine. Dr. Probst-Biraben writes on certain analogies between Islamic Sufism and Gnostic Metaphysics, and his essay opens with a tribute to two "most competent orientalists" who have preceded him—Prof. Massignon, of the College of France, and Dussand, a "famous pre-Hellenist." M. Gaston de Mengel enumerates traditional elements in Gnosticism, reminding us of the secret knowledge which it claimed to draw from the past and proposing the Jewish Kabbalah as one of its sources. But this *Theosophia* is more likely to have drawn from the Gnostics. We have been attracted in particular by the story of the Catharist sect, which appeared suddenly in Europe at the beginning of the eleventh century, "a mysterious Church of Love, in opposition to the Church of Rome." It is told unfortunately in a somewhat confusing manner, while a casual reference to the Holy Grail in this connection is left at a loose end. The fact remains, however, that there are problems connected with Grail literature which might reach a solution, did we know better about Catharists and other heretical movements of Champagne and Southern France, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. As regards Gnosticism in general, contributors to LE VOILE D'ISIS, and T. Basilide above all, would have done better had they known the records of research on the part of Dr. Robert Eisler and Mr. G. R. S. Mead; but English sources seem to offer always a great difficulty for French Occult writers.

The REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE prints an address by Mr. Harry Price, given at the Metapsychical Institute, on recent experiments with Rudi Schneider at the London Laboratory for Psychical Research. It is in this manner that we know of them for the first time, as the Laboratory's quarterly JOURNAL no longer reaches us, if it is still published. There is no opportunity here to give account of the séances; but they proved most remarkable. The considered decision

of Mr. Price is that "absolutely certain mediumistic phenomena were witnessed," while prominent sitters are cited who bore testimony to their inexplicable character. Dr. Osty devotes nearly sixty pages, accompanied by many illustrations, to two psychic "artists," one of whom is a painter of her own visions and the other an automatic writer, to whom subjects are proposed, the outlines of treatment given, and she begins to write immediately. The scripts are mostly in prose, but if verse be demanded the oracle produces verse, though the work is not done so rapidly. The explanation proffered by the medium is that she hears a voice and that voice dictates. For the most part she is conscious also of a presence outside herself. When her own mind is a complete blank on a given subject it is to be observed that the voice is silent, when communications are invoked from deceased personalities it is as if they came in response; but Berthelot, the great chemist, could not provide the formulæ of acetylene, ammoniac or sugar, while Bichat, the great biologist, could not furnish the titles of works which he himself had written. It may be concluded from this bare summary that the automatist was a mere impostor; but this is not the view of Dr. Osty, who made careful and prolonged experiments and has weighed well the conditions under which messages were obtained. They made evident to him that the subconscious of the medium was at work generally. Here, then, are the limits of interest in this case; but that of the other artist, who paints her own visions, is more remarkable in many ways. Mme. Hervy is unknown, except in so far as her paranormal gift has brought her into prominence; but Mme. Burnat Provins is an exceptional and brilliant personality, with an established reputation as painter and writer. Her psychic experiences began with the Great War, when names innumerable seemed to pour through her, and she was compelled to write them down for two and a half months. At the end of that time a single name would come, but with a picture belonging thereto, and she was impelled to sketch accordingly, producing for the most part *laid* or hideous faces. In her own view she has become "another artist" since "violent psychic emotion" on August 2, 1914, brought first experiences. It is as if her previous work came from external sources, but this from depths within her. There is yet another article which must be mentioned at least, for it is of all most important; but the subject exceeds treatment in summary form. It is a study, self-described as *farcément ncomplète*, of the scientific work of Charles Henry, Doctor of the University of Paris; and its writer, M. C. Andry Bourgeois, affirms that his subject has solved the problem of survival, namely, that of the "psychic atom," at once intelligent and indestructible. He has built a bridge between science and philosophy—otherwise between matter and spirit.

