

In This Issue : "Rita" and Upton Sinclair

THE OCCULT REVIEW

February, 1931

30 cents

EDITORIAL

Power for Service

THE QUEST

By M. Kennaway

IS THIS JACK LONDON?

By Upton Sinclair

THE FOUR-DIMENSIONED WORLD OF EXPERIENCE

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

THE MOMENT AFTER

By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys)

A PROJECTION RECORD

By Sylvan J. Muldoon

WAYFARERS

By E. Wieland

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

By M. na Charlotte Martin

THE DEATH PENALTY: WHAT IS IT?

By Eva Martin

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

By J. Iram

HIS SOUL IN HIS SHADOW (AN EXPERI- MENTAL RECORD)

By Ian Barkworth

AS DOTH A CLOUD

By Brenda Murray Draper

CORRESPONDENCE TOPICAL BREVITIES

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BOOK CHAT

REVIEWS

Library of Congress
MAY 9 1931
Hathornian Depot

RIDER & CO., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

UNITED STATES: INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 131, VARICK ST., NEW YORK.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.

CANADA: THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., TORONTO.

AUSTRALASIA: GORDON & GOTCH, LTD.

SOUTH AFRICA: CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.

CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, LTD.

INDIA: THACKER, SPINK AND CO., CALCUTTA AND SIMLA.

THACKER AND Co., LTD., BOMBAY.

"THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.

HUTCHINSON'S
BOOKS
ON SPIRITUALISM

KATHLEEN

by the Rev. John Lamond, D.D. 6/-

BEAR WITNESS

by a King's Counsel 4/6

HEALING THROUGH SPIRIT AGENCY

Written and Compiled by R. H. Saunders 3/6

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE LAITY

by the Rev. G. Vale Owen 1/6

A HERETIC IN HEAVEN

4/6

*Being the post-mortem memoirs and reflections of
"Daddy"*

THE CASE OF LESTER COLTMAN

by Lilian Walbrook 4/6

THE CASE FOR SPIRIT

PHOTOGRAPHY

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 2/6

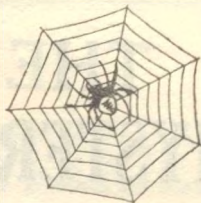
THE RETURN OF GEORGE R. SIMS

by a friend of his in collaboration with R. H. Saunders

2/6

Obtainable at all Booksellers and Libraries.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER



Gentlewoman having studied Yoga Philosophy in the East gives Clairvoyante, Psychological and Psychometric Readings Daily

Fees from One Guinea

By Appointment Only

'Phone MAITLANDE, VICTORIA 2965

or write, Box 7, c/o Occult Review, 34 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.



Know Thyself!

This was the precept inscribed over the portico of the Temple of the Mysteries of Delphi. Our booklet—

"TO THOSE WHO SEEK"

will guide all students of the Mysteries and those who seek the richer, fuller, constructive life to the Gate of Truth through the genuine Rosicrucian Teachings. They lead the student to knowledge of

the REAL SELF, Health, Happiness and true Wisdom through scientifically developed SPIRITUAL INSIGHT and an understanding of Cosmic and Natural Law.

BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST.

SOCIETY OF ROSICRUCIANS INC.

420, CITY HALL STATION.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

THE BLAVATSKY ASSOCIATION

The following Books may be obtained POST FREE on application to the Hon. Secretary, 26, Bedford Gardens, Camden Hill, London, W.8.

*These books can be obtained from the "H.P.B." Library, Victoria, B.C.

*THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE, by H. P. Blavatsky. Reprinted from the Original Edition, with Notes and Comments by A. L. Cleather and B. Crump. With an Autograph Inscription by the Tashi Lama, also a Postscript and Errata. Published under the auspices of the Chinese Buddhist Research Society, Peking	£ s. d.
... ..	3 0
THE MAHATMA LETTERS TO A. P. SINNETT	1 1 0
THE LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY TO A. P. SINNETT	1 1 0
*H. P. BLAVATSKY, HER LIFE AND WORK FOR HUMANITY. By A. L. Cleather	3 4
H. P. BLAVATSKY, AS I KNEW HER. By A. L. Cleather	3 4
*H. P. BLAVATSKY, A GREAT BETRAYAL. By A. L. Cleather	1 8
*BUDDHISM, THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By A. L. Cleather and Basil Crump	5 0
WAS SHE A CHARLATAN? A Critical Analysis of the 1885 Report of the Society for Psychical Research on the Phenomena connected with Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, by William Kingsland. Post free	1 8
THE REAL H. P. BLAVATSKY: A Study in Theosophy and a Memoir of a Great Soul, by William Kingsland. Cloth, Demy 8vo, pp. 336 and three portraits. Post free	16 0
EVOLUTION as outlined in the Archaic Eastern Records, by Basil Crump	5 0

GUARANTEED TEXTUALLY ACCURATE EDITIONS of Mme. Blavatsky's works can also be procured to order.

THE CAT IN THE MYSTERIES OF RELIGION AND MAGIC.*

by M. Oldfield Howey

Author of "The Horse in Magic and Myth",
and "The Encircled Serpent".

Contents :

THE Cat and the Riddle of Isis ; The Cat in Chaldean and Egyptian Magism ; Freya and her Cats ; Christ and the Cat ; The Virgin and the Cat ; The May Kitten ; The Corn Cat ; The Cat and the Sabbat ; Witches in Cat Form ; Witch Cats and Repercussion ; Secret Sects and Cat Worship ; The Cat as Sacrifice ; The Cat and Transmigration ; The Temple Cat ; Animated Cat Images ; The Cat in the Necropolis ; The Cat in Paradise ; Ghostly Cats ; Demon Cats ; Vampire Cats ; Cat Genii and Familiars ; Cat as Omen ; Clairvoyant Cats ; Cats and Telepathy ; The Cat as Phallic Symbol ; The Cat as Charm and Talisman ; The Symbology of Cat and Mouse ; The Cat in Heraldry ; The Cat's Nine Lives ; Manx Legends.

THE emblem of the Cat in symbolism is one of the utmost antiquity, having persisted for milleniums beyond the age in which it had its birth. The Cat is the symbol of good and evil ; Light and Darkness ; Christ and Satan ; Religion or Black Magic ; in fact, the subjects to which the symbol of the Cat introduces the student are at the same time so varied and tremendous that scarcely one of them could be exhausted by a life-time of research.

On Art Paper. 256 pp. Profusely illustrated. 15s.

*Send for free Prospectus.

RIDER & CO.

THE MAGIC AND MYSTERIES OF MEXICO*

or the Arcane Secrets and Occult Lore
of the Ancient Mexicans and Maya

by Lewis Spence

Author of "History of Atlantis"

Contents :

A Glance at Ancient Mexico ; The Magical Associations of Mexican Religion ; Mexican Magic ; The Demonology of Mexico ; Witchcraft in Mexico ; Mexican Astrology ; The Mysteries of Nagualism ; The Magical Books of the Aztecs ; The Maya People ; Maya Religion ; The Magic of the Maya ; Mystical Books of the Maya ; Arcane Philosophy of the Mexicans and Maya.

THIS, the first work in any language to deal exclusively with the arcane secrets and occult lore of Mexico and Central America, is the work of a specialist who has devoted over thirty years of study to the subject and who is also well known as an authority on the mysterious. The book includes enthralling chapters on Mexican Magic, Witchcraft, Astrology, Demonology and the mystical books of the Aztecs, as well as an account of the Religion, Magic and Mysticism of the strange Maya people of Yucatan. The mysterious cults and societies of Central America are also dealt with exhaustively in a most fascinating manner, while sufficient historical and legendary material is provided to assist the reader ignorant of Isthmian chronicle to comprehend the period and customs of the bizarre races whose hidden knowledge is here revealed for the first time.

Fully Illustrated. 15s. net

*Send for free Prospectus.

LONDON

READY THIS MONTH

9th January

GRADES OF SIGNIFICANCE

An Application of the Relativist Outlook to the Higher Levels of Thought
by G. N. M. TYRRELL, B.Sc.

THIS book is written to offer the general reader a picture of the world as seen from more than one angle by a non-specialist who occupies the position of vantage of the pure onlooker. The very rigour of that specialization which produces such an array of literature from experts in the various schools of science and philosophy to-day prevents the attainment of such a bird's-eye view as is here presented.

Yet this little sketch, freed from the presuppositions which the specialist can hardly escape, affords a glimpse in miniature of a world outlook towards which a growing school of thought is tending.

The book, although not written on spiritualism, should find a wide public amongst educated spiritualists. A well-known writer on these subjects has expressed the opinion that it performs a service which was immensely needed in bringing psychic phenomena, which are otherwise very much left in the air, into rational alignment with the outlook of science and of ordinary life.

7s. 6d. net.

SYNTHETIC BIOLOGY and the Moral Universe.

by H. REINHEIMER, Author of *Symbiosis*

MR. REINHEIMER, whose work in the realm of biology is destined to be recognized as important as that of Einstein in physics, here develops farther his synthetic biological philosophy. The crisis of modern civilization, he contends, is due largely to the indolent acceptance of fallacies such as "Natural Selection" and "Struggle for Existence".

Mr. Reinheimer puts forward the bold generalization that Evolution in the main consists in the development of the Moral Principle, the universe demanding inexorably from mankind integrity and service; for that which within man is Sentiment, manifests externally as Law.

The issues involved are such that indifference amounts almost to immorality. All those who look for a renaissance of vital thought should read this trenchant volume.

6s. net.

30th January

ELEMENTS OF ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY

by A. E. THIERENS, Ph.D.

Author of *General Book of the Tarot, Natural Philosophy, etc.*

ASTROLOGY, regarded as one of the occult arts, is a form, sometimes of divination, sometimes of a character of delineation. Astrology as a branch of Occult Science is a philosophy, a system of Cosmology of a deeply esoteric nature.

It is in the elements of this esoteric philosophy that Dr. Thierens in the present volume, a sequel to his *Natural Philosophy*, sets out to initiate the student. A more painstaking and thorough guide it would be difficult to find.

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

LESSONS FROM THE BEYOND

"Julia"

2s. 6d. net

RIDER & CO.

Occult, Oriental, Mystical, Masonic and Theosophical Books

New and Secondhand

All publications of Messrs. Rider & Co. in stock

Catalogues Issued

Books Bought

Boards, Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

THE MANDUKYOPANISHAD

With Gaudapada's Karikas and Bhashya of Shankara.

Translated into English by M. N. Dvivedi.

JOHN M. WATKINS

21 CECIL COURT, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

YOUR PROBLEMS

Consult Madame Jeane Cavendish.

Clairvoyant and Psychologist.

Interviews daily 11 to 8. Horoscopes Cast, Numerology, Psychometry, by post. At Homes and Clients visited.

2, NEVERN ROAD (off Nevern Square),
EARLS COURT, S.W.5
(Near Station). 'Phone: KELVIN 8415

HELEN THE GREEK

Writes up your former

INCARNATION STORY

from Photograph (snapshots preferred) and Birthdate. Occult and Mystic lessons by correspondence. Fees 5/6 & 10/6. Address: "Helen," c/o *Occult Review*, Paternoster House, E.C.4.

"Self Culture of Mind and Memory Training Course." 4/-.

"Self-taught Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Personal Magnetism and Therapeutics Course." 4/- complete. Post paid. Approval. Apply to **RAYCHOWDHURY'S**, P.O. Box 43, Delhi, India.

MODERN ASTROLOGY

(Founded by Alan Leo).

The leading Astrological Magazine in England. Exoteric and Esoteric.

Annual Subscription 13s. post free. U.S.A. \$3.30. Specimen Copy 4d.

Students should avail themselves of the Alan Leo Correspondence Lessons. Diplomas of efficiency awarded.

Character delineations at moderate charges.

Children's nativities specially considered.

Advice given on all Astrological matters.

Astrological books supplied. Mathematical Calculations undertaken by qualified mathematicians.

Apply direct:

LEO, "Modern Astrology" Office,
40, Imperial Buildings,
Ludgate Circus, LONDON, ENGLAND

The popular Spiritualist Paper with the large circulation is

THE TWO WORLDS

A Weekly Journal devoted to the

History, Phenomena, Philosophy and Teachings of

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

(Founded 1887.)

Edited by ERNEST W. OATEN.

Price Twopence. Post Free, 2½d.

Subscription Rates: 12 months, 10/10; 6 months, 5/5; 3 months, 2/9.

We hold the Largest Stock of Books on Psychic and Spiritualistic Subjects in the Kingdom.

"THE TWO WORLDS" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
18 CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE SERVICES OF INDIA'S Greatest adept at your disposal NOW!

Cash in on this wonderful opportunity to secure your ANNUAL DIRECTIONS for 1931, which will foretell with remarkable accuracy many coming events which are beyond power of the average mind to say. It gives you, for the whole year of 1931, such important matters as SPECULATION, TRAVEL, LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, VOCATION, HEALTH, LUCK, Fortunate and Unfortunate days of every month throughout the year, and contains very valuable information that you, surely, have been seeking. Make no changes until you learn what the planets have in store for you. The price of this wonderful Reading is only



TEN SHILLINGS

which please enclose in postal order along with your date of birth and full address in block letters. You may send your order by Air Mail. Postage to India is only 7½d. I will send you the Reading by Air Mail to save any delay.

PROFESSOR SEK HAR

B.A. (Wash.), M.I.B.M. (U.S.A.)

ELLORE (Madras Presidency)
INDIA

Subscription Form

The Circulation Manager,
The Occult Review,
34-36, Paternoster Row, E.C.4

I enclose cheque for
postal order
13/6 for one year's subscription
to The Occult Review,
post free.

Signature

.....

Address

.....

.....

(Orders posted to any address, with giver's card enclosed if desired.)

"RESPONDA"

THE TALKING CARD AND PENDULUM
For Messages from the Unknown, and
Development of Telepathy.

This provides an easy means of personal investigation into the psychic. It is just a lettered card, and a pendulum so quickly responsive that results come even to those not considered to possess mediumistic faculty. Brings help and comfort to many, sitting alone in their own homes.

Mrs. K. B., Kensington, writes: "Please send a 'Responda' to... I who write have had wonderful results with it, and have told many."

Heavy gilt-edged Bevelled Card with Pendulum complete, post paid United Kingdom, 3s. 8d.; Canada and U.S.A., \$1.00; other countries, 4s. 3d. Also

"RESPONDA LUMINOUS"

A new form of "Responda".

Can be seen in the Dark!

This is the same in principle as the ordinary "Responda", but is self-luminous, and can be used in light, dusk, or complete darkness. It gives an indescribable sense of the psychic, and is an ideal form to aid development.

Mrs. N. de H. writes: "I want to thank you for your wonderful 'Responda', which enables me to communicate every day with my beloved husband. Life is quite changed for me since I have it and I am deeply thankful for it... Please send a 'Responda Luminous' to..."

Complete in case, post paid, home, 15s. 6d.; colonies and abroad, 18s. 6d., or \$4.50. (Please note Money Orders payable P.O. Chiswick, Bedford Park, London, W.4, Eng.)

Both obtainable from R.A. Robson, Dept. O.R., 21 Fairfax Road, Chiswick, London, W.4, Eng.

A small bookA great book**THE SERVANT**

by

Charles Lazenby

New light on the path of service to humanity

Fabrikoid

Pocket Size

\$1.00

LUCIS PUBLISHING CO.

11, West 42nd Street, New York City

SPIRITUALISM*Are you an enquirer? If so we can help you.
We are here to give:—***ADVICE**

In matters of psychic development, mental and physical, and the Study of Spiritualism in all its branches.

INFORMATION

As to what Mediums, healers to go to, how to get in touch with the various societies in the movement, churches, etc.

LITERATURE

Can be supplied by us on all branches of the subject, including a large stock of Psychic newspapers, periodicals, etc.

*Call at the***PSYCHIC & GENERAL BOOKSHOP,
LIBRARY & MUSEUM,
2, Victoria Street, S.W.1.****The Blavatsky
Association**

This ASSOCIATION has been formed to perpetuate the memory and work of H. P. Blavatsky and for the study of the Wisdom Religion, as given out by her in "The Secret Doctrine", and her other works, and is independent of any Theosophical organisation. Information can be obtained regarding the Constitution and Rules, Study Classes, Library, etc., from the Hon. Sec. at the ASSOCIATION'S headquarters—

26, Bedford Gardens,
Campden Hill, LONDON, W.8**MADAME NINA GOULD**

Clairvoyant Palmist.

Fee from 5s. At Home, Thursdays 3 o'clock.
Appointments, 5s.71, RANNOCK ROAD, Off FULHAM
PALACE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6.

Telephone—Fulham 0531.

ESME SWAINSON

Echo Villa, Batheaston, Bath

Reliable Astrological work. All individual; nothing duplicated. To know yourself is to solve the problem of life.

Send birthday, month, year, time (if known), place, sex. Free leaflet on request. Test readings 2/6.

P. S. HERU-KA49, Beechmont Avenue,
HANWELL, London, W.7Nativities calculated and readings given on health, marriage, financial prospects, etc. Any questions answered. Time, date and place of birth required. Maps from 15/6. Fees pre-payable. *Genuineness guaranteed*

Troubles of the mind, inability to concentrate, harmful and distressing habits, fears, etc. Can be cured without medicine. Write in confidence to—

MRS. McGLASHAN,

55a Weymouth Street, London, W.1

Welbeck 9613

"THE MESSAGE OF YOGODA."

Send for 70 page illustrated booklet by Swami Yoganada, A.B., of India, which describes in detail the epoch-making Yogoda System for physical, mental and spiritual development. It will interest you. Price 6d. post free.

The Yogoda Centre of Progress,
14, Devon Square, Alloa, Scotland. (Dept. 1)**Your New Year Resolution**A Year's Subscription to
The Occult Review

See form on page vi.

**THE
WRITER**The only Monthly Journal
devoted to the interests of the
coming Journalist and Author*Obtainable at all Newsagents & Bookstalls*
6d. monthly**HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers), LTD.**
34-36, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4

FRATERNITY of the INNER LIGHT

Warden **DION FORTUNE**

Community House, 3, Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, W.2

Tel.: Park 7217

OPEN LECTURES

The Fraternity of the Inner Light has one open Lecture each week, to which enquirers are welcome. There is a particularly interesting syllabus arranged for the coming term, commencing on Monday, January 12th, at 8.15 p.m.

Dion Fortune will be speaking on the subject of her new book, *Psychic Self Defence*, during the first two lectures. This book has attracted a great deal of attention, because it speaks openly of occult abuses and dangers long known to exist, and gives practical methods of detecting and dealing with them. At the conclusion of the lectures she will answer questions on these subjects.

On January 26th she will speak on the Esoteric Interpretation of some Christian Doctrines.

From February 2nd to February 23rd, inclusive, there will be a course on Practical Occultism, with special reference to the Qabalah. In this course a general knowledge of occultism will be taken for granted, and the subject dealt with from the standpoint of the advanced student.

On March 2nd, Dion Fortune will deal with that highly controversial question—"Who are the Masters?"

On March 9th the lecture will be upon the perennially fascinating subject of the famous power-centre of Glastonbury in its dual aspect, Pagan and Christian.

On March 16th and 23rd, Mr. C. T. Loveday will give readings from the psychic communications which form part of the inner Group work of the Fraternity.

Syllabus sent on request

THE GUILD OF THE MASTER JESUS

Under the auspices of the Fraternity of the Inner Light.

Devotional Service, Meditation, Address, and Celebration of the Eucharist, every Sunday at 11 a.m.

THE INNER LIGHT MAGAZINE

Devoted to Esoteric Christianity, Occult Science, and the Psychology of Super-consciousness. Published monthly. Price 6d. Post free 6/6 per annum. Specimen copy sent free.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY OF OCCULTISM AND MYSTICISM

HAS THE NEWEST BOOKS

Every effort is made to obtain for subscribers books they specially require. The Librarian will be glad to advise on courses of reading. All the books mentioned in "Book Chat" may be obtained from this Library. Subscriptions from 10/- per annum. 2/6 per quarter. Books may also be borrowed at 3d. per week. Full particulars will be sent on request.

BOOKS BY DION FORTUNE

Esoteric Philosophy of Love and Marriage, 3/6, Rider. Machinery of the Mind (V. M. Firth), 3/6, Allan & Unwin. Secrets of Dr. Tavener. A study in Esoteric Psychology (Fiction), 5/-. The Demon Lover. A study of the abuse of Occult power, 5/-. Problem of Purity, 3/6, Rider. Esoteric Orders, 3/6, Rider. Sane Occultism, 5/-. Rider. Mystical Meditations on the Collects, 5/-. Rider. Training and Work of an Initiate, 3/6, Rider. Psychic Self-Defence, 7/6, Rider.

THE INNER LIGHT, as well as all books by DION FORTUNE, are obtainable by order through any of W. H. Smith's Bookstalls and Shops.

THE OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

ALL COMMUNICATIONS INTENDED FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to the Editor, "THE OCCULT REVIEW," PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS AND THE OCCULT REVIEW SUBSCRIPTIONS should in all cases be addressed to RIDER & Co., PATERNOSTER HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to RIDER & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Twelve months, THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. Payments must be made in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All applications respecting these should be addressed: The Advt. Manager, "THE OCCULT REVIEW," 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Central 1462. RATES: On application.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

Subscribers in India can obtain the Magazine from Thacker & Co., Bombay and Calcutta; or from *The Theosophical Publishing House*, Adyar, Madras.

