

THE OCCULT REVIEW

(INCORPORATING THE "LONDON FORUM")

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APRIL, 1938

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EDITORIAL

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* London : Methuen, 8s. 6d.

Clashing Political Ideals

That a clash between the two ideals of nationalism and internationalism may at any time eventuate in war seems only too likely; though the spiritual forces which gently guide humanity towards its distant goal are ever contending with those lower passions which would sway it in the opposite direction, and the worst may even yet be avoided.

Looked at in the light of further developments as we see them today, the vision of which E. A. Wilson gives an account at the end of "The Shadow" may appear less cryptic than it did at the time when it first appeared. Our Contributor saw a vision of a blood-soaked Europe. "Why are these things done?" he asked. The answer came, "Because the things that hinder must be removed. They are three: the first two shall be destroyed by the third, and the third, when its work is accomplished, shall be changed." The identification of these three factors presents an interesting problem which the present writer cannot, however, pretend to have solved as yet to his own satisfaction.

The Occult Book Society

The rapid growth of the idea of book societies and book clubs of recent years has proved that such organizations fill a definite requirement on the part of the reading public. Students of the various branches of psychic and occult science must for long have realized the desirability of some arrangement whereby it might be possible to ensure, by similar methods, the purchase, at a reduced rate, of the books which appeal to their particular interests.

Now, by the amazing enterprise of the Occult Book Society, it is possible to procure books on these specialized subjects at less than a quarter of the usual price. This can only be done by the enrolment of a minimum number of members. The Occult Book Society calculate that five thousand members are required to render the scheme practicable. The only obligation is the pledge on the part of members that each shall purchase twelve volumes selected from the Society's lists, which will be issued periodically. New volumes will be added at the rate of one a month.

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which urged E. A. Wilson to sound the alarm. What was true when the article in question was written is ten times more obvious today than it then was.

Naturally, like any writer with spiritual vision at all awakened, Shaw Desmond comes to the conclusion that the process of disintegration and decay which is attacking civilization will not be arrested until a change has taken place in the hearts of men. He looks forward to the birth of an "Inter Nation" which shall be the repository of the spiritual culture of the coming era, as well as of scientific, political, and economic progress. Whether this Utopia of the Internationalist will ever be realized is a moot question. What is more to the point is to call attention to the fact that two such "inter-nations" are already in existence behind the scenes.

Two Inter-Nations

First, let us consider spiritual culture. Leaving aside the warring creeds and various expressions of religious truth throughout the earth, there remains that body of deep natural mysticism and idealism which is characteristic of the best in all the great world religions—a secret and almost unavowed spiritual brotherhood whence are recruited, as the need arises, those world-Teachers who come forth before the multitude to rally them back to their spiritual Source, the Fountain of their collective as of their individual lives. Never has the world been without this spiritual leaven, and never has the "great orphan", humanity, been forsaken, hopeless as the situation may have appeared. The birth-throes of a new era must necessarily entail suffering in proportion to the resistance set up by the unyielding limitations of spiritually unawakened mankind. Peace shall come to this troubled world, says Shaw Desmond, in "the flight from politics as a means of advance and the trend towards religion", and adds significantly, "to a religion of life rather than of the dogma from which the more deeply religious are stealing".

With this most readers of this magazine will find themselves in hearty agreement.

When we come to consider the political and economic situation, however, there is naturally far more room for divergence of opinion. While it must be admitted that politics must give place

to the religious spirit, politics and economics in this unstable and inflammable period of civilization's history cannot be put aside. They need attention, and that urgently, if the greatest disaster of recorded history is not to fall upon us. Whence arise the terrific economical fluctuations and stresses which today engender political antagonism and hatred between the nations, and cast the shadow of war over the world? From internationalism—this time financial internationalism. Just as a spiritual inter-nation exists behind the scenes, so, beneath the surface—and not so deep but that it cannot be seen by those who care to look for it—another inter-nation is in existence, that of international finance, which profits at the expense of the entire productive world, no matter which way "the cat jumps". Shall there be war, or shall there be no war? Which will most profit international finance? That hidden power dictates yea or nay without any consideration of patriotism or justice. Profit and expediency are its watchwords. While the nations of the world dance to its bidding the prospect of any enduring era of peace is remote in the extreme. Finance thrives on instability and unrest. It stands to gain whether the markets of the world rise or fall. It is the very existence of this state of flux and instability which ensures its existence.

Fascist v. Communist

The Fascist and the Communist each in their respective ways seeks to break through that net which ensnares the multitudes. Not for us to urge any one political system before another. It is not in our province. Shaw Desmond for his part indulges in the usual fulminations against "dictators" as he calls the leaders of the Fascist States.

While the Fascist believes in the cultivation and nurture of the national spirit, which in these days of facile intercommunication may still include friendly relations with nations enjoying different culture and with different traditions, the Communist appears to go to the other extreme and to imagine that internationalism is synonymous with universal brotherhood. Brotherhood, however, has its roots in the spiritual world, and where materialism reigns supreme, brotherhood is out of the question.

Clashing Political Ideals

That a clash between the two ideals of nationalism and internationalism may at any time eventuate in war seems only too likely; though the spiritual forces which gently guide humanity towards its distant goal are ever contending with those lower passions which would sway it in the opposite direction, and the worst may even yet be avoided.

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By this method it is possible to procure the complete facsimile edition of the *Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky at the astounding price of four shillings per volume; though generally speaking the price to members will seldom exceed half a crown per volume for new books. For example, Max Freedom Long's *Recovering the Ancient Magic*, normally costing 12s. 6d., will be supplied to members at 2s. 6d. Beyond the postage there is nothing more whatever to pay, and not even the postage if the books are collected from a bookseller. When, as a further inducement for the first thousand members, a free copy of Maeterlinck's *The Supreme Law* is thrown in, it appears that we have here the nearest approach to "something for nothing" which it is possible to find in this world of limitation and imperfection. Full details of the scheme, together with membership form, will be found in the advertisement pages of this issue.

THE EDITOR.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE OF JESUS CHRIST. By the disciple John. The Aramaic and Ancient Slav Texts compared and edited by Edmond Szekely. Translated by Edmond Szekely and Purcell Weaver. Daniel Co., Ltd., 40 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, and the Bureau of Cosmotherapy, Lawrence Weaver House, Leatherhead, Surrey. Price 3s. 6d. net.

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Without access to the Aramaic records and knowledge of the language, or alternatively the established fame of its translators, it is impossible to prove or disprove these assertions. They are not in accordance with the Gospels as we know them.

R. E. BRUCE.

TIDINGS OF THE TRUTH. Edited by David Learmonth. The Arlington Press, 37 Arlington Street, Glasgow, C.3.

ANOTHER of those little books written with obvious sincerity, which may have a message for some seeking souls, though perhaps too dreamy and vague to appeal to others.

R. E. BRUCE.

SERIALISM IN RELATION TO TELEPATHY

By A. L. GARDNER

Throughout the domain of Psychical and Psychological research the necessity arises, in practical experiment, of guarding against unexpected sources of error. The results of Dunne's investigations in "Serialism" are shown by our Contributor to be susceptible of explanation on the basis of Telepathy instead of Prevision. He points out how this source of error may be eliminated.

MOST of us are familiar with the process known as the "catenation of ideas", the linking of one idea or concept on to another to form a kind of chain. Thus in my mind the idea of "pen" is associated with that of "ink", and this again reminds me of "black", and so on. Since many individual ideas are directly linked with a large number of other ideas we obtain a sort of network of idea chains running in all directions. It is certain that the conscious mind always makes use of this network in passing from one concept to another, moving only along a definite established chain—a fact which forms the basis of many systems of mnemonics. And there is good reason to believe that this applies also to the subconscious mind: the methods of practical psychoanalysts depend for their success on the continuity of this mesh of linked ideas below the limits of the conscious mind.

In the conscious mind of the normal individual this network extends back into his past life as far as the age of, say, five or six years—in the subconscious probably even further, back to the first dawn of individual perception. Cases of loss of memory often appear to show a clean break in the continuity of the network so that ideas dating from before a certain point in time cannot be recalled. Over the whole period between the present moment and that particular point in time the memory functions normally; but when, in any attempt to follow a chain of ideas back into the past, the mind arrives at this point, it finds an impassable void—or, if you prefer it, a barrier. Beyond this barrier it cannot go.

Now while this type of barrier in the memory chain is fortunately comparatively rare there is another very similar barrier

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with which we are all familiar. It constitutes the foremost boundary of our conscious network of ideas, and is usually referred to as the *present*. It is a moving barrier, gliding steadily onward, disclosing ever more and more of the future to our view and adding it to the past. We may, by an effort of will, bring our attention close up to this barrier so that we are clearly aware of its onward motion. Or we may relax our attention to such an extent that consciousness is suppressed in sleep, and the barrier of the present sweeps on unobserved into the dawn of another day. But waking, we find the barrier still before us, and we may not pass it.

Or may we? *Serialism* asserts that in certain circumstances we do pass it. But not, strangely enough, by a definite forward striving of the conscious mind. There are two methods recommended by J. W. Dunne, described in his two books *An Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe*.

One of these methods is solely a way of proving in retrospect that the barrier has been passed, and is not a method of passing it. It consists, briefly, in writing down one's dreams immediately on waking, using a special technique, and comparing this record with the actual events of the past and *succeeding* days. The results of a large number of experiments certainly seem to bear out Dunne's assertion that, in the jumble of ideas constituting the average dream, there are roughly as many ideas associated with future as with past events or impressions. Based on this evidence the conclusion is drawn that the network of associated ideas does not terminate at the boundary of the "present", but is continued forward into the future. And in sleep, the mind, wandering freely along these meshes from one idea to another, is just as likely to wander into the future as into the past. Thus in this case we do not so much pass through the barrier as duck underneath it by going down into the depths of unconsciousness. In this connection it is interesting to compare the possibility, already mentioned, that the network of ideas may extend further *back* in the subconscious than in the conscious mind.

Dunne's second experiment, which he calls the "waking experiment", is a positive attempt to induce the mind to pass the barrier into the future while in the waking state, by providing it with a "link idea" leading into the immediate future, and by deliberately rejecting any past associations to which the mind may

try to move. An example will help to make the operation of this method clear. Dunne's favourite procedure is to take as a "link idea" the name of some principal character in a book which he is about to read. He then waits for ideas to arise by association in his mind, rejecting and refusing to follow up those in which the connection with the link idea is obviously due to past associations, and writing down those which *apparently* have nothing to do with the link idea. This is obviously equivalent to placing an artificial barrier across the network of ideas in such a position that it obstructs any backward movement of the mind and forces it to seek its associations in the future. It must be noted, however, that such ideas appertaining to the future as are obtained by this method do not come in response to an active forward effort of the attention. Using Dunne's expression, they appear to "float into the mind". This seems to indicate that the conscious mind is not entirely responsible for their production—in other words, we have probably passed *beneath* the now-barrier by way of the subconscious.

These two methods of Dunne's thus appear to have one feature in common: that is, in neither case is a deliberate attempt made to focus the attention on a point in the future. In one case the attention is entirely in abeyance; in the other it is chiefly centred on the link idea, and the only coercive force applied is the purely negative one of blocking off past associations.

Now those who are interested in telepathy will probably see in this an implication of great moment. More than one experimenter in telepathy has noted that a higher percentage of correct results is obtained when the receiver does not make a deliberate effort to *think* of the matter which is being transmitted, but allows an idea to come into his mind "of its own free will". The implication is now obvious. When the receiver draws on a sheet of paper the same pentagram, say, as is drawn in another room, has he really received this idea by thought transmission across the intervening space? Or has he, by the second of the methods outlined above, received *across the intervening period of time* the idea of an image which he will presently see?

Thus the question resolves itself into this—telepathy or prevision?

Evidence of the actual occurrence of phenomena ascribable to telepathic communication is so plentiful and so generally accepted

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among intelligent observers that I shall not attempt to reproduce any of it here. What we are concerned with is the interpretation of these accepted results. There are two distinct classes of phenomena to be considered: the experimental, and the accidental. We will confine ourselves to dealing with the former class, in which we find the more reliable evidence, even though it may not be so striking in its nature. It is reliable because it may be reproduced for critical examination as often as desired, and because the circumstances and conditions under which it is obtained are controllable by the experimenter. Let us consider an experiment of the simplest type, such as I have often carried out with friends, and let us see what conclusions may be drawn from it in the light of Dunne's theory.

My friend and I go into separate rooms. He thinks of something—an object, an animal, a number, a person—and I try to "receive" his thought. To make the test more definite we both commit our ideas to paper. A comparison of results shows, shall we say, that we have both recorded the word "dragon". The experiment is thus successful. It has demonstrated that an idea existing in my friend's mind has arisen also (and at about the same time) in my own mind, although spatial separation precluded intercommunication by ordinary sensory means. Counting out the chances of coincidence, which are extremely remote, there are three distinct lines of communication along which the connection may have been made. These we may designate the "past", the "present", and "future" routes.

In the first case there is really no transmission of the idea from my friend to myself; but, arising from some single source situated in the past, it simply links up by the usual catenation of ideas until each of us writes down the same word, each having followed the same associational sequence. If, for example, we both saw an image of Buddha in the hall when entering, this may have suggested both to my friend and to myself the idea of "China", followed by the traditional Chinese symbol "dragon". More care in the arrangement of the experiment would have excluded the possibility of this happening, e.g. if the experimenters had been brought into their respective rooms through different entrances, and precautions taken against any interchange of ideas immediately prior to the experiment.