The "international" THEOSOPHIST of Hollywood has reached its ninth issue, and failing "two or three thousand more subscribers, or generous private donations," it will cease in January next. This is

regrettable, of course, as a grave disappointment to those concerned in the undertaking; but we have questioned whether the political aspects obtruded would appeal to American occultists, while there is otherwise the stultifying difficulty of the Krishnamurti embroilment. A contributor to *THE THEOSOPHICAL MESSENGER*, the American official organ, is eloquent on this subject. "If there is one thing more certain than another it is that Krishnamurti has gone out of his way to deal the Theosophical Society, its leaders and its members, a series of successive blows." *THEOSOPHY IN INDIA* is also suggestive reading, especially the Monthly Notes. A single point may be cited. Inquirers having asked Mr. Leadbeater "whether Krishnaji" is or is not the expected World Teacher, he has said in the course of his reply that "it does not matter to them." The Monthly Notes rejoin: "Then why was the Gospel of the Advent preached with such labour and vigour?" Theosophical magazines are fond of quoting Omar Khayyam: we quote also, and suggest that the time has come to "turn down an empty glass."

The poet said in his dejection that "wisdom lingers," even if "knowledge comes"; but we may be taught joyously, may learn and get wise as we go, with the help of many leaders who pilot those ships of speculation—occult, esoteric, and what not—which have been launched on the wide waters of American new thought. In this respect *THE OCCULT DIGEST* is like an Admiral's flagship or, in another form of imagery, it sails first of a great flotilla, bound far upon uncharted seas. As "a magazine for everybody," by its own hypotheses, it has taken all occult reverie for its province. The last issue is unexpected in several ways, as, for example, on birth control, which in recent days has been looked at from every standpoint save that of Effa Danelson, who edits, publishes and otherwise controls the *DIGEST*. She approaches the subject from a "scientific slant," so termed in her gay jargon. What of souls innumerable, queuing up in gangways of the psychic world, awaiting their chance of rebirth? What of these, she asks, if Bishops sanction control? And we in our folly had never thought of this, though a quite respectable thing called "theosophical theory"—headquarters at Adyar—has been assuring us through moons and years that there is a law of rebirth; that souls go forth in death but souls come back, and possess apparently an imprescriptible right to be born again. It is good to hear all this and to be assured that the nice theory, called theosophical, has "gained much headway during the last decade." The poor Bishops will be puzzled more than ever, failing a word of help from that other school of science which looks straight at things and not aslant, or from an oblique angle. Meanwhile the *DIGEST* has other pearls of price to distribute in the same issue. It has naturally a Christology of its own and the custody of a "lost message of Christ," in the absence of which the Church has been based on a "false foundation" and "has been doomed since its inception," like other structures "built upon the



sand." We are "on the verge," however, of "grasping the Lost Message," and to economise waste of speculation on such a subject it is revealed without further preface. The Message is eternal life, the gift of life for ever, "here and now," meaning in the physical body. How it is done seems another question, as to which it is said cautiously that space forbids. We have heard this kind of thing previously; but there is usually something left over, like the peacock "with a tail to be continued in our next," in the "Little Doctor Faust," of old days. If we turn in disillusion from life for ever in the bonds of five senses, we may still reap reward in other columns of THE DIGEST. We can know the First Matter of the alchemists in a series of three articles. The first tells us that "matter and mind are the same thing," that the "grossest materialism" is "compatible with the wisdom of the sages," and that it is also "a necessary adjunct of the purest spiritualism." There is in truth no end to the wonders, or rather promise of wonders. The pen "reveals truths" in the pages and the hand unveils meanings; the zodiac produces "mystic gems"; a "dream editor" interprets dreams psychically; and from month to month the official astrologer presents his "Daily Guide." What is De Morgan's celebrated "Budget of Paradoxes" compared with THE OCCULT DIGEST at 25 cents? It ought to sell by millions, on the condition of its own Christology, "if people believed literally." But there is a fund of scepticism on this earth of ours. We dare also to suggest that the DIGEST may be like that great poet of the past, of whom Charles Lamb said that "there's a f—f—fund of f—f—fun in Coleridge."