VOL. LIII

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2

EDITORIAL

OF the subtle temptations that beset the pilgrim in his search for the Reality which may be found only in that realm where the veils of Maya cease to delude embodied man, one of the strongest and most pervasive in its deceptive possibilities is the thirst for power. This hunger for power frequently lurks unsuspected even in the heart of the most sincere disciple, until he is brought face to face with it in all its stark nakedness. It is one of the manifestations of that "giant weed", that "source of evil" which the pupil is exhorted to expunge without ruth at the very outset of his journey, if he would not have his sufferings multiplied a hundredfold when the ordeal is faced in the later stages of the Path, as inevitably it will have to be.

But, it may be urged, there can surely be no wrong in longing for greater power for the sake of service. If only, for instance, the power were mine to remember my past lives, or to read the akashic records, or travel consciously on the subtle planes, I should know that I am making progress. Possibly. On the other hand, probably not! Doubtless the ability to do any one of these several things would extend the horizon of the personal consciousness immeasurably as compared with those people whose

nervous systems work normally on the physical plane alone. But spiritual advancement is another matter.

Madame Blavatsky, it may be remembered, in speaking of the goal of discipleship, said it was : to become "a power for good". Let there be no mistake about it. True Occultism means just this. The chela passes beyond the personal life and becomes a spiritual power. One might with advantage even emphasize the "spiritual". The goal of the occultist, no less than that of the mystic, is spirituality. With this in mind, one has only to be honest with oneself to see whether or not advantage has been taken to the full of the opportunities presented in the ordinary course of life for becoming more spiritual. It is almost a foregone conclusion that the verdict will be that one has *not* so far conquered the lower self as to be able to declare with truth that this is the case. Then, if we are so far from having exhausted the opportunities afforded us for advancing along the path of spirituality which already are ours, why endeavour to deceive ourselves by hankering after powers "for greater service"?

Powers for greater service ! Why, we are not yet ready to
 POWERS FOR serve, spiritually, in any but the most ineffective
 SERVICE sense. Does this seem discouraging ? Then it
 is because of our very imperfect conception of
 what is implied by spiritual service ; for the service of the
 "elder Brothers" is nothing else. Spiritual service in the true
 sense of the term is an ideal rather than a fact, until such time
 as "Christ shall be born in you". All that goes before is a matter
 of preparation. This period of probation will probably extend
 over several incarnations. But this much may be taken to
 heart for comfort : that the limitations of time and space are so
 illusory that however apparently impossible of access, and
 however seemingly far distant the goal may be, viewed from the
 normal standpoint, the miracle of the "second birth" may sweep
 us into a new order of existence in an instant. It is futile for the
 lower consciousness to endeavour to compass the higher. The
 powers that endure, and which bring blessing in their exercise,
 are powers born of the Spirit. Other powers, however spectacular
 and inebriating in their wonder, are a constant source of danger
 to their possessor, whether they have been striven for and earned
 in this incarnation, or are carried over from a previous life. The
 mere fact, however, of the inherited possession of psychic faculties
 must not be assumed to imply that these are part and parcel of
 the eternal possessions of the immortal Ego. In the absence of

indications of the existence of a high degree of spirituality, they are probably mere temporary manifestations due to a certain instability of the nervous system, whereby sporadic contact with the astral plane is rendered a more or less constant possibility. Such powers are not a permanent possession of the Ego. The higher consciousness, in fact, may have not only little, but nothing in common with them. To long for their possession is, so far as the spiritual life is concerned, to long for fetters to bind one still more firmly in the lower worlds. While this form of psychism need not *necessarily* exert such a restrictive influence, the fact remains that all too frequently it does indeed do so. If you are one of those individuals who have been blessed with no psychic faculties to speak of, are neither clairvoyant, clairaudient, nor mediumistic, then count yourself fortunate to that extent. Less distraction in the pursuit of the ultimate goal is in itself sufficient reward. Cease hankering after powers to which, to be perfectly frank, you have no right. The persistence of a secret longing for supernormal powers is a pretty sure indication that the time is not yet ripe for the pupil to exercise them. The life of the chela is expressed in a series of paradoxes. As his feet become more and more firmly planted on the Path, he learns to relinquish more and more freely the personal desires to which, in the past, he was so greatly attached. When he has outgrown the thirst for power, power comes to him. When he wants nothing, everything may be his!

In the meantime the student, if he is wise, will concentrate his energies on the task immediately before him :
THE TASK
AT HAND that of becoming fit for service. When this task is to some extent accomplished, and he definitely enters upon the path of spiritual activity, having "put away childish things", the powers of the Spirit begin to make their presence felt. In all authentic guides to the higher reaches of occultism, it will be found that no mention is made of supernormal powers until a definite degree of spirituality has been brought through by the disciple into the world of men. The first task, then, is obviously to attain that standard. This can be done only by wrestling ceaselessly with the ethical and spiritual problems of normal daily life. Opportunities are innumerable. Viewed rightly, the less opportunity one has apparently, the more one has in reality. A life of seclusion and suffering would seem to be utterly devoid of opportunity, yet the reverse is really the case. Apart from the inspiring records of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, which are available for all who care to read

them, many invalids bear living witness to the strength of the Spirit as contrasted with the infirmities of the body.

The student, to whom occultism is less a question of intellectual research and scholarship than a ceaseless urge woven into the very fibre of his being, will be characterized by a certain equilibrium and tranquillity amid the vicissitudes of the outer life. He may not be a philosopher in the academic sense, but he will most certainly be one in the true interpretation of the word. He will be a student of life itself rather than a student of books. The books he does value will be those which throw light on the problems of existence, and bring inspiration to renewed endeavour in the daily effort to "live in the eternal" rather than in the temporal. He will be a realist, not in the generally accepted and materialistic sense, but in the sense that first-hand experience counts rather than the opinions of others; and life as viewed by himself rather than as seen through the eyes of another will be the field of his inquiry. He has no time for books except in so far as they aid him in his search for the living waters of life. Among his favourites will be found those which record the spiritual experiences of others, and those which obviously have been written with spiritual discernment. The little classics of mysticism and occultism—for, strangely enough, most of the best books are the smallest in size—will be his closest companions. Whether occult or mystical, his books will be found in nearly every case to be guides to the interior life. There is sufficient counsel and spiritual wisdom, for example, in either the *Imitation* or *Light on the Path* to suffice for several incarnations! And these, it may be noted in passing, are little concerned with the acquisition of "powers". True, the latter hints at what awaits the disciple at the further side of the Gate; but this is merely incidental, and has no part in the probationary training of the student. And as to the argument that the *Imitation* is merely a guide to the cloistered life, this merely betrays lack of discernment. In all things it is with the underlying spirit rather than the surface and literal meaning that the disciple is concerned. Outwardly leading the life of an ordinary man, he will in reality be governed by spiritual motives of which his associates have not the slightest suspicion. He will not be conspicuous.

In this connection, the instruction conveyed through a little book which we are extremely pleased to see reprinted, is *à propos*. The passage in question runs as follows :

“You are forbidden to emphasize any trick of the personality.

TRICKS OF
PERSONALITY

Your effort is to merge yourself in the life of your kind. You must not come out and stand apart. You must not put yourself on a pinnacle.

Realize that any trick of attire, adornment, or mannerism used to separate you from the rest is not in harmony with the spirit of your dedication. It makes no difference whether it enhances or detracts from your appearance. If it make a separation between you and those around you—avoid it.”

The little reprint from which this is taken is entitled *The Servant*, and is by Charles Lazenby, in memory of whom this memorial edition has been issued by the Lucis Publishing Co., of New York, the London agent being Mr. J. M. Watkins, the well-known bookseller of mystical and occult works. The reissue of this little guide constitutes a real service in the cause of true occultism.

Well are the contents of the book indicated by the title. The spirit of service to which the pupil aspires to become a part pervades its every page. Apart from the illuminative allegory from which the book takes its name, the sections devoted to *The Three Vows* and *Rules* will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of every reader in whom are the makings of a disciple. The latter section is prefaced by a quotation from Madame Blavatsky's *Voice of the Silence*: “The first step is to live to benefit and serve mankind”.

In the life of the accepted pupil, no room exists for any other motive than service. True it may be that the more or less subtle ramifications of the personal self may detract from the pristine purity of his purpose. But these will in due time pass. They cannot thrive in the rare atmosphere of the spiritual heights, in which the disciple seeks to make his home.

The very first of the *Rules* enjoins a sincere and earnest dedication of the personal self to the Ideal. Naturally the form of dedication will vary according to the temperament of the aspirant. In the case of the little book before us, it is worded in the following manner :

DEDICATION

“I here and now, with all that I am of weakness and of strength, offer myself in all my thoughts, emotions, sensations, aspirations, volitions, and actions, to the service of

my fellow man. May this ideal, from this moment, guide and direct me, mould and educate me, that my life may become an embodiment of it. May all my forces, capacities, and inherent possibilities be developed to this end. I will give myself wholly to the ideal of human well-being".

As the author rightly insists, the form is of no importance in comparison with the spirit. "Each, according to his own temperament: artistic, religious, exuberant, phlegmatic, or practical", may vary it according to his needs. A note of warning is sounded in the case of the religiously inclined—to beware of all externalization of the Ideal, of all anthropomorphizing. The Ideal should be a vital, inner conception, a matter wholly of the interior life. "The worship of external conceptions . . . tends to substitute false appearances for Reality".

Speaking of the two types of occultist, those who seek knowledge, and therefore power; and the Servants of the White Lodge, Mr. Lazenby points out, in regard to the former, that in spite of the danger of his position, "unless he wilfully put himself against the current of normal evolution and choose to become a black magician—he will find himself, by his own insight and knowledge, using his powers and increased capacities for the well-being of his fellows". But how much more useful and therefore worthy is the Servant, of whom it is said that "You, a servant, as you are sincere and earnest in your desire to help mankind, will find yourself hungry for knowledge, and will be willing to undergo the strictest discipline, if necessary, that you may become more efficient." Personally, it would appear that the author rather over-emphasizes the hunger for knowledge. In the case of the Servant, knowledge is given, as the power increases to use it without detriment to oneself or others. When the added power that comes through knowledge is needed, the Servant has no need to search for it. Knowledge will be put in his way—and if he is wise he will keep his eyes open not to miss it. When it is freely offered, he may with fair security conclude that the time is ripe for it to be put in his hands.

For the most part, the fact is frequently forgotten or overlooked that, on the higher planes with which the Servant of the White Lodge is concerned, the contact is more intimate than it is on even the higher levels of the astral plane, and that those who know are ever on the watch and eager for efficient co-operation.

Tempted by the very interest of the little book to quote the *Rules* seriatim, this is neither possible, nor perhaps, fair to the prospective student. Twenty-two are given. From these, with their accompanying comments, a few are chosen for the sake of their practical value, their insight, or their novelty. An example of the latter is to be found in *Rule XX*. The author explains that he has been compelled to adopt a colloquialism to frame this rule, in the absence of any adequate equivalent in respectable English. "Avoid stunts", he says. Under this heading are classed such things as spectacular exercises, whether performed in public or private; abnormal tests of breathing or posture; parlour tricks to impress others, and so on. But the warning is not so much against things done in a spirit of ostentation, to which the disciple should be one of the last to fall a victim, as against an error into which even the most sincere may inadvertently fall. As he points out, "The great spiritual quest and the Paths thereof are extremely simple. A child need never err therein. Dedication to the service of mankind and a constant unswerving use of your whole manhood and womanhood to this ideal are the only essentials. . . . Few, however, are willing to live by simplicity. . . . He who will save his life shall lose it. He who wills to lose his (personal—Ed.) life in the service of mankind, shall find the cosmic life flow through him".

In the Eleventh Rule, the practical application of which comes only after a certain degree of spiritual unfoldment has been attained, a curious modification of the initial form of dedication is interpolated. The rule in question is: "Take no remuneration for your spiritual work". The modification to which reference has been made is worded as under:

FRUITS OF THE
SPIRIT FREE

"I, here and now, will that my life and whole personality shall be devoted to the intellectual and spiritual unfoldment of man".

The reason why the introduction of this modification has been thus deferred is explained as being because of the impossibility of taking this step in the earlier stages of the Path.

"You could not have taken this step earlier, because if you had done so, it would have been at the expense of your universal love, and with a sense of superiority and even arrogance towards other ideals for human well-being, such as, for instance, the physical, emotional and psychic departments of evolution. Now your love shows you that all these are necessary, and although

you now restrict the field of your endeavour to specialize on the intellectual and spiritual phases, it is with the full recognition of the necessity of all the ideals of those who serve mankind”.

The prohibition against the taking of remuneration, of course, is not intended to apply to the average person whose growth and development are still under the law of competition, but only for those “who have come under the law of self-renunciation, and whose lives have been laid down for the service of mankind”.

“To take no remuneration for your spiritual work becomes an inviolable law in the Aryan section of the White Brotherhood. You simply are not allowed to ask for, or to take any salary, stipend, wage or pay whatever, for what you give of spiritual instruction or help. Gifts may, and undoubtedly will, be given to you and may be accepted, but not as pay for your work. Never must you ask for a reward or put a price on your free-giving. The gifts of the Spirit are without money and without price”.

With regard to the phrase, “The labourer is worthy of his hire”, of Luke x, 7, so frequently quoted in this connection, Mr. Lazenby refers to the first twenty verses of that particular chapter of the New Testament, after the reading of which he asks whether it is still possible to believe that they were really spoken by Jesus, or whether they are an interpolation by priest-craft.

He is insistent on the necessity for a clear decision once for all, without evasion or equivocation, on this point of payment. Apart from any other consideration, the Three Vows of the spiritual disciple, the vows of Poverty, Obedience and Chastity, should in themselves be sufficient.

On the note of lofty aspiration sounded by the *Vows* as recorded in this little work, the exigencies of space demand that these brief comments should be concluded.

These three vows are prayers, and he who can take them to heart shall not go far astray. In connection with the *Vow of Poverty*, the prayer which follows, if repeated in sincerity, should enkindle an aspiration after an Ideal which is the embodiment of true Discipleship :

“May I be without any possessions which I would hold as my own more than as belonging to any other form of Thine. Cause me to suffer the cold of winter nights and the hunger of the slums if in this way I can learn to love those forms of Thine

whose karmic debt entails this form of suffering. . . . May I hold no money as my own, but always as Thine for Thy children. May I never save through lack of trust in Thee, through fear of physical pain, nor false and corroding pride. May I be willing to accept any environment, and condition among men, both in this and all future lives, which will best and most usefully conserve the purpose for which I remain man. Take from me all sense of personal ownership. This I ask through the love I bear to each and every child of the human race”.

Of implicit *obedience* to the Inner Voice, the second vow, it is difficult to refrain from quoting the following passage :

“Use me as I may best be used in the lives of all I meet. May my weakness be a warning and my strength be a source of power to every struggling soul”.

In the *Vow of Chastity*, the Virgin of Time, the Mother of Purity is thus adjured :

“Give me that purity which will not let me stand aside from aught that holds back human progress. . . . I ask no freedom from the dirt which soils my brother, I ask no purity which is not equally the gift of all my comrades. . . . Here in my white purity, thou also in soiled garments, I stand and vow to help in the cleansing of the stained garments of mankind”.

“Abstain,” says *Light on the Path*, “because it is right to abstain : not that you yourself may be kept pure”.

The Servant is one of the little books which the sincere student, who desires to “live the life” as well as know the doctrine, will cherish as an intimate friend.

THE EDITOR.

THE QUEST

By M. KENNAWAY

SHALL each one find that which within himself he knows ?
That and no more ? as surely as his horizon is his, and his alone,
The measure of the stature of the man.

It cannot but be so—the line of the blue sea
Rises or falls with him—its level is his own.

Man, they spirit's ocean waits for thee—
Its boundless greatness waits they mounting soul,
For ever rising with its long ascent.

So quest and end are one—
Now does man seek—now find—
The vision growing thro' the eternal now—
The measure of the stature of the soul.

IS THIS JACK LONDON ? His "Spirit" Talks With Upton Sinclair

(PART II)

FLETCHER turned to Professor McDougall and reported another spirit : "A little girl, beautiful ; she calls you Dad. Her name is Janie—Jennie—is that it ?" McD. : "Very nearly." There was much guessing about an aunt of this child, said to be present with her : "Alice, Alma, Anna, Allen, Aline." The child's name was Janet Aline ; the child's only deceased aunt was named Alice. (The child's name is in *Who's Who in America*.)

McD.'s occupation was correctly described ; and then came a personality who "says he has the same name as yours, William Hauser—Ostler—says he taught at Oxford, and if you had stayed in England you would have been knighted also." This was identified as Sir William Osler. F. : "He says his wife came over a year ago." McD. : "Correct." F. : "Her name was Grace." McD. : "I can't remember." (Later investigation proved this to be correct.) F. : "And his son, killed in the war." McD. : "Correct." F. : "His spirit crowds me out—he talks, I talk, half and half ; he is so strong, dominant. He says : 'This is something will surprise you. You'll think the old boy is off. On earth I never took interest in psychic things—only the microscope ; I helped on the physical plane, couldn't think beyond it'. He says : 'I was digging in bones and guts, old man, but I'm alive. But you have to be careful what you say about it ; deans are stupid. Now they have made you one'. He laughs. He says he helped a few hungry ; he used to write like Sinclair. But as we grow we become spiritual. The young thing builds its own organism, but as we deteriorate we come nearer to the inner force." (My notes on the above are inadequate ; the wording is not exact. But what follows is verbatim, and very characteristic.) "I talked with Geley in this world. I wouldn't have talked with him on earth. I wouldn't have bothered. I was as opinionated as a bishop. The only difference is, I could prove a part of what I believed, while a bishop never could." Then Fletcher added : "He says to tell you, when you go through his workshop, just lift your hat, and he'll see you."

Professor McD. admits that all this is characteristic of Osler. Curiously enough, when McD. was experimenting in hypnotism with his students at Oxford, Osler said it was dangerous, and this

caused the college authorities to stop the experiments. But McD. discounts all this as evidence of supernatural power, for the reason that there is a published biography of Osler. I admit that many scientific men may know that these two were colleagues; but in looking up the matter, it would be found easier to get from Osler to McD. than from McD. to Osler. In the published biography of Osler, it is mentioned that Osler took a sea-trip with McD., and attended his daughter in illness. Another circumstance: McD. is not really a dean, but in the book, *Mental Radio*, I have referred to him as "the dean of American psychology". Mr. Ford assured me he had not seen this book.

I brought to the séance a scarf which had belonged to my wife's mother. I now handed this to Fletcher, and his fingers had barely touched it when he said: "Is this from Phœbe's mother? The mother is not over many years. It was the South, a Southern lady—she is buried in a cemetery with a pretty name—Oakwood; no, Greenwood. Was she married once before?" M.C.S.: "No." F.: "Were you married once before?" M.C.S.: "No." F.: "Someone was married once before. (To U.S.): Was it you?" U.S.: "Yes." F.: "I don't suppose *that* mother would come!" U.S.: "She is not in the spirit world." F. (to M.C.S.): "Your mother is happy that she can come. She starts her name with a C." M.C.S.: "No." F.: "I can't get it. Was her name the same as yours?" N.C.S.: "No."

There was a mix-up here. M.C.S. said afterwards she did not get the question clearly; and I was afraid to interrupt. My wife's name is Mary Craig, and her mother's was Mary Hunter. Said F., much puzzled: "It starts M, and in the middle it is C. It is—what is it an eagle sleeps on?" McD.: "An eyrie." F.: "No, not that—a cliff—crag. That is it!" One of us here said: "Mary Craig." F. then went on: "There is a spirit here by the mother's side. She talks to that spirit—Matilda, Martha, Margaret?" M.C.S.: "I had an Aunt Mattie. I don't know what her right name was." (Later investigation: it was Martha.) F.: "The mother has been over four or five years?" M.C.S.: "Four or five months." F.: "She is a lovely person, quiet and dignified." M.C.S.: "I would say lovely and dignified, but not quiet." F.: "She appeared to you in a dream—twice. It was clairvoyant. She says you checked yourself. You began to cry, because you were torn back from the spirit world. She blames Upton for this; he wakes up and roams about at night,

turns on the light to read. She wants you to know that you are psychic. She does not mind, so long as she has been able to get through to you. She was a strict Presbyterian, or something like that?" M.C.S.: "She was brought up a Catholic." F.: "Yes, but she gave that up because the Judge didn't like it. Who was the Judge?" M.C.S.: "He is my father."

This about the dreams is very striking. Ever since her mother's death, my wife has been telling me how she could not rid her mind of the sense of her mother's presence. On two occasions she had told me of vivid dreams, that the mother was standing by her bedside talking to her. On both occasions she woke up crying. She wrote down the words which her mother had spoken in one dream. Very surely Mr. Ford could not have learned of those dreams in any normal way.

Jack London again. He stated that he was helping me, and gave that as the reason why I was writing more fiction of late years. I thanked him and told him to go on helping me; F. then quoted him as follows: "Tell Mary I am glad of his development. I am glad he is looking into clairvoyance. It will help his position." Said my wife: "No, people will think he's gone nutty." Said F.: "Yes, they may think it." Said my wife: "They have said it already." Said Fletcher, purporting to speak for Jack: "That's all right, but when history is written fifty years from now, there will be only three living American writers who will be remembered, and Upton is one of them. He's the only one they read in Europe now. Say what you please, the squareheads do think." This last sentence sounds like Jack London. I won't say the rest is Jack; it will be better if I say it is Jack as the subconscious mind of Upton would have him!

I said to Fletcher: "Ask Jack to tell me how he died." The reply was: "You have the idea. There comes a time when you can't go any further." I said: "Is it right for me to tell the world about it?" The reply was: "Let them remember me as they do. I'm damned glad to be here." U.S.: "Are you happier?" Jack: "My last marriage—the idea was beautiful, but it didn't work. A man who thinks deeply, as you and I did, cannot deal with a childlike mind. He needs a woman like Mary here, one who will keep one jump ahead, and keep him from exploding." U.S.: "Mary knew what you were going to do." Jack: "Why didn't you tell me, Mary?" M.C.S.: "I didn't know if you'd want me to." Jack: "I'm sorry I did it, but now I'm out of it."