Assuming, then, that such precautions have been taken, the "past" route is eliminated and we come to the "present" route,

the existence of which it is generally hoped to demonstrate. This route consists of a "straightforward" transpatial connection between mind and mind. Since the medium of this direct transmission is unknown, we cannot say whether the catenation of ideas constitutes an integral and necessary part of the process or not. But even a casual study of experimental results reveals a large number of cases in which there is a strong associational connection between the idea transmitted and that received, although the ideas are not identical. Such cases are usually regarded as "failures" by conscientious investigators, even when the associational connection is strong, e.g. "fireplace" received instead of "fire" or "cigarette" instead of "ash-tray". These cases must be regarded with suspicion, of course, for coincidence may account for a large number of them. The number of associational links running out from any one familiar idea is often surprisingly large. But they suggest that catenation does sometimes affect the result, even if it is not necessarily used in the process of "direct transmission".

Coming now to the third or "future" route we find ourselves on more familiar ground, but travelling, as one might say, in an unfamiliar direction. For the reception of an idea by this route involves an extension of the normal catenation process, to the extent that a future idea may suggest a present one. There is no transmission across intervening space: the idea is impressed on the mind of the receiver by ordinary methods of sense perception *after* the experiment proper is completed. Its arrival in his mind at the time of transmission is due to the process followed in Dunne's "waking experiment".

It should be noted that the conditions usually existing during telepathic experiments are just those which make for success in Dunne's experiment. The receiver's conscious mind is more or less relaxed, retaining only the central idea of the room or person from which he expects a message. This provides the "link idea"; for it is associationally connected with the message itself in the forward temporal sense; because it will be *in that room* or *from that person* that he will receive the message when results are compared later on.

There is a natural tendency to reject any ideas which are suggested by obviously past associations. These conditions are all conducive—in fact, essential—to success in Dunne's experi-

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ment. Since they are satisfied in nearly all telepathic experiments as hitherto conducted there is nothing to show whether the positive results undoubtedly recorded are obtained by reception along the "present" or along the "future" route. In other words, such experiments fail to show whether we are dealing with telepathy or with prevision.

It is, therefore, desirable to find a method of discriminating between these two possibilities. A fairly simple way suggests itself, i.e. by carrying out two parallel series of experiments in one of which precautions are taken to ensure that the "future" route is not being employed. Such precautions might consist, for example, of keeping the receiver in ignorance of the transmitted messages not only before, but also *after* the experiment, thus removing his link idea. If this dislocation of one route does not affect the positive results of this series, we have definite evidence that the other route is being employed—that is, in favour of telepathy. If, on the other hand, negative results are obtained in the second series while the first still shows positive results, it should be regarded as favouring prevision. It must be borne in mind, however, that such negative results may be due to factors other than the one we have deliberately varied; and the experiment is valueless unless the utmost care is taken to ensure that the two series are otherwise truly parallel. For example, it would be most unwise to let either the receiver or transmitter know to which type the series on which they are engaged belongs, as a change in their mental attitude may quite easily be induced by such knowledge, and this mental change may be the cause of the negative results.

Enough has been said to indicate the nature of the problem and a possible method of solution. One thing I wish to stress. There may be ardent telepathists to whom the idea of experimental results being affected by something which has not yet happened at the time of the experiment appears too absurd to merit their attention. To these I can only recommend a careful study, not a mere perusal, of those portions of Dunne's books dealing with this aspect of the matter. And it may also be observed that the assumption of an extension of the associational network into the future is inherently no more ridiculous than the postulation of an entirely unknown medium pervading space, enabling thought to be transmitted directly. The one hypothesis involves the breaking down of a temporal barrier, hitherto

considered inviolable, by means of a mechanism with which we are already familiar. While the other, following in the wake of the nineteenth-century physicists, requires us to accept the conquest of a spatial barrier without giving us any indication concerning the nature of the vehicle employed. A conscientious experimenter will thus examine both theories impartially.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that, although I have used the term "prevision", there is nothing deterministic about this theory. For proof of this statement I can only refer the reader once more to Dunne's books, wherein he shows that this future, of which we may catch an occasional glimpse during our onward voyage through life, is no fixed unalterable scheme. In its bold outlines it is fashioned by the mighty forces of Nature. But the will of puny man is also capable of deflecting the shuttle in that great machine of which Goethe's earth-spirit so proudly boasts :

'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

BOOK REVIEW

THE LAST CROSSING. By Gladys Osborne Leonard. Cassell & Co., Ltd. London, Toronto, Melbourne and Sydney.

A BOOK with a high purpose—that of stripping fear from death, and from the terrible pains and struggles which often precede it.

The Author is a celebrated medium, and therefore spiritist. She speaks—in Chapter II—of the "astral" as the "spiritual" body, whereas we believe that the immortal spiritual body is the reward only of the God-realized saint or yogi.

Mrs. Leonard considers voluntary "going out of the body" as not only possible to all, but expedient. This is controversial. One man's meat may be another's poison. Besides the "persistent study" which Mrs. Leonard recommends, *persistent discipline of character* is essential, and to bring character to those dizzy heights of perfection necessary to the achievement of astral body travelling *without danger*, is a feat beyond the reach of the majority.

The book shows a deeply spiritual outlook, which makes it readable and peace-giving even to those who may not concur in all its tenets. The Author's account of her husband's passing is beautiful and deeply moving. Above all, it should prove of immense help to others when watching by the death-bed of friend or relative.

R. E. BRUCE.

THE TEACHER AND THE CANDIDATE

By PHILIP K. ESCHBACH

Among the many Paradoxes of Occultism is one which charges the Initiate never to "cast Pearls before Swine", while at the same time the injunction is laid upon him to "preach the Gospel to all men". How these two mandates are to be harmonized is shown by our Contributor in the present article, which is the third of a Series dealing with the Principles of Occultism and Initiation.

THE most remarkable thing about genuine initiatory exercises is the fact that they work on the student automatically, regardless of his attitude. In other words, they will actually work even without the belief, knowledge or consent of him who is practising! Knowing this, some Masters have made the statement that *faith* is not an essential factor in one's attainment—just DO the work, as instructed, and all else will follow in due course. Therefore, sceptics do not have to be convinced beforehand of the efficacy of Occult practices; it is only necessary that they practise conscientiously, and in time they will be brought around to the right attitude and become converts through the force of their own inner experiences and intuition.

As against this, however, it may be pointed out that one who has no faith to begin with is not likely to persevere with initiatory work to the extent necessary to bring about self-conviction. Yet one finds students who adopt the attitude of doubting Thomases who want to be "shown" before they will acknowledge themselves convinced of the truth of Occult Science. Some of these actually enter upon the Path and stay there while others try it for awhile only to succeed in convincing themselves that it is illusory. Here the question arises, "Why?" The answer, in general, is simply that whoso has sufficient faith will remain steadfast; others will not. Thus, there are individuals who, from motives of intellectual vanity or a false sense of personal "independence", etc., adopt a cynical and sceptical attitude on the surface but who, in reality, already have sufficient *inner* faith to undertake the Great Work. In these cases, the superficial lack of faith disappears as soon as the varnish of the lower ego wears off, so to speak.

At this point it is appropriate to consider whether or not it is wise to endeavour to convince, and persuade to enter upon the Path, sceptical or agnostic enquirers through an intellectual presentation of the facts and logical arguments derived therefrom. As pointed out by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, it is quite possible to comprehend Spiritual facts by means of the ratiocinative faculty, but the facts themselves can only be determined by means of Spiritual faculties—not by logic. It is written, "Argue not, convert not . . .", but it is also written, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." These two mandates can and should be harmonized, since the first deals specifically with prospective Candidates for Initiation and the last is of more general import. The exoteric religion for the masses can be freely preached, but the esoteric religion for the Elect must be carefully guarded and wisely dispensed. "True Charity is prudent and cautious." Thus, everything in the Old and New Testament is readily available to all; but, as a matter of fact, Christ did not disclose a single word of his inner, initiatory instructions as given to his immediate Disciples, although there is plenty of evidence that they *were* Initiates. Esoteric and Exoteric Christianity are two different things, and the same is true of other great religious systems, and always has been.

These considerations lead us into a digression on the necessity or at least desirability of maintaining secrecy, but it is a question closely linked with the main issue under discussion. The very idea of the existence of a body of "secret" knowledge which is in the custody of certain Occult Orders and individual Initiates is perfectly intolerable to a certain type of mind. In this category are to be found the orthodox scientists, materialists, atheists, and shallow egotists. "What is there about this so-called knowledge (they ask) which cannot be given out freely just as scientific knowledge is available to the world?" Well, there are good and sufficient reasons, one or two of which we shall give, although it is not our business to argue the pros and cons of this or any other question beyond a certain point.

First, then, Spiritual Knowledge is POWER and it cannot be allowed to fall into unscrupulous hands. Whatever is given out by the real Initiates must be used, not for personal aggrandizement but for the benefit of Humanity as a whole. Therefore, they take good care that only the worthy are entrusted with real knowledge and power. The accepted Disciple must have dedicated himself

unequivocally to the service of his Race and must be actuated by the very highest and most selfless motives. The Human Race must be and is guided and governed (although secretly) by a handful of Initiates who are, as it were, indispensable links between the common run of human beings and higher states of evolution toward which the race, as a whole, is slowly but surely progressing. At the present time humanity is in possession of as much knowledge and power as it can safely use and wield, and any additional knowledge will only be given to selected, prepared and worthy individuals until such time as it is safe to permit further "discoveries" in science for general dissemination.

Second, much of the higher knowledge is utterly incomprehensible to anyone (even the greatest "savant") who has not undergone initiatory training. This is due not merely to intellectual inability to grasp it, but also to the fact that the Understanding has to be expanded in a way that is only possible through esoteric exercises. Besides this, it is not always a question of only knowing the facts or of being taught some magical formula, but it is a question of developing the requisite personal *faculties* which lead to the perception of super-sensible facts. In other words, Spiritual knowledge and power are gradually acquired in the course of initiatory instruction, and the Candidate grows into them, as it were, and gains the indefeasible right to use them when the time is ripe, which means when he is adequately prepared. Nor are these gifts conferred in any ordinary way—they are unfolded within the being of the student and developed *within himself*. *Ergo*, anyone who desires to acquire such knowledge and power need only place himself under the right kind of Occult instruction and then abide by the rules!

In a former article we stated that genuine Occult knowledge is not now and never has been published except in veiled form. This is true, on the whole, although in recent years a good deal has been given out in plain words. But we reiterate that the real knowledge and power can only be acquired through the right kind of training (not by any means entirely intellectual) and the student will then see for himself the necessity of secrecy.

Third, the Initiates and their chosen Disciples are confronted by an infinite task which is, among other things, to train other likely Candidates. The sad fact is that there are not many "likely" Candidates although there is plenty of work to be done

for those few. Therefore, no time or energy is wasted in the fruitless endeavour to save and convert Humanity as a whole. Salvation for all comes about through the Leaven of the Few. Also, they take heed of the advice not to cast their pearls before swine, and there are yet other cogent reasons for secrecy. Still, paradoxical as it may seem in the light of what has just been said, the Truth is all about us, and readily available for him who hath eyes wherewith to see. The Spiritual Sun shines ever brightly and impartially on good and evil, wise and ignorant, but just so much of its truth can be perceived as is measured by the capacity of the beholder. In reality, nothing is withheld, because the truth becomes self-evident in direct ratio to the ability to perceive it.

To return to the original question : in dealing with enquirers we are justified in giving certain explanations, but we are never justified in arguing or in coercing anyone into a belief in Occult Science. Thus, any sincere person who seeks the answer to a legitimate question or who has some urgent doubt to be resolved is entitled to such explanation and answer as the Initiate or student can give. To all who honestly seek enlightenment the true Disciple is, generally speaking, bound to give it. However, if fools insist on asking questions, then they should be answered accordingly. Anyone who undertakes to teach Occultism will meet with all sorts of people, some of whom are sincere seekers while others are merely professional sceptics and arguers, curiosity-seekers or those who are looking for something "Occult" with which to amuse themselves. The good judgment of the Teacher will enable him to classify these types very quickly, as a rule, and he will then address himself only to the worthy, the latter being segregated in a group devoted to serious study. Or certain Tests may be demanded as a pre-requisite for admittance to a bona-fide School.

The unworthy will usually eliminate themselves very soon, anyway, when they are confronted with the prospect of a little real hard work !

The whole question of dealing with students and prospective Candidates for the Path of Initiation is most important. It is, in fact, one which cannot be ignored by one who is himself on the Path ; because he must not hoard up his knowledge and attainments selfishly, but must place them as freely as possible at the disposal of Humanity. In other words, whoso makes progress

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on the Path must, at some time, assume the responsibility for one or more others who are not as far advanced ; otherwise he is likely to find himself headed for the Black Path instead of the White. Yet the Teacher is not expected to waste his time and substance on unworthy pupils. He must also guard against indiscriminate exposition of Occult teachings which may all too frequently involve him in fruitless argument, or which may result in ridicule of the Sacred Science by the ignorant. He has to realize, at the outset, that the masses are not yet ready to undertake the work of Initiation which, if he is to teach it, demands that he confine himself to those who are ready for it.

BOOK REVIEWS

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL : FOR 1938. By R. H. Naylor. London : Hutchinson. Price 3s. 6d.