L'ASTROSOPHIE affirms that of all esoteric systems the most "potent" is Christian. The term esoteric is not defined but should mean mystical in the strict sense of the word. In any case "esoteric" is distinguished from things occult; but the consideration is confused by describing the old aphorism that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within" as an occult formula. . . . The Astrological Society of Holland has been told by one of its lecturers that there is "a strong bond between Astrology and Freemasonry." As it happens, there is no such bond, and the evidence offered is nonsense; but THE SEER, to which we are indebted for the fact, explains that the lecturer referred to Ideal Freemasonry, otherwise the higher teaching of the Order. But as this is said to be lost, we fail to see how our recently established contemporary accounts for its statement. . . . BEYOND is a new publication devoted to Spiritual Healing, and it advises us that on this subject "the Bishops at Lambeth have adopted a defeatist and apologetic attitude." The magazine is concerned also with Spiritism, and trance addresses by "Dr. Lascelles" are one of its features. In view of these dedications it seems curious that it should retell the story of Atlantis, unless it agrees with "a very considerable school of occultists," which holds, according to THE SEER, that "Atlantis represents a stage of human development" rather than the vanished civilisation of a submerged continent.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

## REVIEWS

THE WHEEL OF FIRE. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press, London. 296 pp. 12s. 6d. net.

In this important and arresting volume Mr. Wilson Knight continues on an ambitious scale the study of Shakespeare's plays begun very modestly in his *Myth and Miracle*, published rather more than a year ago. He describes his work as essays in interpretation; and he now prefaces some brilliantly original and suggestive commentaries by an equally striking and provocative exposition of his whole method of approach to the plays.

Mr. Wilson Knight rightly makes a clear distinction between criticism and interpretation. Criticism, he says, is a judgment of vision: it objectifies the work under consideration, compares it with other similar works, and gives a verdict as to its validity. But interpretation is a reconstruction of vision: it accepts the validity of the work it analyses, tends to merge into it, and aims at translating the artist's vision into terms of discursive reasoning. Criticism occupies itself chiefly with what Mr. Wilson Knight calls the temporal element in a work, that is, with the plot-chain of events; but interpretation must take full account of the other element present in all poetic drama, namely, the imaginative background, which he calls the spatial element. To concentrate exclusively on either of these two elements in a work must do violence to the poetic unity, especially in the case of Shakespeare's plays, where the two elements are closely fused. Mr. Wilson Knight recognises that undue insistence upon the plot-chain in the plays is a common and instinctive blunder, and he deals very convincingly with its misleading effects, and more particularly with those critical concepts of "intentions," "sources," and "character" which, he says, "have helped to work chaos with our understanding of poetry." His own method of approach aims at restoring balance by emphasising the imaginative background in its relation to dramatic motive and to action.

"In interpretation," he writes, "we must remember not the facts but the quality of the original poetic experience." And very rightly ignoring the subtly misleading but ultimately irrelevant question of the poet's conscious "intentions," and avoiding also the equally misleading ethical treatment of "character," he endeavours by means of his own imaginative reaction to reach beyond the plot-structure to "that burning core of mental or spiritual reality from which each play derives its nature and meaning." The task is exacting and hazardous; but Mr. Wilson Knight's intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the plays is reinforced by acute insight and a fine sensitiveness of reaction, so that in the result he leaves us for the most part with an intuitive conviction that we have been brought into direct contact with the essential thematic impulse of the plays he analyses, and especially with the sense that his method is justified by the light it sheds upon what most modern criticism is disposed to regard as "faults" in Shakespeare's work.

It is quite impossible to summarise briefly the arguments and conclusions of the several essays. But the effectiveness of Mr. Wilson Knight's method is especially apparent in his treatment of *Hamlet*, of *Measure*

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for *Measure*, and of *Timon of Athens*. And it is perhaps permissible to add that his view of the later plays as "mythical representations of a mystic vision" necessarily appeals with significant force to the present reviewer, inasmuch as it tends to confirm his own contribution to Shakespearean interpretation.

This intensely stimulating and perceptive book contains an Introduction by Mr. T. S. Eliot, who discusses very acutely but in a curiously tentative manner the whole subject of the "interpretation" of poetry and especially of Shakespeare's plays. He confesses that it has taken him a long time to recognise the justification of the interpretative method of approach to poetry, and his attitude towards it still seems to be only speculative and inquiring. But he does admit frankly that the present essays have enlarged his understanding of the Shakespeare pattern. And this admission is a significant and authoritative indication of the value and high importance of Mr. Wilson Knight's work.

COLIN STILL.