The statements made as to the relation between Jack and Charmian London call for no opinion. They are given here because they are the words that Fletcher spoke and I wrote down. Charmian has been a friend of mine for twenty-five years, and of my wife for half that time. She is one of the frankest persons I know, and a "game sport". I did not submit the statements to her, simply because, when all had been said, we should have only opinions, and opinions are not evidence. But later on came facts, and these I asked Charmian about.

Said Fletcher: "There's something about Jack's squaw. I can't make it out. Does he mean to call his wife a squaw? It's a funny thing to call your wife. No, that's not it. She wears something tight about her head." U.S.: "Ask him if he wants to send a message to his wife." F.: "Yes; was she in Canada? Was she French-Canadian? Charmian is a French name. He says: 'Tell her I give her my love and am glad she is doing well'."

I wrote to Jack London's widow, asking her about this last paragraph. She replied at length, telling me both her own and Jack's deep distrust of mediums. She says that she is not French-Canadian, and then adds as follows:

"It is really comical about the 'squaw woman'. I do not know of any connected with Jack's life—he was a bit squeamish about some things. There may have been, who knows! But it may be that I am the 'squaw'—during his lifetime I *always*, or nearly always, wrapped my long hair around my skull, and bound it with a tight band of some colour to match my raiment. That is why I say 'comical'. That bandeau, as it was called, was as much a characteristic of me, nearly, as my snub nose. Jack liked my *bandeaux*."

Fletcher now said he was tired and was leaving us; and Mr. Ford came out of his trance, saying he was dazed. He asked what results we had got, and assured us he knew nothing of what happened. He asked us not to mention any names in his hearing, because at some future séance the same persons might return. He said he would have to rest, as he was to give a public demonstration in the church that evening.

And now, what are we going to make of all this? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Ford is a cheat, he might have got out of *Who's Who* the following names: Mary Craig Kimbrough, daughter of Judge Kimbrough, of Greenwood, Mississippi; Priscilla Harden, mother of Upton Sinclair; Janet

Aline, deceased daughter of Wm. McDougall; and Smalley, maiden name of McDougall's mother. On the other hand, I cannot think of any normal way by which he could have got "Sister Phœbe", or Rebecca and Isaac, mother and father of McDougall. I cannot think how he knew that the scarf came from "Phœbe's" mother, nor that the daughter on two occasions, and only two, had waked up crying from a dream of the mother, nor that I had a letter of Jack London's with me, nor all the numerous facts about the sealed-up letters which were correctly given.

After our discussion was over, I said to Prof. McDougall: "What is your conclusion as to this séance?" His reply was: "I would say that it revealed genuine telepathy. It certainly showed supernormal power of some sort." I would say the same; and this, it seems to me, ought to determine our attitude to those facts which are open to the possibility of cheating. Because Mr. Ford *might* have got names from *Who's Who*, it doesn't in the least follow that he *did*. It may be that he got Janet Aline from the same place that he got Isaac and Rebecca, and Judge Kimbrough from the same place that he got "Sister Phœbe". He assures me that this is so, and I believe him. Why should any man spend money for gasoline and automobile tires to travel to a public library, when he can dip into the subconscious minds of those around him?

You may find it easier to believe this, when you have read the details of our second séance, in which Mr. Ford furnished many names and correct details to four persons in my home, whom he did not know I had invited, whose names he did not hear, nor even their voices, until after the séance was over. Most of the facts furnished were unknown to my wife and myself, so we could not have aided a fraud if we had wanted to. I am certain that we have here evidence of some unknown way of getting knowledge; and in so stating I am glad to have the support of a leading psychologist—one who has earned the censure of more than one spiritualist group by his adverse verdict upon their alleged phenomena.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY

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

PART II.

THE FOUR-DIMENSIONED WORLD OF EXPERIENCE

ALTHOUGH purely a mathematical concept, the idea of a dimension, and especially of a "fourth" dimension, has gripped the popular imagination. Much confusion in thought has resulted, which crystallises itself into discussions as to whether time is the "fourth" dimension or not.

In point of fact, the expression, "fourth dimension", though convenient, is somewhat misleading, since it would seem to imply that dimensions possess *order*; one being the first, another the second, and so on. This is not the case. Strictly speaking, the theory of relativity has not demonstrated that time is the "fourth" dimension. What it has done has been to compel men of science to recognise the fact that the world of experience, considered as a manifold of point-events, is a four-dimensional manifold, of which one of the dimensions is time. But this, it should be noticed, is not a theory, not something standing in need of logical proof—it is a fact of observation, which permits of no more debate than does the statement that two beans added to three make five.

The whole matter hinges upon a right understanding of the meaning of the word "dimension".

The number of dimensions of a manifold is, in a sense, a measure of its complexity. It is the number of independent measurements necessary exactly to determine the relation of one element of the manifold to any other.

To illustrate. Consider a line as being made up of points. A single measurement suffices to determine the position of any one point in the line (which may be either straight or curved) in relation to that of any other point in the line: namely, the distance between the two points measured along the line. It is true that some ambiguity might arise, owing to the fact that the measurement might be made from the first point in either of two possible directions; but this is avoided by means of the algebraic device of negative quantities, one direction being arbitrarily fixed as positive, the other as negative.

Hence, a line is said to be of one dimension, or, as it is popularly put, it has length, but no width or depth.

Now consider a surface, such as the surface of this page of the OCCULT REVIEW, envisaging it as a manifold of points or positions. One measurement no longer suffices to fix the relation of one position in it with respect to any other. I make a full-stop here, which can be considered as a bare point, thus. I wish to fix its position in relation to the top left-hand corner of the page. One measurement is not enough. If, for example, I measure the distance of the full-stop from the top left-hand corner, the question arises: at what angle with the edge of the page must this distance be measured? If, however, this angle is known, in addition to the distance, the position of the full-stop is fixed. Or, alternatively, the position of the full-stop might be determined by measuring its perpendicular distances from, say, the top edge of the page and the left-hand edge. In either case, two independent measurements are necessary. In other words, a surface, considered as a manifold of points, is of two dimensions; or, as it is popularly put, it has both length and width, but no thickness.

In a similar manner, manifolds which are of such a character that three, four, or more independent measurements are necessary to determine the relation of one element to another, possess three, four, or more dimensions. If, for example, a surface is envisaged as being made up, not of points, but of little lines of variable length and direction, then it becomes a four-dimensioned manifold, two new factors being introduced, the lengths and directions of its constituent elements.

Visual space—that is, the world of experience we *see*—consists of coloured surfaces of variable degrees of brightness. If we consider these to be made up of points of colour, then, so far as the form of this world is concerned—that is to say, leaving out of account the variations in colour and brightness—it is, as it momentarily exists, a world of two dimensions only. The opinion that we actually see a solid world is a pure fiction, as can be demonstrated in numerous ways. A clever artist can paint a picture on a perfectly flat canvas which *seems* to stand out, giving us the impression of solidity, and the stereoscope accomplishes a similar result in perhaps a more striking manner, both showing that the apparent solidity of visual objects is an inference and not a perception.

It is from the muscular sense and from the sense of touch

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS 89

that we derive our experience of a solid world. Could we experience this world momentarily as we do the visual world, then, considered as a manifold of positions, it would be correctly described as a three-dimensioned world.

It is just possible that we might derive an idea of the solidity of an object, and obtain some conception of its shape and size, by making simultaneous contact between various parts of the object and various parts of the body. Actually, however, we proceed, not in this manner, but by a process of exploration, and this introduces a fourth element, time.

If we were chained to one spot, without freedom to move our limbs, the world of visual space would still exist for us as a world of two dimensions; but our tactile and muscular sensations would be of too fragmentary a character for us to form any adequate concept of the tactile world. We should certainly have no idea of solidity.

Time, then, is part and parcel of the tactile world of experience. Hence, this is not, as is commonly supposed, a world of three dimensions; but, considered as a manifold of point events, it is a four-dimensioned world. Before, however, considering this matter in greater detail, one other subject calls for attention, namely, the correlation between the visual and the tactile worlds.

This correlation is of great value. It gives us a much richer world of experience than would be possible if we were limited to the one sense or the other. If the tactile and muscular senses give the world of experience solidity, it is not less true to say that the visual sense endows it with unity, the combination of the two enabling us to conceive the simultaneous existence of solid objects.

The correlation, however, is not perfect, and the imperfections result in what are called "optical illusions", though they might, with equal justice, be denominated "tactile illusions". To take a simple example: when a stick, which both feels and looks straight, is partly plunged into water, although it continues to feel straight, it looks bent.

In cases such as these, most of us cease to place reliance on the old maxim that "seeing is believing". We cannot tolerate the seeming contradiction. We must have a "real" stick which is either straight or bent. Actually, we equate this "real" stick with the stick of tactile experience, and construct a theory of light to account for its seeming bentness. It would, however,

be quite possible, though probably more difficult, to construct a mechanical theory according to which the stick, although really bent, continued to feel straight.

To return, however, to the question of time : not only is time an essential element of the tactile world, but it enters also into that of sight. Our momentary visual experiences are not isolated. We witness movement and change. Hence the world of experience, as given to us, both by sight and touch, is a *world of events*.

Now it is exceedingly doubtful if events can be regarded strictly as mere points, mere positions in time and space. It is urged, and I think rightly urged, that every experience, even the most fleeting, has duration. If this is granted, then, from the point of view of dimensions, the world of experience becomes exceedingly complex. On the other hand, just as we find it convenient to ignore the thickness of actual lines and the magnitude of actual points, so we may safely ignore the duration of momentary events. If my friend tells me that something happened at one o'clock, I do not feel it necessary to point out to him that his statement is incorrect, and that what he should have said was that it happened between one o'clock and a split second after one o'clock. If I did make any such comment, he would undoubtedly consider that I had a misguided sense of humour.

The world of experience is so exceedingly complex that, in order to tackle the many problems that it presents, we must effect some arbitrary simplifications. No doubt, in so far as we do this, our philosophy will be defective. But we must proceed from the simple to the complex, gradually elaborating our system by first taking into account this irregularity or complexity and then that, continually approaching the complete truth, as a hyperbola approaches its asymptote.

The world of experience, then, may be envisaged as a world of point-events. That such a world is four-dimensioned is a simple fact of experience. To fix one event with respect to another, four independent measurements are necessary. For example, suppose we wish to fix some event happening on this earth with respect to any other : let us say the recent disaster to R101, to the recording of noon on January 1st, 1930, at Greenwich Observatory. We require to know the latitude and longitude of the spot where the disaster took place, its height above sea-level, and the time, all of which are independent. Failing knowledge of any one measurement, we are unable to say exactly when and where the disaster took place.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL IMPLICATIONS 91

This, in a way, has been long recognised. But previous to the advent of the theory of Relativity, the time measurement was treated as being in quite a different category from the three spatial measurements. It was known that different observers of two events might accurately relate them by means of quite different spatial measurements; but it was thought that, if accurate, their time measurements must all be identical.

The Theory of Relativity has annulled this unnatural divorce between space and time. It has shown that they form parts of one whole. The difficulty with most folk is how to accept this conclusion in virtue of the fact that space and time seem so very different to us.

Our time perception is very rough compared with our space perception. According to the Theory of Relativity, one second of time corresponds to about three hundred thousand kilometres. It is this disparity in perception which is largely responsible for obscuring the fact that time and space are one. It was only when careful experiments were conducted with light, whose velocity is approximately three hundred thousand kilometres per second, that it became evident that time and space were transmutable one into the other, and that there was no such thing as absolute time—time, so to speak, being a private affair, peculiar to each individual.

If we envisage ourselves as traversing a four-dimensioned world of events, then what each one of us calls time is the direction in which he is proceeding. It is a changing direction; but, because our sense of time is so rough, we are unaware of the changes. Time seems to be fixed and the same for all of us. The Theory of Relativity shows this not to be the case. It demonstrates that, just as, for example, one person might call one dimension of a brick its height, whilst another might call this its width, according to the point of view, *so, too, is the difference between time and space essentially a difference in point of view*, a fact hitherto unrecognised because, so far as time is concerned, our points of view differ so slightly.

THE MOMENT AFTER

By "RITA" (MRS. DESMOND HUMPHREYS)

THERE are two occasions in man's existence as a material being when he is absolutely alone.

They are when he enters life and when he leaves it. The first means a struggle from darkness to light ; from mere *sense* of living to its separate experience. The second—whether result of illness, natural decay, or sudden accident—finds also an entity separate and apart from all the rest of humanity just for that special moment.

It occurred to Alfred Kilsyth, as he was walking home from that medical interview in Harley Street, that he was really an unknown atom of that vast community of life-strugglers and interests known as the World.

He was in that world actively, and he thought usefully. He had tried to understand its meaning as concerned with himself. To do what he had been taught, educated, and influenced to do as part of his duty to life. He had been an ordinary hard-working citizen ; he had spent many hours of many days in the weeks and months that totalled forty years of hard dull work. Work just to live ; just to provide house and food for wife and family. Work, ennobled by no higher ambition than the day's finality of rest, or the year's-end hope of a rise in salary. Those years had slipped by : some eloquent of storm and stress ; some stupefied to apathy by sheer custom of daily habits. Only of late, only since he had by accident stepped into that queer little Hall, and heard that strange lecture, had something within himself quickened to a new activity. Restlessness, disturbance, a perpetual questioning of THINGS, not their mere acceptance, appeared now as inevitable results of some unknown cause.

The lecturer had explained Cause, and pointed to Effects. He had thrown open a door that led to strange discoveries. One entered ; one explored ; one questioned. The results had a wider meaning than mere curiosity promised. They led to a new knowledge ; to a new world. They offered instruction and supplied it freely to demand. Kilsyth had gone to that hall again and again. He bought the literature it supplied. Little sixpenny paper pamphlets, each concerned with a subject, each holding some fragment of the new truth. He told no one of his

discoveries. At home there was no sympathy to be found for anything unconcerned with purely material comforts. As husband, father, bread-winner, Alfred Kilsyth was important. Beyond or apart from such things he counted for little. His love of books, his passion for the beautiful in art or nature, were never discovered by his wife, still less did they affect the son or daughter representing school days, outworn clothes, and general insubordination. So Alfred Kilsyth had shut himself up more and more; became taciturn, almost morose; kept silence even on the growing threat of ill health; this new obsession of pain. Illness would mean disablement, perhaps dismissal. He dreaded to think of that. Of a day when his salary would cease, and there would be nothing for rent or food, or provision. Nothing to look forward to save chance of some fatality that should benefit his wife by an insurance claim on a daily journal for whose delivery he was registered. Such accident must, of course, be fatal to the registerer. But to a penniless widow what a priceless benefit!

All this morbid disturbance had finally led to that interview with a Harley Street specialist from which Alfred Kilsyth was returning.

The interview had been long, serious; physically painful. The result was an opinion that he must think out for himself. Should he go to a nursing-home and undergo an operation, or should he struggle on, suffering more or less until Nature revenged herself on his obstinacy and ended it?

That was what he was arguing with himself as he walked through the darkening streets to take the subway to his home at Southfields.

It was a cheap suburb of cheap villas and struggling streets, of general utility and ugliness, of cricket fields and tennis courts, and a picture house and music hall. His family liked it and found amusement in it. He, in his heart, loathed the place. But then he had a foolish fancy for studying the glorified travel areas of the Polytechnic. Certainly blue skies and golden sunshine, snow-capped mountains and flower-covered landscapes had little in common with his everyday surroundings.

Alfred Kilsyth arrived home; entered his house, left hat and overcoat on the hall stand. Smoothing back his hair he entered the little dingy sitting-room, where a "high tea" formed the evening meal.

He was unusually silent, but his two children made up for that by a heated dispute over some new cowboy drama to which they had been. It was a Saturday afternoon. That was why Kilsyth had visited the specialist. He would have all Sunday to rest and consider his opinion.

The shrill voices, the petulant interruptions of his wife, the unappealing mixture of boiled beef and cabbage stewed with onions and washed down by weak tea all conspired to depress Kilsyth's already depressed spirit. What a miserable life he led. What a wretched, dull, monotonous affair it had become! Useless to himself as far as any enjoyment or intellectual interests were concerned. A mere going to bed and getting up; eating and drinking and working. Here was spring again. April promises. The earth's renewal. A sense of revived conditions. But for him no such promise; no such revival. Merely a prospect of suffering prolonged, or a risk undertaken, which at best could only leave an enfeebled body to face remaining years.

"What on earth's the matter with father?" suddenly exclaimed Mabel, his fifteen year old daughter, and three pairs of eyes were turned to a white drawn face.

He had to allow he wasn't quite the thing. A queer pain there in his side. He thought he would go to his own little "den" and lie down. The suggestion was considered only reasonable. He had a vague sense of reaching the door; of moving along the passage; of sinking breathlessly down on the hard horsehair sofa, which was his usual resting-place.

Then for a few moments he remembered no more.

When he again opened his eyes Kilsyth gazed wonderingly around. What had happened? Where had he been? The clock on the mantelpiece struck seven. It was an hour since he had returned home; had attempted to eat a meal and failed; had come here and laid himself down on that hard uncomfortable sofa. An hour? Where had he been? How was it he could not remember? Had he fainted?

He had never done such a thing before. What had caused it? He felt strangely light and at ease. Pain had gone. He feared to move lest it might return. He closed his eyes and lay perfectly still. He could hear his heart beating; he was conscious of breathing faintly. With an oncoming strength life was flowing back after temporary cessation. Life . . .

His thoughts quickened. What had that lecturer said about life? Something given, endured; used as a test; then retaken; amalgamated with some fundamental energy of the universe. A Part of a Great Whole even as the drops of rain, the sparks of a fire. Lost to temporary individuality, restored at some further period of progress.

He remembered the illustration given. The cells composing a human body, each with a vitality of its own; the white corpuscles in the blood, moving, assimilating, subdividing. All this was part and parcel of man's acceptance of humanity; inherited as effect of pre-natal existence. But when Nature had done with him as a physical exhibition, what took him in charge? That was the question for ever tormenting Kilsyth's brain. *What happened at that moment of separation from physical manifestation?* That one stern, unalterable, unescapable moment when one knew one had left life as earth stood for it.

How was it that no one could tell—positively? Surmise, conjecture, hope in plenty, but not *surety*. That was given by neither Bible, nor Vedas, nor Koran; nor the wisdom of ancient philosophy, nor the wisdom of Christian Religion. Not by anything or anyone inhabiting this queer little globe of earth. Did one find another earth; another place of habitation governed by new rules and customs, suited to a new form of life? Oh! *to know . . . to know . . . to KNOW!*

The desire had gradually possessed him like a living force. He thought of it from waking to sleeping. He had prayed that in sleep some solution might come; but it never did. He dreamt of strange things, weird things, absurd things. He never could dream of that One Moment. The moment after death.

As he lay back now on his hard uncomfortable sofa, quite alone, quite disregarded, he asked himself why he should not find his own solution. It needed only a little courage. He must face death; that was inevitable. But would it be possible to read that riddle, yet return to life with the knowledge?

Was there any force, any Power that could reopen the door of physical life just sufficiently to register the discovery of what the first moment of leaving it meant? . . . Surely there must be. That was all he wanted to know, because in knowing it, he would secure the key to a withheld mystery. If physical life was one with the Universe, then it must be able to assert reason for its separation or return. And the reason would spell Result.

At this point of his brain-wanderings Kilsyth grew strangely tired. Such a problem was too puzzling, too bewildering to follow for long. It seemed to him that sleep was enfolding consciousness. He remembered no more.

Suddenly, as a sound registers itself on startled senses, he awoke to sense of something heard. Someone had been speaking. A voice still echoed in that now darkened room where he had lain alone—forgotten.

A voice.

The echo of its speaking was a memory sharp and distinct. He recalled it as he lay there. "*You shall know the Moment After*".

That was what he had heard. Whether with outside material hearing or some inner sense of assurance he could not determine. He only knew he was awake. Awake in the darkness of his own room, lit only by the glimmer of the gas lamps in the street without. He must have lain there a considerable time.

Evidently his family had forgotten all about him. Gone their several ways to games, gossip, amusement.

He lifted his head and then sat up. He felt dizzy and confused. His forehead was damp with sweat; his hands were feverish. He tried to stand and found himself trembling and stumbling for support.

"Am I ill?" he thought. "Is this what that doctor meant when he said there was no time to be lost?"

He again wandered off into speculations. What *was* Time, and could it be lost; and if it were—who found or restored it? Foolish wanderings of an unsettled brain; leading nowhere. He thought he would go to bed, though the thought was another mental disturbance. Bed meant a shared resting-place; that concession to conjugal restrictions which makes the tragedy of married life. One could not know the blessedness of solitude; of individual habits; of twisting and turning or throwing off or drawing up coverings that sometimes irked and sometimes comforted.

If one could not sleep, it was impossible to light a candle or to read without reprimand from the sleeping partner; disturbed, and petulant by reason of disturbance. Truly the hardships of life are maintained by what it lacks more than by what it possesses.

Alfred Kilsyth found himself ascending the stairs ; reaching the familiar bedroom ; close, stuffy, untidy. Evidently Emily had dressed hurriedly to go out and left discarded frocks and shoes as signals of such proceedings. The washing basin was full of soapy water ; the towel hung awkwardly from the rail of the washstand ; brush and comb lay on the dressing-table. A smell of brilliantine, of cheap scent and face-powder, pervaded the atmosphere.

