

THE  
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EDITED BY  
RALPH SHIRLEY

“NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI”

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# CONTENTS

## JULY

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 1
A RECONSTRUCTED WORLD . . . . .	<i>Scrutator</i> . . . . . 13
HOW MY BOOKS CAME TO ME . . . . .	<i>H. E. Sampson</i> . . . . . 25
THE INNER MEANING OF CHANTECLER. . . . .	<i>Jean Delaire</i> . . . . . 32
MRS. EDDY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: A RE- JOINDER . . . . .	<i>Frederick Dixon</i> . . . . . 39
A LIVING VAMPIRE . . . . .	<i>Dudley Wright</i> . . . . . 45
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 48
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 54
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 57

## AUGUST

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 65
PASCAL . . . . .	<i>Bernard O'Neill</i> . . . . . 74
THE HEALING-CUP OF NANTEOS . . . . .	<i>M. L. Lewes</i> . . . . . 82
THE SERENESS OF PREVORST . . . . .	<i>F. Leonard</i> . . . . . 88
DREAMS . . . . .	<i>Nadine de Grancy</i> . . . . . 96
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE . . . . .	<i>Franz Hartmann, M.D.</i> . . . . 102
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 105
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 113
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 117

## SEPTEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 125
PRIMITIVE SYMBOLISM . . . . .	<i>Scrutator</i> . . . . . 138
SCOTTISH CURING OR CHARM STONES . . . . .	<i>Harry Lockhart</i> . . . . . 147
MORE DREAMS . . . . .	<i>R. B. Span</i> . . . . . 150
REINCARNATION: A POEM . . . . .	<i>Herbert Farjeon</i> . . . . . 157
REFLECTIONS ON REINCARNATION . . . . .	<i>Meredith Starr</i> . . . . . 158
SNAKE WORSHIPPERS . . . . .	<i>A. M. Judd</i> . . . . . 163
THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM: PART II . . . . .	<i>Eva Martin</i> . . . . . 170
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 173
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 178
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 181

## CONTENTS

## OCTOBER

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 189
THE EVOLUTION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE DEVIL . . . . .	<i>G. Woollicroft Rhead.</i> . . . . 197
THE RITES OF ELEUSIS . . . . .	<i>P.</i> . . . . . 213
CAN REINCARNATION BE DEMONSTRATED? . . . . .	<i>Dudley Wright</i> . . . . . 221
SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES AND NUMBERS . . . . .	<i>W. J. Colville</i> . . . . . 228
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 233
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 238
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 243

## NOVEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 249
A SPIRITUAL AMAZON . . . . .	<i>Scrutator</i> . . . . . 262
THE CAT THAT SAW THE "GHOST" . . . . .	<i>G. Llewellyn</i> . . . . . 268
THEROPHRASTUS PARACELSUS . . . . .	<i>Franz Hartmann, M.D.</i> . . . . 273
THREE OF US AND TWO GHOSTS . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> . . . . . 283
THE MYSTICAL IDEAL AS EXPRESSED IN POETRY . . . . .	<i>W. L. Wilmshurst</i> . . . . . 286
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 294
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 299
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 303

## DECEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 309
THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF THE SO-CALLED DIVINING OR DOWSING ROD . . . . .	<i>Prof. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.</i> 326
S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL AND LEGEND . . . . .	<i>W. L. Wilmshurst</i> . . . . . 338
"THE WAY OF THE SOUL" . . . . .	<i>A. Audrey Locke</i> . . . . . 349
CHILDREN AND THE UNSEEN . . . . .	<i>R. B. Span</i> . . . . . 358
HERALD OCCULTISTS . . . . .	<i>Edith Ward</i> . . . . . 365
THE MERMAID . . . . .	<i>Nora Chesson</i> . . . . . 371
WOMAN AND MYSTIC DOCTRINE . . . . .	<i>A. E. Waite</i> . . . . . 372
THE GREAT RENUNCIATION . . . . .	<i>Eva Martin</i> . . . . . 377
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 383
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 392
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 396

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## Contents 252/2.10

### NOTES OF THE MONTH

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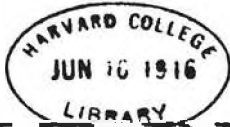
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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VOL. XII.

JULY 1910

No. 1

## NOTES OF THE MONTH

I AM returning once more in my Notes for the present month to the question of early Christian origins. It will be remembered that when last I wrote on this subject I dealt with the various forms of Gnosticism closely resembling Christianity which were in existence about the date of the commencement of the Christian era, and the remarkable similarities existing between Christian precepts, practices, and records, and those of various other non-Christian religions. I also attempted to show why it was that Christianity survived while other contemporaneous religious and philosophical sects passed into oblivion, and in doing so I emphasized the fact that although Christianity derived in one sense directly from Judaism, it was at the same time the heir to the religious thought of the Pagan world.

It has frequently appeared to me a very curious phenomenon that writers on the subject of Christianity, and on the subject of the life of the founder of the Christian religion, while criticizing much of the Bible narrative, and forming their own views as to the relative truth or falsehood of the incidents of that time, as narrated in the Gospels, have been content to draw their picture of the life of Jesus without attempting to show how

far they relied for their main facts on historical data, or how far they were merely accepting a selection capriciously chosen, according to their ideas of what seemed most probable or most plausible, from the somewhat contradictory tangle of the Gospel narratives. For those who take up the standpoint of the Higher Criticism it would appear that the first thing to be done should be to establish, as far as possible, reliable data, notably in the matter of the main facts and incidents of the lives of those most immediately concerned in the foundation of the Christian religion. This, however, in the vast majority of cases, the critics have been content simply to take for granted. Renan is perhaps the greatest sinner in this respect, but the rank and file of the erudite German critics are not much better. What, for instance, is the evidence we have got, outside the Bible narrative, to establish the fact that such a person as Jesus Christ ever really existed at all? What, in the second place, is the exact historical value of the Gospels and Epistles, from the point of view of the historical critic, in support of this assumption? These are points which one would have thought should be dealt with in the very forefront of the discussion, yet in most cases the critics leave them coldly alone.

Now, in order to clear away all misapprehension on the subject, it may be well to state definitely at the commencement of these observations, that, leaving out of account the Bible record, we have no proof positive that Jesus Christ ever lived at all, at least at the date given in the Gospel story. Perhaps to some this may not appear a very remarkable fact. They may consider that the lapse of time is so great, and the historical records so deficient, that incidents of however transcendent importance, might well have passed unrecorded in so distant and outlying a corner of the world as Palestine. In this connection, however, it must be borne in mind that wherever Rome held sway, civilization, and the usages of civilization, to a great extent, prevailed; that from all the provinces of the Roman Empire, Roman governors, Roman pro-consuls, or rulers subject to Rome, reported regularly to headquarters on all the most important events that took place; that, in addition to this, there were Jewish historians of repute at the time and immediately afterwards who wrote of Judæa and Jewish affairs. Only to name two prominent instances, there was Philo, who was an absolute contemporary of Jesus Christ, if



indeed Jesus lived at the time assigned to him, who wrote of these times, yet had apparently never heard of the Founder of Christianity. There was Josephus, who was born some half a dozen years after the assumed date of the death of Jesus Christ, whose father was therefore his contemporary, and who wrote fully of all matters Jewish, especially those pertaining to Jewish religion and Jewish religious sects, and who was himself for three years of his life a member of one of these mystical sects (very probably the Essenes). Josephus, however, leaving out of account one statement in his writings which is certainly a glaring and palpable forgery, ignores the whole Christian movement altogether, and this despite the fact that he was at Rome at the period at which St. Peter and St. Paul were preaching, as stated, each his own version of the Christian doctrine. Who, one may ask, more likely than Josephus, to seize upon the dramatic incidents of this great movement for a study in Jewish religious life and custom?

We are obtaining at the present day, thanks to the indefatigable investigations of our archæologists, corroboration from all quarters, of a number of the most dramatic incidents recorded in the Bible. Who does not remember, even from his earliest years of childhood, reading in the Bible of the overthrow of the army of Sennacherib before Jerusalem? Who does not remember reading, if not learning by heart, in the well-known lines of Byron, how—

HISTORICAL  
CORROBORATION OF OLD  
TESTAMENT  
RECORDS.

“ The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold ” ?

Does it not seem strange that of these incidents we have the fullest corroboration, even though the colour of the facts is somewhat modified, from the recovered records of ancient Assyria, while of the far greater and more momentous events which ushered in a new era of the world's destiny, the records of “ profane ” history are uniformly silent? Here, for instance, is the narrative translated from the cuneiform characters on the clay cylinder which records Sennacherib's own account of his expedition to Jerusalem, naturally enough the other side of the story to that given in the book of Kings:—

“ Six and forty of the fenced cities, and the fortresses, and the villages round about them, belonging to Hezekiah the Jew, who had not submitted to my rule, I besieged and stormed and captured. I carried away from them two hundred thousand and one hundred and fifty souls, great and small, male and female, and horses, mules, asses, camels, oxen and sheep without number. In his house in Jerusalem I shut up Hezekiah like a bird in a cage. I threw up mounds round about the city from which to

attack it, and I blockaded his gates. The cities which I had captured from him I took away from his kingdom and I gave them to Mitinti, king of Ashdod."

Not only, however, have we confirmation of the invasion of Palestine from Sennacherib's point of view, but the further Bible statement that the Assyrian king was slain subsequently by his two sons Adramelech and Sharezer is corroborated, as well as is also the succession to the throne of his son Esarhaddon, who fought and overthrew his patricidal brothers. The cylinder recording these latter incidents was found under the foundations of the great gate in the north wall of the city of Babylon, and is now safely guarded, with other priceless records, in the British Museum.

I give these facts at considerable length in order to show that other incidents in the Bible, in far darker ages of the world's history, have been fully substantiated by outside evidence. There is, therefore, no gainsaying the fact that it is a matter for extreme surprise that the facts, if facts they are, of which I am now writing, have not been also so corroborated. It is, indeed, one of the possibilities of the future that excavations in Egypt or elsewhere may throw light on this most perplexing problem, but so far the historian is bound to admit that they have failed to do so.

There are, however, certain definite, specific pieces of historical evidence bearing on the history of this period, and touching nearly the question of the main truth or falsity of the Bible records; and though a consideration of these may not lead us to form any absolute or definite conclusion, it is certainly important that they should be considered and carefully weighed by those who are interested in probing this most difficult question.

With regard to these evidences, the first point that strikes us is that for the whole of the first century of the Christian era, there is nothing to be found among the writings of any of the pagan authors which has any reference whatever to the Gospel story. Of the existence of Jesus, to all appearance, they know

NO EVIDENCE DURING THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.	nothing. We have, then, to pass on to the second century for whatever indications we can obtain which may throw light on the problem before us. The first reference we can trace which recognizes the existence of the Christians occurs in a letter written by Pliny the Younger presumably about A.D. 112. Pliny was pro-Praetor of Pontus and Bithynia, and inquired of the Emperor Trajan in what manner
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he was to treat the cases of Christians who were arraigned under his jurisdiction. Where anonymous charges were preferred, was he to take notice of, or to ignore them? Were those who refused to sacrifice to the Emperor and to abjure their "depraved superstition" to be condemned apart from any charge beyond that of being Christians? It is clear, from the inquiries made in this letter, that Christianity in these regions had by this time acquired a very considerable hold over a by no means insignificant section of the population, and that it was the then

PLINY'S  
LETTER.

policy of the Roman empire to suppress it wherever possible. Trajan's reply to Pliny, however, indicates that the Imperial wish was to do nothing which would lead to the encouragement of professional informers. It has been argued that this letter of Pliny is a forgery, but I do not think there is any adequate justification for the view.