SYMBIOSIS, THE CURE OF CANCER AND OF "SELECTIONITIS." A New Orientation of the Science of Life. By H. Reinheimer. Author of "EVOLUTION AT THE CROSSWAYS," etc. With Forewords by representative Men and Women. London: The C. W. Daniel Co., 46 Bernard Street, W.C. 1. Cr. 8vo., pp. 244. Price 7s. 6d. net.

In the etiology of cancer, the solution, not improbably, lies in a complexity of causes. All contributory causes, however, should Mr. Reinheimer be right, are resolvable into one: ignorance of the rationale of a normal metabolism, blind disregard for the universal law of inter-dependence, give-and-take, "pulling together"—i.e., *Symbiosis*. The gospel of Darwinism, with its trinity of "natural selection," "survival of the fittest," and "nothing matters," has resulted in an epidemic of, what Mr. Reinheimer styles, "Selectionitis"; that is a "pulling apart," mutual plunder—the rule of the scavengers, with their battle-cry of "Eat and be eaten!" This is the outcome of divorcing morality from biology, dismissing in terms of quantity its qualitative aspect. "In-feeding" (like on like), or over-feeding, as opposed to "cross-feeding" (each for all), leads to internecine strife among the cells, induces a parasitic diathesis.

Nature, on a superficial examination, bears evidence as much against as for Mr. Reinheimer's theory. For, we may mention the co-operation between algæ and sponges; against that of the hermit-crab (*Eupagurus prideauxi*) with sea anemones, a partnership of a rather less laudable description. The oak, harbouring more insects than any other tree, appears to encourage both "in-feeders" and "cross-feeders." And is there not a carcinoma of trees? But a preponderance of Evil is no plea alleging hidden Virtue. Evolution should be studied to profit by its mistakes, not to propagate its errors. The champion of *Symbiosis* puts up a strong case; only we wish he had enlightened us on two points: Are such people as the non-flesh-eating population of India entirely free from cancer? Has there been with the rapid spread of cancer a proportional increase in the consumption of meat?

FRANK LIND.

JESUS AND OURSELVES: A Sequel to *The Transforming Friendship*.  
By Leslie D. Weatherhead, M.A., author of *After Death*, etc., etc.  
With a Questionary for Group Discussion. London: The  
Epworth Press; J. Alfred Sharp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This beautiful book might almost be called a Study in Practical Mysticism, in the real sense of that often misapplied word. The author, who unites with culture an ardent simplicity that is very attractive, brings out the teaching of Our Lord in relation to every aspect of everyday life, which after all is just what is most needed to-day.

To build up our human personality by "The Practise of the Presence of God" is the fundamental result of all true religion. "For," says Mr. Weatherhead, "no universal religion could have as the test of its authenticity a vision, because to see a vision demands a certain kind of psychical make-up which few Westerners possess." Therefore "The Presence" must be realised in many different ways; as for instance: "The law of the association of ideas, which is the very law which accounts for the way our mind wanders from one thing to another, can be so harnessed that almost everything that stirs heart and mind can open up a mental avenue that ends in the presence of Christ."

Apropos the "rare faculty" commonly called "Clairvoyance" and the light it throws on the story of Emmaus, the author tells a strange experience, *true in every detail*, concerning a well-known minister, which is too long to quote in a short review, but of which it may be said that the minister in question was taken to the house of a dying parishioner, by a young woman whom at the time he believed to be of ordinary flesh and blood, but who in very truth had left this earth more than a year before.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE BRIDLE OF PEGASUS: STUDIES IN MAGIC, MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE. By Warren R. Dawson, F.R.S.E., F.R.S.L., F.S.A. Scot., F.R.A.I. 7½ ins. × 5 ins., pp. xviii + 203. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS very interesting and able work consists of eight separate and independent studies, dealing with the following topics: the amphidromia rite, harpies and bats, Amenophis the son of Hapu ("the man who became a god") nose-rubbing and salutations, mouse-eating, the lore of the hoopoe, birthwort, and mummy as a drug. Although unconnected, the studies, as the author remarks in his Preface, "reveal some of the manifold attempts of early man to control, by divine or magical aid, the forces of nature and to achieve ends that he believed to be necessary to his life and welfare."