Kilsyth sighed as he looked and remembered that marriage had once represented glamour. *This* was what it really meant.

He looked at his face in the glass. It was something of a shock to see its haggard pallor ; the deep purple shadows under his eyes. He did look ill. There was no doubt about it. And he felt . . .

What on earth . . . what was this ? . . . Where was he ? . . . A room totally unfamiliar. . . . A large window . . . through which faint sunlight struggled. Everything white and clean and spotless. . . . Voices . . . buzzing, buzzing. . . . He listened. "No time to lose. . . . The operation must be at once."

Operation !

He tried to lift himself up . . . tried to speak. A figure bent over him. A nurse's figure : white-capped, clean, kindly. She was speaking.

"Ah—you are awake ? The doctor is here, he will tell you."

Another face ; another figure.

"We are going to operate. It is your only chance. . . . Your wife consented, and we brought you here."

A hand was feeling his pulse ; professional interest was all around. He was no longer Alfred Kilsyth, city clerk ; but "Patient So-and-So", in some strange hospital, awaiting an operation.

He closed his eyes and tried to think. That pain was worse. His whole body was racked with it. He seemed no longer himself but some tortured thing exemplifying life as another meaning.

"Do what you like," he muttered feebly. "I hope I shall die. . . . I only want to . . . know. . . ."

Struggle, suffocation . . . struggle, torment. His eyes on something that held him to outer consciousness. . . . "*The moment* . . . the Moment!"

Was that his voice? How far off it sounded; and buzzing—buzzing—all around—other voices. . . . "He's going off now!"

Going *off*. . . . Where was he going? To what place; region; surroundings? Who was sending him; who was speaking?

"Now we can begin."

Begin . . . was this the operation? This sudden chill of bodily exposure; passivity through deadened senses. A thrill of pain; then its subsidence. Peace—and it was gone. Where? Whence?

Did Pain go where Time went? Into the indeterminate and invisible substances of existence? Into nowhere? . . .

Where was he now? This was wonderful, beautiful. Kindly faces; kind hands giving welcome and support. "We have come to meet you. . . . Don't be alarmed. No one passes over *alone*."

Passes over. Where had he gone now? Where was the room; the surgeons; the anæsthetist? Was that *his* heart, beating so heavily; with such strained exertion? Was that his breathing, slow, hesitating; a pause between each effort? And now someone else speaking. A voice long forgotten, yet not wholly forgotten else how could it recall the past? A boy and girl; a garden . . . a starry night of summer; first love . . . a bird singing. Her name, holding all the music of the world, and all the passion of youth's purity. "Lilian". If this was her voice, where then was she? Beyond the cloud of darkened senses. Beyond earthly reach, yet surely within call if he answered that summons?

"Alf . . . do you hear me? . . . Alf?"

That old name. They had just been "Alf" and "Lil". Boy and girl; happy in companionship, full of plans, hopes, wonderings. Far, far back. A long way. Youth was his no longer; and she had faded out of life while absence kept them apart. All the beautiful thoughts, hopes, desires—gone! Life emptied of its purest dreams. Never again could he love as he had loved

then. . . . But what was she doing here? What was she saying? He tried to listen, but now it seemed as if he were swimming through a sea of blood; trying to escape sharp, piercing knives. On all sides they threatened.

"Keep still, or you'll die! For God's sake hold the man!" But he shook off detaining hands. He raised himself; he laughed defiantly. "I am not going to lie here any longer. I am going to follow Lilian!"

Following . . . following. . . . Where was she leading? How dark it was; yet not dense, only the misty darkness of parted clouds; only floating wreaths as of smoke from wood fires. And how *light* he felt. How extraordinarily buoyant. Movement seemed effortless. He was just conscious of passing along. Not flying; not swimming; yet something akin to both.

The mists were clearing. Colour filled the atmosphere; faint lovely blue, as water sometimes looks. He could see a white figure floating before him; beyond grasp or touch. A mere shadowy vision; yet he felt bound to follow it.

No more blood . . . no more agony; no more discordant voices saying "You won't suffer; you won't know anything about it. And you'll wake up free of pain."

Free of pain. Well, there was no pain now; only a strange unfamiliarity about himself. He was not quite sure he *was* himself—and yet, if not, who could he be? Something like that flying cloud before him. Something that had disintegrated from earthly matter; passed into a new sphere of existence? Of immateriality.

He called, or thought he called, but he was not sure of his voice. It seemed to have no persistence beyond mere desire to speak. He could not hear it.

Strange . . . but this was all strange. His brain could register no perception, yet seemed to perceive; his usual material self had no *material* existence, yet knew it was existing. Strange indeed; most strange!

Had he left his body on that operating table and passed out of the physical into the etherical meanings of space? If so No, *that* thought escaped again. It had been the embodiment of a desire. He could not remember it, yet it was there Somewhere in this atmosphere of cloud and clarity commingled.

This was wonderful . . . this motion, this passing on; so easy and so effortless. And that white form as guide, flitting on, on, on. Long, lovely hair floating behind in that swift silent progress. If he could only reach, touch, come into knowledgeable contact with this mysterious guide. Was it Lilian? Was it the speaker of his name? If so, whither was she leading him?

Had action a purpose here as in that other sphere of physical existence? Had one again to learn; to be governed; to endure in order to understand? Was this a new element of consciousness; had he, indeed, chosen death rather than life? Someone had said: "*Hold on, don't give way, and you'll be all right*". But he had thought "Why should I hold on? Why should I try to live? I am sick of earth and its meanings. No love-tie holds me back; only duty; dull, dry, accepted burdens that each day brings and each night curses. If I can escape, I will. . . . If it is within my own choice to return to that wretched, pain-racked body you are cutting open, or to quit it for ever, then I'll quit! Only I want to know *what comes after?*"

He had some dim consciousness of saying all this while he lay stretched on that table. So he must still be able to remember. He wished he could hear himself speak. He could think, and the thoughts were as visible pictures of sensation or of memory; but they had no power of outward manifestation. Strange . . . most strange.

How far were they going, and where? He and Lilian; or what had been himself in some passage of time, and what had returned as herself that first moment of loneliness. Still the figure floated on. The head never turned; there came no sign or questioning. Only he felt he must follow on . . . and on. . . . Suddenly something checked him even as a hand arrests. He could see no one. Yet the power that had stayed his footsteps was strong as steel. He had to stop. He wondered why. What mechanical forces were operating in this new world? Why did he *obey*, yet remain ignorant of what forced him to obedience?

This new power was very strong. He found himself wondering from whence it proceeded. Why he must yield to it. "*No . . . not yield unless you wish . . . choice is still yours. . . .*"

Who had said *that*?

He looked up, around, back. Then again bewildered senses

sought for guidance. But floating hair and floating figure were visible no longer.

He was alone.

That full, terrible sense of utter loneliness swept over him like an icy avalanche. Fear awoke, and hopelessness, and a dim, dull wonder as to where he really could be. In the "After-World"; on the next plane; in the Fourth Dimension. . . . Where?

This time mental question brought no response. He was alone.

He tried to move forward. Buoyancy had gone. Then suddenly all around him grew light. He was enveloped by a metallic brightness. Before him stretched a path; very narrow, yet he could perceive no boundaries to its width. It just led on, on, on. He followed, as if directed, but he had been conscious of no audible direction. He wished Lilian would return. He wanted to know why she had come to him only to leave him again. Once it had been heart-*loneliness*. Now there was entirely conscious, desolating solitude. He stood as solitary as itself. No sign; no sound; no beauty. Only the hard clear light and the narrow track.

Why, oh why, had not Lilian stayed with him—a memory of that old dead time when he had been happy; when life held promise, and hope beckoned to attainment? She must be here; somewhere in this new world he had reached by one purposeful effort. Then why not come to him, tell him what there must be to tell of where he was; what he had to do?

Strange to feel so utterly powerless. Awaiting some sort of direction. Emptied of feeling, desire, appetite. Knowing neither fear nor confidence. Helpless as a child is helpless on its first entry into physical life.

What was this? The narrow road had suddenly ended. He must have traversed it to a certain point. Now he saw before him a strong dark door. Into what it was set, whether wall or dwelling, he could not determine. It faced him as an obstacle faces an explorer. It shut off further progress without seeming purpose.

But doors opened . . . perhaps there was a handle, a key, some mode of ingress? His hands went out; groped; sought;

touching only cold, hard metal. How smooth it was and chill to the touch. Chill as death.

"There is no opening," he thought, "unless one knows the secret."

Secret? As the word sounded and sensed itself to outer meaning, it seemed caught up by answering echoes. "*His own fault . . . he won't assist us. . . .*"

Back again on the narrow road. Back to white spaces. A room . . . was it the same room? And those figures . . . and that thing stretched so helplessly on the table. . . . Blurred senses. Odours of ease and death commingled. The skill that sought to conquer with shining instruments of torture.

He must tell them it was no use. He was going away . . . he would not return. He had had enough of suffering. Let them close that gaping wound; stop their carving and probing; take away those soaked and sterilized sponges. Hateful place! Hateful things! He only wanted to get away from them. Away to that vast, clean ether swirling around the globe; away to that path so straight and narrow. On, and farther on to that closed door that had turned him back—once. But it should open to him now. Open to this new strange strength that gave him vision and understanding.

At last he would know what life meant as it passed from form to shadow of substance that still meant form—surviving; building itself up afresh; accepting without question what was given.

Something that had meant himself had melted, evaporated with the ether and the chloroform of the room. Something that was still himself stood before a closed door awaiting one special moment that should claim its opening.

Something, pre-existent; intent; pursuing. Waited, neither fearful nor discouraged, till it should know, see, learn for itself what happened "The Moment After".

Hospital Verdict.

The operation on Alfred Kilsyth on the 11th inst. was entirely successful.

The patient collapsed from heart failure that same evening.

A PROJECTION RECORD

By SYLVAN J. MULDOON

MRS. B. is a lady living in Grafton, New Hampshire, who has had many conscious out-of-the-body experiences, and whose identity is known to the editor of this periodical. Most of Mrs. B's projections have been of the involuntary type, preceded by a numbness of the body and commencing in the half-awake state, usually in the early hours of morning.

When the phenomenon is about to take place, Mrs. B explains that she feels as if being caught up in a powerful current of force, and for a short interval there is a snapping and pain in her head, which soon passes off, and is replaced by a sensation of delightful lightness.

According to her testimony, Mrs. B has never been able consciously to direct her projected astral body, but has simply sailed along wherever carried, being in distress all the while, with a painful tightness at the throat, which becomes so unbearable that she is forced to return to the physical body again.

In all of her conscious astral excursions she has found herself amid the physical objects of the world of matter, and only once did she ever encounter a disembodied spirit—that of her husband's sister, "in all her natural colouring of earthly life".

A peculiar characteristic of Mrs. B's experiences is that she has never been able to see her physical body while projected from it, although she could see her husband clearly as he lay asleep. I have heard of only two other similar cases: one being that of Oliver Fox, whose experiments were set forth in the OCCULT REVIEW about ten years ago; the other, that of a man living in New York State.

While subjective experiences such as the one I shall now relate can never be brought to the test of proof, I detail it on the strength of Mrs. B's character and sworn statement, and I might add that it rings true to similar experiences which I myself have had.

Mrs. B, on one occasion, found herself projected in her astral body, and standing in the parlour of a strange and palatial house, where she took particular notice of the furnishings, and ". . . from the parlour I soared up a great stairway and down

a hall into a room where lay an old lady. I approached the bed with some hesitation, although I felt sure of being invisible. Suddenly she awakened, and acted as if she could see me, for she sat up on her elbow and looked straight at me.

"I was much embarrassed at being there in a strange house like a thief. She no doubt thought me a ghost of the dead. . . . I began to retreat, going over instead of around the stair-railing, and down—down—down, with an accompanying sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach. Then there was a 'zinging' in my ears, and in a moment I was sitting up breathless in my physical body in my own bed. . . ."

What subsequently took place is the most interesting part of Mrs. B's experience. Two years later she went to Concord—a distance of forty miles from Grafton—to visit her cousin. The latter lived in a house which had recently been purchased, furnishings and all, from the estate of an elderly maiden lady, Miss M, who had died some time before.

It was the first time that she had ever visited the place physically, and Mrs. B goes on to say: "A maid ushered me into the same parlour in which I had stood that night when out of my body. Looking around I knew I had seen the place before, but could not quite remember, until I stepped into the hall, when my cousin came down the stairs to welcome me. I had found the place of my astral adventure!"

Mrs. B, on this visit to her cousin, also learned that the little old lady, whose bedroom she had haunted in her astral body two years before, was Miss M., the late owner and occupant of the place. An interesting conjecture is suggested in the idea that Mrs. B's phantom body, appearing in Miss M's sleeping chamber, may have been to the latter a harbinger of death, for Miss M died shortly afterwards.

Be that as it may, the case is a typical example of what I have elsewhere referred to as superconscious projection of the astral body. Mrs. B concludes her account by saying: "Having looked the house over many times since, I find the room in which the old lady slept to be in the opposite direction from which it seemed to me that night. . . . It was as if I had been looking at it in a mirror when in my astral body. . . ."

WAYFARERS

By E. WIELAND

(The following incidents were narrated to me on two successive evenings by two Roman Catholic friends, neither of whom knows the other, and concerning the truthfulness of whom I have never had a shadow of doubt.)

THE first tale was told me a couple of nights after Christmas, 1929. I was at my friends the H's, and we had been discussing religious cults, when suddenly Mr. H. turned to his wife, and *apropos* nothing, said "tell Mrs. Wieland of your ghostly experience of Christmas eve."

In response to my eager inquiry, she told me the following tale:

"I went," she said, "to the Oratory for Midnight Mass, and arrived literally at the eleventh hour. The place was packed, and I found that admission was by ticket. I had stupidly forgotten to get one beforehand, and to my great disappointment, was told that all the tickets had gone. Just as I was about to leave, a young man standing near the door gave me his ticket, saying that he was well known at the church and had no need of one.

"I took a seat in one of the confessional boxes in the side aisle. I had been kneeling for some time, when I felt someone touch my knee, and looking up in surprise I saw the oldest old man I have ever seen in my life. He seemed incredibly old and was incredibly shabby. His top hat, or rather what remained of it, had no top to the crown; his frock coat was in tatters, and his umbrella (for the night had been raining) was just one mass of protruding spokes.

"He placed his quaint top hat on the seat beside him, his strange umbrella at the side. There was a quiet self-possession about him, so oddly at variance with his beggarly clothes, that it seemed incongruous. Several persons audibly tittered, and I'm afraid I smiled myself, but it was only at the extraordinary umbrella."

My friend smiled again at the recollection.

"I went on kneeling," she continued, "when there was a

shuffling of feet, and most of the congregation went up to communicate. The old man went up, too. For a time I was lost in those pleasant reveries that often come to one in church. Then, suddenly, the woman next to me, who had placed a pound note in the collecting plate, and had asked me to sit beside her when the old man came in, spasmodically clutched my arm. 'Look! Look!' she said, in an awe-struck whisper, 'he is a saint, he is a saint; and I thought he was a vagrant'. 'I thought so, too', I answered.

"Looking in the direction indicated, I caught my breath. Coming slowly down the aisle, his fingers pressed tip to tip, for all the world like a mediaeval saint, was the old beggar man. There was a nimbus about his head, and his white hair shone with the glory of one transfigured. You may say it was illusion produced by the light of many candles. But I tell you it was *not*.

"Slowly and silently he passed us. His face was terribly emaciated, his sunken cheeks, waxen in their corpse-like pallor, seemed almost to meet; yet somehow one could only realize the glory and the triumph that radiated from him.

"He made *us* feel like beggars," added my friend humbly.

"What was he like to look at?" I asked.

"That is the queerest thing of all," she answered. Then, after a pause, "*He was the exact image of Saint Philip Neri*. We have a legend that once in every two hundred years he appears as a beggar. I am sure that I have seen him."

"What happened to the old man?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "I suppose he got lost in the crowd. I went back the next day in the hope of hearing something—in fact I've been back twice, but no one seems to know anything about him."

I told the story next day to F——, a Stoneyhurst boy, who lives in Surrey, and whom I have known for many years.

"How extraordinary!" he exclaimed. "I was going to tell *you* of a strange experience which the pater had on Christmas eve, but I didn't like to interrupt."

"What? Not the same tale?" I said.

"No," he answered, "I think it is even stranger." And this is what he told me:

"The pater had decided to go to Midnight Mass, but as usual, sleep overtook him in the evening, and he didn't wake up until Mass was due to commence. He left hurriedly for church, hoping to get there before the Gospel; but to the astonishment of all of us, in a few minutes he returned, considerably perturbed, and told the following story:

"Of course I was late', he said, 'and although the night was very wet and very cold, the church was packed. I stood at the back, and in the shadow, very near the door. Some few minutes later, I happened to glance at the young man beside me, who was kneeling in an attitude of deep devotion on the concrete floor beside the crib. His head was slightly bowed over his hands, which were placed palm to palm, for all the world like a mediaeval saint. On looking closer, I was struck with astonishment to see that he bore a strong resemblance to Our Lord, as He is traditionally portrayed. There was the same ruddy-brown wavy hair and beard, the same strong yet refined features. The resemblance did not stop there—every line of the face, and his whole bearing, denoted a man of intense spirituality. I could see that he was very poorly clad, and my eyes travelled over his shabby garments to his feet, which were in the shadow, and almost touching the wall. To my horror, *I saw they were bare*. For a moment or two my thoughts were in confusion: waves of awe and compassion seemed to alternate. Then, pulling myself together, I moved over to the verger who stood the other side of the central aisle.

"How comes it', I said, 'that this man is here in this condition, on Christmas eve of all nights. Why has not something been done for him?'

"The verger followed the quick indication of my glance, and then leered knowingly at me. "It's all right, sir", he said, and tapped his forehead significantly. "I think he's quite harmless".

"For a moment I was so amazed I could only look at him. Then: "That was not the question I asked you", I said angrily. My feeling of revulsion became so strong that I turned on my heel and passed out through the swing doors. I simply couldn't stay.

"I may have called the verger a d——d scoundrel before I left', the Pater added, somewhat shamefacedly."

"There was silence for a few minutes, then someone said: 'What about the man? Did you have a chance to give him anything?'

"The pater looked very downcast. 'To tell you the truth', he said, 'I was so annoyed with the verger, that I forgot all about it until I was nearly home. But I'm going to find out about him'."

I few days later I saw F—— again and inquired about the barefooted man.

"Pater's done his best," he told me, "and has made all possible inquiries, but it seems that nobody knows anything."

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

By MINA CHARLOTTE MARTIN

In rhythmic pulse and beat,
 In cadence grave and sweet,
 Through vasty spatial bounds,
 Far from men's concept, sounds
 The mystic music of the spheres,
 Unheard, undreamt, of mortal ears,
 Tuned in exquisite vibration
 For the joy and delectation
 Of cherubin
 And seraphin.

Diverse and rich each instrument,
 To one concording purpose blent—
 Golden trumpets, pealing bells,
 Rythmic drums and tambourets,
 Viols, reverberating shells,
 Cymbals, cracking castanets,
 Flutes and organs' stately knells—
 This majestic music swells,
 Crashing, crooning,
 Sinking, swooning,
 Rising in tumultuous grandeur
 To the harmonies of splendour,
 Deep, slow, sonorous,
 Symphony, solo, chorus.

Rare mortals, vessels of the spirit,
 Through high, mysterious gift or merit,
 May, with transcending sense and ear
 Far echoes of this music hear,
 May seize it, hold it for a span,
 And in suffering, sorrow, passion,
 Faint similitude outfashion
 Of its exquisite vibration
 For the joy and delectation
 Of the yearning ear of man.

THE DEATH PENALTY: WHAT IS IT ?

By EVA MARTIN

THE public sessions of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the question of Capital Punishment, have aroused a good deal of interest, and most of us have read at least some part of the evidence given for and against the abolition of the death penalty. Looking at it from the inner, or "occult", point of view, one is inevitably struck by the fact that most, if not all, of those who have appeared before the Committee have carefully avoided the heart of the matter: i.e., the question of what death itself actually is, and means. Yet how can men decide as to the wisdom of abolishing, or retaining, Capital Punishment, without a clearly-defined belief as to what such punishment really involves for the individual upon whom it is inflicted? Before we can consider the subject at all, we need to examine our whole conception of—if it may so be phrased—the place of Death in Human Life.

Throughout long centuries men have built up around this idea of death—the death of the physical body—a scaffolding draped with horrors. Elaborate hearses, sable plumes, and crêpe-trimmed garments are, mercifully, less in evidence now than in the near past—but how slowly, with what difficulty, do we shake ourselves free from all the dark associations that have grown up around that inevitable event of the soul's parting from its "house of clay"! How strange that this universal human experience should have become the centre of so lengthy and powerful a tradition of gloom and horror!

The people of the West have been brought up and nurtured upon the teachings of One who came to preach, before all things, a Gospel of Eternal Life. Yet, after nearly two thousand years, the example of those who, like Dame Ellen Terry, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, forbid drawn blinds, or mourning, or any sign of gloom at their passing, is still sufficiently rare to call forth comment in the daily press. Christianity has indeed had its noble army of heroes and martyrs who faced death fearlessly; but there are few to surpass, in fortitude and serene faith, the example of the "pagan" Socrates, imploring his friends "not to be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is buried," but to

remember that what they buried was his body only, and not himself.

It is surely an amazing thing that Christians should speak of the death penalty, and of the sacredness of human life, as though "death" meant complete extinction, and as though any man had the power to end the "life" of another. Perhaps our views and feelings might become clarified if we obliged ourselves, when speaking of these things, to pause and say explicitly "the death of the body", "the life of the body"—for assuredly it is only over the life or death of *the body* that man has any power. No human being can kill the Soul of another. That is beyond the reach, either of the murderer, or of those who condemn him to undergo the "death" that he has inflicted on his victims.