THESE world predictions are not intended as a comprehensive outline of probable events during the year ; they are, says Mr. Naylor, merely random jottings from an astrologer's notebook. He offers, however, some quite definite forecasts relating to the world-drama of 1938 and prominent actors participating in it ; who include Hitler and Mussolini, Neville Chamberlain, and De Valera. There are brief forecasts, also, based upon every birthday in the year ; so you can test by your own anniversary, and those of relations and friends, the accuracy of the author's statement that we little "ditch-dwellers" may look, for enlightenment as to our destiny, to the stars !

Whether you take astrology seriously or merely regard the subject as an amusing pastime, you cannot fail to be entertained ; for this popular astrologer writes in his usual crisp and breezy style. Indeed, the subject-matter is as bright as the jacket of this volume.

FRANK LIND.

THE WORLD'S NEED OF RELIGION. Being the Proceedings of the World Congress of Faiths, Oxford 1937. Published by Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd., 7 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price 5s.

THE impression gained from this book was a sense of peace. Not one word was uttered by the various representatives of all the great religions which pointed to any difference which in the end did not resolve itself into The One God.

Each lecturer allowed the others to find God in their own way and interpret His manifestation according to their own creed. The only difference is in form, and that is particular to each faith. A very interesting book to read.

L. B.

AISHA KHANDISHA

By COLIN CLOUT

The following Excursion into the realms of Moorish folklore carries us into an atmosphere of the "Arabian Nights". Our Contributor is to be congratulated on his entertaining and informative treatment of the subject. Aisha Khandisha may be a Djinn of the highest rank, but some of her metamorphoses remind the reader of Bram Stoker's horrific story "The Lair of the White Worm".

THERE is a certain lady sometimes seen in Tangier, and in most towns of Morocco, whose personality has long interested me. I have never encountered her ; she is seldom met with these days. Her name is Aisha Khandisha, and she is a Djinnea or female Djinn.¹

Anyone who has read the *Arabian Nights* or any Eastern fairy-tale will have heard of the tribe of Djinoon. They are evil spirits comparable with our goblins and witches. But in Eastern lore they are also the inhabitants of a world that is on another plane or dimension. They are created by Allah, and there are good and bad Djinoon, just as there are good and bad humans, but, as is always the way, their badness has gained them a wider reputation than their goodness. They are responsible to Allah, and the Koran was revealed to Djinoon as to humans, as it will be seen in the seventy-second surah, which tells us of a company of Djinoon who gave ear and said, "Lo, it is a marvellous Koran."² And they have this advantage over mortals, they can cross to the human plane. As a rule they take the form of an animal, sometimes an owl or a bat, but more often a goat or a dog. That is why so many of the dogs in Morocco have their ears clipped. For a Djinn would only take the form of a perfect dog, and if a man were to beat or kill a dog that was really a Djinn, the spirit would enter into him ; but if he can see that the dog's ears are clipped, he can recognize it for a mortal dog.

Aisha Khandisha, however, usually takes partially human form. She walks through certain old streets of the Kasbah by night, wrapped in a haik, and looks for a man to be her lover. Some say that if the man is fearless and does as she wishes that he will not only be safe but richly rewarded into the bargain, so

¹ See footnotes at end of article.

long as he never speaks of it to a soul ; but he who is afraid of her, she kills. Others say that the man who is unwise enough to take her to his house is likely to be mad in the morning. There is a man in Tangier today who is crazy and always laughing at some secret thought as he hobbles through the streets ; they tell you that he was married to a Djinnea. No man will ever answer a strange Arab woman on a dark night without first looking at her feet. You can always tell Aisha Khandisha by her feet. She has red hair on her ankles, and inside her slipper there is a cloven hoof.

Harlotry is not common among the Djinoon. But Aisha Khandisha is not a common Djinnea. She is in fact the Goddess Astarte, come to Morocco in Phoenician times. The Arabic name Aisha is the equivalent of Eve, meaning life, surely a name quite compatible with the Goddess of Love. Westermark tells us that her surname, Khandisha, is derived from that of a Canaanitish³ harlot Kedesá. The husband of Astarte was the Canaanite god Haman, and the husband of Aisha Khandisha the harlot witch is a Djinn named Hammu Kaiu. The Goddess Astarte was always associated with springs and rivers, and Aisha Khandisha is a water-witch. She lives in the sea, and appears from rivers and wells, drains or caves, and stones near the sea. Her Tangier home was formerly a cave at the mouth of the Jew's River, called Rmelkala ; the cave has been destroyed by an explosion, so Aisha Khandisha no longer walks abroad as often as in the old days.

But even now, when radios play most of the night, she is sometimes seen. The Djinoon are afraid of music, and on dark nights the Arabs sing loudly on their way home, to frighten them away. But there are times when the radios even in Spanish houses are silent, and then Aisha Khandisha comes up from the sea by a stone on the shore or a spring hidden in some other cave she knows of.

A friend of mine got up very early one morning, before the sun had risen, and as he went down the steps of the kasbah he noticed a woman sitting on a stone with her head in her lap. Thinking she was drunk, he shook her, saying "Amarah"⁴ more than ten times. Then suddenly she stood up, and he saw that she had goat's feet. He ran, and she ran after him, right through the Arab town to the Zoco Chico, where life was beginning to stir with daybreak.

She must be very put out by the sound of the radio, and puzzled by the other modern inventions that have crowded in on Morocco so suddenly. But she seems to take an intelligent interest in them, for she has been known to wander into a garage and examine a car. As soon as the mechanic came unsuspecting to see what she was after, she vanished in a puff of petrol vapour, and he, poor man, was frightened almost out of his wits.

Another friend of mine who lives in Meknes told me that he met her one night on his way home through the Aguedal. He had often referred to a gate that leads from the stables of Moulay Ismael to the Aguedal as the "Devil's Gate", and I wanted to know what devil it was. It was Aisha Khandisha. As he was walking along the bank of the lake of the Aguedal, the lake that was made to rival the lakes of Versailles, a woman had come out of the gate and ran towards him calling, "Sidi Dris, Sidi Dris." He flashed his knife in the moonlight, for all Djinoon are afraid of steel, and at once she disappeared down into the waters of the lake.

Then there is the story of a certain gentleman who was so careless as to take her home with him without looking at her feet. When they were in his house, he told her to take off her haik and show her face. She said no, not until he had put out the light. There was a candle burning at the opposite end of the room. He was lazy, and refused to walk all that way to put it out. "Blow out the candle," she insisted. No. He too was obstinate. So she stretched out her hand the whole length of the room, and put it out herself.

There are many similar stories of Aisha Khandisha if one can get at them, but it is not easy to do so. The Moors are loth to speak of her, for it is unlucky to mention the Djinoon by name, their names spoken giving them power over the speaker. One needs infinite patience, piecing a story together from endless fragments of conversation, until one stray remark completes it and produces a sequel all in a moment. It took me a whole year to get Mohamed⁵ to tell me anything, although he knew very well I was interested in the subject. Westermarck says that Aisha Khandisha may be appeased by throwing a little straw and kouskous into the sea, and calling on her and her husband Sidi Hammu by name, asking them to do no harm; he adds that the Moors invoke her at Sidi Cassim when they bathe there on Mid-

summer's Night. This is, of course, quite contrary to the teaching of Islam, which forbids any form of witchcraft and is in itself a protection against evil spirits. But the Midsummer Night feast, though now associated with the holy Cassim, goes back of course to far more ancient times than have known Islam in Africa, even to the times when Aisha Khandisha was still Astarte, Goddess of Love. However, I mentioned these points to Mohamed, and he said: "Oh no. Aisha Khandisha is not like the other Djinoon. She cannot be appeased. But below Sidi Buknadel . . ."

I had lived for three months in the street called Sidi Buknadel, and it never occurred to him to tell me that this street, one of the oldest in Tangier, was called after a Djinn, that it was a favourite walk of Aisha Khandisha, and that on the shore below there are three special stones washed by the surf. These stones are the dwelling-places of Sidi Buknadel, of his wife Lala Rkella, and of Sidi Hammu, husband of Aisha Khandisha. They say that all these three are good Djinoon, not ordinary Djinoon, but Moumineen, who are even more powerful. But one cannot tell. The Arabs do not care to tempt providence by admitting that any spirit is wholly bad. They are not always even willing to admit to the badness of Aisha Khandisha.

Sometimes in the evening the Arab women take a kouskous made of fish without salt—for the Djinoon do not like salt—and place it as an offering on the stone of Lala Rkella, asking her to protect their children, or cure them of some sickness. If the kouskous is gone the next morning, the Djinnea is appeased and will do as they ask. I have seen the stones.

The same night that Mohamed had told me this, I went to bed early. I was reading, but Aisha Khandisha was in my mind. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, a hand beating on the wood. I decided that I couldn't be bothered to get out of bed and open the door, so I took no notice and went on reading. The knock was repeated, and the third time reluctantly I got up. Just as I was crossing the patio there was a fourth knock, but this time on the metal knocker. I opened the door, and it was Allal, a neighbour of mine, who had come to see if Absalem were there. No, he was not. But would Allal like to come in for a minute? He wouldn't. He must find Absalem. "Good night." And then, as an afterthought, I asked how many times he had knocked. Only once.

Just as I was getting back into bed I noticed to my horror what I thought was a snake appearing from behind a picture—the picture of the Alouite Sultans. I examined it more closely and found that it was a kind of worm, much larger and more agile than a common or garden worm—a blind-worm perhaps. I have a horror of worms of any kind. I could not bring myself to touch it, and daren't go to sleep in case it found its way over to my bed; so I sat watching it, and waited for Mohamed to come home. I became very sleepy and was just beginning to doze when it fell from the picture of the Sultans with a loud plop. This was too much: Loose in the room it would most certainly find its way to my bed, so with the aid of a disused toothbrush I scooped it into a brass jar, covered it with a saucer, and put it in a safe place, feeling rather as though it were the Djinn in the Brass Bottle. Fortunately Mohamed came in at this point, and I delivered it into his care. He threw it outside the front door and crushed it with his bare foot, quite unmoved. As far as I know, the spirit of Aisha Khandisha did not enter into him. At least he didn't foam at the mouth, become crazed, nor even develop a cloven hoof. But it was not long afterwards that Zoura left him, and she was promptly taken ill.

In Egypt there is a witch named Omm Subiyan, who, legend says, was originally Lilith, and jealous of all Eve's children. She therefore prowls at night, in the form of an owl, to steal the newborn babies; so the Egyptians usually cover the door and windows with a net, to trap nightbirds, if a baby is born. Westermarck says that she is also known in Morocco, sometimes as Umm es Subiyan, sometimes as Krima, and is referred to euphemistically as the "other mother of little ones". But she is not nearly such a commonly known legend as Aisha Khandisha, and I think the two must have become confused, for Aisha Khandisha is also associated with the kidnapping of babies. Her name is used to frighten naughty children, just as we at various periods have invoked Napoleon, the Germans, and the Big Bad Wolf. The Spanish maid of a friend of mine claims to have seen her rise from a stream in Arcila and call to some children, who all ran away in fear.

One day Hanem was walking along the beach, and she heard a Riffia woman call to her child, "Aisha." Quite spontaneously,

and for no particular reason, she said out loud, "Aisha Khandisha," and the woman turned on her in anger, saying that it was very bad to mention such a name. Hanem covered her tracks by pointing out that Aisha was a very good name, the name of one of the wives of the Prophet, peace be upon him. The woman was so delighted at this unexpected piece of erudition on the part of a Rhoumia that she quite forgot the original implication, and the apparent ill-wishing was counteracted by the mention of Moulay Mohamed and his spouse.

There are countless Djinoon and Fraït in Morocco, and Tangier has its fair share. One summer night at about midnight I was sitting in the Marshan gardens looking at the stars before I went to bed. Suddenly I noticed something glowing, almost phosphorescent, among the bushes. It was probably only leaves glimmering in a streak of moonlight, but it seemed to vibrate slightly and had a nasty look. I hurried away, and must admit to being frightened.

The Marshan was more than once a battlefield, notably at the time when Tangier was Portuguese and came to England as a white elephant in the dowry of Katherine of Braganza, so it is likely to be haunted. The west side of the Mountain is particularly haunted. It is said that every house built has its guardian Djinn; that is why a sheep is always killed by the Moors when a building is completed, for not all of these spirits are benevolent, and they must be appeased. There is one house on that particular part of the mountain which has a very ill reputation. To my knowledge three families have lived there, and left because they had to. The first were constantly troubled by little malicious Djinoon who appeared in the form of small black animals in the most unexpected places. The second had nothing but bad luck the whole time they were there. When at last they did leave, to go to England, the furniture was all packed and removed to the port, and they spent their last night in an hotel, congratulating themselves that they had got away without further disaster. The next day, when their furniture was being lowered into a barge, for transport to the liner, the crane broke and the crate fell into the harbour, ruining several valuable antiques. Of the third family, the husband was a Spanish diplomat and the wife Scandinavian. No sooner had they settled in the house than the Spanish Civil War broke out, and the husband had to go and fight, leaving the wife almost penniless. So once again the

guardians of the house ridded themselves of the foreign interlopers.