The chapter dealing with bats is one of particular interest, because, although a mass of curious superstitions are connected with these creatures, no connected account of them appears previously to have been essayed. Mr. Dawson believes the fruit-eating bats of India to have given rise to the notion of the harpies as featured in the story of Phineus. The idea, however, that the bat was the original of the harpy is not new. It was suggested so long ago as 1878 by the Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer in his *English Folk-Lore*. The chief use of the bat in ancient medicine seems to have been that of a depilatory.

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Not less interesting are the studies of mouse-eating and of mummy as a drug. In early times, "a belief existed that the mouse was a spontaneous product of the Nile mud after each successive inundation, and it may be that on this account it was credited with being a giver of life, a merit anciently ascribed to the Nile and to all the beneficent effects of its annual flood." Mice were employed chiefly as a medicine for children, and their superstitious use for this purpose is still to be met with in some rural parts of England to-day.

In the case of mummy, it would appear that originally the word applied to a particular sort of bitumen which probably possessed medicinal virtues. It then became transferred to embalmed bodies, containing a material superficially resembling this. Later on, to meet the demand for mummy, bodies of criminals and of persons who had died from various diseases were prepared for the purpose, with what results can be well imagined. Enlightened physicians naturally refused to prescribe so deadly a drug.

The book is indexed and is very fully supplied with bibliographic material. It would appear that some critics of the writer's former books have objected to the "elaboration" of his references. Mr. Dawson may be glad to know that one critic, at least, holds precisely the opposite view. The general reader, if he so desires, may ignore the numerous bibliographic footnotes. To the student they are of the very greatest value.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**THE MODERN WAY TO HEALTH.** (A Guide to those seeking Health and Happiness.) By Victor S. Davidson, late Staff Physician, Lindlahr Sanatorium, etc., etc. London: Rider & Co., Price 2s. 6d.

UNDER the above title, Mr. Davidson has given to the public a marvellously concise and helpful book. Assuredly its sane and wholesome advice, resting as it does upon the rock of experience, will come as a great blessing, particularly to those unfortunates "who have sought help of many physicians . . ." The writer's contention is that the primary cause of all disease, excluding accidents, is, in one way or another, violation of Nature's laws; it only remains then for us to adopt the methods of Nature in order to regain health. "Nature's remedies are the safest and best for acute diseases of all kinds. They are air, fasting, water, and the right mental attitude. It is a great fallacy to 'sustain' a patient and keep up his strength by plenty of nourishing food. . . . Nature often protests against this outrage by taking away the appetite." Nature curists strongly disapprove of the usual suppressive treatments by means of drugs and poisons, which latter, they claim, often remain in the patient's system, thus causing far greater troubles later on. These poisons, they say, only suppress the symptoms (Nature's outlet) and do not eliminate the cause. Speaking of unnatural foods, which also sow seeds of poison, this law, says Mr. Davidson, can also be applied to the mind—good seeds of thought—good reactions. From the psychological standpoint, colour, too, is of importance. In the course of the work, most of the usual illnesses and diseases are dealt with and their proper treatment suggested, and at the end of the volume is an excellent list of dietetic "Do's" and "Don'ts," the last of which it is well to remember, "Don't take yourself or your eating

too seriously." Persons with a taste for cooking will be delighted with the excellent recipes which have been added. A most interesting portion of the book deals with diagnosis by the eye, and a chart is given which shews how changes in the body react upon the eyes. It is claimed that by spots and discolourations, various drugs and poisons can be traced, such as iron, arsenic and so forth, and also that any substance naturally belonging to the body does not shew in the iris.

Speaking for ourselves, we must say that we have found Iridiagnosis to be absolutely correct, as also much else of which the writer speaks. We hope this book will be widely read and that Nature Cure will be tried by a wide and ever wider section of the public.

ETHEL ARCHER.

CATHOLICISM: A RELIGION OF COMMON SENSE. By P. J. Gearon, O.C.C., D.D., B.A. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Price: boards, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.

This is a popular handbook of Catholic apologetics with many good points. Dr. Gearon writes simply and with vigour; using a wealth of anecdote and illustration while avoiding abstruse theological and philosophical terms. The result is an eminently readable book, suitable for anyone who needs a summary of Catholic teaching.