Socrates, save for his clear conscience, was in exactly the same position as any murderer to-day, or as any of the men, women, and children sentenced to death in England, not so long ago, for theft and other minor offences. He had been pronounced a danger to the community; therefore he must live no longer. But how much more dignified, how much more truly "civilised", was the procedure in ancient Athens compared to the gruesome scenes enacted in our modern prisons. Much has been written about the morbidly emotional and superstitious atmosphere that prevails in any prison when the death penalty has to be carried out—of the painful effect on other prisoners, and the sense of personal shame and degradation experienced by those who have to be in close contact with the condemned one. On the sufferings of his, or her, friends and relatives there is no need to enlarge; they can be shared in imagination by anyone possessed of the most ordinary human sympathies.

The truth is, that just as we have enfolded the fact of ordinary, inevitable death in veils of dreadful terror, so have we draped this whole business of Capital Punishment in a panoply of false sentiment and morbid sensationalism—from the judge's black cap, the rope and the gallows—(fit companions for the rack and the thumbscrew in museums devoted to relics of the Dark Ages)—down to the cigarettes and stimulants alleged to be pressed upon the doomed creature, and the nerve-racking duties of the prison chaplain. It seems obvious that while modern society *may* be at fault in undertaking the responsibility of depriving even a murderer of physical life, it is quite undoubtedly at fault in its barbarous methods of carrying out this self-assumed

THE DEATH PENALTY : WHAT IS IT? III

responsibility. Though hanging is supposed to be swift and painless, it can be proved, only too easily, that this is not always the case.

But, it may be asked, why should we try to make death swift and painless for those who had no such consideration for others? To which the answer is that we are not trying to imitate the murderer, or even to take revenge upon him, but merely to remove from our midst one who has been proven unsafe for human society. It is generally accepted that homicides can be divided, roughly, into two classes—those who are definitely insane (and these are responsible for the most hideous and callous crimes, and are not hanged, but “detained” as criminal lunatics), and those who act under the influences of drink, jealousy, sexual passion, or greed, which they, through the combined pressure of heredity or environment, are unable to resist. Probably no murderer is truly normal; but as normality is a thing impossible to define, we need not dwell upon this point. The fact remains that those who sin under the influence of violent passion are frequently the victims of conditions and circumstances for which they are in no way responsible, and it seems clear that some distinction should be made between these and the very small class for whom neither great provocation, nor extenuating circumstances, nor mental disease, can be pleaded. The present custom of treating them all alike seems opposed to any adequate conception of justice.

Far more efficacious than our present methods would it seem to be to concentrate on teaching all condemned murderers that both they and their victims will still *go on living*; that, either in this world or another, the consequences of such acts must inevitably be faced; and that, even if they pay the supreme penalty here, it merely means that instead of being “reformed” through long incarceration at the hands of man, they will pass into the keeping of higher Beings, whose interpretation of justice, whether more merciful or more severe than man’s, will at least be founded on greater wisdom and understanding.

Far more telling than conventional phrases about Repentance and Salvation, and standing before the Judgment-Seat of God, would be some such simple presentment of the inevitable *continuity of life*, put into every-day human speech, with no theological terms, by those who genuinely and sincerely believed what they were saying.

For here is the whole crux of the matter. We are all so

deeply immersed in the darkness of this material world, that the beliefs, even of the best among us, have grown vague and uncertain, and carry little weight with those who do not share a similar faith. We have lost the gift of vision. We have too persistently kept religion and life in separate compartments. Teaching such as that suggested above, to be universally effective, would need to be given by those who not only believe, but know, that of which they speak. Until such true knowledge returns to man—and return it will—we can at least strive to find out, as said at the beginning of this paper, what we genuinely believe about Death, and then act upon that belief according to our highest lights. At present we are inflicting a penalty whose intimate consequences we do not even attempt to explore or understand; we are inflicting it in a grim and ghastly fashion for which, with all our modern scientific knowledge, there is not the faintest shadow of excuse; and we are inflicting it upon human beings the true nature of whose crimes we scarcely attempt to analyse from the only true standpoint: i.e., the standpoint of man *as a soul in a body*.

If throughout our whole nation it were taught and sincerely held—not only by Occultists and members of churches, but by all individuals, irrespective of class, creed, or calling—that man is a Living Soul inhabiting a body for a limited time only, and for a definite purpose; if all men were convinced—not half-convinced, as so many are at present, but fully and unshakably convinced—that murderers and murdered still live on and will in all probability meet again, either in another world, or in this one at some future time; if every member of society knew for an absolute certainty that he had no power to take the “life” of another, but only to change its mode of expression—who, then, would dare to rend by violence from that Divine Spark, that Immortal Self of any fellow-being, its outward, earthly garment? Who would venture to risk future contacts with those whose “temples” he had thus violated? Would not such a comprehension of the real and eternal value of the Human Soul lead to a greater reverence for the form each Soul has drawn around itself for its own divine and hidden purposes?

If would be well, indeed, if all men could thus fully realise that every murderous act of violence, greed, or passion, is but a foolish, ignorant, and utterly vain attempt to destroy the Indestructible.

Such knowledge may not be universally possible for many

years to come ; but while striving towards it as a not unattainable ideal, we may still admit that here and now we are led irrefutably, if paradoxically, to the conclusion that only by realising what life is, can we arrive at any true understanding of what death is ; and only by putting such an understanding of life and death into actual practice, can we ever hope to achieve any adequate reform of the Law of Capital Punishment.

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

By J. IRAM

CONCEIVE a perfectly harmonious universe, a world in which the standard is that of the Christ. All men and women united in sympathy, working together under their various types, each in the way that gives his best, all working together with the one idea, to develop their world, themselves, and all with which they have to do in accordance with the Divine plan—that plan, through their work and their aspiration, becoming ever more and more clearly outlined to their united spirit.

Picture a world in which even the face of nature is changed and glorified ; where man, rejoicing in the strength and lightness of a perfect body, works at his task with comfort and satisfaction. A world, where none are sad, because all have come beyond the selfishness that brings sadness ; a society, where class is represented, not by the accumulation of wealth, but by the assimilation of knowledge and the outlook of wisdom.

A world, where love reigns supreme : for here are the true links of the spirit known and understood, and there is no parting. Man realises that beyond the workings of the physical universe he lives consciously in the spirit. Thus, there is no death.

All is joy, all is delighted acquiescence in the Great Law, the law of conscious development of each individual, each stone in the world building, each note in the vast harmony of the universe.

Dwelling in thought on this ideal universe, you help to bring it into manifestation.

HIS SOUL IN HIS SHADOW

(A RECORD OF ACTUAL EXPERIMENT)

By IAN BARKWORTH

MY friend, Dr. D——, having attended a trumpet séance, found himself considerably surprised by the results. Being attuned to the scientific attitude of his profession, he was naturally inclined towards scepticism where mediums were concerned; but there could be no denying the evidence of his own senses.

In a well-lighted room he had seen an aluminium trumpet rise from the floor, and, while still floating in mid-air, deliver messages to those present.

Fraud, in the ordinary sense, seemed impossible; but being loath to accept the spiritualistic hypothesis, the Doctor racked his brains to find some more "reasonable" explanation. At length he evolved a theory and decided to put it to the test in the presence of a number of scientific friends.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my own belief is that certain persons—call them 'Mediums' if you will—have the power, when in the trance state, to extend beyond the confines of the body the functions of its nervous mechanism.

"The body, as we know it, is provided with two separate and distinct systems by which nerve impulses may travel. Regarding the brain as the centre from which the activities of the body are controlled, much as the different departments of a large stores are controlled by the head office, we realise that its connection with external things must be twofold.

"Head office, being in telephonic communication with the various departments, is enabled by the knowledge thus acquired to control their activities.

"The brain, by means of the afferent nerves of sensation, is enabled to realise the needs of the body; and then, by means of the efferent motor nerves, to satisfy these needs. Properly managed, the business grows—other departments are opened, and some of these may be—probably are—situated outside the building altogether, possibly even in another town or country. But is the head office less interested in their well-being on that account, less able to advise and control? Most assuredly not."

"Very good, Doctor, very ingenious—but how do you propose

to establish that connection in this case?" and the speaker eyed him critically.

"My friend here," and the Doctor indicated a swarthy and somewhat sullen-looking Cuban, who had entered the room unobserved, "has consented to help me in my demonstration. I am going to continue a harmless little experiment in hypnosis, in which our friend here is already playing the leading part."

Even as he spoke the Doctor proceeded to blindfold the newcomer, directing him at the same time to stand with his back to the wall and some three feet distant from it. Next he turned out all the lights in the room save one, which he placed on a table in front of the subject.

"In the existing trance state," he remarked, his gaze no longer upon the man himself, but upon his sharply-defined shadow upon the wall, "our friend's body is insensitive to pain and to tactile sensations," and illustrated his remark by pricking with a pin the hand of the subject which hung limply by his side. The man did not appear to feel anything. . . .

"His sensations are, as it were, inhibited—but presently I shall release them—allow them to return, not to his body, but to the shadow of that body on the wall before us."

Here followed a brief interval during which the Doctor made certain remarks to the subject, which were in the nature of suggestions, and then, pin in hand, he advanced towards the shadow.

"Watch," he commanded, and drove the pin deep into the plaster.

The owner of the shadow, taken by surprise, emitted a yell of pain and clapped his hand to his mouth in seeming bewilderment.

"Sorry—do you feel anything now?" and the Doctor again pierced the shadow, this time in the thorax.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In my chest—just as if somebody pricked me."

This procedure was then repeated several times in various parts of the shadow, and elicited corresponding sensations in the subject. Then one of the spectators objected that it might all be accounted for by telepathy.

"You mean," said the Doctor, "that in the moment before

I pierced the shadow I had decided in my own mind that I would do so and where?"

"Exactly."

"Suppose, then, that we remove this man's sensations from the shadow and transfer them to something not in the shape of a man—say this glass of water on the table here."

My friend, having made the necessary suggestions, then pierced the surface of the water in the glass. The subject thereupon complained of a pain which he could not locate.

"Clearly telepathy," remarked the triumphant observer. "You did not know what part of your 'victim's' body was represented by the particular spot on the surface of the water where you inserted the pin, and consequently he did not know where to feel the pain."

"Do you," and the Doctor turned upon his inquisitor a twinkling eye, "consider that if telepathy had been responsible, the result would have been instantaneous?"

"Certainly."

"That is my view, also, but supposing that these effects are really produced upon a projected nervous system, then, given a great enough distance between glass and subject, there would be a definite time lag. Nerve impulses are not instantaneous. By timing the interval between cause and effect we ought to get some very significant results."

This experiment was performed several times, the distance between glass and subject being increased upon each occasion, till finally operations were brought to the available limit of space, the subject then being upon a balcony at the top of the house and the Doctor in the cellar, glass in hand!

The results, though difficult to record with absolute precision, were in accord with the telekinetic theory.

"Well, that's that," observed my medical friend, "but I've another little experiment to show you; and this time, too, I think telepathy may be quite ruled out, for I've no idea what may happen."

"Here," he continued, producing another glass of what appeared to be water, "is a super-saturated solution of one of the salts of soda to which I shall try to transfer our subject's field of sensibility."

Having made the appropriate suggestion, the Doctor added

a crystal of the said salt to the liquid in the glass, and the well-known phenomenon of precipitation naturally resulted. The effect on the entranced Cuban was amazing. With the formation of crystals in the glass he passed spontaneously into a state of tense muscular rigidity or "catalepsy", as the earlier hypnotists termed it. It took nearly fifteen minutes' persistent suggestion to remove this condition.

"I wonder," commented Dr. D——, as we sat puffing at our pipes some while later, "what would have happened if we had boiled the contents of that glass?"

AS DOTH A CLOUD

By BRENDA MURRAY DRAPER

As doth a cloud, no bigger than a hand,
Shadow the sun, and darken a bright land ;
Self, like a cloud, if unperceived in youth,
Our later world may shadow, and the truth

Hide from our eyes ;

Truth, that revealer, who would make us wise.

In self-sufficiency, that looming cloud,
We darken counsel, and grow proud, too proud ;
Our ill we see not, others' good disdain ;
And in our blindness multiply our pain.

O pray for light,

Wider horizons, and a sun-kissed height.

To honour virtues that beyond us roll ;
And in that vast illuminated scroll
The human heart ever to plumb and prove
The wondrous wand of a divining love . . .

Thus shall we grow

By revelation, wiser than we know.

Beyond this petty self, the cosmic tide
That ebbs and flows, rhythmic and deep and wide,
Calls us to fare upon that greater sea
Whose bosom bears and buffets 'thee' and 'me' . . .

And we atone

Each for the other, not for self alone.
This tiny cloud, this Ego shrinks to naught ;
Light breaks upon us, and our minds are wrought
To such a clear conception of the whole
As kindles faith, and amplifies the soul.

O thus may we

Reach port with fair and bounteous argosie.

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.]

SOME PSYCHIC REMINISCENCES

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE OCCULT REVIEW the writer of an article, *Some Psychic Reminiscences* (R. M. Sidgwick) hopes that "other students of the occult will record their experiences for the benefit of others."

I now send the enclosed following three incidents, for the truth of which I can vouch. I could mention other instances, but naturally your space is limited.

(1) *A Child Clairvoyant.*

A lady, Mrs. G——, took a house near Bedford. She was surprised at the low rent, as it was a charming house. Her younger boy, a child of about three years old, was coming up to bed one evening just after they arrived, and, when about halfway up the staircase, he moved aside as though allowing someone to pass. His mother noticed him do the same thing the next night; but this time he shrank closer to her side and seemed afraid.

"The man with red shoes!" he cried.

During daylight it was the same. Whenever the child approached that staircase he cried out: "Look! the man with red shoes!"

Knowing the child to be an excitable and imaginative little fellow, his mother did not think very much of it; but as his terror seemed to increase each time they went up or down the staircase, she began to wonder.

One day she met the landlord, and, without mentioning the child's "fancy" (as she termed it), she remarked how lucky they had been to get the house at such a low rent. The landlord then remarked: "Well! the fact is the house is supposed to be haunted! and till you came I found it difficult to let it. A former tenant who lived and died there is said to haunt the upper staircase. He must have been a curious person, for the neighbours said *he always wore red shoes!*"

(2) *Animal Clairvoyance.*

One afternoon my sister and I, with our dog, were walking through what was supposed to be a "haunted" wood. (A man had hung himself on a lightning-struck tree, just off the path.)

Our dog, which had been running joyously about, stopped suddenly as we approached this spot ; and with every hair on her back bristling, her eyes glowing green, she backed away from *something* upon which her eyes were fixed, but which was quite invisible to my sister and me.

(3) *Premonitory Dreams and Unseen Presences.*

Two of my aunts were on the eve of taking an old Elizabethan house in Sussex.

Just before they went in my younger aunt dreamt a vivid and terrifying dream. In it, she was being chased by some horror, whether human or animal or devil, she could not tell. Through queer old-fashioned rooms, up crooked flights of stairs, along dim corridors, it chased her.

She awoke in terror, and almost decided against taking the house. With daylight, however, the sense of fear lessened and they took it, and soon after moved in. As they drove up to it, what was my aunt's surprise at recognizing the house of her dream ! Every room and stair and corridor was exactly as she had seen it in that terrifying dream.

Strange to say, very great grief and misfortune befell her in that house. She may indeed have been warned against it in that terror by night. The house was said to be haunted ; though this she did not know until long afterwards. Before she and her sister had heard of any haunting, they awoke simultaneously one night feeling the presence of something in the room ; something watching them from the foot of the bed ; some malign, inimical presence, though they could see nothing. After a time they heard footsteps across the floor ; the door-handle turned, and although the door remained shut, the presence vanished.

Not till some time *after* this experience did they hear that a former tenant had murdered his wife in that room, and that the house was haunted.

C. M. M.

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE WHO CAN TAKE IT TO HEART

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I trespass once again upon your kindness, and the space of the correspondence columns, in submitting the enclosed message ?

“My Dear Brother, in our most holy bond, I entrust to thy hands and care these messages of love and guidance, for thine own benefit, and for those also to whom discretion entitles thee to reveal these words.

“Remember then, before all else, that in Nature, God and Man nothing is still. Progression is to be desired above all else, and it is the first and last attainment of initiation. For the Master progression

has the same meaning as to the Neophyte, and is a common bond between them. It is with us always, for it is the present which builds upon the past that which is desired in the future. In acting thus, thou shalt discover the conquest of time, and death will have no more meaning for thee. And if thou shalt question me saying: 'To what shall I progress?' I answer thee thus:

"Look out at night upon the firmament of God, and observe the heavenly orbs; each one of which is but a single gem in a fold of His robe; let the silence interpenetrate thy soul, and stillness supervene.

"Gaze down upon the city outstretched beneath thee, with thy slumbering fellow creatures reposing upon the bosom of the world, and behold, thou seest thyself mirrored against the eyes of the living God, for I tell thee thou art all this and more beside.

"Moreover, I counsel thee, hope and practise, for the Brothers are with thee always, and when in the loneliness of thy soul thou shalt call upon them, they shall answer swifter than the rays of light, for although their bodies may be divided from thine by the oceans of the world, their souls are ever present.

"And so dispose thyself that in the hour of thy brother's anguish thou shalt, at least assist in the spirit, if not the body, with loving thought of help and comfort.

"Meditate upon these words, my Brother, but fail not to act thereon, for it is written that by his actions shall a man be judged.

"May the blessing of the Great Ones descend upon thee. To every man who helps our work, may God be with him, and to thee, Brother Peace profound'."

AMANUENSIS.

A SPIRITUAL REVIVAL

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your recent editorials have rightly stressed the fact that we are on the threshold of a great spiritual revival. Indeed, current events seem to make this very plain. Among the learned, and in the most erudite journals, Occultism is at last receiving the serious consideration that is its due. Popular novelists are choosing it for their themes; a Sunday newspaper is making it a regular feature; and—perhaps most significant—a daily paper has of late contained advertisements of free lessons and books on the subject.

Occultism is at last emerging into the full light of day, and we know, from history, that this is a most critical period in the growth of any movement. Popularity can be a most deadly enemy; especially in these days, when commercialism is so alert for new opportunities of gain. The prospect of "easy money" will attract innumerable frauds and knaves into the movement; and if no steps are taken to

prevent it, true Occultism will be suffocated under a mass of superstition, fraud, and worse. The lust for power for its own sake will be a sufficient incentive to set many on the left-hand path—even with a full knowledge of what this means.

It seems that, in face of this very real danger, Occultists must needs combine. I do not suggest the formation of a Hierarchy, nor the formulation of rituals or confessions of faith; since these are in all probability neither possible nor altogether desirable. Yet, is there not room for a Federation of Occult Teachers? Not a new group or lodge is hereby suggested, but an organization of all the best teaching elements in Occultism, that would have for its purpose the exposing of frauds, the combating of Black activities, and (through advertisements in the popular Press or other means) the guiding of the inquirer, who else may be deluded by charlatans or betrayed by teachers who are themselves astray. Those who have read Dion Fortune's *Psychic Self-Defence* will realize how very real these dangers are. Can anything practical be done?

Yours faithfully,

F. T.

ANGELS OF MONS

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your editorial appreciation of Mrs. Tweedale's *Cosmic Christ*, you quote the author's reference to the Angels of Mons. I have a little book by Arthur Machen entitled *The Angels of Mons*.* In this he explains that it was a short story written by himself, and *entirely unfounded on fact*. To his amazement, he says, everyone seemed to take it seriously, and, in spite of his repeated disclaimers, continue to believe that the legend was an actual occurrence.

There are, of course, an immense number of people to whom supernatural manifestations, ghosts, voices, visions, "music in the air", and so on, are merely the vapourings of unbalanced minds. They refuse to credit the existence of any less material world in contact with our own. One of the most powerful arguments of such people is that we who do believe in the existence of those things are so readily deceived, that we never stop to disentangle the true from the false, but swallow every story wholesale.

Yours faithfully,

R. E. BRUCE.

[With regard to the much-disputed phenomenon of "the Angels of Mons", reference to the files of the OCCULT REVIEW of the period of the Great War brings to light significant facts. Writing on "The Angelic Leaders" in the issue of August, 1915, Phyllis Campbell,

* Originally published under the title of *The Bowmen*.—ED.O.R.

a Red Cross nurse in France, gives numerous stories of eye-witnesses of super-physical intervention during that famous retreat. It is interesting to note the following statement: "Much of what I have written here is not new to the Editor of this Review, because when I had a moment to spare I wrote to him after August 4th last year . . . mentioning these things as they came, with the time. . . ."

This alone disposes of the claim of Mr. Machen; but in addition to the above, a contribution by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, in *Survival and Immortality*, for November, 1930, records an interview with a private (full name and regimental number given) who also witnessed the phenomenon in question.—ED.]

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—The recent controversy over the Russian situation leads a Theosophist to ask: On which side would Madame Blavatsky have cast her vote? For the Church which represented the religion of her Russia, or for the people who were bound in poverty and superstition by forces with which this Church was aligned? Would she prefer to see a church full of jewelled and brocaded images worshipped by ignorant and starving peasants at the instigation of a money-grubbing priest, or see a building stripped of its false trappings and filled to the doors with fruits of the fields—God's true gifts to his people? Christ's last injunction to His disciples was "Feed my sheep". Russia's practical response may, for all we know, prove more sincere and acceptable than the ethereal substitute offered by the so-called Christian Church.