Tangier in some form or another is one of the most ancient cities of Morocco. Long before the present town stood where it does, Phoenician, Carthaginian, and Roman towns guarded the African Pillar of Hercules, remains of which are still to be found all round the bay. By the Caves of Hercules, which is reputed to be the spot where the hero stood when he held up the Heavens for Atlas, there is a Phallic cave temple of the Neolithic period, and the site of a Roman town and mausoleum. I was helping a friend of mine who was excavating these tombs—one contained ashes, fragments of charred bone and a large brass nail; another, two earthenware jars and a quite perfect little lamp with a coin pinned in the hollow of the top—and I said to the Arab with us, "Be careful, or a Djinn may come out!" He laughed at first, but after persuasion admitted that he had often heard strange cries at night, and up the hill, where there are some stones forming a cross in the earth, he had several times seen a spirit in the form of a white hen. Pressed a little further, he said that he had also seen Aisha Khandisha near by. I could not follow the whole story, as it was told in Arabic, but it seems that he was walking on the hills above the caves when a woman wearing a very fine haik approached him. But suddenly he noticed that she had donkeys' legs, whereupon he not unnaturally ran home as hard as he could go without looking back; for if you turn your head when Aisha Khandisha is behind you it is apt to stay like that, as we would say, if the wind changes.

There are many olive-groves that once surrounded pagan temples and have since been chosen as the site for the tomb of a Moslem saint. Sidi Cassim is one of them; Sidi Cassim himself was a nephew of Moulay Idris, and became ruler of the Tangier section of the first Sultan's dominions. On the Route de Fez, not far from the Caves of Hercules, there is an olive-grove with a Phoenician altar. We took a picnic supper there one night; the Arabs with us were so frightened that they deliberately left most of the baskets in the car, in the hope of blackmailing us into having our meal by the roadside, instead of in the haunted grove. But fortunately I had carried one of the baskets myself with most of the food, so I made them go all the way back and fetch the rest, and this time Arab obstinacy did not work. But I must admit myself that it was a frightening place. The stars were

very bright, but there was no moon and we could see very little. When they were on their way up with the baskets, we called to them, and their answering cries seemed to come from every direction. Then Mohamed tripped and spilled a whole dish of kouskous. Presently I walked a little farther up the hill to try and find the altar. I promptly lost my way, as if I had been turned round in the dark, or rather as if the dark and the path had been turned round about me, and stones seemed to be put deliberately in my way for me to trip on. There were strange intangible glimmers among the olive trees with no moonlight to account for them, and the whole time we were there I had the unmistakable feeling that we were being watched.

There is a story told of a Moor who once upon a time married a good and beautiful Djinnea. They went on a journey, the man riding and the woman walking, for he did not know the truth about his wife. When they reached the olive-grove, the woman complained that she was tired and wanted to rest. Her husband complained that women were lazy creatures always wanting to rest, and spoke roughly, for, as I have said, he did not know until this moment that she was a Djinnea. But the secret was at once revealed to him, for no sooner had she uttered her wish, and he made this rude and unfeeling comment, than one of the olive trees bent down, making a seat for her, and a scarlet flower sprang out of the ground at her feet. I don't know the rest of their history, whether they lived happily ever afterwards, the husband having learnt good manners, or if he was carried off to Iblis by less good and beautiful Djinnoo. But it is said that every year, if you go to the olive-grove on the right night and at the right moment, you can see a scarlet flower spring from the ground quite suddenly, and as suddenly fade away.

On the cliff below the Marshan there are several Phoenician tombs. And that brings me to the story of the Cherif from Mecca. He claims not only to be a saint but a powerful fakir into the bargain. He also says that he holds the key of the Holy Kabah, and that the permits of all pilgrims to Mecca must be referred to him before they receive the sanction of Ibn Saud. His first claim, I think, can be disposed of at once, and I have great doubts about the last. As to his powers of magic . . . First of all Hanem put him to the test. If he was what he claimed to be, he could be a useful friend in Mecca, but I personally doubt if he is even a Meccawi. Anyway, she wanted to prove some of his

statements, and if he really was a fakir he could help her. She had just heard from America that a very great friend was seriously ill with tuberculosis and not expected to live. If the Cherif were a fakir, could he save her friend by Moslem magic, white magic, in the name of Allah? He made some inscriptions and calculations. He told her that the sick man was still alive, that he was not suffering from tuberculosis, and that he could be saved on the condition that he became a Moslem. She gave him fifty francs to buy candles and perfume, and he was to receive a present if the man lived. I don't know if he ever made the magic that he promised. Hanem quarrelled with him over another matter, and we saw no more of him for some time. Some weeks later she received a letter saying that her friend had died on the day before the Cherif had said he was alive. He was right on one point, however, The illness was not tuberculosis but an abscess, and this was not discovered until after death.

One day I met the Cherif near my house, on his way to the Marshan. He asked me to accompany him. He led me down the cliff to a small cave overhung by a fig tree. There was a pool beneath it, and water trickling down from above. Near by a cauldron was boiling, watched by two Arabs. He told me that there was treasure buried here, guarded by three Djinoon. I suppose that it must have been a Phoenician shrine, and the treasure, if any, was guarded by the spirits of the dead. He said that several people had tried to get the treasure. One had tried in secret by himself, and had died, "*le cœur cassé*". He was killed by the Djinn who had caused the water to flow from above, filling up the hole that had been dug to find the treasure. It was a very deep hole, for it took a stone a full minute and a half to reach the bottom of the pool. Rather a deep hole for a man to dig all by himself. Another attempt had been rewarded by death, and another by illness. The remaining aspirants had formed a syndicate and called in the Cherif to destroy the Djinoon for a share in the treasure. I hope he will not destroy them as well.

One spirit had already been disposed of by invoking it into a cat and then killing the animal. The second was almost destroyed, so that the water was no longer flowing fast from the roof of the cave, but only dripping. The third he must harness to lead him to the treasure. This was the purpose of the cauldron, in which he was boiling certain concoctions for forty-eight hours. It must be constantly watched during that time, at which point

in the conversation, as if to prove it, the cauldron nearly tipped over, pushed perhaps by the Djinn who was undoubtedly listening. We saved it between us. At the end of forty-eight hours it would all be boiled away, and he would use the residue as ink to make certain inscriptions, the calculations of which would occupy fifteen days. When this was done he would go alone by night with the paper, and the captive Djinn would guide the paper to the spot where he must dig.

It was then that I went East for a month, so I never saw the results of all this work. I have seen the Cherif since, and he told me that he found the treasure, but it was a very small treasure, and hardly worth all the trouble that it had caused him. Perhaps it is true, and perhaps it is just an Arab fairy-tale. The Arabs still live in the Arabian Nights and dearly love a fairy-tale. That is why it is so difficult to get any definite facts out of them. Rather than give no information at all, they will invent, telling you what they think you would like to hear, and then, coming to believe in it all themselves, they embroider madly until an elaborate saga develops and there is no doubt about its authenticity, because the raconteur's brother-in-law and his second cousin's husband saw it all with their own eyes. So after those knocks upon the door, the worm behind the picture, and the white glimmer in the Marshan gardens, I can assure you without any doubt whatever that I have seen Aisha Khandisha herself "as close as you are to me now".

¹Modern Arabic varies considerably from East to West. Owing to the existence in Arabic, of sounds unknown to European languages, it is impossible to give an accurate transcription. I have used the spelling that seemed most natural to my ear, of the Moroccan Arabic. The Genie of Eastern fairy tales, in Morocco is a Djinn. The feminine is Djinnea, the plural, Djinooon. Moroccan Arabic is very corrupted by Berber influence.

²Many Moslem commentators hold that the Djinooon here referred to, were mortals beyond Arabia, who accepted the True Faith of the Holy Prophet, and not a supernatural company.

³The Berbers of Northern Morocco are supposed to be of Canaanitish origin, and it is even alleged that they trace descent from Goliath of Gath. Canaan was, of course, a son of Ham.

⁴Amarah means woman.

⁵Mohamed is my servant.

RUSHING MIGHTY WIND

By E. D. L.

“Desire power ardently”, runs the mystic aphorism ; yet “that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men”. Not in spectacular ordeals, but in subtle trials is the testing carried out, a truth which is well illustrated in the following biographical fragment.

POWER has been defined as the ability to achieve one's purpose, and all down the ages its possession has been the outstanding desire of mankind.

Is it our birthright as Children of God, or a lure to tempt us from the strait and narrow way? This is a problem of such supreme importance to the individual soul that a close consideration of the subject is very well worth while, particularly at this time, when it would seem that the world is being spiritually tested.

In occult writings it is frequently stated that all testings had to be undergone three times, in the old Mystery Schools, before fresh initiations were permitted, and Mark Antony, in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, says of the latter :

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse.
Was this ambition ?

The following is an account of three such inner testings in modern times, a study in variety of temptation, given in the words of the Pilgrim on the Path to whom they were accorded.

“I was reading one day a book of philosophy which took considerable concentration to understand, when I presently became aware of what I can only describe as a separate stream of thought processes, apart from and deeper than the normal consciousness, which was still attending steadily to the subject of the book.

“Apparently my innermost self was being given a choice. I could have complete success in the way of my ambition. I could rise to the most supreme achievement. Nothing could stay

my progress : fame, wealth, popularity, all these could be mine, were already in my grasp. There was a tremendous realization of power beyond all words to describe—glorious, magnificent !

“Yet this strange inner me turned instantly from this panorama of glory, and without a moment of hesitation chose the alternative, which seemed to be a way of darkness and obscurity, of sacrifice and pain :

“‘I choose the way of love and service, please,’ I seemed to hear myself say.

“Then this dual consciousness merged again into one and the ordinary self took possession in an abandonment of despair, for it had not seemed that there was anything wrong about the first way. Both ways seemed perfectly right and honourable, but one was a way of light and joy, and the other of darkness and sorrow. Nevertheless I knew that the decision was irrevocable, the sacrifice already made.”

Now, since an honest ambition is altogether legitimate and even laudable, it is curious to note how the “Inner Self” made the renunciation without any hesitation. Turning to the New Testament one finds a parallel case :

And the devil taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them : for that is delivered unto me ; and to whomsoever I will I give it.

If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine. (Luke iv, 5-7.)

All this power . . . and the glory of it . . . if thou wilt worship me. ME ! SELF ! Thus the lower self, or the devil, sets its snares to lure the aspiring soul from the strait and narrow way—the path of service and sacrifice to that of glorification of self !

Some two years later came another testing on the use of power of a yet more subtle nature.

“My people were on the verge of financial disaster,” so runs the record ; “it was as if we were hanging right over the edge of a precipice, and the strain was terrible. Blow after staggering blow fell upon us, until it seemed we could bear no more, yet there was more to come.

“I could hear my brother speaking on the telephone in the

next room, and I knew from the tones of his voice that some fresh calamity had befallen. Quite involuntarily there rose to my lips the words of an "Occult Affirmation" which I had somewhere read, and apparently forgotten. With the words, there leapt to life again that tremendous realization of power. I knew, without any shadow of doubt, that I could use this power to break the forces of evil that were overwhelming us, could overthrow them with no more effort than that of raising a hand. I knew in that instant that 'All power was given unto me'.

"Then, as I paused, thrilled by the realization of that most amazing power, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear: 'It is not for yourself. It is only for them—your dear ones. Think of your aged parents, and the suffering you can save them. Think of your child, his future. Think of your brothers and their families. Think of them all, not of yourself. It can't be wrong to use power to help others, even if it is wrong to use it for oneself. . . .'

"Almost I had yielded, deceived by this subtle reasoning, when that inner, intuitive self cried out with a loud and urgent voice: 'It can NEVER be right to use power for one's own purposes, not even for others, not even for those one loves most. Not even to save them from seeming disaster. You do not know what is best for them. Leave them to GOD. He knows what they need. There is *no right way* except the way of utter surrender.'

"'THY will be done, for them, for me!' I cried, and drowned temptation in a flood of prayer."

So the power and the glory died away and the forces of darkness seemed to prevail. But even as the glory faded there came to the Pilgrim what seemed a distant memory of a time long ago, when she had failed over this same test, bringing apparent relief but ultimate disaster on herself and those whom she was trying to save.

When the desire for self-glorification has been overcome, this is the greatest temptation remaining, to use power to help and protect others, and yet we have to learn that even this is wrong and dangerous—a violation of the sacred rights of another soul. For God could Himself save us all from pain if it were good that it should be so, and since He does not, neither may we dare to usurp His power to keep even one soul from its needful experience.

The third test was so slight that its very triviality almost enabled it to slip past the Pilgrim's guard. Just a little personal desire for a much-needed holiday with the only child whom she had not seen for a considerable time : a happy opportunity that a wealthy relative could easily have given.

"I awoke in the night," she writes, "and began to occupy myself by praying for various friends and relatives, especially for an aunt who was very wealthy and could have helped me but never seemed to think of it. Gradually it seemed as if my thoughts had linked themselves with hers. I felt that I was influencing her, that she was responding to the suggestion of sending me the money for the holiday I wanted so much. Already she had begun to plan a letter to me making the offer, when in a flash it became clear to me what it was that I was doing, descending to what the Christian Scientists call "Mental Malpractice", dominating the will of another for selfish ends. In almost frantic haste I broke the connection of our thoughts, terrified lest it be already too late, and felt the power gradually die away, until I fell asleep, thanking God that I had been saved from yet another snare.

"It was some considerable time afterwards—on Whitsunday 1936—when at Communion, praying for the whole world's needs with great intensity, I felt that same tremendous power again. But now I had learnt my lesson and would have drawn back, had not a voice—it might be the voice of my own inner self—cried out, 'Call the Power down.' Is it right? I cried for guidance. But again the voice insisted, 'Call the Power down.'