Yet, there is a hint of special pleading in the chapter on the Inquisition; while perhaps it was the necessity of compression that led the author into saying, without any qualifications, that "the so-called miracles in modern Spiritualism, Theosophy, Dowieism and Christian Science can be traced either to fraud, hypnotic suggestion, delusion or to the intervention of the devil." At very least, Dr. Gearon should have added that this is not *de fide*. Catholics are not bound to believe it; and there are many who strongly repudiate this naïve and uncharitable opinion.

THOMAS FOSTER.

PSYCHIC CERTAINTIES. Collected and arranged by H. V. Prevost Battersby. London: Rider & Co. Price 5s. net.

SPEAKING of an apparition, which becomes objective or subjective according to whether it is seen by more than one or by one person only—to explain every appreciation of its phenomena, says the author, a sixth sense must be postulated. "It is with the area pervaded by that sense and by other unanalysed potencies that this book deals. . . . Clairvoyance, premonition, telekinesis, ectoplasmic materialisation . . . are certainties which must be accepted. . . . They are to psychology what Galileo's telescope was to astronomy. The science of the future must be seen through them."

This book certainly provides an exceptionally interesting collection of super-normal happenings: and if to investigators in this, as in any other science, the same credence be extended, they may assuredly be counted as proven. No instances are quoted save on authorities whose good faith, accuracy and scientific attainments have been accepted without question. Starting off with the marvellous clairvoyance of Mr. Ossowiecki, a civil engineer of Poland, and passing on to the psychometry of Mrs. Denton and Mme Morel, the reader is taken on to queer cases of clairvoyant

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pathology; from thence to travelling clairvoyance, to precognition, premonition, and then to telekinesis, ectoplasm and materialisation.

Therefrom, the writer takes one to the question of the sensitive; he discusses the metamorphoses of matter, and strange psychic happenings in regard to air, fire and water. Space does not permit of quotation and, indeed, it would not be fair either to the prospective reader or to Mr. Battersby. But if, as is stated, the purpose of this book has been "to succeed in reducing the disputable area wherein man's spiritual prospects are debated . . . and to enlist the interests and aid of those who have been alienated from a study of our psychic present by an erroneous conception of its relation to the hereafter," then, most surely, the author has achieved that purpose.

ETHEL ARCHER.

**MAN'S HIGHEST PURPOSE.** (The Lost Word Regained.) By Karel Weinfurter. Translated by Prof. Arnold Capleton and Charles Unger. London: Rider & Co., Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is a great deal of reliable information about the Rosicrucian Path in this book which cannot fail to enlighten and assist the humble, sincere and persevering aspirant to that celestial consciousness a true Rosicrucian enjoys. The mantric practice of mentally repeating the letters of the alphabet throughout the body, beginning with the feet, is enjoined, and, as is well known to initiates, this practice has very remarkable effects on progress. Every idea in the Divine Mind, before incarnating in matter, must first acquire a sound-form. Hence all who became perfect traversed the Bridge of Sounding Light. It should be pointed out, however, that a pilgrim on another path, say the Path of Devotion, when he reaches a particular stage, will hear The Word resounding in his heart or elsewhere, even if he has not consciously carried out the alphabet practice as indicated. For The Word unites all paths, proceeding from the white central light. But the practice greatly fortifies the health and gradually regenerates the physical body. It is a very valuable practice indeed, but requires great courage and perseverance. Mr. Weinfurter's book is like a lighthouse in a storm at sea, and will bring safe guidance to those who are bewildered by the many false prophets and misleading societies in our midst.

MEREDITH STARR.

**ART AND SCHOLASTICISM.** With other Essays. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by F. F. Scanlan. London: Sheed & Ward. Price 7s. 6d.

JACQUES MARITAIN, the author of these notable essays, is credited by a well-known English critic with being the most conspicuous figure in contemporary French philosophy. He is, in fact, the most powerful apologist on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church in France; and his work reveals all the mental attitudes and powers, the scholarship and the inhibitions, that appear nowadays to be characteristic of this school of thought. Bowing alike to traditional scholarship and to the theory of infallibility, the author is unable to escape into the mental freedom essential to deal with the mighty problems of the meaning and purpose of human art.