Then, again, we have two or three sentences in Suetonius' life of the Emperor Claudius, which have given rise to controversy and discussion far, as it appears to me, in excess of their intrinsic importance. Suetonius who, by the way, was born about A.D. 70, and was private secretary to Hadrian (Emperor A.D. 117-138), is referring to a Jewish outbreak which occurred under this Emperor—i.e. sometime between the years A.D. 41 and 54—and in alluding to it he uses the words "*impulsore Chresto*," the meaning of the expression undoubtedly being that the disturbance in question took place "at the instigation of one Chrestus." Ingenious people have attempted to identify this Chrestus with the Jesus Christ of the Gospels, and in order

WHAT  
SUETONIUS  
TELLS US.

to do so have done violence to the obvious meaning of the Latin phrase. The words can only imply that Chrestus was the Jack Cade of the insurrection. They can by no possibility be referred to one who, according to the Gospel history, never went to Rome, and was already dead at the date of the incident. It is, however, quite open to argument that the rising was of a Messianic character, and that the Chrestus so called was one of the Mahdis of the time who enjoyed a brief vogue as the accredited prophet of Jehovah. Chrestus at least is found as a variant of Christos, and is, in fact, the word in the form in which it is met with in the most ancient Christian inscription of which we have any knowledge, the legend over the door of a Marcionite church.\* Although, however, there is no doubt that the words were in early Christian times used interchangeably, the Greek meaning

\* 318 A.D.

is quite different, Chrestos (*χρηστός*) signifying "good," while Christos (*χριστός*) is simply "the anointed."

There is nothing to show the origin of this disturbance, and whether or not it had any connection with any religious movement. In another sentence in his life of Nero, while referring to an episode of far more importance from the point of view of our present inquiry, Suetonius speaks of "certain Christiani" who were severely punished and tortured under this emperor, describing them as a sect who believed in a new and noxious superstition. This passage may be assumed to refer to the same occurrence as is alluded to in a much disputed passage of the *Annals* of Tacitus (xv. 44). In the record of Tacitus we have a graphic account of the persecution of these "Christiani" as a sequel to the great fire of Rome which occurred in the year A.D. 64. Popular rumour had it that the Emperor, against whom any criminal charge was freely believed, had himself been the author of this destructive conflagration. There was probably no foundation for the charge, even if it were true, as legend averred, that Nero had recourse to his fiddle to divert his attention from the disaster to his capital. In any case he found it politic to search for a scapegoat, and the Jewish community, always unpopular, seemed to him to offer a ready outlet whereby the people's indignation could be diverted from himself. Thus occurred what is generally termed the first Christian persecution.

Two points arise with regard to these two parallel passages. Firstly, are they genuine or forgeries? Secondly, were these "Christiani" followers of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, or were they merely Messianists?

Now with regard to the first question, I think a pretty decisive answer can be given in each case. There is absolutely no reason whatever to suspect forgery in the case of Suetonius. His allusion to these Christians as believers in a noxious superstition precludes the supposition that it was a later Christian interpolation. There is nothing in the sentence itself or in its context to lend colour to such an hypothesis. The passage in Tacitus stands on a very different footing, containing, as it does, a definite statement that the Christiani in question were followers of that

Christ who suffered the death penalty under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate. No statement could be more precise or more important from the point of view of Christian evidence. Unfortunately, however, there is practically no doubt that the words are

AN EARLY  
FORGERY  
UNMASKED.

a later interpolation. The expression with regard to Pontius Pilate is not one which would have been used by the Roman historian, and it has the ring of a regular Christian formula. Had Tacitus alluded to Pontius Pilate he would not have spoken of him simply as procurator, which to Roman ears would have had no meaning, but as procurator of Judæa. This, however, is not all. The expression used in the sentence "*Tiberio imperitante*," "when Tiberius was emperor," is not an expression that any Roman of that date could possibly have employed. Though we are in the habit of speaking for convenience' sake of the "Roman Emperors" of those days, they were not so described by their contemporaries. Although endowed with as great powers as have been wielded by many a dictator, they continued to exercise them under the guise of old republican forms. There is no parallel to the expression elsewhere in any Roman author of the date. The Roman emperor in those days was "Princeps Senatûs," and the expression would have been "principe Tiberio," or some similar phrase. The forger, whoever he was, has given his case away owing to his lack of knowledge of Roman history and classical Latin. With regard to the remainder of the passage in question opinions are divided as to whether it ever emanated from Tacitus; but the fact of the historical character of the incident is borne out by Suetonius' brief remarks.

The forged sentence in Tacitus identifies the Christians who suffered by this outbreak with the followers of Jesus, and confirms the Gospel statement that Jesus suffered death under the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate. Where, it may be asked, if these facts were universally known and recognized, was the necessity for inserting the passage? It will, I think, be clear to my readers from my observations three months ago, and in the present number, that the Christian movement, emanating from Judæa, ended by absorbing many other kindred Gnostic sects, whose beliefs had doubtless considerably more in common with the mysticism of Paul than with the teaching of Jesus and his other apostles. The two streams of thought represented severally by Jesus the Nazarene and by Paul of Tarsus united to form one religion, and it was probably the great accession of strength and above all things the popular element thus added to the Gnostic tradition, which led to the subsequent absorption of all Gnostic Christian sects by Christianity proper. The point before us raises the question as to how far, at the date of the Neronian

PAUL'S  
THORN IN  
THE FLESH.

persecution, the two streams had coalesced. There was clearly a determined effort being made, of which Paul was the protagonist, to absorb one in the other. Of this absorption Peter, we may assume, from such evidence as is before us, was an uncompromising opponent. He was, in fact, Paul's "thorn in the flesh," lest by the extraordinary success of his mission he "should be exalted above measure." Presumably the forgery of Tacitus was one of numerous similar attempts to cover all gaps and make the origins of Christianity appear as one single movement, whose fountain and source was Jesus of Nazareth. It is, however, obvious that such interpolations can be used as arguments to discredit the whole Gospel narrative.

So much, then, for the evidence from the point of view of official Rome. We next come to a very important authority for the Jewish history of those times—one who has been already alluded to by me in these Notes—Joseph ben Mattathiah, better known to posterity under the name he subsequently assumed of Flavius Josephus.

Josephus's father was a member of one of the High-priestly families, a contemporary of Pontius Pilate, and presumably, therefore, might have been expected to have had full knowledge of the incidents that took place in connection with the arrest and trial of Jesus Christ, even if he had not actually taken part in them himself. Who, therefore, one would have thought, more likely than his son, to throw light on the occurrences? So obvious did this argument appear to the early Christians that one of the more daring took steps to remedy the very obvious omission. The result is the passage in Josephus's *Jewish Antiquities* (xviii, 3, 3), which, like the passage in Tacitus above referred to, is a flagrant and certain forgery, and is generally enclosed in brackets in editions of this author. The passage in question runs as follows:—

WHAT  
JOSEPHUS'S  
FATHER  
MUST HAVE  
KNOWN.

At this time appeared Jesus, a wise man, if indeed he is to be called a man. For he accomplished marvellous things, was the master of men who accept truth gladly, and drew many Jews and also many Greeks after him. This man was the Christ. He was denounced by the elders of our nation to Pilate, who condemned him to be crucified; but those who loved him from the beginning did not cease to revere him; for he appeared on the third day, risen from the dead, as the holy prophets and as a thousand other marvels connected with him had foretold. And the sect which received the name of Christians from him still exists.

Josephus was a Jew and not a Christian, and it was, of course, totally impossible for him to have written in this style. The

point, however, arises : Did he know anything of Jesus ? Had he never even heard of him ? Or alternatively did he write of him in such hostile terms that early Christian copyists took the trouble to have the passage or passages suppressed ? If they did the latter, they have rendered a bad service to Christianity by obliterating a valuable piece of historical evidence as to the very existence of the founder of their religion. If, on the other hand, we assume the former alternative, nothing could be so

**THE ONLY POSSIBLE ALLUSION.** calculated to cast discredit upon the whole Gospel narrative. There is indeed one casual allusion in Josephus's voluminous writings to a certain Jacobus, "the brother of Jesus called Christ."

This has been regarded as an interpolation, but we cannot say that it is so with any certainty. It is noteworthy that the expression used is "Christ" and not "the Christ"; and if it is to be really attributed to Josephus, he probably merely regarded Jesus as one of the numerous Messiahs that appeared from time to time and claimed no special notice from his pen.

I have already alluded to Philo, the Jewish philosopher of Alexandria, and his significant silence on the subject. Another historian of the same date, Justus of Tiberias, who was doubtless in Judæa if not in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion but whose works are now lost, was equally silent. Photius read his history as late as the ninth century and amusingly attributes his silence on the subject to malevolence. It will be seen from the above records that the real historical evidence we have on the subject of the life of Jesus, outside the Gospel narrative, is mainly, if not entirely, of a negative character. So far from confirming the Gospel story it even fails to substantiate the fact that Jesus Christ ever existed. If he did, one thing is abundantly clear : his life, his mission, his death—in short, all the incidents of his career—produced so little effect upon his contemporaries that historical allusion to him and his followers was deemed unnecessary. In the face of this it is plain that the more sensational portion of the record of the evangelists must be definitively abandoned as historical fact. It does not, however, follow that an itinerant preacher of the name of Jesus did not exist at this date, one, let us say, who had disciples among the less educated portion of the community and whose teaching generations later had results of the importance of which none of his contemporaries or immediate successors ever dreamed. The problem is indeed a thorny one, and it is difficult to evolve any

coherent theory which will account for all the facts. It appears probable from what historical evidence we possess that even during Josephus's own lifetime Christianity (not, however, by any means always under that name) assumed the proportions of a world-wide religion. If this was so, and its founder was one of whose doings, life and death Josephus's father had full knowledge, we can only draw one conclusion from the historian's silence. Knowing as he must have done of the rapid growth and widespread ramifications of the Christian community, it never occurred to him to associate its origin with the personality of the itinerant Jewish preacher who, some half a dozen years before his birth, had met with such a tragic fate.

This brings us back to the conjecture hazarded in my "Notes of the Month" three months ago, that Christianity and Gnosticism were, in great part at least, one in their origin; that the Gnostic faith was similar to that of Paul of Tarsus; that its rapid development dates from the first century of our era; but that its adherents must have numbered tens of thousands at a date long anterior to the birth of Jesus Christ, the bulk of whose teaching and whose ideal morality were incorporated in the new faith.