Thomas Foster deplors the fact that Russian "persecution" is directed against all the great religions including Occultism. It would be more disturbing were it otherwise. A vast community of people, harbouring tremendous hidden forces, whose development is only in the kindergarten stage, are far better without occult knowledge, both for themselves and the rest of the world. When they have learnt, as they inevitably will, to develop fully and control their inner forces, Occultism will be theirs as a natural sequence. The Russians have always been mystics, and it is only a question of time before they find their natural religion. In the meantime they have merely pulled down the rotten structure of fear and superstition which had been built and buttressed up by their priestcraft, and have cleared the ground on which to build the solid foundation of a new faith.

All they ask of us is time, and, if possible, a little toleration.

Yours truly,

E. K. M.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE have to thank EUDIA for a study of the Essenes which occupies, in the last issue, a place devoted to long considerations of the Mysteries in different ages and nations. It has wearied us because of its inventions, or its reproductions of previous inventions and speculations for which no evidence is cited that deserves to rank as such. On the present occasion the article is better documented, though between the authorities quoted we can trace, ever and again, the interlinear commentary of an imaginative mind, which hazards views and inferences remote enough from the sources. Philo, Josephus and Pliny are marshalled among post-classical writers who have contributed to our scanty knowledge of the Essenes; Benjamin of Tudela is mentioned in the thirteenth century; Adolphe Franck, Solomon Munck and Gioberte are among moderns, as also Humboldt in his vast treatise on the Cosmos, which was once familiar to many by an English rendering, made available in Bohn's Library. It is otherwise, however, with E. Benamozegh, an Italian Rabbi, whose *History of the Essenes* appeared in 1865, and seems known only to specialists at the present day, in this country at least. He refers the Mystic sect to an origin in Ethiopia at a remote period, and appears to depict it as not only a healing fraternity but a school of prophets. We hear otherwise of its importance as a College of Initiates, but no evidence is offered in the essay, while of that which was imparted in the alleged Mysteries we are left to conclude that it was reflected later into Jewish Kabbalism and into the *Zohar*, as a chief storehouse of that intriguing Theosophy. We could wish that we were in a position at the moment to verify an appeal to Epiphanius, who is represented as saying that the Essenes became Christians and developed a remarkable cultus of the Virgin Mother, whom they placed on a level with her Divine Son. It might help us to get at the root of certain Masonic fables connected with High Grades, including those of Baron Tschoudy in *L'Etoile Flamboyante*, and the strange intimations of Werner concerning those Sons of the Valley who identified Isis with Mary the Mother of God.

M. Marc Seminoff is writing on Radiation and Life in *L'ASTROLOGIE*, and will continue so to do in some of its future issues. We register the fact because in the course of his thesis he offers casually for our consideration certain new views on the vexed question of Alchemy. He tells us indeed that he touches its "very essence", and it proves to be that "grandiose science" the initiates of which became Divine Masters on this planet—adepts like Moses and Christ. It happens, moreover, that Alchemy is "integral initiation", and such initiation reveals (1) that man is the sole synthetic laboratory of all the sciences; (2) that the Book of Eternal Wisdom is written in the "mentality"

of man ; and (3) that the only Divinity to be acknowledged is He Who lives in us, "developed in Alchemy by Mentality". There it stands at the moment, and we are content to leave it thus, having heard of this kind of thing in other terms of expatiation. On the whole, we prefer Mrs. Atwood and her *Suggestive Enquiry*, though it has been exploded long ago. . . . LE CHARIOT also is concerned with radiations more especially with some which it classes under the letter S, being those apparently that occasion among sensitives the movements of the Divining Rod. Their name, however, is legion, and the old notions concerning healthful or hurtful influences resident in precious stones, metals and so forth emerge as more probably matters of fact, based upon accumulated observations, than what is classed in our pretentious terminology among old superstitious beliefs. Finally, there is the Cosmic radiation which, according to Professor Lakhovsky, preponderates over all others ; but it is invisible, intangible, imperceptible, and therefore escapes analysis. . . . LES FORCES SPIRITUELLES of M. Henri Durville is obviously devoted to this subject under another designation. He is talking of radiation when he dwells on possible facts and age-old fables concerning the evil eye ; when he discusses psychic aura and the errant influences of the universal soul of things. By the hypothesis respecting it, his proposed *Eudianum* is an imagined Temple, from which beneficial radiations will be sent forth to all who are interlinked therewith by the electric chain of his so-called Eudiac Initiation. It is dream, or not, as one pleases, and is so approached by us, because we have been taught to be cautious ; but there may be more things in the heaven and earth of radiation than our Horatian philosophy of the subject has met with so far in its counter-dreams thereon. . . . From time immemorial, Astrology and all its findings belong to the same theme, whether it is concerned with the rule of stars on and within man or with the art of their government by the "law of grace", as Wegelius wrote of it when he sought to theologize Astrology, far back in the seventeenth century. The Astrological Institute of Belgium, described rather curiously as an *Association sans but lucratif*, exists (1) for the scientific verification of stellar influences on humanity and on the kingdoms of Nature ; (2) to centralize astrological research, as this is pursued in Belgium and other countries ; and (3) for the diffusion of exact knowledge on the general subject as well as on its social values. LA REVUE BELGE DE L'ASTROLOGIE MODERNE is the official organ and reports meetings of the Institute when occasion arises. It produces presages in advance of events expected during the coming month, and has been speculating recently in successive issues on Astrology and the Fourth Dimension. . . . THE NEW YORK ASTROLOGER is quarterly, so it sets forth the days and their foreseen aspects for the whole three months to come. Some of it is comic reading, as we have pointed out in a previous notice, and the greater as such because its humour is all unconscious. If the magazine is to be taken seriously, this permanent feature will be better out of the

way. The recommendation is offered because several other contributions represent real work at its value in the closely-printed pages. The latest issue has papers on Eastern Astrology, on Astrology and Magic, on the influence of the Rising Degree, on Astrology and Genius, not to speak of a royal horoscope and a sketch of Nicholas Roerich. He is said to be "poet as well as painter, explorer as well as humanitarian, occult student as well as creative genius" Los Angeles has also its JOURNAL, being that of the National Astrological Association, which holds an Annual Congress, issues Charters to groups of students, and has several branches established in this manner, though itself of recent foundation. There are articles on Astrology and Eugenics, Time and Eternity, Uranus and Mercury, and on the newly descried transneptunian planet, which it is proposed should be called Pluto. Finally, Mr. Manley P. Hall is talking about the Zodiac as "the Circle of Holy Ancients". We note that Pisces is the super-mental Buddhi, and that Sagittarius "governs the religious impulses of humanity". Astrology is an occult fashion of the moment, and there is a passion for expatiation thereon which produces in the ordinary course of events a multitude of exponents; but who are the authorities among them is another question.

L'ÈRE SPIRITUELLE has finished with its reflections on Christ regarded as the *Rayon Spirituel du Régent Solaire*. But it has not done with Cagliostro, who is pictured—on the authority of certain *Lettres de Burki*—as installed at Strasbourg in a vast hall packed with the sick and incurable, to whom he dispensed as great a crowd of remedies, besides money for the needy from an apparently inexhaustible purse. It reads like a deposition from Faërie; but the Strasbourg doctors hated, feared and persecuted the problematical Magus, so he departed for Lyons in October, 1784. There he opened a Lodge of Triumphant Wisdom for the propagation of his Egyptian Rite of Freemasonry. We are told that it was designed to infuse the Christ Spirit into the Emblematic Art and Craft, which was still young in the world; but the Rituals of his Order do not respond readily, or indeed at all, to that elevated construction.

Mr. Stanley de Brath is the mainstay of PSYCHIC SCIENCE, not alone as editor, but as its contributor in chief. There is in the last issue his study of Stainton Moses, which seems to us wholly admirable, a lucid summary account of the man, of his work in Spiritism, and of messages which came through him from the other side of life. It depends largely on skilful selections of automatic records, drawn from *Spirit-Teachings*, and while it enables students in the present generation of Psychical Research to realize the position and titles of a leader and witness in past days, it serves well as a memorial for those who, like ourselves, are survivals of that past and were acquainted personally with him who was "M.A. (Oxon.)". There are also Editorial Notes, which affirm that the purpose of evolutionary law is to develop

spirituality, but spiritual development of the human race finds no place in "the travesty of History taught in our schools". Finally, there are reviews of books, many of which are written by Mr. de Brath. But this is not to say that other papers and their writers may be passed over in silence. On the present occasion PSYCHIC SCIENCE is of notable importance throughout, including Mr. Green's account of the British Medical Association at Winnipeg, where a hearing was allotted for the first time to the subject of Psychological Research, under the auspices of Dr. T. Glen Hamilton; including also Dr. Karl R  thy's Report on the Fourth Congress of Para-Psychology at Athens. Mr. Florizel von Reuter brings forward an authentic case of clairvoyance and some other supernatural happenings within his personal experience. Miss Edith K. Harper has a memorial notice of her friend, Miss Clarissa Miles, who has recently passed away.

The New York THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY states, in a prominent position, on the first page of every issue, that it has "no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own". It will be observed (1) that the words "no connection whatsoever" are definite and offer no ground for compromise; while (2) they apply not only to methods pursued by other Societies, but primarily to "purposes" followed by these. The position thus clearly defined is stultified, however, on the fourth page of the cover, also in each issue, where it is affirmed that the particular Theosophical Institute of which the QUARTERLY is official organ invites correspondence and co-operation not only from "members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated", but from the "organizations" themselves. What would be the use or profit of such "correspondence", and, above all, of such "co-operation", if the New York putative orthodoxy had no connexion of purpose with the corporations thus addressed in terms of direct appeal? There is further a permanent department devoted to questions and answers in the body of all issues, and a correspondent remarks in the latest: "I am told that there are six or eight Theosophical Societies in this country"—namely, America—"and more in Europe. Are their teachings the same, or are they all varying sects?" Three answers are given over variant initials, and they affirm (1) that there are several foundations calling themselves "Theosophical", but "they have departed from the . . . Ancient Wisdom" and have "made a travesty of the name 'Theosophy'"; (2) that there is "only one Theosophical Society", but other bodies, "with wholly different spirit, purposes and method, have appropriated the name"; and (3) that such organizations differ self-evidently from the original, because "otherwise there would be no reason for their existence" separately. Why, therefore, and how should co-operation be established with those who have departed from wisdom—whether new or old—and having no "reason" have also no titles to exist?

TOPICAL BREVITIES

AN APPEAL for donations is being made by the Hon. Treasurer, A. C. Grigg, Esq., on behalf of the *Conan Doyle Memorial Fund*. At a meeting at the Grotrian Hall, London, on November 19th, it was unanimously decided that the Memorial should embody the following main objects:—The establishment of a "Home of Welcome and Solace", to be situated in London, and to include Library, Reading and Writing Rooms, Museum, and Information Bureau; to secure healthier and more ideal conditions in which the development of mediumship may proceed; the provision of rural Homes of Rest for the recuperation of spiritualistic workers exhausted in the service; and the strengthening of Funds of Benevolence for old and distressed workers in the spiritualistic cause. The Memorial, it is hoped, will "prove a clearing-house for spreading the results of psychical and spiritual investigation throughout the world, co-ordinating activities by mutual counsel and Spirit guidance".

Donations should be addressed c/o Lloyd's Bank Ltd., 121, Oxford Street, London, W.1., and cheques should be crossed, "Conan Doyle Memorial Fund."

COMPLETE FORGETFULNESS apparently characterizes Mr. Krishnamurti's attitude towards the past, if Mr. Charles E. Luntz, in the September *Theosophical Messenger*, is not misinformed. Mr. Luntz claims that Krishnaji is reported to have made the statement that he does not remember writing *At the Feet of the Master*.

MR. A. TREVOR BARKER, who rescued from oblivion and had published *The Mahatma Letters* to A. P. Sinnett and *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky* to A. P. Sinnett, has joined the Point Loma Theosophical Society and has been appointed president of the British Section.

DEAD, BUT SIGNING CHEQUES! Is the signature of Armand Levilliers valid? This is the problem that the courts in Tours are called upon to solve. The dead man's nephew has been arrested for forgery, but handwriting experts pronounce the signatures to be perfect, the accused man declaring that they were written through a medium at a séance attended by numerous witnesses!

NEW BLOOD IN OLD VEINS is the latest method of rejuvenation, sponsored by a prominent Paris surgeon, Dr. Henri Jaworski. The doctor claims that while his method of blood injections will not restore to the aged the first blush of youth, it will retard the advent of decrepitude.

THE SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH (EXEMPTION) BILL was brought in and read for the first time on November 26th, 1930, by Mr. W. T. Kelly, M.P., who stressed the grave injustice arising from the refusal of the Courts to recognize spiritualists as a body which might hold property, while the Charity Commissioners on their part declined to recognize them as a charitable body. Though still leaving much to be desired, the move is at least a step in the right direction. Why not abolish the antiquated laws under which the psychic sensitive s liable to prosecution?

spirituality, but spiritual development of the human race finds no place in "the travesty of History taught in our schools". Finally, there are reviews of books, many of which are written by Mr. de Brath. But this is not to say that other papers and their writers may be passed over in silence. On the present occasion PSYCHIC SCIENCE is of notable importance throughout, including Mr. Green's account of the British Medical Association at Winnipeg, where a hearing was allotted for the first time to the subject of Psychical Research, under the auspices of Dr. T. Glen Hamilton; including also Dr. Karl Röthy's Report on the Fourth Congress of Para-Psychology at Athens. Mr. Florizel von Reuter brings forward an authentic case of clairvoyance and some other supernatural happenings within his personal experience. Miss Edith K. Harper has a memorial notice of her friend, Miss Clarissa Miles, who has recently passed away.

The New York THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY states, in a prominent position, on the first page of every issue, that it has "no connection whatsoever with any other organization calling itself Theosophical, headed by Mrs. Besant or others, nor with similar bodies, the purposes and methods of which are wholly foreign to our own". It will be observed (1) that the words "no connection whatsoever" are definite and offer no ground for compromise; while (2) they apply not only to methods pursued by other Societies, but primarily to "purposes" followed by these. The position thus clearly defined is stultified, however, on the fourth page of the cover, also in each issue, where it is affirmed that the particular Theosophical Institute of which the QUARTERLY is official organ invites correspondence and co-operation not only from "members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated", but from the "organizations" themselves. What would be the use or profit of such "correspondence", and, above all, of such "co-operation", if the New York putative orthodoxy had no connexion of purpose with the corporations thus addressed in terms of direct appeal? There is further a permanent department devoted to questions and answers in the body of all issues, and a correspondent remarks in the latest: "I am told that there are six or eight Theosophical Societies in this country"—namely, America—"and more in Europe. Are their teachings the same, or are they all varying sects?" Three answers are given over variant initials, and they affirm (1) that there are several foundations calling themselves "Theosophical", but "they have departed from the . . . Ancient Wisdom" and have "made a travesty of the name 'Theosophy'"; (2) that there is "only one Theosophical Society", but other bodies, "with wholly different spirit, purposes and method, have appropriated the name"; and (3) that such organizations differ self-evidently from the original, because "otherwise there would be no reason for their existence" separately. Why, therefore, and how should co-operation be established with those who have departed from wisdom—whether new or old—and having no "reason" have also no titles to exist?

TOPICAL BREVITIES

AN APPEAL for donations is being made by the Hon. Treasurer, A. C. Grigg, Esq., on behalf of the *Conan Doyle Memorial Fund*. At a meeting at the Grotrian Hall, London, on November 19th, it was unanimously decided that the Memorial should embody the following main objects:—The establishment of a "Home of Welcome and Solace", to be situated in London, and to include Library, Reading and Writing Rooms, Museum, and Information Bureau; to secure healthier and more ideal conditions in which the development of mediumship may proceed; the provision of rural Homes of Rest for the recuperation of spiritualistic workers exhausted in the service; and the strengthening of Funds of Benevolence for old and distressed workers in the spiritualistic cause. The Memorial, it is hoped, will "prove a clearing-house for spreading the results of psychical and spiritual investigation throughout the world, co-ordinating activities by mutual counsel and Spirit guidance".

Donations should be addressed c/o Lloyd's Bank Ltd., 121, Oxford Street, London, W.1., and cheques should be crossed, "Conan Doyle Memorial Fund."

COMPLETE FORGETFULNESS apparently characterizes Mr. Krishnamurti's attitude towards the past, if Mr. Charles E. Luntz, in the September *Theosophical Messenger*, is not misinformed. Mr. Luntz claims that Krishnaji is reported to have made the statement that he does not remember writing *At the Feet of the Master*.

MR. A. TREVOR BARKER, who rescued from oblivion and had published *The Mahatma Letters* to A. P. Sinnett and *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky* to A. P. Sinnett, has joined the Point Loma Theosophical Society and has been appointed president of the British Section.

DEAD, BUT SIGNING CHEQUES! Is the signature of Armand Levilliers valid? This is the problem that the courts in Tours are called upon to solve. The dead man's nephew has been arrested for forgery, but handwriting experts pronounce the signatures to be perfect, the accused man declaring that they were written through a medium at a séance attended by numerous witnesses!

NEW BLOOD IN OLD VEINS is the latest method of rejuvenation, sponsored by a prominent Paris surgeon, Dr. Henri Jaworski. The doctor claims that while his method of blood injections will not restore to the aged the first blush of youth, it will retard the advent of decrepitude.

THE SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH (EXEMPTION) BILL was brought in and read for the first time on November 26th, 1930, by Mr. W. T. Kelly, M.P., who stressed the grave injustice arising from the refusal of the Courts to recognize spiritualists as a body which might hold property, while the Charity Commissioners on their part declined to recognize them as a charitable body. Though still leaving much to be desired, the move is at least a step in the right direction. Why not abolish the antiquated laws under which the psychic sensitive is liable to prosecution?

BOOK CHAT

(It is our intention to include from time to time, as circumstances may warrant, a short causerie on books of interest to occultists and mystics generally. This feature will be entirely independent of the book reviews which appear regularly from month to month, and will not be confined only to current publications. Much information of absorbing interest may be found in volumes in which, in the ordinary way, it would never occur to the student to look for it.—Ed.)

THE collection of an occult library is an extraordinarily fascinating task. One can count upon one hand the booksellers who have any inside knowledge of occult literature, and even they have their limitations, confining themselves, for the most part, to the books that are immediately occult in subject. Very few people realize the extent and range of the books that bear upon occultism indirectly. They are to be found in the literature of science, philosophy, travel, archæology, psychology, belles lettres, and an exceedingly interesting range of fiction.

It is not possible for any one person to cover the whole of this range in their reading, and I have to thank many collaborators for the assistance which makes *Book Chat* possible. I may say that I would welcome the assistance of many more collaborators who would keep me informed of interesting books, whether ancient or modern, that have come to their notice.

The books of interest to occultists fall into five classes : firstly there are the source-books, the ancient treatises on magic both Eastern and Western ; the grimoires, books of spells, hymns to various deities, and rituals or fragments of rituals. These are, of course, in other languages than English, for they were written at a time when English, as we know it to-day, had not been born. It is only in translations that these curious and most interesting relics are available for us, and even these are in many cases exceedingly rare and only obtainable at prohibitive prices.

There is a great need for some enterprising person with the necessary material resources to finance the translation and reprinting of the best of the books of the first group above mentioned. It would be a labour of love, for the public is not large for any occult work, but lovers of learning in other walks have been found to come forward and finance their favourite interests, so why not in that strange field on the edge of the Unseen which is our happy hunting-ground ? If such there is, the knowledge which the writer of *Book Chat* has acquired is his for the asking.

The second type of literature to which students of the occult look for their information contains a range of books so wide that it is hardly possible for any save the largest libraries to attempt a complete collection. It consists of the innumerable references to magical practices

AT
EAST CHALLACOMBE, COMBE MARTIN,
 NORTH DEVON

A RETREAT or ASHRAM

has been placed at the disposal of an Eastern Teacher, for those in need of training their minds to respond to their Inner Realities. This retreat is situated far away from the materialistic atmosphere which surrounds our crowded cities and has been prepared for those who are earnest students of the Path to the Greater Realisation.

Here one may rest and become acquainted with those Forces which, when liberated, will enable the student to realise his greater possibilities and future work in accordance with the Inner Laws of Nature and Life.

Those who desire to clear their mental atmosphere from its refuse will find here associates who are willing helpers and do not disturb one with material worries. The retreat is in charge of an English Pupil who has been privileged to go to the East and sit at the feet of his Master. He has now returned, at the Master's request, to give to sincere students his wealth of information and to begin his Teacher's work here in the Western world.

No charge is made for the spiritual work. Accommodation **2½ Guineas**, inclusive. Vegetarian diet, ample and well-prepared. A first-class library. Individual help and instruction given in meditation. Students may come for a short trial, but are advised first to send a short outline of their aspirations and previous progress. Members of every religion and class, Eastern and Western, are welcomed. Each person is helped along his or her own path, to realise his or her Highest Ideal.

Accommodation being limited, visitors should apply early. Railway Station, Ilfracombe: thence by motor-bus to Combe Martin.

Address: Hon. Secretary,
 East Challacombe, Combe Martin, N. Devon.

LIGHT.

MYSTIC.

Whatever path you are treading we gladly extend the helping hand of the ancient HERMETIC teachings. Teachings that have been handed down in unbroken line since the days of Chaldea.

ADEPTSHIP are you seeking? Then we will gladly give of our knowledge to aid you, and many a brother shall brighten your pathway. Do you desire CLAIRVOYANCE or kindred psychic faculties? Then you will find the road mapped and be shown the avoidance of its dangers. Whatever your aspirations

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT

will point the way with its intensely practical INSTRUCTIONS on the application of OCCULT LAWS. For the earnest NEOPHYTE there is much of untold value to be imparted. In accordance with ancient tradition there is NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Particulars of membership will gladly be forwarded on application to A. E. CHARLES, 136, Victor Rd., Penge, London, S.E. 20, or "The Brotherhood of Light," Box 1525, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

LIFE.