"Now I hesitated no longer, but gave prompt obedience, for I knew it was the voice of Wisdom which urged. Lifting up my heart in joy, I called the power down. It rushed upon me, even as a mighty wind, and pouring through me swept on to all in the church, and beyond, throughout the world, to whomsoever would receive it."

Power is everywhere, and there is no doubt that we can, if we dare, attract it to ourselves, even as a lightning-conductor attracts the lightning, and use it for our own purposes ; but unless we are purified of self-desire, unless we are only seeking the will of the Highest, we endanger ourselves and others by its use and take upon ourselves a very serious responsibility which is not legitimately ours, because only the supreme Wisdom knows what is

necessary for each individual soul. Not dominion over others, but complete self-mastery, is the desirable goal.

Dare we, then, seek for power? Not for self-glorification, however laudable the ambition in itself, not to interfere in the lives of others, even to give them what we think is for their good, not to gratify even the most innocent want, but only as channels for the almighty force to be used as God wills for universal service.

Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with Power from on High. (Luke xxiv, 49.)

BOOK REVIEWS

MY LADY CAME. By Frances C. Whittaker. Cr. 8vo. pp. 288. London: Rider & Co. Price 7s. 6d.

"STEADFAST" and "Frail", twin units of a duality in unity, are sent to earth to learn through bitter experience the lessons of human incarnation. As separate personalities, they meet as man and woman, only arriving at mutual recognition of their affinity after many wanderings, misunderstandings, temptations and trials.

The protagonists of the plot are brought together in a thrilling and arresting climax, which it would be unfair to divulge to the prospective reader. Suffice it to say that when the Rev. Mother Superior of the Church of Sacro Cuore received into her care the victims of a frightful carriage accident, she little realized what a part she was playing as an agent of Providence.

Naturally there is much discussion throughout the novel of the theme on which it is based—the doctrine of twin souls—though the story is not excessively loaded in this manner. The hypothesis of reincarnation also receives its meed of attention; while the visit to Venus in a vision is by no means the least interesting chapter of the book. A novel with a "different" atmosphere, which takes the reader off the beaten track.

LEON ELSON.

CLOTHED WITH THE SUN. By Anna Kingsford. *Demy* 8vo. 3rd Edition. London: J. M. Watkins. 7s. 6d. net.

A COLLECTION of the visions, inspirations, and revelations of Anna Kingsford which should find a place of ready access among the books of every student of the teachings of this famous seeress, whose exposition of esoteric Christianity will live after lesser works have vanished into the limbo of forgotten things.

H. S.

PREPARING FOR KUNDALINI

By HELEN MARY BOULNOIS

(Author of *The Law of Being, Mystic India, etc.*)

At the core of every form of manifested life, no less than in the human, the Power which sustains the world has its secret spring ; and in man the work of the Divine Speirema, or Kundalini, is ever shrouded in a veil of mystery. Fragments of that secret lore, gathered from the sacred writings of many lands, are, in this article, knit together into an essay on the Holy Power which draws us ever Godward.

"Nothing can resist the power of his [man's] will, when this will, moved by divine love, principle of all virtue, acts in accord with Providence."—Fabre d'Olivet.

KUNDALINI, the Serpent Power, is spoken of as *that which is coiled* by the devout Hindu ; for he refers to the Divine Cosmic Energy hidden to consciousness, asleep in all. Once aroused within man this energy uncurls, rises in silent strength, swiftly and surely as a snake, flashes through interior nerve-centres, lighting forces, stirring faculties, illuminating endeavour.

There is a spring of secret life lying dormant in each human being.

One may look at a sleeping child and wonder how far and high undeveloped potentialities may cause him to reach and achieve ; yet it is not only to ordinary action, latent in every babe, to which this word *Kundalini* applies (though doubtless all capacity would be reinforced), since Serpent Power continues to take up at the point where the average man's normal activities cease to function ; for this vital urge, this inward electricity stored in all, awakens yet further possibilities in man by putting him in direct touch with the One Mind evolving the universe. Unconsciously the ant and the bee blindly obey the behests of the Creator, creating all. With eyes opened to wider horizons, with brain-power increased to larger issues, man (even if he would) cannot return to the certain communication of dumb instinct. Would he again be lit by All-Wisdom, he must attain still higher level by constant endeavour.

By no power of his own could he retreat from the knowledge of good and evil already acquired, nor would any living being desire

to do so ; though it is true that gross appetite and evil thinking darken the clear perception of good ; therefore the first step must be to use the knowledge already within him. He must repudiate evil, for it is to be remembered that *Kundalini* of itself is not solely *Prana* or God-Force. The word signifies "giving life to livingness". Even if pure God-Force gives the urge, that urge through man must penetrate the thickened veil of matter and thus immediately blend with inherent qualities, endowing these with astral force, with etheric flame. Therefore nothing should remain within to be energized, lit, fused, that be not clean, high, selfless as the Source of life-energy that the seeker strives to contact. He should grow quietly in hourly practice not only in deed but in thought of good. Mercifully the Serpent generally remains coiled in slumber until no lower self seeks to rise.

Before all else it is necessary to purify. Not only gross appetite should be swept away, but thought should be sweetened, widened, and above all be consciously controlled and directed by the "Illustrious Charioteer", within the seeker's self. All the commandments beginning "Thou shalt not" should be implicitly obeyed even in the inmost heart. Ambition, self-seeking of any kind should be surmounted. Gifts are to be used to the Glory of God ; as the Glory of God alone, as He wills, when He wills. Fire is to be awakened. No pretty flame to infuse a personality, to light a gift, to increase a conceit ; but steady, unquenchable burning. "For our God is a consuming fire."* Any dross, any inflammable matter in the seeker must necessarily be the first to be consumed.

"Take me, make me, break me, if it be Thy Will," should be the prayer, the inward and most ardent desire before this power of renewed life be fully awakened.

Makendranath Sircar writes : "Upasana [contemplative meditation] conveys, therefore, the sense of complete melting of our former being and a remoulding of it in divine harmony. . . . It transforms human activism into divine impelling and adjusts the relation of life."†

The driving, all-understanding, compassionate Love-Force of the universe may, if it will, thus be loosened in the seeker's own being. By slow attainment can the Sadhaka think truly "of the great Ocean of Nectar in his heart",‡ and in this clear thinking become the "mother of all and not the child of any".§

* Hebrews xii, 29.

† *Hindu Mysticism*, chap. xv, p. 228.

‡ *The Serpent Power*. Arthur Aralon, chap. vi, p. 221.

§ *Ibid.* p. 228.

To meditate. . . . Many learn to know the meaning of this beautiful verb—setting a river of peace flowing in the seeker's inmost being, bearing him away from tension, toil, and friction into the quiet assurance of the presence of God.

Can we rest the body, restore the mind and fill the spirit ?

Is it possible to know oneself one with universal life, one with the urge, push, and energy of every blade of grass, sparrow, rain-shower, steam-engine, world evolution and the man hammering across the street ? Can one cease to think of God but feel Him ? Should the seeker attain to this high point he returns to his usual round refreshed, renewed, recreated, finding his thought clarified, the next action indicated, filled with new and joyous spring of life.

Can it be worth while to study these matters and daily lay aside certain moments to liberate the centre within ourselves by making connection with the One Centre, whence radiates all ?

For there is a spot of central balance and equilibrium, of safe poise and peace within each one of us, where can be met the self who looks on ; but even in looking on may be wounded, hurt, stricken if no comrade, no All-knower can reach with aid and comfort.

The first impulse generally in trouble is to look for help from outside. A friend, a relation or . . . God ; but even the Supreme is expected to answer—and immediately—with outside assistance and alteration ; for there are many to whom God remains an exterior Ally, Who can alter and push things into place from superior might and altitude.

Such thinkers are partially right ; but all alteration must come within through that invisible thread, the one urge, rush, life sustaining the universe as beads are held upon a string.

Can the seeker cease to be a bead and for a few moments become the string ? It is true he has to attain a supra-mental height to do it. (It is not intellectuality that will bear him there, nor stubborn force of will. It was said of little children, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven".*) It is equally true that if he achieves he makes his own life more smooth, sane, and serene, treading paths that open out before him with greater surety.

But in the crush of busy life how can time and poise be found for meditation ?

* St. Matthew XIX, 14.

Schools of thought-training have arisen—many of them helpful to the conscious control of thought. Certain exercises should be undertaken. Vagrant thought should be detected, labelled, used only in its rightful place, for it has a place. Exercises for control should include persistent thought upon one given subject.

Take, for example the rose, dwell on it with the mind's eye. During five consecutive minutes at least, roses alone must occupy mind and remembrance. Roses in gardens, in literature, as gifts, in painting, in life's drama, roses, and roses only, must be visualized, their perfume, colour, form, and fragrance renewed and enjoyed. Again the ocean offers wide scope for memory and imagination. Colours too, blue, green or scarlet may offer pleasant train of consecutive thought. Let the mind wander but the fraction of a minute, the exercise has failed and must be recommenced.

Such attention on abstract subjects may lead the seeker by gentle persistence in the sustaining of thought upon an ever more uplifting theme until he attains to *meditation*.

Should rain be a subject chosen—showers, mountain clouds, rain in streets, rain on the river may be imagined. Rain experiences can be lived again. Rain sorely needed and slowly seen, falling on parched ground, nourishing the earth. Now can be watched the process of moistening the thirsty soil, the swelling of seed and the glory of growth. The mind thus steadied upon prolonged inward beholding may reach the place of *contemplation*, and by slow process, apprehending the delight, the daily miracle of this happening, attain to *wonder*. This rare and childlike attribute (not given to all children) can widen and rise into *adoration*. The heart expands, the head ceases to work. Feeling reigns. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and . . . the King of Glory shall come in."*

Thus may rightly conducted thought lead away from arid drought of pressure and worry into veritable pools of beatitude.

Returning to face life's difficulties, the seeker finds proportion altered. If actual solution of the next problem still eludes him, the way is clearing, tension lessened. Renewed and strengthened, quiet assurance and inward peace assume rightful reign.

* Psalm XXIV, 9.

THE SUPERNORMAL SENSES OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By V. CHARLEMAGNE

The Psychic Faculties associated with the descending arc of Evolution may frequently be observed in animals, birds and insects. In mankind they are for the most part vestigial, only to be taken up again with the unfoldment of the powers of the Spirit, when the goal of Evolution is in sight.

THE strange awareness shown by animals and birds with regard to sense of direction, danger, and foreboding is of a supernormal nature.

Wild animals retain and exhibit greater hypersensitiveness than our domesticated pets—who tend to lose such faculties: but those who have great sympathy with either wild or tame animals can convince themselves of the extraordinary awareness even their pets have of phenomena outside the cognizance of the five senses.

Place the hand near to the back of a dog without touching him or permitting him to see one's action, and he will turn round sharply as if aware of the presence of something near, or is it that he feels his aura has been penetrated?

A dog howling at the coming of death, and instances of cats finding their way back home over a distance of some miles—in some cases after being transported away under cover—are further proof of their supernormal senses.

There is no need to emphasize the fact that the ancient Egyptians revered cats and took extreme trouble in mummifying them: nor the fact that cats frequented the temples and courts—proofs of the regard the ancient Egyptians had for these animals and possibly for their supernormal senses.

In every record where the psychic powers of a witch have been proved there has not been one instance wherein she had not a cat—a so-called familiar.

Horses become aware of impending danger and will often shy from crossing an unsafe bridge, well knowing that the bridge will

not bear more than a certain weight, even though to the human being it may seem sufficiently safe.

A similar sense of danger is shown by horses when lead to and persuaded to cross rivers where danger lurks.

The bush horse—one born in forest surroundings—seems to sense the danger of quick-sands in the bed of a river, and will refuse to enter the water, although there may not be the slightest indication of such danger from the bank. Yet at other places such horses will cross most willingly and without the slightest show of fear.

If rats which have been aboard a ship in port suddenly start to leave the ship en masse, it is held to be an infallible sign that the ship will not survive another voyage.

Animals in the desert sense water at a great distance and deer travel miles to a "salt-lick".

In the forests of Ontario, Canada, I have learned to know the meaning of the calls and howlings of timber-wolves, who range themselves upon the hills and give certain howls which are a never-failing prediction of coming storm, although it is often about twenty-four to thirty hours before the storm's arrival.

Bears, in particular, show proof of supernormal sense when preparing a den in which to hibernate. They never err in building their winter home of a thickness in accordance with the severity of the coming winter weather. So accurate they are in their judgment of the amount of snow that will fall that the Red Indians read the bears' signs and themselves prepare accordingly.

Macaque monkeys have a sense of knowing one's mood, even though one gives no outward sign. A happy mood will make them feel happy, when often they will talk in grunts and squeaks of pleasure. But should one be feeling upset or in a bad temper they will become quarrelsome.

Should any monkey or ape become possessed of a poisonous plant or berry, that cunning one will gaze at it, seem to sense (or psychometrize) it for a few seconds, then throw the poisonous thing away with a great show of apparent disgust; yet they greatly relish many kinds of herbs and berries, which they eat as though with a knowledge of their medicinal value.

Hunters and trappers tell of the ability of animals to know when a man is unarmed, just as they know when a man is carrying

a gun. Old and experienced trappers know that it is impossible to trap some animals by usual methods, for it has been proved that they are aware of set and hidden traps, though no scent of the "human" be there to warn them.