I have suggested more than once in the above observations that there is no proof positive that Jesus of Nazareth—or shall we say Jesus the Nazarene?—ever really existed at all. I think that the summary which I have given makes the position in this matter fairly clear, and indeed there have been not a few writers who have adopted this position definitely in the past, and supported their contention with very strong arguments. It has been contended by such writers that the Jesus Christ of the Gospels was an amalgamation of several different historical characters, three of whom have been suggested to have been Jesus ben Pandera, Apollonius of Tyana, and the Indian Buddha.

With regard to the first of these, the existence of a Rabbi of the name of Jesus or Jeschu, who was born some 100 years before the alleged birth of Jesus Christ, is fully established. He is the only Jesus of whom the Jewish Talmud records have any knowledge. He appears to have been a Rabbi noted for his independence of mind and unorthodox views. At the time of the persecution of the Pharisees by Jannai or Jannæus, the son of John Hyrcanus the first (king of Judæa, 104-78 B.C.), this Jesus appears to have fled to Egypt, and to have returned again

CHRIS-  
TIANITY  
NOT  
FOUNDED  
BY JESUS.

A COM-  
BINATION  
PORTRAIT?



to Palestine after the tyrant's death. Stories with regard to his mother Miriam recall similar ones related of the Virgin Mary, and the recorded disputes of Jesus with the Pharisees might well be a reminiscence of the verbal polemics and controversies said to have been engaged in between Jeschu and his more orthodox brother Rabbis. I confess, however, it appears to me that those who have attempted to dispute the very existence of Jesus of Nazareth as a distinct personality have sought to prove too much. It is giving the romancer too much credit to suggest that he was able to portray so marked and so in-

ARGUMENTS  
IN FAVOUR  
OF JESUS'S  
EXISTENCE.

dividual a character as that of the Gospel Jesus. Moreover, if we dismiss Jesus as fiction we shall have still to account for the story of St. Paul, a character which stands out in scarcely less bold outline than that of Jesus, but which is of a totally alien type. We must explain away the dispute between Peter and Paul which played such a marked part in the history of the early Jewish Christian Church, and we must evolve some theory which will account for the widespread recognition of Jesus and the acceptance of the main outlines of his story, apart from its more improbable embellishments, as early as the first years of the second century. We must also explain away as forgeries the Epistles of St. Paul, with regard to which it is true certain serious doubts have been raised by eminent critics in recent times, notwithstanding their general acceptance. The Acts of the Apostles present hardly the same difficulty. St. Chrysostom as late as the end of the fourth century A.D. looked askance at this book and its canonical character was not generally recognized. It has indeed been held by many to be in the nature of an attempt to reconcile what were apparently at the time the openly hostile schools of Christianity espoused respectively by Peter and Paul.

It can hardly be doubted, I think, after a judicial survey of the whole field, that a denial of the existence of the founder of Christianity will involve us in far greater difficulties than the alternative assumption that the Gospel narrative as we have it represents a very much over-coloured and embellished account, but that, in spite of this, it contains within itself the nucleus of a true story of a great preacher, teacher, and mystic who was believed in and accepted, it is true, by a small and uneducated following, but for the most part was unnoticed and ignored alike by the learned and the political world, even his ignominious death seeming to contemporaries no more than a common incident of the criminal history of the time, noted one day and forgotten the next.

With regard to such stories as the Resurrection and Ascension, there is not, it appears to me, any necessity to regard these as otherwise than subsequent accretions to the original story. The allusion to the Resurrection in St. Mark is of the briefest possible character, and almost apologetic. The records in the other Gospels are hopelessly contradictory, as is also the further record which appears in the New Testament under the name of St. Paul. The Bible evidence, thus taken as a whole, can only be characterized by the critic as absolutely worthless. Jesus, like Julius Cæsar, may have appeared in his astral form to his disciples after death. Some may have seen it and been impressed; others may have regarded the matter scornfully as an ordinary ghost story of the day and no better than an old wives' tale. It is obvious from St. Paul's own arguments in his Epistles, that among the Christian community itself in the early days there were many who were totally sceptical, and the great Apostle felt compelled to set himself to argue that apart from the Resurrection of its founder, the faith of the Church was without justification, a position which from the Christian standpoint of the present day it would seem not a little curious that he should have laboured so painfully to make good.

I have just made further arrangements which I hope will facilitate the purchase of the OCCULT REVIEW by my American readers. Mr. Arthur Delapierre, of 19, Warren Street, New York City, who has long acted on behalf of my publishers in another connection, has consented to receive subscriptions when desired from American readers, and also to send sample copies and prospectuses on application to all who may be interested in the subject matter of the Magazine.

My American readers will greatly oblige if they will kindly send to Mr. Delapierre any names and addresses of friends who they think would be interested in the Magazine and likely to subscribe, asking him to send them sample copies. The new arrangement will come into operation immediately, but will not interfere in any way with the existing arrangements with the International News Company, of 85, Duane Street, New York.

I should like to add that the new volume (Vol. XI) of the OCCULT REVIEW (January to June, 1910) is now on sale and can be supplied to applicants direct from the London office for 4s. (one dollar) post free.

# A RECONSTRUCTED WORLD

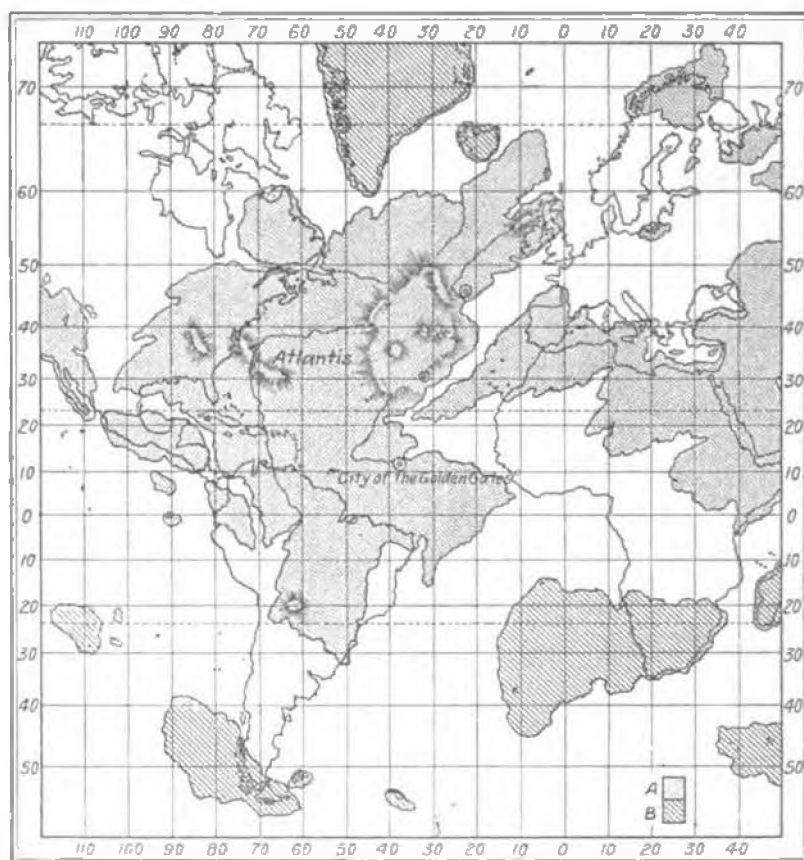
By SCRUTATOR

EVERYONE has heard something of a tradition which has filtered down to us through the ages concerning an island, or it may be a continent, called Atlantis. Whether the tradition was purely fictional or wholly historical or yet founded upon some account of the great Deluge of the third millenium B.C., is a matter still in dispute. All writers are agreed, however, that the accounts of Critias and Timæus, as given by Plato in the *Dialogues*, are at the root of all our knowledge and form the ground of all speculation regarding the lost territory.

Solon, the sage of Athens, is said to have told the tale of Atlantis to his friend Dropidas, the great-grandfather of Critias, who repeated it to his son; and he, after a lapse of about ninety years, in extreme old age, told it to his grandson, then a boy of ten years. It is the story of the younger Critias which is reproduced in the account given by Timæus at a mature age. Solon himself visited Sais, the sacred city of the Egyptian goddess Neith or Athene; and here it was that the story was first told by an aged priest. "O Solon, Solon!" said the hierophant, "you Hellenes are always young and none among you can be called mature, for there is no tradition or knowledge among you which can be called of great antiquity." To Solon's reckoning of the great deluge, the sage replied that this was but the last of the great convulsions of nature. The memory of it was akin to the newly-recorded stories of young children. The really ancient history even of the Athenians themselves was unknown to them, for they "had no written record." "The records of eight thousand years are inscribed in our sacred books," said the priest, "but I am able to take you still further back and tell you that which has been done by our ancestors during the past nine thousand years, of their institutions, their laws and their illustrious deeds."

It is well to mark here the term "our ancestors," and then to note that the Egyptian priest immediately goes on to describe that kingdom of Atlantis whose forces had invaded and overrun Europe and Asia, extending their dominion as far as Lybia and even Egypt, as if the fathers of ancient Egypt were im-

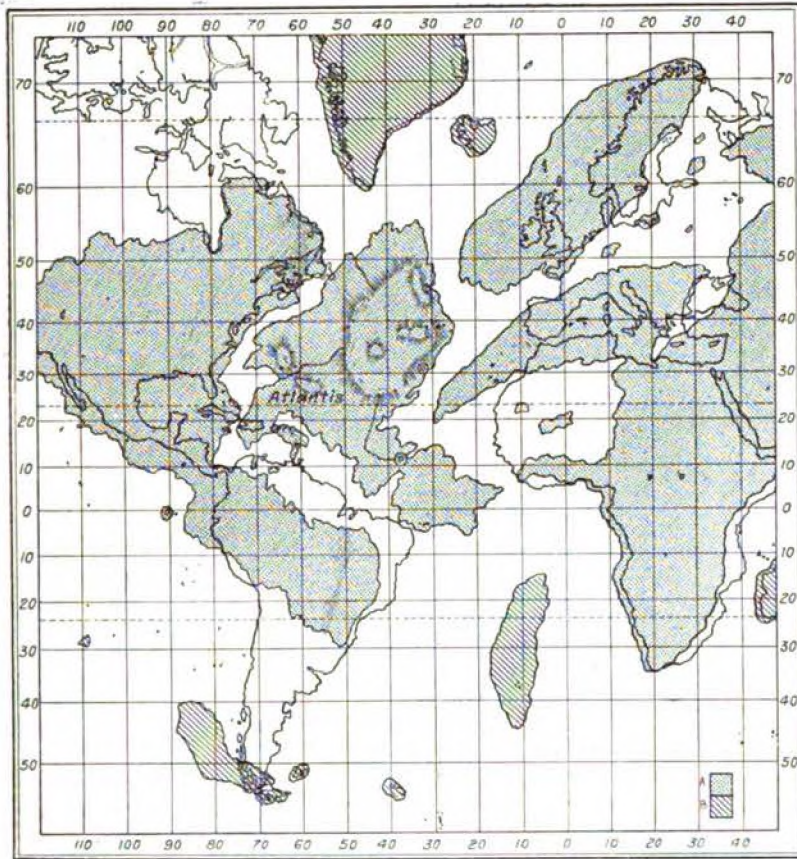
diately related to that submerged territory. But what of the Athenians in those days? "Our records tell us," continued the priest, "how your people resisted the forces of a great power which, setting out *from the Atlantic sea*, had invaded all Europe and Asia. . . . But when in the latter days the earth was shaken and great floods arose, all your warriors were engulfed in the space of a day and a night and the island of Atlantis went down into the sea."