OCCULTIST.

LOVE.

SPIRITUALIST.

**Are You Making the
 Best of Your Life ?**

Or do you only recognise an opportunity when it has passed?

To save future mistakes send for an Astrological Horoscope.

Short general reading 5/-. Detailed readings, 10/-, 20/- to 60/-.

Send birth-date ; time if known.

Personal interview 5/- or 10/-

Miss A. BULL, 11, Maddox St., Regent St., W.1. Phone: Mayfair 6578.

NATAL ASTROLOGY

The Thirty-six Zodiacal Decanates
 Analysed. By C. C. Zain.

Two booklets containing the signification of the twelve Zodiacal signs and analysing the thirty-six decanates. Examples of notable personages are given showing the effect of each decanate on their character and life.

1/0½ each, Post Free To be obtained from—

**A. E. CHARLES, 136 Victor Rd., Penge,
 London, S.E. 20, or
 THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT**

(Box 1525).

Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

Witchcraft and the Black Art

By Wickwar. Deals in an interesting manner with the psychology and folklore of the witches from the earliest times. Its fourteen chapters include—Witchcraft, a Primitive Cult Practical Witchcraft; Werewolves and Vampires; Witchcraft in America. Published at 8/-. Offered at 3/6. Post Free on approval. Quote Offer 30.

The Archko Volume

Or the Archæological Writings of the Sanhedrin and Talmuds of the Jews. Translated by Drs. McIntosh and Tyman from manuscripts in Constantinople and the records of the Senatorial Docket, taken from the Vatican at Rome. Unabridged Edition, including the Hillel Letters. Offered at 11/- post free. On approval. Quote Offer 30A.

FOYLES FOR OCCULT BOOKS

Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

(Gerrard 9310)

THE ORDER OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICS

A world-wide non-sectarian spiritual movement for the promulgation of a Cosmic and all-inclusive spiritual philosophy which gives a satisfactory and scientific explanation of every phase and condition of life here and hereafter. Monthly lessons and personal private correspondence on psychological problems and spiritual experiences on the free-will offering plan.

Send for free pamphlet and catalogue of "The Curtiss Books."

F. HOMER CURTISS, B.S., M.D., Secretary.

3510 R. Quebec St. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. U.S.A.

GOD AND EVERYMAN

by Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott

Author of "Ten Years in a London Slum"

In this book addressed as much to the general as to the religious public, the author sets out to make the adventure of Christian living as attractive to others as to himself. The theme is God's friendship for each created being. The author writes first of "Myself"—whence, whither, why? Then of Christ and His terrific challenge. The reader is thus led to consider the great truths of historic Christianity, and the way in which he may get into "touch" with God if he desires to. The writer strikes a strongly practical note, and really makes his religion intelligible to the reader. He has something to say and he says it brightly and clearly. 7/6 net.

Obtainable at all libraries and Booksellers

SKEFFINGTON & SON, LTD.

Theological and General Publishers

Paternoster House, St. Paul's, London, E.C.4

and esoteric teachings scattered through the literature of the ancient and mediæval world, when such things were universally believed in and were a part of the normal thought of the people. There is a very useful compilation of these references available in *The History of Magic and Science*, by Russell Thorndyke, two substantial volumes, the work of a trustworthy American scholar, who gives a large number of references to sources which are invaluable to the student who wants to follow up the subject at first hand and adduce his evidence.

The third type of literature consists of the Sacred Books of the various races. These have been most admirably translated and published at prices which make them available for everybody in various series by various publishers, notably the famous *Sacred Books of the East* series and the *Loeb Classical Library*. These are readily available, and lists can be obtained from any bookseller, so we will not deal with them in detail in these pages. There are three books, however, which throw a great deal of light upon the whole range of this literature, and without that light the student is liable to wander in darkness and miss many things which are of value to him. The first of these books is *Iamblichos upon the Egyptian Mysteries*, an English translation of which has been produced by an American firm. The second and third consist of the four massive volumes of "Arthur Avalon's" scholarly work upon the Tantric philosophy of India, *The Serpent Power* and *The Principles of Tantra*. These books, between them, interpret the symbolism of Western and Eastern esoteric literature, and enable us to understand the methods of the writers and the symbolic notation-system they used.

The fourth type of esoteric literature consists of the output of the publishers who publish occult books as such. With the exception of a few old-established houses both in Europe and in America, most of these are fugitive affairs with little money available for advertising, being generally the adjuncts of some movement which dies with its founder. They have an unhappy knack of going into liquidation on the slightest provocation and their wares are thrown upon the remainder market and speedily find their way into the sixpenny bin of the second-hand bookstall. It is from there that they may be recovered by the diligent searcher who knows what to look for and does not mind dust.

The fifth type of literature of interest to occultists is that enormous range, the modern equivalent of the second type, but exceeding it in profusion as the products of the printing-press outrange those of the scribe, in which the references to matters of occult interest are incidental and scattered. It is here that some of the pearls of our search lie hidden all unsuspected. We badly need someone to do for the modern literature what Russell Thorndyke, with his scholarship, has done for the ancient. It is this need which *Book Chat* is humbly attempting to fill.

Witchcraft and the Black Art

By Wickwar. Deals in an interesting manner with the psychology and folklore of the witches from the earliest times. Its fourteen chapters include—Witchcraft, a Primitive Cult Practical Witchcraft; Werewolves and Vampires; Witchcraft in America. Published at 8/- . Offered at 3/6. Post Free on approval. Quote Offer 30.

The Archko Volume

Or the Archaeological Writings of the Sanhedrin and Talmuds of the Jews. Translated by Drs. McIntosh and Tyman from manuscripts in Constantinople and the records of the Senatorial Docket, taken from the Vatican at Rome. Unabridged Edition, including the Hillel Letters. Offered at 11/- post free. On approval. Quote Offer 30A.

FOYLES FOR OCCULT BOOKS

Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

(Gerrard 9310)

THE ORDER OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICS

A world-wide non-sectarian spiritual movement for the promulgation of a Cosmic and all-inclusive spiritual philosophy which gives a satisfactory and scientific explanation of every phase and condition of life here and hereafter.

Monthly lessons and personal private correspondence on psychological problems and spiritual experiences on the free-will offering plan.

Send for free pamphlet and catalogue of "The Curtiss Books."

F. HOMER CURTISS, B.S., M.D., Secretary.

3510 R. Quebec St. N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. U.S.A.

GOD AND EVERYMAN

by Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott

Author of "Ten Years in a London Slum"

In this book addressed as much to the general as to the religious public, the author sets out to make the adventure of Christian living as attractive to others as to himself. The theme is God's friendship for each created being. The author writes first of "Myself"—whence, whither, why? Then of Christ and His terrific challenge. The reader is thus led to consider the great truths of historic Christianity, and the way in which he may get into "touch" with God if he desires to. The writer strikes a strongly practical note, and really makes his religion intelligible to the reader. He has something to say and he says it brightly and clearly. 7/6 net.

Obtainable at all libraries and Booksellers

SKEFFINGTON & SON, LTD.

Theological and General Publishers

Paternoster House, St. Paul's, London, E.C.4

and esoteric teachings scattered through the literature of the ancient and mediæval world, when such things were universally believed in and were a part of the normal thought of the people. There is a very useful compilation of these references available in *The History of Magic and Science*, by Russell Thorndyke, two substantial volumes, the work of a trustworthy American scholar, who gives a large number of references to sources which are invaluable to the student who wants to follow up the subject at first hand and adduce his evidence.

The third type of literature consists of the Sacred Books of the various races. These have been most admirably translated and published at prices which make them available for everybody in various series by various publishers, notably the famous *Sacred Books of the East* series and the *Loeb Classical Library*. These are readily available, and lists can be obtained from any bookseller, so we will not deal with them in detail in these pages. There are three books, however, which throw a great deal of light upon the whole range of this literature, and without that light the student is liable to wander in darkness and miss many things which are of value to him. The first of these books is *Iamblichos upon the Egyptian Mysteries*, an English translation of which has been produced by an American firm. The second and third consist of the four massive volumes of "Arthur Avalon's" scholarly work upon the Tantric philosophy of India, *The Serpent Power* and *The Principles of Tantra*. These books, between them, interpret the symbolism of Western and Eastern esoteric literature, and enable us to understand the methods of the writers and the symbolic notation-system they used.

The fourth type of esoteric literature consists of the output of the publishers who publish occult books as such. With the exception of a few old-established houses both in Europe and in America, most of these are fugitive affairs with little money available for advertising, being generally the adjuncts of some movement which dies with its founder. They have an unhappy knack of going into liquidation on the slightest provocation and their wares are thrown upon the remainder market and speedily find their way into the sixpenny bin of the second-hand bookstall. It is from there that they may be recovered by the diligent searcher who knows what to look for and does not mind dust.

The fifth type of literature of interest to occultists is that enormous range, the modern equivalent of the second type, but exceeding it in profusion as the products of the printing-press outrange those of the scribe, in which the references to matters of occult interest are incidental and scattered. It is here that some of the pearls of our search lie hidden all unsuspected. We badly need someone to do for the modern literature what Russell Thorndyke, with his scholarship, has done for the ancient. It is this need which *Book Chat* is humbly attempting to fill.

REVIEWS

PSYCHIC SELF-DEFENCE. By Dion Fortune. Demy 8vo. Pp. 218.
London: Rider & Co. Price 7s. 6d.

READERS of this book will probably be divided into three distinct camps. Those who regard it as interesting fiction, those who believe it to be true to the letter, and those who take a midway attitude. The present reviewer may be ranged under the last-named section, and, whilst taking a few of the stories *cum grano salis*, is at the same time prepared to give full weight and importance to the psychological side of the many problems propounded. Indeed, these last are treated with exceptional sanity, and in a manner easily able to be followed by the average reader.

In the course of some two hundred odd pages, such subjects are dealt with as "Signs of Psychic Attack", "Vampirism", "The Pathology of Non-Human Contacts", "Risks incidental to Ceremonial Magic", "Objective Psychic Attack", and so on; and follows thereon the various methods of defence.

The writer has obviously had a varied first-hand experience, and writes in a pleasantly colloquial style that is at once enlightening and entertaining. She seems, however, to be unaware of the extent to which "matters known only to initiates" have been affairs of common knowledge to quite average persons for the last twenty years: the Qabalistic Tree of Life, for example—and it seems rather unwise to give a curtailed and erroneous version of the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram for banishing elementals, and especially to give the ritual in English. The Hebrew having a definite sound value, it would surely be essential for the proper working, and the angels referred to should be given their correct stations at the four points of the compass. Perhaps this has been a mere slip of the pen, and if so we may look to see it corrected later on?

For the rest, there is much good advice given as to the recognising of Black Lodges and the avoidance of the same, how to avoid hypnotic suggestion, etc.

In short, the book is an excellent record of the many "strange by-ways of the mind which the mystic shares with the lunatic" and should be of great value even to those who cannot be said to be either way inclined.

ETHEL ARCHER.

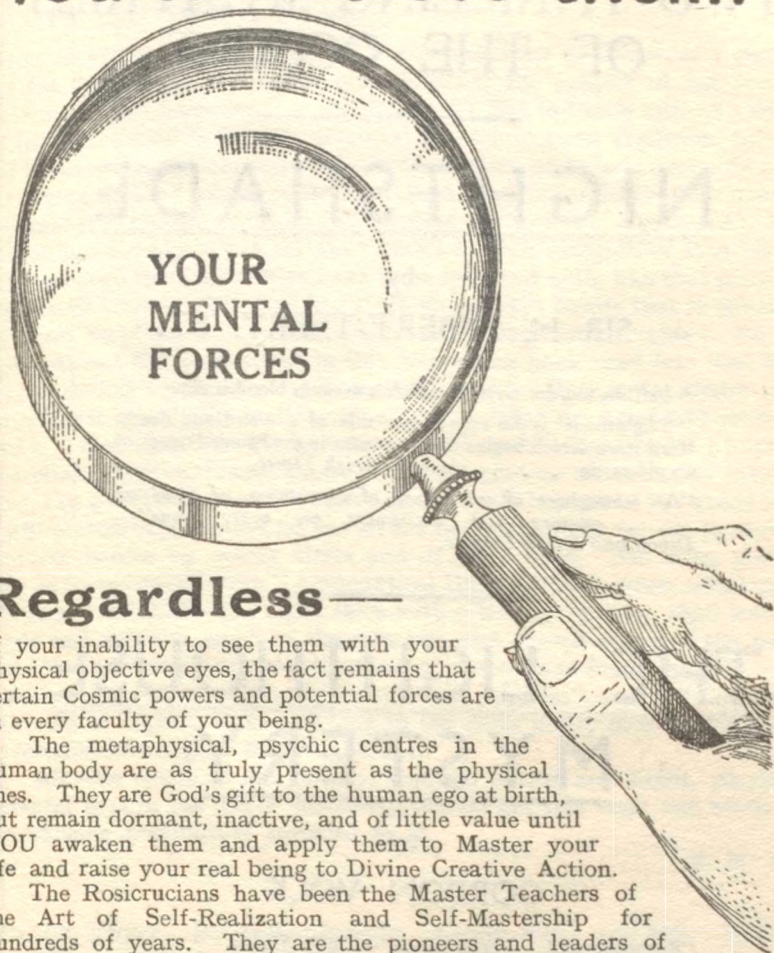
HOW TO RUN A HEALTH FOOD STORE SUCCESSFULLY. By James Henry Cook, F.I.S.A. Published by the Pitman Health Food Co. 5s.

THE author says he has received many requests concerning the business of setting up a health food store, and this "book with a purpose" has been written to cover all that may be necessary. The question of securing pure food fresh tends to become more difficult, despite the vast number of shops (there are 80,000 in London alone: one shop to every eighty people!), and those who believe that clean food is one basis of clean living are rightly desirous of being very careful what they put into their bodies.

This book is a practical and complete survey of the requirements necessary to starting such a store, and it will certainly be of use to anyone whose ambitions turn them to this very useful form of service.

W. G. R.

You cannot see them!



Regardless—

of your inability to see them with your physical objective eyes, the fact remains that certain Cosmic powers and potential forces are in every faculty of your being.

The metaphysical, psychic centres in the human body are as truly present as the physical ones. They are God's gift to the human ego at birth, but remain dormant, inactive, and of little value until YOU awaken them and apply them to Master your life and raise your real being to Divine Creative Action.

The Rosicrucians have been the Master Teachers of the Art of Self-Realization and Self-Mastership for hundreds of years. They are the pioneers and leaders of all other mystical, metaphysical, and psychic schools, movements and systems of study. Their teachings contain *all* that is to be found in any other study. You need the help of the *leaders*, not those that *follow*.

A NEW, FREE FASCINATING BOOK

Let us send you a copy of "Light of Egypt" in which the ideals, principles, and transcendental processes of personal, psychic development are explained. It will be a revelation to the sincere seeker. Here is an opportunity for a new life and a *successful way of living*. Just write a letter (not a postcard) saying that you are really interested and the book will be sent you without obligation. Address:—

LIBRARIAN, H.X.M.
Rosicrucian Brotherhood (Amorc),
SAN JOSE, CALIF., U.S.A.

(The only Rosicrucian Organization perpetuating the Original Fraternity)

TWO THRILLING MYSTERIES
OF THE OCCULT

NIGHTSHADE

by

SIR H. IMBERT-TERRY, BT.

A baffling murder mystery which is at times bloodcurdling.
" 'Nightshade' is the appropriate title of a weird and death-filled story which begins for the reader in the haunted turret of an old castle . . . clever" —*Irish Times*.
"An atmosphere of witchcraft, of superstition, of occultism . . . mystery and excitement on every page" —*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

THE LIGHTHOUSE
MYSTERY

by

GORDON VOLK

"Recommended. Thrills galore" —*Daily Sketch*.
"Keeps interest at high pressure" —*Yorkshire Post*.
"An hour spent on one of Mr. Volk's 'thrillers' late at night makes the journey upstairs rather an unpleasant experience. One of the most exciting he has written" —*Mid Sussex Times*.

EACH 7/6 NET

Obtainable at all libraries and booksellers.

SKEFFINGTON

THE GATES OF LIGHT. A Record of Progress in the Engineering of Colour and Light. By Beatrice Irwin. London: Rider & Co. Pp. 160. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MISS BEATRICE IRWIN, author of *The New Science of Colour*, is a pioneer of the modern art of Illumination, which is the subject of her present volume. This movement, as she points out, has to battle against various forces which may be broadly classified as Architectural Tradition, Schools of Interior Decoration, and public conservatism, and she is probably right in saying that it "cannot come into robust existence until the Illuminating Specialist is recognised as an independent authority". Fortunately Miss Irwin has already won a certain amount of such recognition in America, though even there difficulties have to be reckoned with, like that provided by a well-known Californian architect who always boasts that in selecting fixtures he places ornamental effect before illumination value! No one who studies the illustrations in this fascinating book need fear that Miss Irwin desires to sacrifice "ornamental effect". Rather her desire is to combine it with "illumination value", while giving the latter first consideration. Her ideas for the adequate and beautiful lighting of churches, hospitals, theatres, hotels, shops, parks and gardens are intensely interesting, and a revelation of what such lighting could become in the hands of an enthusiastic expert—and no less so are her suggestions for the lighting of private houses by colour filters and in other ways. She even goes so far as to envisage future "Aeronautical Illumination", when aerial signal towers "will pierce the night skies with a beauty that we shall learn to love and value as much as the minarets and church spires of the past", and the pictures she draws of illuminated gardens and fountains with "successive combinations changing every fifteen minutes", and of "Communal Dromes of Light", make one long to see these lovely dreams realised in every one of our grim industrial cities.

All who desire to see Beauty, through Colour and Light, playing a greater part in the life of humanity, should get this book and study the entrancing possibilities revealed in it.

E. M. M.

BLACK LIGHT. By Talbot Mundy. Crown 8vo. pp. 336. London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Talbot Mundy's vivid tales of Indian life are instinct with all the mystery and glamour of that wonderful land. The author of *OM*, in this, his latest achievement, weaves into the simple plot of his story a theme of love as pure and tender as the symbolism of the heroine's name—Amrita.

The workings of the Lords of Life in their dealings with Amrita, and the deathless love which has linked her through the ages with Joe Beddington, form the fabric of a delightful narrative which, from small beginnings, rises to a climax of tense drama; while, overshadowing all, the wisdom of the yogi, Ram-Chitra Gunga, broods like the spirit of Eternity itself.

For the Theosophist, especially, *Black Light* holds an appeal, to the strength of which both entertainment and inspiration each contribute their part.

H. J. S.

TWO THRILLING MYSTERIES
OF THE OCCULT

NIGHTSHADE

by

SIR H. IMBERT-TERRY, BT.

A baffling murder mystery which is at times bloodcurdling.

"'Nightshade' is the appropriate title of a weird and death-filled story which begins for the reader in the haunted turret of an old castle . . . clever"—*Irish Times*.

"An atmosphere of witchcraft, of superstition, of occultism . . . mystery and excitement on every page"—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

THE LIGHTHOUSE
MYSTERY

by

GORDON VOLK

"Recommended. Thrills galore"—*Daily Sketch*.

"Keeps interest at high pressure"—*Yorkshire Post*.

"An hour spent on one of Mr. Volk's 'thrillers' late at night makes the journey upstairs rather an unpleasant experience. One of the most exciting he has written"—*Mid Sussex Times*.

EACH 7/6 NET

Obtainable at all libraries and booksellers.

SKEFFINGTON

THE GATES OF LIGHT. A Record of Progress in the Engineering of Colour and Light. By Beatrice Irwin. London: Rider & Co. Pp. 160. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MISS BEATRICE IRWIN, author of *The New Science of Colour*, is a pioneer of the modern art of Illumination, which is the subject of her present volume. This movement, as she points out, has to battle against various forces which may be broadly classified as Architectural Tradition, Schools of Interior Decoration, and public conservatism, and she is probably right in saying that it "cannot come into robust existence until the Illuminating Specialist is recognised as an independent authority". Fortunately Miss Irwin has already won a certain amount of such recognition in America, though even there difficulties have to be reckoned with, like that provided by a well-known Californian architect who always boasts that in selecting fixtures he places ornamental effect before illumination value! No one who studies the illustrations in this fascinating book need fear that Miss Irwin desires to sacrifice "ornamental effect". Rather her desire is to combine it with "illumination value", while giving the latter first consideration. Her ideas for the adequate and beautiful lighting of churches, hospitals, theatres, hotels, shops, parks and gardens are intensely interesting, and a revelation of what such lighting could become in the hands of an enthusiastic expert—and no less so are her suggestions for the lighting of private houses by colour filters and in other ways. She even goes so far as to envisage future "Aeronautical Illumination", when aerial signal towers "will pierce the night skies with a beauty that we shall learn to love and value as much as the minarets and church spires of the past", and the pictures she draws of illuminated gardens and fountains with "successive combinations changing every fifteen minutes", and of "Communal Dromes of Light", make one long to see these lovely dreams realised in every one of our grim industrial cities.

All who desire to see Beauty, through Colour and Light, playing a greater part in the life of humanity, should get this book and study the entrancing possibilities revealed in it.

E. M. M.

BLACK LIGHT. By Talbot Mundy. Crown 8vo. pp. 336. London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Talbot Mundy's vivid tales of Indian life are instinct with all the mystery and glamour of that wonderful land. The author of *OM*, in this, his latest achievement, weaves into the simple plot of his story a theme of love as pure and tender as the symbolism of the heroine's name—Amrita.