Bird fanciers have written a considerable amount on the subject of "homing" pigeons. The wonderful and important part the pigeons played in the Great War as messengers is well known and the records docketed in the archives of the war offices.

Vultures know when an animal or a human being is sick when crossing great tracts of land. These carnivorous birds will arrive from far across the horizon, and hover and wait near the sick one as though expecting death—and a meal.

Birds migrating to another land know immediately they reach suitable landing.

During migrating season geese fly so high that the infallible knowledge they exhibit in descending at just the right place must be a supernormal faculty.

All humans have these and other seemingly strange faculties, but in most of us such supernormal faculties are dormant. The so-called civilized man of today is inclined to think he will but retrograde if he departs from the conventional life: while really civilization (so called) only tends to obscure from him his true inheritance.

Ancient societies of "initiation" and of "spiritual development" and "prehistoric man" also possessed great knowledge of the workings of Nature. They followed their more hypersensitive "awareness" and possessed powers beyond our ken.

The teachings handed down to us from the "ancient wisdoms" are mere remnants of the heights man attained in mental and spiritual faculties; but signs of those once "natural" senses can still be observed in animals and birds and also in a few hypersensitive human beings. Some occultists believe that he will pick them up again, on a higher level of the evolutionary spiral.

BOOK REVIEW

WAR DANCE, A Study of the Psychology of War. By E. Graham Howe.
Cr. 8vo. pp. 304. London: Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d. net.

A WORK for those who prefer serious reading. Most significant is the author's declaration that "There are only two possible gestures about life . . . the closed fist and the open palm . . ." Symbolizing Communism and Fascism, the clash between which two extremes threatens all civilization?
LEON ELSON.

I AM PSYCHE

By ROBERT E. DEAN

A Fragment of Occult Teaching presented in the novel form of the First Person Singular. "I am Psyche" one of the immortals, but "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in a physical Body while I learn to solve the Riddle of Existence on this earth.

And such the sweet and solemn tale of her
The pilgrim heart, to whom a Dream was given.

Harvey's *Cupid and Psyche*.

I AM a bit of the mighty Soul of the World. I am a Spark of the Divine Spirit. I am an immortal Monad. I am Psyche, a Human Soul.

When did I begin? As well ask at what hour a whirling nebula was born or a glittering star first shone. For that which constitutes my essence has evolved for myriads of aeons through an unbroken cycle.

Evolved, ever upwards, through a chain of lower planets, lower kingdoms, and lower worlds. Evolved, yet ever keeping intact through all those existences that indestructible Individuality within which God chooses to manifest Himself to mortal consciousness.

Where did I begin? In Divine Consciousness, yet dwelling at intervals upon other, far-distant planets, where Matter is much less dense than upon the Earth. On Saturn, for instance, my body was almost vaporous, and my existence light and easy. There I saw other similar Beings, and was seen by them. Everything was filled with joy and splendour and charm, glorious enchantment, and divine music.

There, I neither thought nor reflected. I scarcely even willed, but simply Was—drinking in sounds, forms, and light—floating like a dream from a celestial life to a celestial death, and from that death to life again.

Passing from planet to planet in accordance with the Divine Plan, I finally became materialized. Here, in the teeming atmosphere of the gross Earth, I am encompassed by a material Body and accompanied by a Spirit.

Here, only through the Body do I live, breathe, and have my Being. Yet, captive and troubled, I am imprisoned between my two companions, Body and Spirit ; for, as Body developed, it felt within itself a quivering essence—that something, invisible and immaterial, which it terms its Spirit—its Conscience, if you will.

Yes, Mankind has an innate presentiment concerning his triple nature, for even in his instinctive language he distinguishes his Body from his Spirit and his Spirit from his Soul.

At times, Body submerges both Spirit and Soul. Yet, with the Body the Spirit and the Soul must both also stagger about in the blood-red mists of anger or roll in the sin-stained orgies of carnal pleasures. At those times I become terrified by the profound silence and seeming acquiescence of my invisible companion, the Spirit.

Yet again, attracted by and together with the Spirit, I rise to such lofty heights of thought that we can forget the very existence of the Body until a peremptory summons abruptly reminds us of its mundane existence and we must reluctantly descend to earth.

Thus, swayed to and fro in an eternal struggle, I oft seek in vain for the Happiness to be found only in Knowledge. In vain do I sometimes seek to find even Myself in the passing sensations and fleeting thoughts of the corporal world which eternally gyrates before me.

Realizing that nothing is eternal except Change itself, and troubled and tossed about like a leaf in a whirlwind, at times I have grave doubts even of Myself and of that Divine World which is revealed to me only by my own pain and the seeming impossibility of ever reaching it.

Why can not my Body—why can not all Mankind—realize that that something which is restless within itself, that something which it so uncomprehendingly calls its Soul, is truly an ethereal double of itself ?

Why, oh why can it not be realized that I am the organ also of the Spirit, its sensitive medium and instrument of active volition which through it animates the Body itself ? That Body which, after all, is merely a lump of clay, a clod in the Field, and would otherwise surely remain lifeless and dumbly inert were it not for my animating Presence.

Yet, that astral body, though far finer and much more perfect than the earthly body, is not itself immortal. The Spirit must itself have animation—oil within its lamp—and the motivating influence of the Spirit is the ever-living Soul—whether bestial or sublime, obscure or radiant, retaining withal the divine image of God himself.

This earthly existence is drawing to a close. I find my Body declining and withering with advancing age. The final hour approaches. My Body is about to die. I, Psyche, have a presentiment of my coming separation from the Body. I review my earthly existence in rapidly succeeding scenes of startling clarity, and sadly realize that life has been divided between material instincts and higher aspirations. I fear the result.

Exhausted life comes to a stop on the mortal brain. The Body dies. I become perplexed and confused. I altogether lose consciousness for an interval.

I finally awaken. I am in a state of semi-consciousness, as though in the torpor of a nightmare. No longer have I a material arm to stretch forth or an earthly voice with which to cry out. Yet I vividly remember the earthly existence and suffer for the sins committed therein, existing in a limbo of terrifying darkness and convulsing fear.

All that I care for is the Body from which I have been so suddenly detached, and for which I still feel an invincible attraction. It was for that Body I lived ; yet now what is it ? In gnawing fright I seek refuge in the stilled heart, in the icy fibres of the brain, and in the stagnant blood of the veins. There is no warmth. There is no response.

Is my Body really dead ? Is it disintegrating ? Horrified at the thought, I make frenzied attempts to see clearly, to grasp something tangible, to communicate with someone. I can dimly see ; yet, struggle as I may, I can grasp nothing ; I can communicate with no one. I am helpless, convulsed with fear. The numbing Fear of the Unknown. Darkness is all about. Chaos is within.

I now see clearly only one thing, and this Thing both irresistibly attracts and horribly repels me. It is the sinister, phosphorescent glow of my own cold, earthly tenement. The still, inert, disintegrating Thing which was formerly my cloak in this mundane sphere—my Body.

Anguished with fear, I dimly realize that this state of my existence may be prolonged—for months or for years, its duration depending altogether upon the strength of my past material instincts—the results of that past life—whether for Good or for Evil.

This terrifying phase has borne different names in different ages. Orpheus called it Erebus, Moses called it Horeb, and Christians sometimes call it Purgatory. The Greek Initiates identified this realm with the cone of shadow which the Earth trails behind it, and called it the Abyss of Hecate, that mysterious divinity who was the incarnation of Darkness and the Terrors of Night.

In these murky, fathomless depths, say the disciples of Orpheus and of Pythagoras, are tossed to and fro imperfect souls. They make desperate efforts to reach the haven of the Circle of the Moon, although the violence of the madly rushing winds beats them back to Earth by millions. Homer and Virgil compared these poor lost souls with whirling leaves, or swarms of blinded birds who had been maddened by the tempest.

I gradually become more clearly conscious of myself and of my new condition. In this dark Abyss of the terrestrial atmosphere, electric streams of irresistible force sweep me wildly hither and hither. Like fugitive flashes through a dense mist, I dimly perceive other inhabitants like myself.

I begin a desperate struggle to free myself from this earthly attraction and rise into the upper strata where I hope to reach my proper level—yet which I fear friendly guides alone can point out to me.

I struggle frenziedly for ages, and at long last a friendly guide arrives. In the reassuring comfort of his embrace, the Earth disappears as the phantom of an evil dream. As my winged conductor bears me away into the depths of space I am overcome with joy and fall into a delightful trance.

I awaken, refreshed, in the golden vale of an ethereal star, devoid of elemental atmosphere, where all is of a sensitive, exquisite nature. Luminous forms surround me like a sacred cult to initiate me into the wonderful Mysteries of this new Life.

Are they gods or goddesses? No, I find that they are souls like myself. And, wonder of wonders, their inmost thoughts beam

forth in their countenance. Here, Body is no longer the mask of the Soul, for the transparent Soul now appears in its real form, shining forth in the clear faith of unpolluted Truth.

I rejoice in the knowledge that I have returned to my divine Home. This mysterious Light in which I lave myself, which then emanates from me and in the glory of which is reflected the smiles of loved ones—this Light of Great Felicity is the Soul of the Universe, the Divine Stream, and in it I am vividly conscious of the Presence of God.

Quivering with delight at the call of the Masters, I spring forth into the Radiance from on High and seek to decipher the great poem of the Secret Word, and to understand what I can of the Symphony of the Universe.

Of my terrestrial existence I retain none but noble memories, leaving all other recollections to sink into that forgetfulness which the poets call the Waters of Lethe. From without the Universe, I seem to have returned to it. Cybele-Maia with deep and comforting assurance draws me to her bosom.

Here I reconstruct and develop my Ambition, my Dream—that dream which was for ever being broken and as often begun anew upon the Earth. Here I work it out in accordance with the Divine Plan, yet magnifying it a hundredfold.

The only real and lasting things of Earth, I find, were and are manifestations of the Spiritual—Beauty, Love, and Truth—for in them the crushed hopes of mortals may revive beneath the dawn of Divine Life and the dreary, gloomy sunsets of earth kindle into the rosy dawn of a New Day.

Although in my Body I loved only one short hour of pure and unselfish Beauty, Love, and Truth, that single pure note snatched from the discords of earthly life is here repeated in marvellous progressions and ever-ascending Aeolian melodies.

But, alas, I realize that perfect, eternal, heavenly life is the lasting reward only of the perfect and the most sublime of souls, and that all others must bow to and obey the Law; must undergo yet another trial and, if they will, attain a further degree of learning and of perfection.

My heavenly life is even now drawing to a close. A powerful force once again irresistibly attracts me to the struggles and the sufferings of Earth. This attraction, this desire is mingled

with a terrible dread and a mighty grief at leaving the Divine Life. But the time has come. The Law must be obeyed.

I bid a sad farewell to my companions. The tears of the blessed, the loved ones I am leaving, shower me like a heavenly dew, leaving in my consciousness the burning thirst of an unknown happiness. *This time I will not forget the Lesson.*

I feel a sensation of dizziness. I can no longer see my companions of Light. I am overcome. I awaken again in a dense atmosphere. With my guide, I am approaching the Earth—that vale of Birth, of Toil, of Sorrow, and of Death—yet, mayhap, also of Joy, of Life, and of Knowledge.

My winged guide points out to me the woman who is to give me physical birth. She bears within her womb the germ of a child, a child which will live only if I animate it. I come.

As I creep into that warm cavern I feel myself caught up. Between me and the Celestial Light is interposed wave after wave of red, rushing blood and tissues of yielding, yet all-enveloping flesh. I must not forget the Lessons of my past existences. *I must not forget . . . I must not.* Consciousness flickers and fades.

I awaken and stir, and after an interval of a few months a terrible convulsion compresses me as in the clasp of a giant. I struggle, but grow quiescent. A bloody surge tears me from the mother's body. The child is born a helpless, pitiful bit of earth, which cries aloud with fright, the echo of my fear.

My memory of those golden, celestial regions has returned to the occult depths of the great, all-enveloping Unconscious. It can be revived only by the development of Knowledge—by a knowledge and understanding of the Divine Plan and Purpose—that great, eternal Circle which alone reveals to Mankind the true meaning and purpose of Life, and of Death, and of Life again.

I am Psyche, a Soul. *I am Knowledge.*

BOOK REVIEW

THE SEVEN SYMBOLS OF LIFE. By Alan W. Watts. Buddhist Lodge, 37 S. Eaton Place, London, S.W.1. Price 1s.

A DELIGHTFUL essay on seven symbols which veil the fundamental verities of life. H. S.

A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

By E. M. PATERSON CRANMER

The dream of a synthesis of all the great world-religions is, in the view of the author of this essay, realized in the universal Bahai movement.

THE whole world is waiting for a renewal of the divine message. But few, save the very intuitive, the most profound of our thinkers, and those of simple, child-like faith among us, are aware that the message has already been given.

To some it produced a great upheaval of consciousness, a complete revolution of cherished ideals, an utter change in the self. To others it was a confirmation of their own deepest spiritual thought, a colossal authority to substantiate and strengthen the answer to the god-voices in their own hearts. To some it came, as so many great messages come, as a light in an hour of utter darkness and the desolation of a great sorrow. To the simple it came more as a benediction, a gentle dropping of peace into the waiting heart, a soft tranquillity as beautiful as the unveiling of rose-red dawns or the stillness of the moon reflected in deep waters.