The essays are invariably interesting in form and expression, if unconvincing in their conclusions. In substance they give us the opinions and beliefs of the schoolmen concerning Art, particularly those of Thomas Aquinas, the great doctor whose theology is even now the mainstay of Catholic doctrine. Peculiarly enough, the mystics of that time escape inclusion, and such men as Eckhart and Tauler are unmentioned. Eckhart admitted freely enough his debt to Thomas Aquinas, but went beyond the doctor in his freedom of teaching. Saints and mystics are plaguey nuisances to a well-ordered routine, to be punished when living and canonised when dead.

Jacques Maritain shows that art was considered as an intellectual virtue; but there are many profoundly true statements mingled with erroneous conclusions. It affords the reviewer unusual satisfaction to be able to contrast a statement of M. Maritain with one by the Pope. Says the author: "Nothing concerns Art but its objects; it has no concern whatever with its subjects." And says the Pope (May 12th, Rome): "The Catholic Churches are real schools of Art (he is condemning the exhibition at Venice). To say that art has nothing to do with morals, means upsetting the Christian moral, ontological, and chronological order." Logic agrees with the Pope on the importance of Art in all education. Art cannot exist regardless of human interests, even formally considered. Mr. Epstein points out that the Church has ceased to take much interest in Art, which is quite true. M. Maritain would give us the mediæval philosophy, but in a modern secular setting with which it cannot accord. And when he speaks of "works of beauty" he becomes meaningless. But his book is well worth careful reading, for it is a helpful contribution to this great problem of the purpose of Art. W. G. RAFFÉ.

MODERN THEOSOPHY. By Claude Falls Wright. Toronto: The Blavatsky Institute. Price 5s. net.

PERSONS who have not the time or opportunity for reading such larger works as those of Mme. Blavatsky or the recently published *Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett* (Rider 21/-) will find in this volume an excellent summary of the teachings of orthodox Theosophy. The author was a personal pupil of the late Mme. Blavatsky, and for a time her secretary, and hence is exceptionally qualified for expounding her teaching. We may know the school to which the writer belongs by his dedication of the book to the late W. Q. Judge. In the present volume the most abstract of metaphysical ideas are made clearly understandable to the layman, and the work should be of immense interest to the beginner or enquirer into occultism.

The book is divided into seven chapters, in which the writer treats fully of such subjects as the seven races of mankind, the planetary chain, life and death, Nirvana, prehistoric races, and so forth, the concluding chapter being a summing up of the main teachings of Theosophy.

The writer emphasises the fact that "absolute purity of mind, selflessness and freedom from superstition are the preliminary and necessary requisites for occult development," and not until these are in some measure attained can a Society for the practical study of occultism be founded in the West. The quotations which form the headings to the various chapters are of exceptional interest, covering in few words a very wide range of thought—we should also mention that there are numerous diagrams for the further elucidation of cosmological teachings. ETHEL ARCHER.

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THE DESIRE OF THE AGES. By Richard Whitwell. (H. T. Hamblin, Publisher, Bosham, Chichester. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. WHITWELL'S books are not unknown to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, and it is certain that any new word from his pen will be read with interest and delight. In his latest work, Mr. Whitwell expresses, beautifully, what everyone of us in our deepest soul knows, but of which we are either unaware, or else cannot frame into words. Herein lies the value of the book.

We are all—however feebly—trying to express ourselves; we are all—however ineffectively—trying to voice an intuitive certainty of the inherent goodness of things; yet such things are elusive, and can only be uttered by those who have searched diligently and have suffered “deep baptism.”

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“*Alive to its spiritual meaning!*” What a word of significance is enwrapped in these words! If, indeed, we could be deeply, spiritually conscious of the sense of *dedication* we ought to infuse into our simplest act, how regenerated we should be!

One could go on taking out stray truths at random, for the book is full of them; but this enlightening task must be left to those who feel the need of such refreshment on their, perhaps, arid journey. And if Mr. Whitwell's book is used aright and approached in a meditative attitude nourishment will surely be found.

JOHN EARLE.