The workings of the Lords of Life in their dealings with Amrita, and the deathless love which has linked her through the ages with Joe Beddington, form the fabric of a delightful narrative which, from small beginnings, rises to a climax of tense drama; while, overshadowing all, the wisdom of the yogi, Ram-Chitra Gunga, broods like the spirit of Eternity itself.

For the Theosophist, especially, *Black Light* holds an appeal, to the strength of which both entertainment and inspiration each contribute their part.

H. J. S.

FREEDOM THROUGH UNDERSTANDING. A Practical Guide. By E. Geraldine Owen, author of "Self Expression," etc. Rider & Co., Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

"Our Heavenly Father always sends a messenger in the form of a book or teacher to remind us of our divine inheritance," is one of the many inspired sentences in this exceedingly interesting volume. Nothing but brightness and encouragement run through its seven "Chapters," or, really Essays. The author makes wireless a background for most convincing reasoning: "A wireless set, unless adjusted to the power station and tuned in, is a dead loss as far as we are concerned, even so, unless man's mind is attuned to the Universal Broadcasting Power Station, his sensitive instrument, the body, cannot express it. Attune your thoughts to good and listen within to the Celestial Melodies of Joy, Life and Peace."

A point on which great stress is placed by the author is the nobility of work when serenely, and to the best of one's ability, carried out. She writes: "It is not any special work, but what man is in character that makes a spiritual life."

The effect of determined thought on conditions of bodily health is emphasised in the words: "The body, being the expression of mind, will present just what the mind holds." It goes without saying that this power of mind over physical ailments can only be achieved by much training, but the author insists that such a state of mental and spiritual development can be attained, and she points out that such development clears away all anxiety about the change from earthly surroundings: "When we pass over," she writes, "we go on to more and more life and greater freedom, as the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis, only dropping the outer garment and functioning in a finer raiment."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE. By Sir James Jeans, M.A., D.Sc., Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Cambridge, at the University Press, 3s. 6d. net. pp. 154.

THIS book should adequately fulfil the author's hope that it will be read as a sequel to his previous and admirable work, *The Universe Around Us*, dealing, as it does, with certain problems connected with the ether and wave-mechanics more fully than was possible in the former volume. In following the arguments presented to him, the reader will gain a greater insight into the workings of the mathematical mind than he is normally able to get, thanks to the extremely clear and simple way in which Sir James expresses himself. We, as non-mathematical readers, confess to finding ourselves in deep waters before reaching Chapter V, which bears that heading. Sir James anticipates that many will disagree with this last section of his book, but our own difficulty lies more in accepting some of the hypotheses advanced in the earlier parts. At the same time, the conclusions of modern astronomy and physics are intensely interesting, and the fact that they can lead to such speculations as are indicated must command the attention of all thoughtful persons.

E. J. L. G.

A E T I O N

A Happy New Year to You! The New Year surely brings with it for you many opportunities of growth, progress and pleasurable enjoyment, whether physical and material, or intellectual and moral, or, again, spiritual. It even provides possibilities for frustration, sorrow, difficulties, or even catastrophe, upon the various planes.

The wise man, the Sage, finds talismans against all eventualities within himself, but Sages are few, and the difficulties or the golden opportunities of life, both many and often pressing, and the correct path hard to discern. Our talismans are not omnipotent, but they can do much to help you.

Write to: **AETION**, c/o Occult Review, Paternoster House, E.C.4

A E T I O N

Give your Beloved Friend

A GOLDEN TALISMAN and SILVER MIRROR OF PERFECTION

"The Golden Magnet heaves the lead".
Fire melts iron.
Clouds are but the Children of the Sun".

Half-Guinea Horoscopes during January only

LEO FRENCH

Samarkand,

Tatsfield, Surrey

Note new permanent address

A WONDERFUL LIBRARY

CONTAINING NEARLY 10,000 WORKS ON

Theosophy
Science
Psychism

Magic
Religion
Philosophy

Therapeutics
Occultism
Psychology

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Subscription Terms
(2 vols.)

12 months .. 15/-
6 months .. 10/-
3 months .. 5/-

Apply to
Librarian
of the

Books by Post

Newest Books

Catalogue 1/8 post free



Theosophical Society in England

45, LANCASTER GATE, LONDON, W.2

Talismanic Jewellery



Charms, Keepsakes and Birthday Talismans, based on Occult and Astrological conditions prescribed by the Ancients, made up as Pendants, Brooches, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, etc. Designs and Estimates sent on receipt of particulars of requirements. If desired, customers' own Gems used, or own ideas carried out.



W. T. PAVITT, 17 Hanover Square, London, W.

**All Freemasons should take
The Speculative Mason**

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER 1930 AND JANUARY 1931

Virgil and the Mysteries
A German 1780 Ritual
The Slavonic Josephus
The Arthurian Congress
Robert Bruce

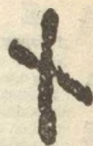
The Tassels
The Third Degree
The Work of an E.A.
Obiter Dicta
The Buchanan MS.

The new MASONIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA is free to subscribers.
Annual Subscription, 8/8 Post free. Single Copy, 2/2 post free. Abroad 9/- and 2/6

Office: 1 Springfield Road, NW.8, & Fowler's, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4



*Gorgeous adventures
in the realms of
Occultism!*



BLACK LIGHT

by

*TALBOT
MUNDY*

7/6

OTHER NOVELS BY THIS
FAMOUS AUTHOR ARE:

- OM** (15th thous.) 3/6
RUNG HO (8th thous.) 2/-
RAMSDEN (11th thous.) 2/6
THE HUNDRED DAYS 6/-
THE WOMAN AYISHA 6/-
GUP BAHADUR (5th thous.) 2/6
QUEEN CLEOPATRA (8th thous.) 7/6
HIRA SINGH'S TALE (8th thous.) 2/-
GUNS OF THE GODS (6th thous.) 3/6
THE NINE UNKNOWN (10th thous.) 2/-
THE EYE OF ZEITON (6th thous.) 3/6
MARRIAGE OF MELDRUM STRANGE 6/-
KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES (17th thous.) 2/-

Obtainable at your Bookseller or Library.



HUTCHINSON



THE REMORSE OF MONSIEUR LE CURÉ. By Helen Mary Boulnois.
London: Harold Shaylor, Gower Street, W.C.1.

THE same sparkling pen with which Miss Helen Mary Boulnois led readers upward through heights of *Eternal Snows* to the "Roof of the World", has given us now this gracious and graceful story of intimate homelife among the old *noblesse* of France, in latter post-war years. Madame la Marquise Chatelaine of "the old garden-home on the shores of the Mediterranean," the scene where most of the story is laid, sheds the fragrance of a rare and captivating personality on all around her. Monsieur le Curé de la Roche, with benign, ascetic face, and truly Franciscan gift of winning the loving trust of birds, is one of the most delightful priests I have met in fact or fiction, since Ludovic Halévy's gentle "Abbé Constantin". Two admirable foils, Caroline and Philomene, and a small retinue of quaint Provençal domestics, make up the surroundings in which Betty Langford, the young English chauffeuse, finds herself at a moment's notice. More than this I must not tell readers, but will leave them to follow the tangled skein of the curé's life, so strangely unwoven by destiny. For, he had "lived as other men", and the remorse which had become a haunting shadow (justifiably or not) is the main theme on which the romantic story turns. The author, indeed, has woven a web of mystery round the kind-hearted curé even more intricate than the web he wove around himself, and but for the resourceful action at the eleventh hour of that gallant French officer, Jehan, who knows what might not have happened! . . . I turned regretfully the last page on this charming company, "in the garden by the sea".

EDITH K. HARPER.

A CONSTRUCTIVE SURVEY OF UPANISHADIC PHILOSOPHY. By Professor R. D. Ranade, M.A. Director of Academy of Philosophy and Religion, Poona. Oriental Book Agency, Poona. Price 21s.

THIS lengthy survey of the philosophical basis of the Hindu religious system, as related in the Upanishads, reveals considerable powers of critical research, detailed in a careful and lucid manner by one of the leading modern scholars of India. Professor Ranade has the inestimable advantage of having been educated in both the modern critical method of scholarship and in the older system of religious learning. His admirable combination of the two places him in a strategically superior position, of which his work is completely satisfying evidence.

He deals with his subject in seven comprehensive chapters. He traverses the background of Upanishadic speculation and traces the development of its cosmogony, next analysing the many varieties of psychological reflection as they blend and begin the later philosophies. His survey of the problem of ultimate reality in the Upanishads is brilliant and surpasses Deussen, while his criticism of the ethical problems is equally illuminating. Many of the leading statements quoted are also given in the original Sanskrit, and he concludes his valuable work with a most complete index and a useful critical bibliography that, in itself, is a work of reference. Students of the Hindu system of religions should add this valuable work to their libraries, for it will take rank in the foremost place among books on the philosophy of the Upanishads.

W. G. RAFFE.

THE BURIED LIFE OF DEIRDRE. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 21s. net.

THE tragic legend of the Harper's daughter has inspired this play, and yet another story has been woven around it. The main theme is the contending force of the god Angus, the "possessive and exclusive passion of love" against the power of the god Mannanān, representing the "freedom and universality of loving."

It was foretold at her birth that Deirdre should be the ruin of Wadh, and the destruction of the Red Branch, and Miss Gore-Booth shows how, in the conflict between Angus and Mannanān, the *Karma* of Deirdre's past life is worked out. . . .

There is a subtle beauty in the lines, which increases as the hour of sacrifice approaches, and Miss Gore-Booth proves yet again that her finely-adjusted powers of imagination, coupled with her inherent sense of poetry, yield a spirit and literary production of rare quality.

This is a limited edition, and contains photogravure reproductions of twelve wash-drawings which Miss Gore-Booth executed between 1916-1917 whilst recovering from an illness.

The whole forms an interesting volume which will be highly valued by those many who are admirers of Miss Eva Gore-Booth's work.

JOHN EARLE.

"VERS BÉNARÈS LA VILLE SAINTE", L'Histoire merveilleuse de Li-Log, le Guru Thibétan. By Jean Marquès-Rivière. Paris and Neufchatel: Victor Attinger. 15 Frs.

"AND I would that somewhat of this Passion for God might penetrate to the heart of my Western Brothers". Thus the author introduces his theme—for he holds that the East has a mission for the West of greater spiritual value than that of the West for the East.

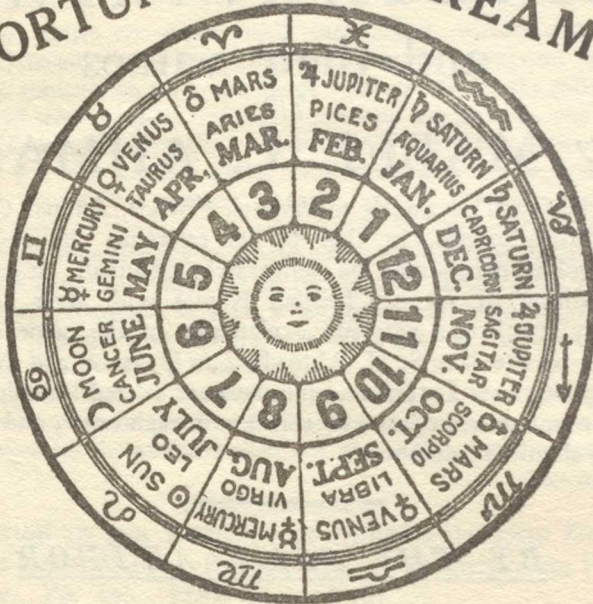
The journey of the two holy ones, Li-Log the Guru and his devoted Chela, Legs-Se, is full of mystic adventure with a spiritual undercurrent. Each chapter furnishes proof of Li-Log's powers—whether in marvellous healing, in the release of the venerable lama Lō-Tcha from durance vile, or the conversion of the murderous bandit to a life of penitence and holiness. Throughout all runs a thread of spiritual instruction.

The colour and atmosphere of the Far East, the mystery land of Central Asia permeates every page, and brings to the reader a conviction of the reality of the spiritual, however fantastically exemplified in some of the various aspects of the religious life as lived in these regions.

Especially noteworthy is the evidence of mutual toleration—nay, appreciation between holy men of diverse ritual—all are bound for the sacred river Ganges—and the last impressive chapters are filled with the devotional fervour which sweeps over all comers as they reach their goal. The aged lama is received with reverence, and his discourse is listened to by the assembled brahmans in the great temple of Shiva—after which Legs-Se is thrown into a state of *Samadhi* by his Guru and receives his final initiation on the banks of the river. We are left with the touching picture of the inconsolable little monk weeping for his sainted Guru.

A. M. C.

FORTUNES AND DREAMS



HOROSCOPE

A practical manual of fortune-telling,
divination and interpretation of
dreams, signs and omens

1/- (Post free 1/3)

ALSO

Signs, Omens & Superstition

Giving particulars of
popular superstition, lucky
and unlucky days, signs of good
or bad-luck, omens, etc., etc., etc.

1/- (Post free 1/3)

Obtainable from all Booksellers or direct from:—

“THE OCCULT REVIEW”

34 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4

CHRISTIAN NAMES

and their values

7/6

by MABEL L. AHMAD

Will be found invaluable to Parents, Friends, Animal Owners and Householders, in that by its reference the choice of harmonious names may be deliberately effectual. It contains, in addition to 1,200 Christian Names with their numbers already attached, a very full explanation of the name valuing aspect of the late S. H. Ahmad's *Law of Sound and Number*. It explains how Letters and numbers are related to each other, how numbers are related by this law to each other, and why a name should be numbered.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SOUND & NUMBER

The Law of Destiny and Design. 7/6

NAMES & THEIR NUMBERS

An Extension of the late S. H. Ahmad's Theories on the Numerical Value of Sounds. 2/6

THE MYSTERIES OF SOUND & NUMBER

by S. H. AHMAD

NEW 1930 EDITION. 10/6

The Original Text as printed in 1902, with additional explanations from the late author's notes.

RIDER & CO.

TWO WORLDS ARE OURS. A study of the psychic and material. By W. S. Montgomery Smith. London: Rider & Co., Paternoster House, E.C.4. Crown 8vo, pp. 157. Price 4s. 6d. net.

MATTER and spirit are dependently interlinked, within and without; unless we maintain a right balance between the temporal and the eternal, weighing all things with care, we cannot amply profit by the gifts of either world. That while keeping one's eyes fixed on the highest, one must not ignore the claims of the practical, nor disdain even the most lowly of everyday duties is a sane counsel, which Mr. Montgomery Smith, the sanest of counsellors, repeatedly stresses. Aspire to the heavens, but do not neglect the needs of the nest; in other words, having hitched your wagon to a star, remember always to grease the wheels of the material vehicle with a little common sense. It is by digging in the hard soil of unromantic facts, bending one's back willingly and humbly to the task immediately to hand, that one prepares other ground, the depths of one's soul, for the growth of God's benefits.

Threading the chain of these essays are communications from "beyond the veil," received through Mrs. Osborne Leonard. These messages form a strong support for the author's clear-cut and well-ordered views.

FRANK LIND.

INTRODUCTION TO THE WRITINGS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. By James Lowell Moore. Boston, Mass.: The Christopher Publishing House. Pp. 190. Price \$2.0 (cloth).

ANYONE anxious to become acquainted with the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis will find himself faced, at the outset, by an *embarras de richesses*; for the books of the Poughkeepsie Seer, being a veritable encyclopædia of the essential principles of science, philosophy, and religion, amount to no less than thirty. The prospective reader, not knowing which of these to select, and with insufficient time at his disposal to tackle the whole formidable number, may not unlikely be discouraged in his aim, so end by sampling not a single volume. To the aid of such comes Mr. James Lowell Moore, with his *Introduction to the Writings of Andrew Jackson Davis*. He most cunningly whets our appetite, and awakens an interest that will only be satisfied by a deeper and more extensive study of the writings of his lifelong friend.

Handsomely and strongly bound, this book is good value both inside and out. It contains a lifelike frontispiece of the author of *The Great Harmonia*.

FRANK LIND.

THE WILBERFORCE CALENDAR. London: Elliot Stock. Price 1s. 6d.

THE many admirers of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce will be delighted with this daintily-produced little Calendar, wherein the cream of the mystical thought of this deservedly popular divine has been collected and allocated to the days of the year. The cheerful optimism and broad outlook which characterized Wilberforce eminently fit this collection of his thoughts and aspirations for the use of the many sincerely devotional souls who prefer to worship "in secret" and refuse to take a label.

LEON ELSON.

PROGRESSIVE CREATION. A Reconciliation of Religion with Science.
By Rev. Holden E. Sampson. 2 vols. London: The Ek-klesia
Press. pp. 375+xiv. and 409+viii. 12s. 6d. net

THIS is the second edition of a really remarkable book, and we are glad to note the addition of an Index, which greatly enhances its value. The author can undoubtedly claim a large measure of originality in his interpretation of the Scriptures, and his whole scheme has been carefully worked out. There is much in this work that is of a highly controversial nature, and the theory relating to the Fall and the origin of Evil, on which the rest principally depends, is likely to cause considerable criticism. At the same time, many subjects of great interest to students of Mysticism and Occultism are sympathetically and intelligently handled, and throughout the two volumes there may be found many valuable and suggestive ideas.

E. J. L. G.

READJUSTMENT. By Lady Frances Gresley. Author of "The Ramblings of a Back Number". London: Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

LADY FRANCES GRESLEY has the happy gift of telling an interesting story, portraying lifelike characters, and weaving the psychic element in and out of the everyday drama of life in a way that discloses her own evident consciousness of an encompassing "cloud of witnesses".

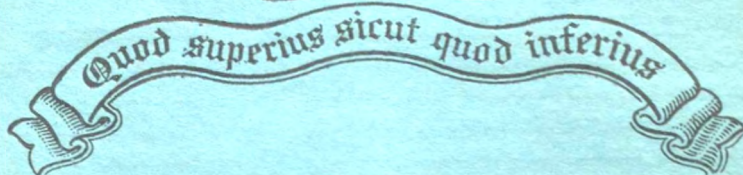
This novel depicts the struggles of a young girl, gently born and nurtured, with the adverse conditions of our topsy-turvy post-war world. After a series of tragic episodes (any one of which would be enough to darken the life of the average individual) beginning with the death of her soldier lover, at the Front, and involving the all-too-familiar loss of a fine old ancestral home with its irreplaceable memories and traditions, we find Genevieve at last restored to happiness the more spiritually serene in that it has known the deepest depths of sorrow. The author has a quiet sense of humour that is never marred by sarcasm, together with a keen eye for the crudities of the modern gate-crasher, while she makes it very clear that behind all the various re-actions of life a mysterious purpose is at work, drawing the tangled threads together "for the best", and that "little miracles are always happening; beautiful messages are continually being sent, if only we will not shut them out, but just allow ourselves to be in a condition to receive them".

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE BOOK OF BRAMIL YAH. London: The C. W. Daniel Company.
Pp. 63. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WOULD you find God, look for Him not in many temples, lift not your weary eyes unto Heaven, for the Everlasting is enthroned within each heart, is the message of Bramil Yah: "*Yea, thou art inhabited by God!*" All they upon whom the cloak of loneliness has fallen, that have climbed the same path from darkness to dawn, will echo his praise "in the stillness of the mountains." Bramil Yah's love for his Maker can no more be locked in his body than may song in a cage; the music of his gratitude overflows in divine melody; his warming faith rays down like sunshine from a mountain peak, dispelling shadows and bringing to light the flowers

FRANK LIND.



HOROSCOPES THAT ARE TRUE

Your problems and difficulties can be solved by means of Astrology and the Qabalah. Send your birth data with 2/9 for Test Reading. 10/6-£10 10s. for fuller studies, or call and talk things over.

I apply ancient wisdom to modern needs by scientific methods.

LESSONS THAT TEACH

Astrology, Numerology, Symbolism, Graphology, Lore of Jewels, Colours, Perfumes are all knit together into one rational system. In them the gem of traditional Occult learning is made more clear and brilliant by its setting of original research.

TALISMANS THAT WORK

Everything Occult: Incense, Psychic Accessories, The Psychic Cylinder.

Send for my free descriptive booklet

Phone:
Kens. 4578

GABRIEL DEE

Phone:
Gerrard 4473

Carlton House, Regent St., London, S.W.1

THE NATURAL STORY OF A LOVELY TRUTH

THE GARDEN OF ENCHANTMENT

Sydney T. Klein

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

in a special article says :

"The author has an intense appreciation of external beauty and older readers will find his descriptions lucid and pictorial and some of them of absorbing interest".

THE SPECTATOR says :

"Mr. Klein is a delightful companion, and should be read, as he wrote in a garden".

THE CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS says :

"One of the most extraordinarily fascinating books which has come to our notice for some time. It is addressed to 'Old and Young alike' and is written in a bright, clear flowing style which makes the reading of it a great pleasure".

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON says :

"I congratulate you on your beautiful book. It evidently gave you pleasure to write it, and it will give those who read it great pleasure, too. It is perfectly charming and am in entire sympathy with its deeper purpose". 4s 6d.

New and Revised Edition now ready

THE WAY OF ATTAINMENT

Sydney T. Klein

This book may be regarded as complementary to his well-known work, *Science and the Infinite*. The author's familiarity with the developments of modern science, and his sympathetic insight with regard to intellectual and spiritual problems, enable him to illumine the most obscure regions of thought and feeling. The reader is led step by step from the physical universe to visualize the wonders which may be seen by every earnest seeker who has entered the path leading to the summit of spiritual realization. 5s.

Science and the Infinite. 4s. 6d.

RIDER & CO.

PRINTED BY THE ANCHOR PRESS, LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX, ENGLAND,