MAP No. 1.

In reviewing the literature concerning Atlantis it is found that the territory has been variously identified with Salamis, the isle beloved of Solon, and with islands lying to the west of Africa as described by Hanno the Carthaginian in the *Periplus*. M. Bailly, in his letters to Voltaire, goes to the frozen seas of Northern Europe to find the Atlanteans, whom he identifies with the Hyperboreans.

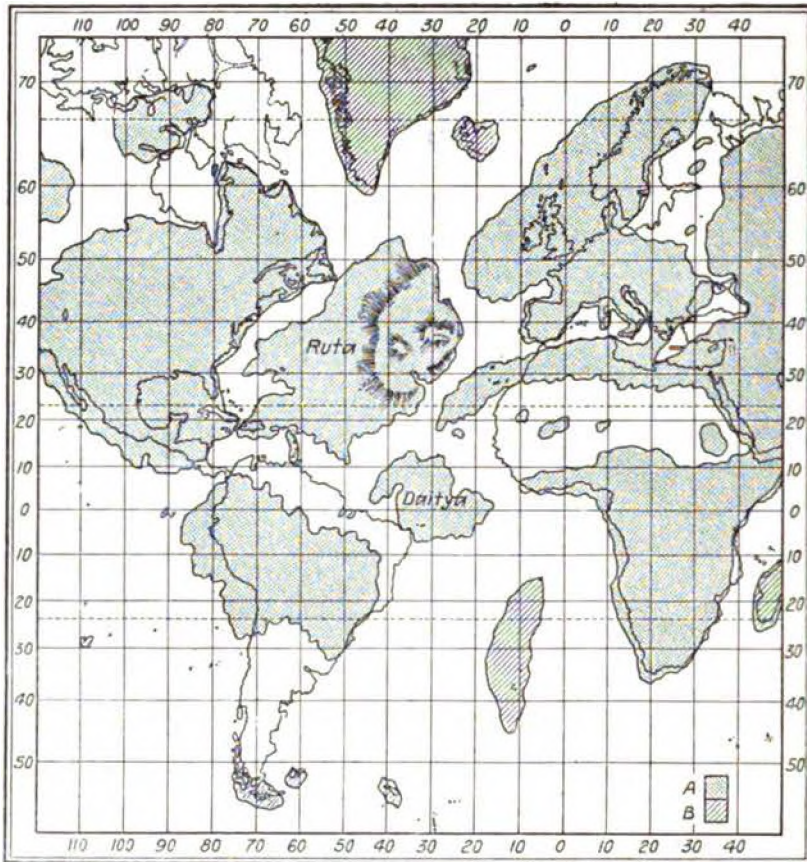
Salamis in no way answers to the Atlantis of Plato. Hanno's voyage was southward after passing the Pillars of Hercules and then eastward, a course which may have touched the Madeira, Canary and Cape Verde Isles and terminated at Fernando Po in the Bight of Biafra. M. Bailly's researches are of some significance, however, for they serve to connect the American and European continents by a northern tradition, quite distinct



MAP No. 2.

from that which connected Atlantis with Africa, Lybia, Egypt, and Asia, as then known. Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg has connected Atlantis and its ancient civilization with Mexico and Central America. This argument requires that the submerged continent was an extension eastward of America itself. The West Indies, and probably the islands off the west coast of Africa, are regarded as vestiges of this once vast continent. But what is more to the point of M. Bailly's conclusion is that

intercourse between America and Europe, prior to the voyage of Columbus, has been shown to have taken place before the close of the tenth century. Genuine runic inscriptions in proof of the visits of Scandinavians to Greenland or the mainland of North America have been adduced.\* Hence there may have been, in yet more ancient times, a regular intercourse between the two continents by the northern road, and this highway may

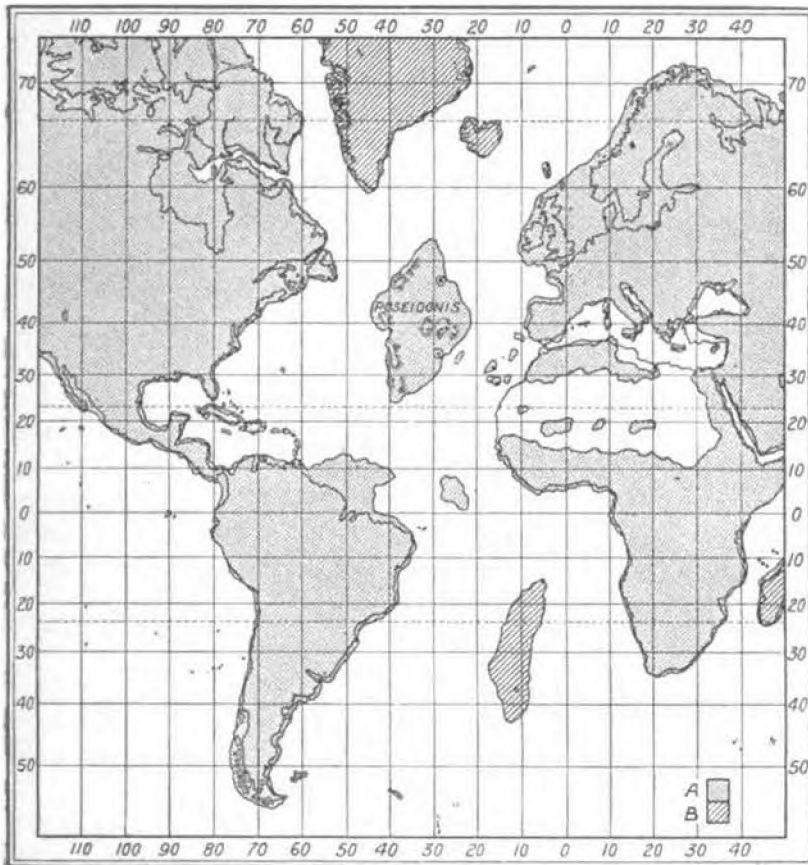


MAP No. 3.

well have been *terra firma* throughout its entire course. We are able to connect the Finns and Lapps with Asian forefathers in India and Persia on the evidence of philology. The American Indian has been shown to be a Mongol. There are marks of repeated migrations to the Western continent, although there is no evidence to show when the first settlement was made. But the vital question is, whether language and ethnology can

\* *Vide Antiquitates Americanae.*

relate the civilizations of the Mayas and Peruvians to the northern continent and to the Orient? Agassiz sustained the conclusion that "identical characters pervade all the American races, ancient and modern, over the whole continent," from the confines of the Eskimo down to the southernmost extremity of the continent. Connect this with the statement that "the American Indian is a Mongol,"\* and with the fact that Aztecs



MAP No. 4.

describe their great instructor, Quetzalcoatl, as "a man of fair complexion, with long dark hair and flowing beard," characteristics quite foreign to them, and it will be seen that the suggestion of an universal intercourse through the intervening land of Atlantis may be justifiable.

Sir Daniel Wilson admits that the Mayas of Central America were "a lettered people, who, like the Egyptians, recorded in

\* *The Lost Atlantis*, by Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

elaborate sculptured hieroglyphs the formulæ of history and creed." They wrote and ciphered and employed a system of chronology, and their cities were large and populous and adorned with edifices which even now are magnificent in their ruins; everything equal to "the best in Spain" as the discoverers of Yucatan reported in the year 1517. Like the Egyptians the Mayans employed three kinds of characters in their inscriptions, and hundreds of their words are identical in form and meaning with well-known Assyrian, Chaldee and Coptic words. Here we seem to find a new interpretation of the tradition that "Maia was born of Atlantis," a Greek tradition which is preserved in Central America! It may be well to bear in mind that the island of Atlantis, in the ocean "beyond the Pillars of Hercules," to which Plato confines himself, although as large as "all Lybia and Asia (Minor) put together," was probably but a remnant of the great continent which is supposed to have connected America with Europe. The gradations of the transformation brought about by successive cataclysms at great intervals of time are here shown in four maps, which are reproduced from Mr. W. Scott-Elliot's interesting work, *The Story of Atlantis*.\*

*Map 1* shows the land surface of the earth about a million years ago when the Atlantean race was at its height, and before the great submergence which is said to have taken place 800,000 years ago. In this map we see traces of the former Lemurian continent and of the yet more ancient Hyperborean continent, which was at one time in the tropical zone, though now in the Arctic. *Map 2* shows the separation of America from its parent continent Atlantis by the cataclysm of 800,000 years ago. The Lemurian remnants are seen to be still further reduced, while other continents have received additional territory. *Map 3* shows the effects of the subterrene upheaval of 200,000 years ago. The submergence of Egypt will be noted. The chief feature, however, is the splitting of Atlantis into two large islands known as Ruta and Daitya. *Map 4* shows the stupendous effects of a convulsion which took place 80,000 years ago. Daitya has almost disappeared, while Ruta is represented by the relatively small island since called Poseidonis, the Atlantis of Plato's description. This island is stated to have finally disappeared beneath the ocean in 9564 B.C. Those who would learn more of the source and character of these occult records and the history of the Atlanteans and their offshoots will find full information in the work referred to.

\* London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W.





HEAD IN STONE OF A CHIMÚ CHIEF.



FIGURE OF FLUTE-PLAYER USED AS A JUG.

The original identity of Central America with Atlantis has already been noticed. In le Plongeon's famous Troano MS.,\* which may be seen in the British Museum and which, on its own showing, was written about the year 1500 B.C., by a Mayan of Yucatan, there is a remarkable confirmation of Plato's account of the story told to Solon by the priest of Sais concerning the submergence of Poseidonis.

" In the year 6 Kan, on the 11th Muluc in the month Zac, there occurred terrible earthquakes, which continued without interruption until the 13th Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu, was sacrificed : being twice upheaved it suddenly disappeared during the night, the basin being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and to rise several times and in various places. At last the surface gave way, and ten countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to stand the force of the convulsions, they sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants 8,060 years before the writing of this book."

In connection with the work of Mr. Scott-Elliot, the student of the Atlantis problem will do well to peruse the little book edited by Mr. William Kingsland entitled *A Child's Story of Atlantis*,† which, although an entirely independent narrative from the lips of a child of remarkable psychic development, is in singular agreement with that part of the occult record which deals with the manners and customs of the Atlanteans. We have already connected Europe and Asia and their Aryan, Persian, and Scythian populace with the Toltec race of North America through the Hyperborean or far-north road, and Egypt and Africa have been linked to Central America through the mainland of Atlantis. It is hardly possible to escape the suggestion of a primitive civilization in Peru, directly connected with the Egyptian development, when we examine the remarkable discoveries of Mr. Hewitt Myring in the Chucana Valley,‡ used by the Chimus as a cemetery before the Incas conquered and overran the country. " When looking at the Peruvian pottery," says Sir William Bailey, " we cannot escape the feeling of Chinese and Indian influence, and then again, in looking at the headgear of some, we feel an Egyptian bias." But the Egyptian modelling of any dynasty is not equal in art to the best of the Peruvian specimens. " The signs on some of the figures suggest Egyptian influence ; it may be natural independent evolution, but it

\* See also *Vestiges of the Mayas*, by Augustus le Plongeon, and *Here and There in Yucatan*, by Alice D. le Plongeon.