INDIA: A NATION (A plea for Indian Self-Government. By Annie Besant. Fourth Edition. Price Rs. 2; boards Rs. 1.8.

*India: A Nation* was first published in 1915, and the message of the book is best summed up in the excellent foreword by C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer. Indeed, the average reader who has little liking for statistics and still less for a multitude of Hindu names which are difficult to remember, would be well advised to read carefully this foreword, which will give him as much information as he can desire with the minimum of brain fag. This summing up is briefly, “that the fiscal policy needs readjustment, that the education imparted in the country is defective in its scope and its aim, and, lastly, that an adequate solution of India's problems is achievable only by the grant of Self-Government—such government being based on national traditions and on the old national institutions of panchayats and village communities.” In Appendix II at the end of the book, we are reminded of the splendid work done by the Indian Army during the Great War, and especially of the magnificent behaviour of the Sikhs at Cape Helles, when it was afterwards seen that every Sikh had fallen facing his enemy. . . .

India, says Mrs. Besant, has managed to get on by herself quite well for some 5,000 years, and she can do so again.

ETHEL ARCHER.

MEDITATION : Its Practice and Results. By Clara M. Codd. Wheaton, Illinois, U.S.A. The Theosophical Press. 75 cents.

There is a quality about the mystic writings of women which is not to be found in similar writings by men. An indefinable fragrance and warmth permeates their work. Is it that woman's intuitive powers are greater than man's?—for these, when allied to an intensified spiritual vision, might account for the appeal which so clearly exists in the writings of Evelyn Underhill and Aelfrida Tillyard. And in Clara M. Codd's, too. Miss Codd's little book is full of excellent material, and is written with such attractiveness as will commend itself to those who desire to make true spiritual progress—namely, through meditation.

It is with unusual wisdom that she deals with the aim of meditation; of the parts that memory, imagination, understanding, faith, charity and hope play in its habitual exercise, of the procedure of meditation; and the results of, and obstacles to, its successful practice. In a word, her little volume is as invaluable as it is stimulating, and by those who desire sympathetic instruction in a subject which still spells confusion to many, it can be read again and again with increasing benefit.

JOHN EARLE.

LE PROBLÈME DE LA SURVIE ET LES MALADIES DE LA MÉMOIRE.  
*Conférence faite à la Société d'Etudes Télépathiques.* By Edgard-Emmanuel Bonnet. (Bibliothèque de Psychologie Moderne.) Paris: Pirre Bonnet, 84 Rue des Entrepreneurs. pp. 33.

In a serious consideration of the problem of survival, as with that of maladies of the mind, the all-important question presents itself: whether memory is contained in the brain. M. Bonnet reasons astutely that it is *not*. Seeing that all activity, be it sub-conscious or even unconscious, is the result of earlier conscious experience, one is forced to assume, so he concludes, that prior to life there exists a sentient agent, with a retentive memory. He likens the brain to a wireless receiving-station, otherwise a central telephone-exchange; destruction of which, in part or wholly, by no means implies corresponding impairment, with loss of motive power, at the source of transmission. Smash an electric lamp; still "*la dynamo qui faisait briller la lampe, demeure vivante, et fournit, sans arrêt, du courant.*"

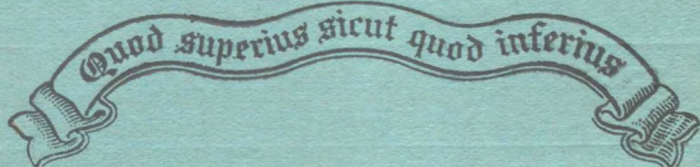
An introduction to future much longer works by M. Bonnet, this lecture is fragrant of good things to come.

FRANK LIND.

THEOSOPHY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By Clara M. Codd, Senior National Lecturer to the Theosophical Society in England. Pp. 46. The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.

"I know thoughts that are just like rose-petals that the wind blows along, and that make the air smell sweet," writes the author of *Theosophy for Little Children*. Her book is full of those "happy-making thoughts." Contrary to many less-wise persons, whose bulky cleverness overshadows even the simplest facts upon which they would shed light for us, she has the rare gift of being able to smooth the puckers out of the most frowning difficulties. Hers is a nimble mind that spins fairy-rings around the darkest of problems.

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