Today, in the hearts of most of us, there is an inner urge that longs for fulfilment, a desire towards a greater spirituality than we have yet known, together with a repudiation of the very thing we seek, that is at least as it exists in the more orthodox expressions of the day. The old world of dogma is crumbling, but we feel that we have nothing to put in its place.

Science? The patient seeker after Truth, whose own dearly loved ideals are very often smashed in the very search ("clear-visioned though it break you"), stands, a magnificent figure, in the community. But Science is only for the few. Spiritualism? Spiritualism, in its highest sense, the earnest seeking for a spiritual communion *for its own sake*, is good, but again this path is only for the few. The majority is neither scientifically trained nor has the spiritual capacity to perceive truths presented in such a form. The artist, perhaps, has the truest apprehension of spiritual truths, but real artistic perception is so rare in the community that the artist's message is often necessarily confined to the artist.

Theosophy, a truth containing divine truths, appeals to the comparatively few intellectuals in the community, whilst to those of a contemplative turn of mind there is, of course, Yoga. The Christian Science conception, that everything in existence is good, and evil purely a negation of good, is a high conception, but again is only reserved for a section of the community. These are all the expressions of truth—but only partial truth. The world needs a Universal Religion that will include all these partial truths in Truth itself, and at the same time will answer the needs of all those who form the mass mind, the mind of the man in the street.

The Bahai movement, its great Prophet Baha'u'llah, started in Persia, and was heralded by a young and ardent religious reformer, Mirza Ali Mahommed. His teaching was regarded as a menace to the prevalent Mahommedan religion and he was executed at Tabriz in 1850. He was succeeded by the great Prophet of Bahaim, Baha'u'llah, who proclaimed himself as the bearer of a great and new revelation to mankind. He was thrown into prison, his house sacked, his possessions confiscated, and his wife and family driven from home. His imprisonment lasted for over twenty-five years.

The Bahai religion stands for the unity of all religions, and teaches that the foundation of all Truth is one. The principles are as follows :

1. The independent investigation of truth.
2. The oneness of mankind.
3. International Peace.
4. Religion must conform to science and reason.
5. Prejudice must be for ever banished.
6. Equality of Sexes.
7. The Social Plan.
8. The Parliament of Man.
9. Universal Education.
10. Universal Language.

Is this a faith that will combine the religions of the East and West ? Certainly. The time for that union is now come. It is remarkable how, in the last few years, the Science of the West and the Occult Wisdom of the East seem to be arriving at the same conclusions, although by entirely different methods of approach and investigation.

For centuries the East has been studying the resources of the inner self, whilst the West, until comparatively recently, has confined its investigation to the outer universe. Both have been engaged in exactly the same search but the search has been limited by its method and only partial in its results. What the world really needs is a gospel of "inspired action" (I borrow the phrase from Paul Brunton, author of *A Search in Secret India*), or, as I myself would express it, the gospel of tranquillity maintained in action.

The cultivation of the inner self is useless unless it has some result in the world of activity. Contemplation rightly directed has its own high results. The contemplation of self for the needs of self and through the medium of self will be coloured and obscured by the veils of personality—that is, conscious personality. But to get beneath that personality will be to get to reality, to the soul itself, and what the soul utters is unerringly right.

The teaching of this new religion (or rather the restating of the divine truths in the old religions, combined with this latter-day revelation) must necessarily include both Eastern and Western thought, otherwise it has no claim to be a Universal Religion. All the world religions live within it. The teaching includes paths for the East and West. The men and women who find contemplation the only way to spirituality, and whom I will roughly describe as followers on Eastern lines of thought, will find exquisite confirmations of their own inner beliefs in the following passages :

With the hands of power I made thee and with the fingers of might I created thee, and in thee have I *placed the essence of My light*. (Italics mine.)

Contrast this with the saying of Jesus : "The kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Be thou content with it and seek naught else, for My work is perfect and My command is binding. . . . (*Hidden Words*, Baha'u'llah.)

Thou art My lamp and My light is in thee. Get thee light therefrom and seek none other than Me, for I have created thee rich and bountifully favoured thee. (*Hidden Words*, Baha'u'llah.)

. . . *Turn thy sight unto thyself, that thou mayest find Me abiding in thee, mighty, powerful, and self-subsisting*. (Italics mine. From *Hidden Words*, Baha'u'llah.)

The following is a passage which should be a comfort to those who seek belief in personal immortality :

Thou art My dominion and My dominion perisheth not, wherefore fearest thou thy perishing ? Thou art My light and My light shall never be extinguished, why dost thou dread extinction ? Thou art My glory and My glory fadeth not : thou art My robe and My robe shall never be outworn. . . . (*Hidden Words*, Baha'u'llah.) . . . Forget all else but Me and commune with My Spirit.

And again :

A servant always draws near unto Me with prayers, until I respond unto Him. And when I have responded unto him, then I become his ear wherewith he heareth. . . . For the Owner of the house becomes manifest in His house, and the pillars of the house are all illumined and effulgent through His light. (*Bahai Scriptures*, Bahai New York Publishing Committee, N.Y.)

For the practical life that confronts most of us in the West, who are forced by external conditions to live almost entirely in the world of action, there is another teaching, which one might call a specific teaching for the West. The attitude that we now hold towards work must be entirely changed. Man's work must be inspired by the motive of service to humanity, which includes, of course, those we love and who are dependent on us. In order to attain to this state of mind, we of the West must experience an entire change of heart. In the Bahai message there is also a specific solution of the economic problem that confronts us all today.

It is made incumbent on every one of you to engage in some one occupation, such as art, trade, and the like. We have made this—your occupation—*identical with the worship of God*. (Italics mine. From the *Bahai Scriptures*.)

Every soul who occupies himself in an art or trade—this will be accounted an act of worship before God. (*Bahai Scriptures*.)

Man should know his own self, and understand those things which lead to loftiness or abasement, to shame or to honour, to affluence or poverty. After man has realized his own being and become mature, then [material] means are required. (*Bahai Scriptures*.)

. . . The man who makes a piece of notepaper to the best of his ability, conscientiously concentrating all his forces on perfecting it, is giving praise to God. . . . This is worship ; to serve mankind and minister to people's needs. Service is prayer. (*Bahai Scriptures*.)

Man must work, and in that work show the qualities of God and thus do good. His work, both material and spiritual, must reveal what he himself is. By his arts, sciences, inventions, all of his work, man *must reveal his highest capacity.* (Italics mine.)

Here is the passage that summarizes the teaching of East and West, and might be called an East-West gospel.

Although a person of good deeds is acceptable at the Threshold of the Almighty, yet it is first "to know" and then "to do". . . . By faith is meant conscious knowledge, and second the practice of good deeds.

Know thou verily, the brilliant realities and sanctified spirits are likened to a shining crescent. It has one face turned toward the Sun of Truth, and another face opposite to the contingent world. The journey of this crescent in the heaven of the universe ends in becoming a full moon. That is, that face of it which is turned toward the divine world becomes also opposite to the contingent world, and by this both its merciful and spiritual, as well as contingent, perfections become manifest. (*Bahai Scriptures.*)

Do not pray all the time ; when will you act ? Do not work all the time ; when will you pray ?

BOOK REVIEW

A LAMP IN THE WINDOW. By Ethel Field Foster. De Vorse & Co., Publishers, 843 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Price \$2.50.

THE unfamiliar spelling is probably due to the fact that the book is American, but when the French word "Académie" is Americanized into "Acadamie" we cannot repress a shudder.

The story concerns a person called, indiscriminately, "Anne" or "Little Anne". Neither seems human. When she goes off to Los Angeles "in late summer" (!) to find a haven and hide her head until after her baby shall be born, she is glad to find lilacs are blooming.

And why should John—the upright and honourable—have seduced her when there was no bar to the marriage of either of them ? In a novel, events, no matter how startling and unlikely, should possess the quality of *appearing* natural. Here a sense of impossibility persists throughout the book. The characters are made of cardboard. The circumstances are woven from a poverty-stricken fancy.

R. E. BRUCE.

PILGRIMS ON THE WAY

By R. E. BRUCE

A delightful Fragment echoing that "Call from Afar" which from time to time stirs every human Heart, and the gentle persistence of which at long last will draw all men to Realization of the Divinity within.

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We sink into a very dream of wonder, of beauty, of content. It is mystic, incomprehensible . . . For there is here no war, no sorrow, no weariness, nor worry, nor any of the great terrors of the world. We float in a mist of ecstasy in which there is no today, no tomorrow, and no might-have-been. There is but this all-pervading and wondrous Now in which we live with spirit poised as it were midway between earth and heaven . . . all-seeing . . . all-knowing . . . and all-perfected. Out of the very depths we wander into the very dwelling-place of God.

Ever more and more the great Silences enfold us.

It is but our outer shell that is here, on which men gaze in wonder.

Our earth-born spirits are earth-bound no longer. We soar from height to height . . . the spirit of our soul is freed.

The world calls, and we return . . . but not as we have been.

That has come to us which, no matter how far we may wander, or how low we may sink, can never be effaced. It is eternal. Unforgettable.

We have entered the Way. One foot is set along the Path—the Path that leads to God. All nature, life, and people seem to turn their faces towards us, to help us on our journey. Life is simplified. We live in an enchanted world.

We have risen above suffering, fear, and pain.

At last we are in rhythm and harmony with the universe, and have reached that heaven which is within.

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We think no more for tomorrow than do the lilies of the field. Today is here. Life becomes an enchanted thing.

We have all, even the lowest of us, at one time been possessed by some such dream. For one exquisite instant we have recognized love, truth, beauty, harmony, and peace.

But we cannot perpetuate the moment.

Reaction comes, and with it something like despair.

Earth and heaven and time and space, which were swallowed up in one eternal Now, rise once more into our reluctant consciousness. The material world drags us back to surface things, when we yearn to live beyond and above its clinging tentacles. The spark within us droops—dies down. Eating, drinking, clothing, earning a living resume that place in life which we imagined they had for ever lost.

How can we keep soul, mind, and heart fixed steadfastly on God when all around is the busy, restless, clamouring world? At last we cease to ignore the insistent whisper from afar, and sink back to the humdrum materialism of our former existence.

But not for long. Again the spirit beckons. And once we have tasted of its wondrous joy we can never utterly return to that which we have been. Up and down we soar and sink.

Many have perseverance and fortitude. Few have courage. And infinite courage is needed if we are to live the true spiritual life.

To work steadily, honestly, and well, to arrive punctually every morning, and close the office door carefully as we leave at night is not enough. Do not even materialists do the same? Arduous efforts are necessary, not only to stabilize and consolidate the ground we have won, but to advance. For there can be no standing still. Nature's law is inexorable. Advance we must or suffer retrogression.

The Path entails service. Without it no man can be the servant of God. Those mainly or wholly interested in themselves can be neither God's servants nor realize happiness or contentment. And this is the very argument some people use against life on the Path. "Is it not the height of selfishness," they ask, "to think and work only for personal salvation and spiritual stature?"

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Happily, these two statements are in direct conflict. No one can actually tread the Path and be self-centred at the same time. But many spurious imitations of the Path exist, where selfishness and self-centredness sprout, grow and flourish. There is formalism, the dependence on rites and ceremonies, the slavish following of a Church's tenets, the belief that prayers, candles and genuflections will lead to God. All these are valueless as proofs. *For spirituality is not a set of opinions, but a way of life.* A truism which cannot be too often repeated.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven," said Jesus.

The unbeliever will say, "But I don't believe these things. How can you prove to me that they are true?" The answer is, "Through your own experience." The Yogi says, "Do not believe what I say, but *do* what I say. Then, when you have yourself experienced that which I say you will experience, you will believe that which I have said." This is literally true.

When we have no faith, the start is difficult.

But deep down in every soul, however cynical and disbelieving, however deeply buried, lies the latent spark of a desire for good. To brood on this spark, to fan and tend it, means that life will imperceptibly change and improve. Some call this spark conscience, others the higher self, the oversoul, the intuition, or even the Voice of God. Names do not matter. Most people acknowledge its existence. It is that which, more than anything else, differentiates us from "*the beasts that perish*".

No royal road exists to knowledge of God, any more than to knowledge of arithmetic. To learn by practice is the only way.

Immortality is not common to all.

BOOK REVIEW

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT. By C. J. Ryan. Cr. 8vo. Pt. Loma, Calif., U.S.A.: Theosophical Press. \$2.50.

A RECORD in which the work of W. Q. Judge for once receives adequate recognition.

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THE SPIRAL OF TIME

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

SIR,—The title chosen for the article by R. E. Bruce, "The Spiral Flux of Time", conveys a first impression which is not borne out by the contents of the contribution in question. "Flux" implies a dynamic characteristic-movement; whereas the purport of the essay, as it appears to me, is to the effect that the changes which we call Time are movements in that basic Reality which is Eternity; and Eternity is static, changeless, beyond the limitations of Time and Space as they appear to normal consciousness. See OCCULT REVIEW, p. 59: "In reality Time does not change. It is we that change."

Faithfully yours,

LEON ELSON.

(The original title selected by the Author, "Fluidity of Time's Spiral", in spite of its length, certainly better expresses the meaning of my Contributor; though the article itself leaves no doubt as to what the writer had in mind. Personally, however, we do not consider that Time is changeless: changelessness is a characteristic of nothing less than Eternity.—ED.)