† London : Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W.

‡ *Discoveries of Pre-Historic Pottery in Peru*. By Sir William H. Bailey.



CHIMU SUN-GOD, WITH NIMBUS OF SNAKE-HEADS.



CHIMU POTTERY—THE MOST ANCIENT IN THE WORLD. OWLETS AND FROG DESIGNS USED AS JUGS.

makes us wonder if Atalanta was not more than a dream of Plato's. . . . Peruvian and Mexican art bear traces of evolution and progress almost identical with early Egyptian work, but stopped half-way." (*Ibid.*, p. 6). Professor Zerffi, in his *Historical Development of Art*, says: "By some means Atalanta was separated from the East, and the pyramids, temples and palaces of Central America remained in the same relation to the pyramids, temples and palaces of Egypt, as the tapir to the elephant, the alligator to the crocodile, and the llama to the camel."

From all unprejudiced sources, therefore, there proceeds testimony of the most convincing nature as to the existence of a tradition and evolution common to ancient American civilizations and those of Europe and Africa. That which such scholars as Professor Jowett have regarded as the poetical dream of a great philosopher is seriously regarded by students of the Secret Doctrine as historical fact, and it certainly cannot be said that the most recent discoveries of explorers and the deductions of professed antiquarians in any way militate against this position. It is not within the scope of my present task to argue the existence of an occult record or to question the title of some privileged explorers in psychic science to a free access to this record, but we are certainly faced by a part of the Atlantean problem in the statement received through Plato that the priesthood of Sais possessed written records extending beyond 9,000 years, and including the fate of Poseidonis. What if our explorers should one day discover that the great teacher of the Aztecs, with his fair complexion, long dark hair and flowing beard, carried as the emblem of his authority over the great Atlantic, a trident, or a pitchfork? Certainly we of the sea-girt land would not forswear our old friend Neptune. Until Young discovered the Rosetta stone the whole of the Egyptian record was a sealed book to us. Now we marvel over the mysteries lying hidden in the sacred *Book of the Dead*, and count the tale of Egyptian dynasties over thousands of years through successive generations reaching back far beyond the days of Solon and the priests of Sais. The once insoluble enigma of this mysterious land of the Dead now takes an ordered and intelligible place in the history of the human race. The silent tombs of Mayab have given us verbal corroboration of the story of Atlantis in a manner and from a source wholly unsuspected by those of the schools who had finally consigned the *Dialogues* of Plato to the realm of mythology and poetical fancy. What if the Chimus

IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN	MAYAS CENTAMER. & MEXICAN	EGYPTIAN	IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN	MAYAS CENTAMER. & MEXICO.	EGYPTIAN
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of ancient Peru should have had a literature of their own, a sign manual of their high civilization? For Sir Clements Markham, probably the greatest living authority on Peruvian antiquities, says, "The Chimus were a highly civilized people. We know this from the remains of their systems of irrigation works, their vast and elaborate palaces, factories and places of sepulchre, and from their works of art; but we know nothing of their origin or history or their beliefs."

Any one gazing into the Egyptian-like face of the Chimu chief, whose portrait is here reproduced, will hardly doubt the civilization of art to have been fully enjoyed by these ancient people; and as to their beliefs one will surely be predisposed to find that they have as much affinity with the parent religions of the East as in other respects their thought, now speaking to us only in stone, bears to the highest expressions of a similar kind in the Assyrian or Egyptian eras. Difficulties of many kinds, in the experience of philologists, of antiquarians, ethnologists and geographers, appear to be bridged by the mere sounding of the name Atlantis; and haply this general statement of the position in regard to the tradition which has survived may serve to stir the interest of the general reader.

In a most interesting volume entitled *Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man*, by Dr. Albert Churchward, a great number of symbols are shown to have been in common use among the Hibernians, the Mayans and the Egyptians. By the courtesy of the publishers\* I am able to reproduce here a tabular illustration of these symbols. It is to be regarded as perhaps the most significant contribution to this discussion of Atlantean proofs, but as there will be a later opportunity of considering it more fully I need say no more about it in this place.

The illustrations of Peruvian pottery and sculpture from the Chucana Valley Explorations of Mr. Hewitt Myring, are here reproduced by kind permission of Sir William H. Bailey, of Sale Hall, Cheshire. The maps representing the Atlantean geography at successive stages in its destruction are from the work of Mr. Scott-Elliot, by kind permission of the Theosophical Publishing Society.

\* Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.

# HOW MY BOOKS CAME TO ME

By H. E. SAMPSON

Author of "Progressive Creation," "Progressive Redemption," etc., etc.

SO many people have written or spoken to me, inquiring of me how, or by what authority, I have written what I have written, that I have thought a brief account of the origin of my books may be profitable reading, especially to those who are interested in occult matters and in mystical knowledge. Some have remarked, on reading my books, that the author is evidently a member of one or another of the various known "secret" or "occult" societies, or that he has absorbed from a large literature the teachings of many accredited masters of occult science. Some have stated, with positive assurance, that the author was an intimate acquaintance of the late Madame Blavatsky, from whom he received the greater part of his ideas. I will state, for the benefit of these persons, that I have not the honour of being a member of any "occult," or "secret" society, and that I am not aware that I have had any acquaintance with any individuals identified with any societies whatsoever. I have never known nor seen Madame Blavatsky *in the flesh*, and I have not the honour of being able to boast of any wide book-knowledge of the masters of ancient or modern mysticism or occultism. The amount of "library" I possess, I am sorry to say, would scarcely fill a single shelf in an ordinary book-case, and every book I possess, except the Bible, a few theological books, and Darwin's, Spencer's, and Huxley's works, was obtained and studied *after I had written* the substance of what I have written and already published, or what will in due time be published. It will, therefore, be asked, how this "substance" of thought and philosophy came to me? It is a long story, if told *in extenso*. But a brief relation of the facts of the case will suffice to show the reader the truth of the matter.

For many years I had passed through a chequered career, full of vicissitudes, following an unknown, and generally, an unsuspected path of inquiry as to the answer of the question, "What is Truth?" In pursuit of this answer I tapped almost every fountain of religious and scientific thought that professed to give



the answer, and gave up each attempt with bitter disappointment. Here a little and there a little, twisting and turning, advancing and retreating, to the bewilderment of friends and relatives, I wandered in the intellectual and religious wilderness, culling small draughts of the honey of truth from every sectarian and religious flower that I found. But never more than a small portion; until my mind became a mosaic of mixed ideas, of unsorted and disordered beliefs and hypotheses, and I had almost given up hope of ever finding an ordered philosophy, a true religion, a veritable science, from the mass of ideas and truths, fallacies and errors, accumulated in my mind. It was at this perplexing stage, when a mere straw-weight in the scale would have cast me, body and soul, to the pit of perdition, that the first glimmer of light, of synthesis, came to me. It was in this wise. By the good services of a dear friend and fellow-clergyman, in Natal. I was introduced to the subject of Spiritualism. The subject was new to me, and it attracted me greatly. It seized hold of me by a peculiarly sympathetic grasp, due to the first positive evidence I had of the reality of "spiritualistic" phenomena.

Many years previous to these events I had been privileged to be a pupil of one of the holiest and most spiritual religious teachers of his time, the late Dr. Asa Mahan, one-time Principal of Oberlin University, U.S.A. For two years I was by his side, learning the Divine truths of the Holy Spirit from his lips, and assisting him in his classes, lectures, and religious meetings. He died at the ripe age of over ninety years. His last words were a message to me that I was to "fulfil the work" he had left unfinished. He was a great teacher of the Apostolical truth of the Holy Spirit, for whose coming his great mission was that the Church should ceaselessly pray. After Dr. Mahan's death I gradually lost the acute memory of him, but never quite faded from my mind the deep teaching he had deposited in it. At the first séance I attended, in Durban, Natal, the medium on that occasion came to me and said, "Mr. Sampson, I know you well, but you do not know me. And whenever I know you are preaching in Durban, I never fail to come and hear you. Shall I tell you the reason why? It is because whenever you stand up in the pulpit, I see, clairvoyantly, the figure of a tall, aged clergyman standing behind you, and placing his hands upon your head, and inspiring your words. I know always I shall hear something worth hearing." The description of the individual whom this medium professed to see was exactly that of my deceased beloved master, Dr. Mahan.

From that hour I began to study Spiritualism. For a long

time I believed it all to be truly of God and the Holy Spirit, as I believe fervently that it is in some instances. But I soon came to see that these instances were rare, and that spiritualistic phenomena were usually of the lowest astral origination, and extremely dangerous to the moral, mental and spiritual welfare of mankind. I came afterwards to see this to be the case with still more profound evidences and conviction. Nevertheless, this I have to testify, that it was by means of "spiritualism," in the first instance, that I found my way to regions of correspondences far greater and higher than are known in spiritualistic circles. I began with Ouija, and, after some weeks of utter failure to produce a single sign of communication, one day my hand was suddenly seized, and I found myself forming certain words. They were: "I am your guide. Follow me." He told me his name was "Emmanuel," and that, in the flesh, he had been known under the name of *Asa Mahan*. I submitted myself to his guidance, and very soon I had cultivated the power of writing without Ouija, and of committing to paper, with extraordinary rapidity and lucidity, great masses of literature of the deepest wisdom. Then the time came when the hand needed no special impulsion, but the brain became the medium of the mind of those High Intelligences who communicated with me. At times I became clairvoyant, and I saw the forms of those with whom I corresponded. Piles of manuscript accumulated by this process. At last my "guide" told me his own special work was finished, and that I must now be introduced to other beings who could lead me beyond the limits of his own cognizance and function.

I then found myself in the hands of three beings, each having charge of me in a special line of instruction for initiation. "Emmanuel," whose earthly name had been *Asa Mahan*, still continued to be my teacher, in particular relation to my earthly affairs and position. He was my instructor in all matters of guidance in dealing with my fellowmen, and in my conduct during the extremely mysterious course of life ensuing from my introduction to the two beings who assumed the authority of my spiritual development. One of these beings was introduced to me under her earthly name, *H. P. Blavatsky*. To her was given the special duty of instructing me on all things concerning the occult philosophy and mysticism of which she was a well-known adept in her previous reincarnation. From her I received daily teachings in the great philosophies of antiquity and of the Orient. In many trance-journeys my spirit accompanied her eastward, and visited many secret places where I saw and read ancient documents, and

monuments of long-past history and wisdom, and conversed with wise men of the East in their secluded dwellings unknown to the Western world. In many conversations with this wonderfully erudite woman, now in Paradise, I learnt a great deal of her past existence, and of her earthly career during her last incarnation.

Later, when I had access to her written books, and to biographical works and sketches of her life and career during last century I was particularly struck with the exact similarity of the general character-delineation of H. P. B. with my own personal experience of her mercurial and strangely whimsical character during the long period in which I was daily enjoying her companionship whilst I was wandering in a state of homelessness and fasting in the wilds of the country near to Peitermaritzburg. She constituted herself my special protector against falling a victim to physical and mental collapse at a time when naturally I was in danger of falling into the peculiar perils attending the soul's journey through, and conquest of, the astral plane—the danger-zone of all souls who seek to penetrate the darkness of the "abyss." How often, when under the pressure of intense weariness and perplexity of mind, did not this bright spirit entertain my solitary hours with the jubilant brilliancy of her humorous nature, keeping me bubbling with merriment at the witticisms and the mirth-provoking reminiscences of her own remarkable life-experiences. She likewise gave me valuable instructions as to the care of my body during the long fasts and vigils I underwent at that period of mystery and stress.

But the greatest feature of that period was in my daily intercourse with another Being—a *Celestial*, not a *Paradisaical* Being—Whose name was given to me, but which it would be unwise to divulge in a general narrative to be read by the public without discrimination. This lofty Being announced Himself as the "*Master*," and by Him I was conducted through a long course of training and discipline, often very weary and painful, often highly exalted and glorious, punctuated at definite periods by the elevation of my own spirit, during a trance-sleep, from the earth into one and then another of the *Celestial* Realms, the "Seven Heavens" of the Kingdom of God. In each "Heaven," at a given time, I was carried in the spirit, and received at the hands of the Hierarchy the secret initiations of the Degree of the Mysteries pertaining to each of these *Paradisaical* and *Celestial* "Kingdoms." The method of procedure on each occasion of "rapture," when I was "caught up" into each of these "Heavens," was very simple and definite. S. Paul describes the experi-

ence as being "caught up into the third heaven," "whether in the body or out of the body, I know not; God knoweth." I can only say that in my experience there was not that indefiniteness of consciousness described by the apostle. I was certainly "out of the body," for in each instance I vividly saw my own inert, inanimate body, lying on the rocky bed beneath a rocky canopy, in a death-sleep. I was conscious of a sense of being levitated in spirit, and rapidly retiring from the scene of my earth-existence.

My next experience was of being surrounded by a number of spirits, varying in brightness, an escort of Paradisaical beings, messengers of light, sent to conduct me through the vast and perilous deeps of the astral plane. It was permitted me to stay our journey at times and to "preach the Gospel," or say some helpful words, to many poor wandering, half-clad, and dark-minded souls in the various zones of Purgatory. The truths I learnt concerning the state of the "departed" I cannot now stay to mention. They are embodied in many passages in my books *Progressive Creation* and *Progressive Redemption*. They are truths I have learned *at first hand*, and are neither derived from the teachings of earthly teachers, nor are they the fruits of imaginings and guesses of the mind. No criticisms of their veracity will avail to disprove or invalidate these statements, for they are truths outside the pale of human judgment, unpalatable as they may be to many classes of human thinkers. Let any man journey where I have journeyed, and witness what I have witnessed, and he will confirm every word I have written of the regions of darkness and dread, "where there is weeping, and wailing, and grinding of teeth." Let none who have not had such experiences essay to contravene such statements, or attempt to disprove them by the dim light of common intelligence or quasi-scientific reasoning, the most futile and treacherous method of coming to a knowledge of the truth. Nor can I stay to dwell upon those supernal spectacles of the glories of the Celestial Kingdoms, the various planetary circles of the Heavens, visited in rotation during those periods of initiations. Nor is it possible for me to speak of the things I heard and received, of Wisdom, Knowledge, and Divine illumination, things of God which "it is not lawful to utter." But I can speak of the method of procedure which admitted me to intimacy with the happy denizens of these beatific realms.

Under the guidance and instruction of my three "Friends" from the Higher Heavens, I was instructed as to the necessity of "fasting." In my case the act of fasting was, in a sense, involun-

tary, compelled upon me by my circumstances. For reasons it is not necessary to relate, I was placed temporarily in a homeless and penniless and friendless position. I wandered for months in the hills and rocky places of Natal, and my bed was generally a large rock, overshadowed by a great overhanging boulder. For days at a stretch I remained in my "cave," neither eating nor drinking, meditating upon the "things of God," and writing at the spiritual dictation of my heavenly mentors. Though my body became often extremely attenuated and etherealized, I never knew the pangs of hunger or thirst, nor any sense of weakness or deterioration of vitality. Often I tramped for many hours and lay down at the close of day in my cave. At stated times, after special warnings, and preceded by specific ordeals and tests of mind, soul, and body, which need not be detailed, I fell into trance, and my soul was lifted from my body, and conducted to other parts of the world, and, on certain memorable occasions, beyond the world, through the astral plane, and beyond, into the infinite circles of the Heavens.

On awakening in the body, after the soul's return from its "journeyings oft," I experienced great elevation of mind and ecstasy of sensibility, as memory restored the recollections of those beatific flights. I was then instructed to go into the city and seek from some kind acquaintance the sustenance of body needed to recuperate me after these long fastings and ordeals. What my acquaintances and friends thought of me and my ways I never quite knew. Some truly supposed me to be quite out of my mind. And, that I did many times give reason for such a view, I do not deny. On this point I will only say, it must be apparent to any reasonable person, that the adjustment of the mental faculties to the catastrophic change of conditions, on all planes of activity and consciousness, and the adaptation of these changed and unusual conditions to the common conventional modes of life and environment, would inevitably lead to intense and bewildering perplexity, not only to the individual undergoing such experiences, but also to those who were witnesses of and associated with him in these experiences. The mind at times, it is confessed, could not avoid many moments when it reeled at the impact of the stressful and exacting demands of the spirit seeking its emancipation from the flesh, as the body and soul obeyed the spirit-mentors during the severe ordeals through which they passed. I am aware that I did many strange, unaccountable things, and laid myself open to misconstruction and serious criticism many times. The fortitude of a soul braving all the possibilities of trouble

and opposition from earthly and uninitiated people, to say nothing of the astral antagonists who sought his downfall, is an almost incalculable factor in the achievement of the great quest on which he has set out. The marvel always has been to me that, physically and mentally, I survived the perils and sufferings which the course I was following naturally attracted to me; and that I regained my natural and normal state, at the conclusion of the course, uninjured by the attacks of the world and the reproach of the cross I had taken up, and the physical effects of the excessive bodily and mental experiences.

When, therefore, at the conclusion of the "mysteries" through which I had made my way, when my "Master" told me I had "finished my course" of initiations, and I returned to take my part in the ordinary life of the world, I was providentially led, after a year or two's vicissitudes in regaining my place in life that I had vacated for so long a time, to sojourn in a quiet West Indian island, as an ordinary clergyman, and rector of a parish. There for six years I lived, and every day I employed several hours in writing the works published under my name. It was a joy to write them, the materials were all the deposit of knowledge and wisdom received in those long fasts and vigils and "raptures," from which, as Mr. A. E. Waite says, in his review of my *Progressive Creation*, I gained the substance of my books "at first hand." Being bound by no vows of secrecy, I am free to write and teach all that I have learned from celestial sources, a privilege that many a "brother-initiate" desires, but cannot have, being under *the seal of secrecy*. What I do not divulge is only such matter as I am warned by my "Master" would be "casting pearls before swine," or that for which the religious and scientific world is not yet ripe.

In conclusion, I would say that the only vows of obligation which are binding to me are the vows of a priest of the Holy Catholic Church. And the only "society" to which I belong is the communion of faithful people in the Holy Catholic Church, constituting the mediatorial Body of Christ, the eternal Son of God, "Whose I am, and Whom I serve."

# THE INNER MEANING OF CHANTECLER

BY JEAN DELAIRE

"True to the gods, to the best, to the greatest!"

*The Blue Bird.*

BEWILDERMENT inevitably falls to the share of the critic who seeks to discover the inner meaning of *Chantecler*—the soul of the play—so complex in its apparent simplicity is this comedy of the farmyard and the forest, so absolutely, so fascinatingly human are those strange beings masquerading as cocks, hens, pheasants, pigeons and the rest, to say nothing of the dog, the cat, and a chorus of toads!

In one of its many aspects *Chantecler* is a love story pure and simple, the romance of a man—one *must* call Chantecler a man, since he so perfectly represents humanity—a man who is content to do his duty, simply, unquestioningly, amid the friendly scenes of his early life, when a woman, the modern woman in the guise of a hen pheasant, enters upon the scene, and straightway makes Chantecler her captive. He resists for a time, for in his heart he knows that she can never be his true mate, the one who will love the artist, the poet in him, the summoner of the dawn, at whose strident call the sun itself is compelled to rise.

*Nous sommes, il est vrai, de différentes races!* he tells her, later on, when they have become wedded lovers.

She conquers, for she is beautiful, and she takes him with her to the wilderness where she dwells.

But the day comes when Chantecler stands, definitely, at the cross-roads. *La Faisane* is determined to be sole mistress of his heart, of his life, and—a creature of primitive passions, for all her "modernism"—she sees a rival in the dawn which Chantecler worships. "Love me more than the Light," she dares to say to him at last; and Chantecler strives, as men ever strive in those moments, and ever in vain, to reveal himself fully, baring his soul to the one he adores, seeking to compel her, by the force of his great love, to understand that his song is his life, his life is his song.

—Vous vivez ? . . .

—Mon chant !

—Et vous chantez ?

—Ma vie !

## THE INNER MEANING OF CHANTECLER 33

By a clever ruse *La Faisane* has delayed the hour when Chantecler is wont to leave their forest shelter, and step out in the dewy night to summon the dawn. While he is listening, entranced, to the voice of the Nightingale, the dawn appears, the countryside flushes rosy red, the sun rises in all his glory—and Chantecler has remained mute!

It is the hour of her triumph, and his defeat. "You see," she exclaims exultingly, "that without you the sun can rise!" She, once a type of the modern woman in all her bewildering charm, is transformed into an elemental creature, with the "will to live" and to be loved in all its cosmic intensity. She speaks to Chantecler as in all ages women who have loved without understanding have spoken to their mates. Why worship the sun? Why seek the Light? Your life's work is but a dream: Darkness is welcome to those who love. . . . Cease from singing, for love alone is real!

Chantecler's answer is a clarion call to the dawn. *Allons chanter!* Broken for one moment only, he finds strength in his defeat; he refuses the life of dreamy ease, of self-centred bliss which his mistress offers him; he refuses to renounce duty because his illusions are shattered. Others are dependent upon him; at the old farm his song is missed; he will return to the farm. In the early hours of the day his valiant song will again awaken the sleepy countryside, albeit he will know—in his inmost self he will know—that he is merely awakening the hens on their perch, the chickens in their coop, the dog in his kennel—no longer the Sun at the gates of Dawn.

Then, by the all-conquering power of a noble act, in the moment Chantecler renounces love for duty's sake, fleeing for ever from the one who has bewitched him, in that moment her soul is born, the Ideal has touched her with its wings of flame. She understands Chantecler at last, she loves him no longer as man only, but as a soul striving towards the light. Her inner vision has been quickened, she is no longer Eve tempting man to his fall; she is the eternal Soul of Woman to whom sacrifice is love and life. *His* renunciation was at the call of duty; hers, because she loves; because she loves she is willing to die; she, the wild, untamed creature of the woods, of her free will enters the net of the fowler, for Chantecler is in danger, the hunter's dogs are close upon him; by diverting their attention upon herself, she saves him, and she dies.