BOOK REVIEW

THE ANGEL TEACHING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Edward Langton, B.D., F.R.Hist.S., M.R.A.S. London: James Clarke & Co., Ltd. Price 5s.

THIS book is more for religious students than for those interested in occultism, although a deeper study of true religion cannot be separated from occultism because it touches the hidden meaning of the revelation of God.

Studying the hidden meaning of things brings us into contact with angels and then we know by experience what they are. Till that time arrives we must be content with such good books as this one, which should be in the hands of all serious students.

L. B.

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UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

IF God indeed "created man in his *own* image", then may it with equal truth be stated that man has ever since endeavoured to fashion his Maker like unto himself. Not only have different peoples, with varying religious beliefs, pictured in the past their Creator in many shapes and invested Him with a host of attributes, but in actual fact it has now come to this: each one of us who worships a Supreme Being entertains a personal conception of the Deity, modified to suit his individual tastes.

The early Israelites recognized lawfully only one God; hence, as pointed out by Dr. Frederick A. M. Spencer, in *The Future Life*, communications with the spirit-world were denounced; the name for the departed, *elohim*, used by the Witch of Endor to Saul, explaining "why necromancy was treated as disloyalty to the Lord Jahwe".

In the Vedic age of Indian literature one finds the Hindu priest supporting henotheism, which is really the worship of one deity under many forms; also, such is man's love of complexity, heaping up ritualistic practices. There have always been, of course, from time to time, revolts against this "gratuitous multiplication of entities", to adopt Occam's phraseology. Thus Sankara Acharya's appeal of *ekam evadvitiam* and *tat tvam asi*; his plunge to the other extreme; and the call of Buddha to Nirvana—beyond the gates of the senses, within. So the Upanishadic teachers, observes Kovoov T. Behanan, had for the popular religion of gods and sacrifices merely veiled contempt. "The priests were satirically represented as a procession of dogs, each holding the tail of the one in front and saying: 'Om! Let us eat! Om! Let us drink. . . .'"

However, to seek the Kingdom of Heaven *within oneself* appears to most people too difficult a task; paradoxically, because of its veritable simplicity. And since for some folk one heaven is not good enough, many have in course of time been evolved; filled with myriads of angels. Basilides, in the use of the word "Abraxas", advanced the belief that between this earth and the empyrean extended no less than three hundred and sixty-five heavens: one for each day of the year?

Mention of the mystical word brings us to the point we wish to make; that, as an outcropping of priestcraft and the worst elements of orthodoxy in religion, there still persists in the realm of Occultism this craze for plurality, multiplication, and elaboration. Particularly in ceremonial magic do the rotting twigs of lifeless forms continue to damp down the white flame of the Spirit.

Eliphas Levi is a signal example of the *soi-disant* occultist who, metaphorically speaking, festoons his body with magical symbols and kabalistic signs, and gives voice to mysterious utterances that are but incense upon the altar of his own pride. His greed for the display of ritual caused him to vacillate between the attractions of magic and the showy trappings of the Church of Rome. He served neither master well, spun

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with the bright web of his imagination as much confusion for himself as for the unwary fly. Writes Arthur Edward Waite, in his translation of Levi's *Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual* (Rider; 12s. 6d.): "As he loved occult theorems apart from occult happenings, so he loved Roman forms; and as he venerated the golden chain of imagined adeptship, so he venerated the notion of hierarchic teaching and believed firmly that those should rule the world of human thought who understood Latin doctrine and practice according to his own considered private judgment. He never left intentionally the Church of his childhood, but he defended it on his own terms. He died in the end fortified by its last Rites, and—under the paradoxical denomination of occult philosophy—his memorials are with us as an attempted eirenicon between modern thought and Roman doctrine which has never deceived anyone but possibly him who devised it."

Levi's documentation has, for the most part, more lustre than weight; he sees connections between facts that bear no relation to each other; his deductions are frequently as inconclusive as they are cunning. Much of his rambling disquisition upon the Kabalah, albeit original, is patently absurd; of the bulk of his comments respecting the Tarot cards the same may be said. His inaccuracies are manifold, error being supported by error; again and again he avoids the unravelling of some knotty point by promising to clear up the mystery later, and then conveniently having a lapse of memory and entirely forgetting to do so.

This materialist at heart and cynically-sceptical philosopher who ventured to dismiss God as a hypothesis which is "very probably necessary", is more pompously pretentious than any similar writer of our time; though, it must regrettably be admitted, we have with us yet some occult Bottoms who dream their fantastic dreams of adeptship, and who are sublimely ignorant of the ass's head which presses upon their own shoulders. Eliphas Levi, while "he defines Mysticism as the shadow and the buffer of intellectual light, and loses no opportunity to enlarge upon its false illuminism, its excesses and fatuities"—erects a shapeless and the flimsiest of fabrics upon the shifting foundation of his vivid imagination. Mr. Waite, with gentle but forceful erudition, explodes the pseudo-occultist's extravagant claims; his admirable and copious notes make the reading of this thick tome worth while. He skilfully amends all Levi's errors. Indeed, Waite has turned a sow's ear into a silk purse.

"In the case of a human being the zygote is about 125th of an inch in diameter," remarks Arthur W. Osborn, whose review of the evidence for continued existence, reincarnation, and mystical states of consciousness, entitled *The Superphysical* (published by Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 12s. 6d.), outlines a philosophy which provides a key to the meaning of life, upon which it sheds more intellectual light than Levi's *Transcendental Magic*, notwithstanding its mystical trend. Mr. Osborn proceeds to inform us that the zygote is a complex microcosm. "The cell multiplies by dividing into two; and the two become four; the four eight, and so on until in the human body it is estimated that there are over a thousand billion cells."

Herein, we surmise, lies the explanation of man's constant urge to pull things apart, split them up, and to create diversity. It is the first instinct

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of the child, as it is of the puppy. Without this scattering of the fire in sparks, this sprinkling of the water in drops, there could be no birth or growth of phenomena in space, no evolution in time. But, observes Arthur Osborn, the "universal unifying tendency manifests in us human beings as an egoic centre. The real unity, however, is the universal life or absolute, and our personal egos reflect, as it were, the unchanging unity of the infinite, and therefore bear the impress of immortality". Diversity there must be as an essential to progress. But as for a healthy organism the cells must be in harmony; thus must body, soul, and spirit be attuned. So, as we see it, the human being has to aim at unity in diversity, and it is this loss of the sense of wholeness in the insane attention to details, the forgetfulness of the One God in the adoration of His many images, which is the supreme folly of the modern world, as it was of the ancient. In a word, the Prodigal Son must return to his Father!

"Admittedly most religions are cluttered up with doctrine, formalism, or even sheer superstition," argues Arthur Osborn, "but the core of the religious feeling is that there exists the possibility of achieving a state of consciousness beyond the limits of normal time and space. . . . It is not a question of going out or turning inward, but of freeing yourself from that consciousness which knows itself as separate." He tells us, however, that in the East a man who has learnt to live above the pairs of opposites, whose consciousness has broken free from the illusion of egoic limitations, "realizes that all that he had been blindly seeking outside himself is really within". Undoubtedly the former statement is the more correct of the two, for ultimately "within" and "without" cancel each other in infinity; still, being conscious of the spirit linked with mind, in temporary relationship with one's physical body, it is natural to change the focus of one's thoughts from "without" to "within" when striving for unity with the Universal Spirit. Mr. Osborn affirms that "Mind and Matter are one in their origin, and are manifested forms of the fundamental unity, Life". Very ably he has proved, we think, his contention, in which he is in agreement with Spinoza; that things are seen under the aspect of Eternity.

J. C. McKerrow, author of *Evolution Without Natural Selection* (Longmans, Green & Co.; 1s.), holds the same view. He concludes the last of his three instructive and logically reasoned essays—upon Life as "Habit", The Emergence of Man, and The Evolution of Sapience—with the expression of his conviction that "the wise, by reflection or by varied experience, have long ago seen the folly, the insipience of allowing the life of the present to be conditioned by memory or by anticipation, have transmuted 'from everlasting to everlasting' into 'eternal' in the sense of 'unrelated to process'; have aspired to live as indifferent to their past and their future as lower animals, but to live in the present *sub quadam specie aeternitatis*".

The author of these essays rejects the hypothesis of natural selection as needless to a truly historical view of life, that which considers an organism to be the "habit" of its kind; "of that *negative* way of accounting for the forms of life by assuming an unlimited supply of variations, on the one hand, and eliminating forces on the other". Though he holds that the mechanist is perfectly justified in his attempt to give a completely physico-

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chemical account of live things and living processes, yet the mechanistic biologists ought to face the fact that their account is deliberately leaving life out of the reckoning. "What made chemical activity truly living," postulates this psychologist, "and embodied the living process in truly living individuals was its capacity to *continue through* a phase that would have meant *cessation* in an ordinary chemical reaction—the state of chemical equilibrium." Three fine essays, astutely reasoned, and revealing very uncommon sense.

"There is but one problem for humanity to solve—the problem of its own Self-Realization," is how Josephine Ransom starts her treatise on *Self-Realization through Yoga and Mysticism* (The Theosophical Publishing House; price not mentioned). The reference is, of course, to the "Over-self", of which Paul Brunton has recently written so wisely and so well, and not to the lower self, to escape from the tyranny of which is the prime purpose of the yogin. Many are the methods of obtaining this end; and those of the West, as this writer indicates, differ from this one only superficially. "It is clear," she writes, "that the stages of approach to God are very much the same in East or West, in ancient days or modern. The road to God lies in the human heart, or Self, and nowhere else. That is our true pilgrimage." Intended to set the feet of the beginner in this line of spiritual advancement upon the right path, her little book will adequately serve its purpose.

As modes of meditation are very similar in the East or West, so religious beliefs of primitive peoples closely resemble those of civilized races. Among the Omaha Tribe of Indians, for instance, according to Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum, as quoted by Hereward Carrington in *The Psychic World* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.): "Heaven is thought to be a place like this world. Each one enters heaven as he left this world; the adult is still an adult, the child a child. Friends welcome each other and relatives are united." Which at least coincides exactly with the teaching of Spiritualists. "There is said to be a succession of heavens, each one better than the preceding. . . . Each succeeding heaven is reached as was the first, the person dying in the heaven where he may be, and entering the next above him." Theosophists refer to "planes": where is the distinction?

Hereward Carrington, who can speak with authority as Director of the American Psychical Institute, after more than thirty-five years investigation of psychic phenomena has "become quite convinced of the reality of some super-physical world of some sort", and of the actuality of such supernormal phenomena. A cautious admission. But Mr. Carrington is an advocate of Psychical Research, a scientific investigator to his fingertips; he is not a Spiritualist, and draws a sharp line of distinction between Spiritualism and the former unbiased enquiry into a fascinating subject, which, because of its emotional attractions, is an easy road for fraud, illusion, and hysteria. "The credulity, superstition and nonsense which one encounters is simply amazing," Mr. Carrington generously grants "Yet," he adds, "the fault lies largely in the public, and not in the subject itself. We encounter the same sort of credulity, stupidity and sheepish belief in religion, politics, business—in every walk of life."

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The Path of Healing, by H. K. Challoner (Rider; 6s.), consists of meditations and instructions for self-healing; a series of treatments given, in the first place, to one who had been a sufferer for many years from an apparently incurable malady. Entirely successful in one instance, it is reasonably anticipated that they may prove so in many others.

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It is the principle of Separation, it should be understood, that is the root of all suffering; since suffering is caused by the struggle for supremacy between adverse elements of the Energising Principle, in their endeavour to obtain balance and mould themselves in harmony with the Divine Plan. "Everything proceeds in the first place from the Good; therefore everything has a spiritual value to the man who has learned so to attune himself to the Good that he can recognize and invoke the Good—or God—out of everything." Mr. Challoner is disposed to juggle with words, to adopt at times a rather precious style of writing; although what he presents is of excellent value he wraps it up in too much tissue of adornment.

Cyril Scott's latest book, *Doctors, Disease, and Health* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), suggests to one that there are more cures in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the average medico. This "Critical

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Auto-therapy versus commercial serum-therapy is discussed; potentization versus injection; modern bio-chemistry, homeopathy, osteopathy, etc. Cyril Scott is well informed on what he writes, and one feels that he is largely justified in his criticisms; yet he somewhat weakens the force of his arguments by the vigour of his attacks. In our opinion, the least convincing portion of his book is that treating of the occult aspect of health and disease. Many of the remedies proposed by Mr. Scott appear to be quite worth a trial; with regard to "the efficiency of urine as a remedial agent", though, we are positive that most decent-minded persons would reject the cure as worse than the disease. Attunement of body, mind, and soul to the celestial harmony is achievable along cleaner lines.

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Edited by Lady Barrett. With a foreword by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D. Longmans, Green, and Co., London, New York, Toronto. Price 7s. 6d. net.

WE must confess to a slight and unwilling prejudice against books of this nature. Proof is so difficult, self-deception so temptingly easy, besides the fact that most seem to be written in ungrammatical language, and often by unbalanced, hysterical women ready to swallow anything without shadow of proof.

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faculty, which is driven out of them, sometimes with harshness and ridicule, by their elders.

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An enthralling book, if read with an open mind.

R. E. BRUCE.

TELEPATHIE UND HELLSEHEN. By Dr. Alfred F. R. H. von Winterstein. Published by Frans Leo & Co., Leidschegracht 78, Amsterdam, Holland.

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L. B.

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