Seen from another point of view, *Chantecler* is the life-story of every artist that ever lived, of every poet, of every dreamer



of noble dreams. Chantecler, with his naïve conceit and his splendid ideals, Chantecler, a prey to the colossal illusion that at his bidding the sun rises daily in the East, Chantecler, whose world is limited by the fence of the farmyard, who yet thinks himself the centre of the universe, Chantecler is a type for all times of the man blessed, or cursed, with the artistic temperament; and every poet, every songster, every dreamer of lofty dreams, has shared, or will share, his fate.

Is there a true artist who, in moments of inspiration, does not feel himself to be, like Chantecler, a channel for the life-forces of the universe?

. . . Mis en contact avec la bonne terre,  
 Je chante! . . . et c'est déjà la moitié du mystère,  
 Faisane, la moitié du secret de mon chant . . .  
 Qui n'est pas de ces chants qu'on chante en les cherchant,  
 Mais qu'on reçoit du sol natal, comme une sève!  
 Et l'heure où cette sève, en moi, surtout, s'élève,  
 L'heure où j'ai du génie, enfin, où j'en suis sûr,  
 C'est l'heure où l'aube hésite au bord du ciel obscur. . .

What true artist, also, has not been haunted at times by the fear which Chantecler confesses to his beloved: Why should I, even I, have been chosen to dispel the night, to summon the dawn? What if, some day, my strength were to fail? If inspiration did not return? . . . Beloved, shall I always hear this song in my heart?

Je me trouve indigne de ma gloire.  
 Pourquoi m'a-t-on choisi pour chasser la nuit noire?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Comment! moi, si petit, j'ai fait l'aurore immense?  
 Et, l'ayant faite, il faut que je la recommence?  
 Mais je ne pourrai pas! Je ne vais pas pouvoir!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Ah! le cygne est certain, lorsque son cou s'allonge,  
 De trouver, sous les eaux, des herbes; l'aigle est sûr  
 De tomber sur sa proie en tombant de l'azur;  
 Toi, de trouver des nids de fourmis dans la terre;  
 Mais moi, dont le métier me demeure un mystère  
 Et qui du lendemain connais toujours la peur,  
 Suis-je sûr de trouver ma chanson dans mon cœur?

Still more beautiful is the duologue between Chantecler and the Nightingale, in the forest, at midnight. How can I sing, asks Chantecler, after hearing your voice? And in soul-thrilling accents she reveals the mingled anguish and ecstasy of every artist's soul—

## THE INNER MEANING OF CHANTECLER 35

*Chantecler.*

Vais-je pouvoir chanter ? Mon chant va me parattre,  
Hélas ! trop rouge et trop brutal !

*Le Rossignol.*

Le mien, peut-être,  
M'a semblé quelquefois trop facile et trop bleu !

*Chantecler.*

Oh ! comment daignes-tu me faire cet aveu ?

*Le Rossignol.*

Tu t'es battu pour une amie à moi, la Rose !  
Sache donc cette triste et rassurante chose  
Que nul, Coq du matin ou Rossignol du soir,  
N'a tout-à-fait le chant qu'il rêverait d'avoir !

But one day Chantecler, who has lived in an illusion, for an illusion, stands face to face with merciless reality. The world does not end with the boundaries of his farmyard, the sun does not rise at his call, he is not necessary to the world-scheme. Here Chantecler stands as the type of the supremely, the eternally misunderstood. First his friends, his dependents—the little kingdom where he was king—have shown themselves alien at heart ; then, the mistress he adores, at whose bidding he has almost forgotten his life's work, reveals with brutal candour that she loves the man only in him, and disdains the artist. But as the artist in Chantecler is infinitely stronger than the man, as his song is his very life, when he has to make the dread choice between his mistress and his art, he remains true to his self-imposed mission and renounces love for ever.

To every artist, some day, will come this hour, for the gods have decreed it thus ; and the Chanteclers of this world, the messengers of the Dawn, must go out into the wilderness to learn the secret of their song.

In yet another of its manifold aspects *Chantecler* is a brilliant satire of the foibles, the follies, the vices of the day, the dramatist following in this the great classic models of Æsop and La Fontaine. He holds the mirror to mankind, but the mirror is a distorting one ; the human face has become the mask of the brute. It is a merciless flagellation of decadent art, decadent literature, modern complexities and abnormalities. It is a pæan of praise of all that is sane, clear, healthy, simple and true.

In yet another aspect— But it is the inner meaning of *Chan-*

*tecler* we are striving to understand, the poet's soul we are seeking to capture in the glowing lines of his masterpiece. . . . And after a time we discover that the esotericism of *Chantecler* is that of almost every great play, every great book ever given by man to man; its symbolism is that of Greek dramas and German legends, of Indian epics and Persian poems; it is the eternal quest of humanity for the Divine within itself.

The life-story of *Chantecler* is an epitome of the human drama as it unfolds, age after age, upon earth; in the development of *Chantecler's* character we see the various phases of human growth—mental, moral, spiritual; and in them, through them, we see the evolution of all mankind, for is not man truly what the ancient philosophers called him, a "little world," self-contained, a microcosm, minute but faithful copy of the "great world," the macrocosm wherein he lives?

We first see *Chantecler* in the stage of early youth, when he is pleased with himself and with all things, and the soul of him is yet asleep. His world is the farmyard where he reigns, sole sovereign; and at his imperious call the sun itself is compelled to appear overhead. *L'état, c'est moi*, said Le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV, and *Chantecler* might well have said, *Le monde, c'est moi*; for is not the world beholden to him for light, life, love?

. . . Ma voix dispense la clarté,  
Et quand le ciel est gris, c'est que j'ai mal chanté!

With the days of early manhood comes an all-absorbing love, and with it strange dreams, restlessness and divine discontent. No longer at peace with himself or with his fellow creatures, *Chantecler* forsakes the farmyard and flees to the woods with the pheasant whose crest is golden.

*Tout ça, parce qu'elle a sur la tête de l'or!*

In the wilderness he enters upon his true manhood; he tastes both bliss and despair, and thereby attains to the knowledge of self.

*La Faisane*, who in an Indian legend would have been called *Mâyâ*, the illusion of the senses, is the weaver of spells that enmesh the soul. Under the thrall of her witcheries *Chantecler* almost forgets that his rôle is to sing, to summon the dawn, to give light to the world. She seeks to persuade him that man lives unto himself alone, that happiness is his only object, the love of the senses his truest bliss. Unwittingly she strives, with

## THE INNER MEANING OF CHANTECLER 37

her wild mad love, to hush his song for ever, the song of the god within him.

She is jealous of the Dawn, for she is Mâyâ, the Earth, the soulless one :—

*La Faisano—*

C'est le grand amour que l'Aurore m'enlève !

*Chantecler—*

Il n'est de grand amour qu'à l'ombre d'un grand rêve !

Je chanterai toujours !

Humanity that dreams of the stars, humanity that sings and that weeps, humanity that seeks to spell out, on the scroll of Earth and of Heaven, the secret of its destiny—humanity in all its latent divinity—is centred in Chantecler, revealed by him in verses whose beauty thrill us to the core.

They thrill us not for their beauty alone, but for the promise they enshrine, the message they bear to every son of man ; for Chantecler—and here we touch the inmost meaning of the play—Chantecler is the type not only of *evolving*, but of *evolved* humanity. He is man as he may be, man as he will be when he has fully realized the divinity latent within him. He typifies the humanity of the future, as well as of the past and the present.

At first we see Chantecler as man only ; at the close of the sublime poem we see him as the God-in-man. We hail in him a humanity that has learned its supreme lesson, that has reached a point in its evolution when it not only perceives the Ideal, but is willing to die for it ; when it is not only ready to die for it, but—infinitely more difficult task—to realize it in its daily life. Its ideal has become the ideal of *service for love's sake*, " The utmost for the Highest."

His illusions shattered, his dream dispelled, his love alienated, his message ridiculed, Chantecler yet rises above despair, nay, in his hour of despair he is stronger than ever, more absolutely convinced of his mission, more completely faithful to his trust. He *will* believe in his heaven-appointed task, even though heaven itself seems against him, even though the sun has risen while he, Chantecler, listened, entranced, to the voice of the Nightingale. He *will* believe himself necessary to Nature's plan : For is not man himself one of the cosmic forces that shape the world ?

Who knows, he asks with the sublime audacity of genius, who knows that if I sing daily my song of dawn, and after me,

in other farms, other birds take up the refrain of my song, every morn, for a long, long while, who knows if some day—some day—there will be no more night?

. . . Si je chante, exact, sonore, et si, sonore,  
Exact, bien après moi, pendant longtemps encore,  
Chaque ferme a son Coq qui chante dans sa cour,  
Je crois qu'il n'y aura plus de nuit!

—Quand?

—Un jour!

Was any system of idealistic philosophy ever more precise in its message and its promise? *Think* the ideal, *live* the ideal, and it becomes the real, it weaves itself into our daily life, it becomes part of ourself, it becomes our truest, inmost self. Let all mankind cherish lofty ideals, love the light, desire the light, summon the light in its daily aspirations, and lo, the light is there, illumining the world—the inner world—for ever.

Chantecler does not know *when* this day will dawn, but—it will come—"some day"—and meanwhile—"to work!"

*La Faisane* believes he can nevermore sing, having once doubted his call. "Yet will I sing," says Chantecler.

Comment reprend-on du courage

Quand on doute de l'œuvre?

—On se met à l'ouvrage!

To work! Chantecler will do his utmost to hasten the glorious day, praying that others, after him, will do the same—each one in his place, each one doing his best—and for every soul the eternal Dawn will rise—*some day!*

# MRS. EDDY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE : A REJOINDER

By FREDERICK DIXON

THE experienced reviewer is not particularly moved when a biography appears in which some prominent worker or thinker of the day is exhibited in hues, black or golden, according to the particular antipathy or sympathy of the writer. If he has had any historical training at all, he knows that the average biographer is very like the famous Caroline statesman whom Dryden depicted under the name of Zimri :—

“ Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.”

The writer of the biography of Mrs. Eddy, alluded to in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, resembles Buckingham at least in this, that she does not seem to possess the historical balance which makes a real biographer. She sees, in Mrs. Eddy, a great figure in the activities of to-day, and, instead of trying to paint her portrait with the breadth and mastery of a Reynolds, she seems to have gone about collecting little snapshots from other people, taken in all the darkness of prejudice, and all the confusion of ignorance. The result is that she has given us a book instinct with the venerable reminiscences and popular gossip of those who are either actively hostile to Mrs. Eddy, or, at the best, entirely lacking in sympathy for her. The only class of evidence which is lacking is that of the men and women who have known her, loved her, and worked with her, and whose familiarity with her life and labours has produced an ever-deepening affection and an ever-broadening veneration.

It has been claimed that practically no assistance could be obtained from Christian Scientists or from Mrs. Eddy herself in compiling this biography. The fact is that the applicants were referred, in the ordinary course, to the Committee on Publication. In the Publication Office, they were offered every possible assistance, in the way of verification, so as to ensure accuracy. No attempt whatever was made to take advantage of this offer, with the result that the preliminary issue in the magazine contained a picture of a lady supposed to be Mrs. Eddy, but who was not

Mrs. Eddy at all, but, as has been proved, a certain Mrs. Chevalier. Seeing that Mrs. Eddy is the best known woman living, and that her picture is perfectly easily obtainable, it would not have needed any very great care to have avoided such a mistake as this. The incident is indicative of the manner in which the material for the biography was collected. To go into this material at length would be impossible. It would require another and a larger book than the biography itself. It is not impossible, however, to seize, as the writer of the article has done, on what is the heart of the attack, the attempt to prove that Christian Science was the discovery of Mr. Quimby and not of Mrs. Eddy.

A charge such as this could only be launched by some one who was entirely unacquainted with what is claimed as Mr. Quimby's teaching or what has been taught by Mrs. Eddy. Briefly, what Mr. Quimby taught was the power of the human mind over matter. In other words, Mr. Quimby worked through an adaptation of his own of the believed power of mental suggestion to affect material phenomena. Christian Science, as explained by Mrs. Eddy, is the absolute antithesis of this. It repudiates entirely the use of the human mind in Christian healing, and denies that, when spiritual causation is understood, mental suggestion has any power at all. There was nothing new in Mr. Quimby's discovery. His theory was merely a reproduction of the mental process which, in one form or another, has come down from the ancient mental workers in the East. What constituted the gulf between Christianity and the other religions with which the early Christians were surrounded, was the fact that Jesus separated once and for all the claim of the power of the human mind to effect good or evil, from the scientific knowledge of absolute Truth as the only real existent power. The claim of the power of the human mind to do good is inseparable from its claim to do evil, and as nobody has ever dared to pretend that the human mind is not largely actuated by evil, it follows that such a theory maintains that evil is power. The author of the allegory of creation in the Jehovistic document of the book of Genesis, uses the imagery of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil to typify this, and he draws from it the inevitable deduction that he who eats of this fruit will die. Now, as Paul maintains that by sin death came into the world, it is manifest that, according to the teaching of Christianity, a belief in the power of good and evil is itself sin. Centuries later Jesus referred to the same subject, making use of a similar image. "A good tree," he said, "cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good

fruit." In this way he made it perfectly clear that a tree which produced good and evil fruit was of necessity corrupt, and so he put his teaching on this point in harmony with the allegory of Genesis. "But," he went on to say, "if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." The kingdom of God then cannot possibly come to any man through suggestion from a human mind which of necessity believes in both good and evil and which, therefore, in Jesus' own words, is corrupt.

The Scribes and Pharisees, desiring to destroy Jesus' influence over the Jewish people, chose this very point in his teaching for their attack. Confident that they could confuse the healing effected by the divine Mind with the so-called healing which it was claimed could be effected through the human mind, they declared that Jesus cast out devils through Beelzebub. To the Jew of the first century the implication was clear. From the time of Abraham downwards, the leaders of the chosen people had waged incessant war with the magicians, astrologers, necromancers, and all other workers, by means of the human mind, who had claimed through this instrumentality to perform wonders and to heal the sick. Ignorant themselves, perhaps, of the difference between the miracles performed by Jesus and the miracles wrought by the wonder-workers, they imagined that the people would confuse Jesus with the latter. Jesus' reply separated spiritual healing from healing through mental suggestion, and eliminated the latter for ever as a factor in Christian practice. The kingdom of God, he showed, in effect, never came, and never could come to any man through suggestion from a mind believing in good and in evil. The kingdom of God could come only as men began to perceive the Christ, and so to gain the Mind of Christ. Evil, he said, using the imagery of the East, and personifying it as the devil, abode not in the Truth, because there was no truth in it. Take away the metaphorical atmosphere of the East and translate the Greek into the more matter-of-fact language of the West, and what do these words come to but this? Evil does not abide in Truth, because evil has in reality no existence. Evil, in plain English, is not power, and is not real. The only reality it has is its relative existence in the human consciousness as opposed to a relative sense of good. The only power it has is the temporary sense of power a lie seems to exert so long as it is unexposed.

What then did Jesus teach? Simply that the only power was God, good, and that as soon as this fact was grasped, spiritual causation would begin to be understood, and as soon as it was



understood, men would begin to get that understanding of the absolute, which constitutes the Truth, the knowledge of which, he said, would free mankind. Had Jesus stopped here, merely contenting himself with the statement of a theory, Christianity would never have gained the power it has. He knew, however, that absolute Truth was the most scientific thing in the world, and that, because it was scientific, it could be demonstrated. "Jesus of Nazareth," writes Mrs. Eddy, on page 313 of *Science and Health*, "was the most scientific man that ever trod the globe. He plunged beneath the material surface of things, and found the spiritual cause." Knowing that God, good, was the cause of all that truly existed, he was able to do more than preach a theory to his listeners, he was able to demonstrate Science. He came preaching amidst the Galilean hills and in the Jordan valley the Gospel or good news of the omnipotence of divine Principle, and, when the material instincts of his listeners shrank from the very spirituality of his message, he fell back on the miracle, declaring that if they could not believe for the words' sake, they must believe for the very works' sake. In this way, he made the power of working miracles the demonstration of what is described, in the Epistles, as the epignosis *ton theou*, the full, exact, that is to say, scientific knowledge of God, and so of Truth. Now neither of the words translated miracle in the New Testament has, or ever has had, any supernatural significance. They mean simply an act of power or a sign. The miracles of Jesus were acts of power to the shepherds and fishermen of Palestine, inasmuch as they revealed the law of spiritual causation, and they were, moreover, a sign that the Gospel of Christ was no mere theory but an absolute, demonstrable, scientific religion. "He," Jesus said, "that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." In these words he made the power to demonstrate Truth which makes men free the proof of a man's knowledge of the Christian faith.

The ministry of Jesus had scarcely ceased before his followers began to lose sight of the practice of Christianity in its theory. Already by the time of the composition of the epistle of James, we have the apostle declaring that faith, the theory of Christianity, without works, without demonstration, is dead. Nevertheless, the so-called faith continued, whilst the works steadily decreased. For three hundred years after the crucifixion, they lingered on, as we know from the works of the Fathers, in a sporadic manner. Then, in the gathering mist of the materiality which followed the reign of Constantine, they ceased. Though, however, the works

ceased to be a recognized element in Christian teaching, Truth still remained to be demonstrated, for the Christ was to be with men alway, even unto the end of the world. The consequence was that even in the Dark Ages, even amidst the gross materiality of the Renaissance, even in the rationalistic centuries which followed, in the very nadir of the world's spiritual knowledge, there lived those who were able to demonstrate the power of Truth to meet men's necessities. Such wonders were accomplished by men like Stephen Harding and the German Sebald; such signs were shown by Luther, by the Quaker Fox, and by John Wesley. The healing, however, accomplished by all these men was accomplished through a belief in the fact that causation was material, and that the power of God could be exerted to alter his own laws. As a result, it was of the most uncertain and rarest description, and was accomplished only by some momentary and acute perception of the meaning of divine Love, which almost immediately faded from view. At the beginning of the first century the sun of righteousness arose with healing in its wings; the healing done by such men as Luther and Fox barely resembled the faint flicker of a rushlight before it was extinguished by the wind.

It was whilst following the golden clue, which she had obtained from the Bible, through the mist of the caverns of mortal mind, that Mrs. Eddy met Mr. Quimby. For a moment she thought that she had found what she was seeking, and, as was her way, she gave him generous acknowledgment and praise. Gradually, however, as she began to understand the spiritual teaching of the Bible better, she began to realize that Mr. Quimby's teaching was a broken reed, and so she turned for ever from reliance on human aid in any way, and devoted herself, single-handed, to the effort to recover the science of Christian healing. Little by little the light dawned upon her, until, to adopt a phrase of her own, on page 224 of *Science and Health*, she saw "truth's full-orbed appearing." From that hour until to-day her one thought, her one work has been to let her light so shine before men that they might see her good works and glorify her Father which is in heaven.

The experience of healing came to Mrs. Eddy, as it had come before her to Moses, to Elijah, and Elisha, and to the great workers in European Christianity. She was healed when she was on the point of death. But unlike her predecessors, she was not content to accept this healing as a special interposition of Providence. She realized that the truth which had healed the Hebrews in the desert, which had raised the son of the Shunamite woman, which

had made clean the Syrian Naaman, which had cured Melancthon and the sick woman at Mansfield Woodhouse, was simply the understanding of the Christ which was never absent from humanity, and that, in her own words, on page 494 of *Science and Health*, "Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need."

It was precisely here that Mrs. Eddy's vision differed from that of those who had preceded her. They believed God to be the fashioner of laws of disease, and an occasional law-breaker to please some peculiarly persuasive pleader. She saw that God was divine Principle, and that this consequently was why Jesus had been able to say, "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." From infinite good, she saw, nothing but good could proceed, and from this she deduced the existence of divine law and spiritual causation. "I knew," she writes on page 109 of *Science and Health*, "the Principle of all harmonious Mind-action to be God, and that cures were produced in primitive Christian healing by holy, uplifting faith; but I must know the Science of this healing, and I won my way to absolute conclusions through divine revelation, reason and demonstration." It was in this way that the Science of Christianity, or Christian Science, was given to the world, and the world owes Mrs. Eddy a debt it has as yet scarcely begun even to suspect, in that she has recovered the interpretation of the Scriptures from the ebb and flow of a sea of religious emotions, and established it upon the rock of Science. For what is Science but, in the words of one of the world's greatest thinkers, "the answer a man makes to the question, 'what do I know?'" The miracle was the answer given by Jesus to that question in the mouth of the Jews; and the miracle, though as supernatural to the man ignorant of divine law as the telephone is to the savage, is as divinely natural to the Christian Scientist as the telephone is to the physical scientist. "When," writes Emerson, "a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall at the same time kindle science with the fire of the holiest affection, then will God go forth anew into creation."

# A LIVING VAMPIRE

By DUDLEY WRIGHT

[The following particulars have been communicated to me by a well-known surgeon, who has held various official appointments in the tropics, and the incidents herein recorded happened exactly as they are described.—D. W.]

SOME years ago a small number of English officials were stationed in a small place in the tropics. Their residences were about a quarter of a mile from each other, three of the bungalows standing in their own compounds and on separate elevations. Suddenly one of the officials fell ill, but the district medical officer was quite unable to trace the cause of the illness. The official in question made several applications to the Colonial Office for transfer to another station, saying that he felt he should die if he remained there. At first the application was refused, but the man got worse and fell into a very depressed mental condition. He eventually wrote again, saying that if his application for transfer could not be granted he would be compelled to throw up his appointment, a serious matter for him, as he had no private means. The application was then granted; he was transferred, and he recovered his health.

About eighteen months later another official had a slight attack of fever from which he fully recovered, but after this attack he began to complain of lassitude until he went beyond a certain distance from his residence. The moment he returned to within this distance he said he felt as though a wet blanket had been thrown over him, and nothing could rouse him from the depression which seized him. He, too, fell into a low state of health, and, on his request, was transferred to another station.

Shortly after this transfer the wife of the district medical officer, living within the same area, began to fail in health and became terribly depressed, apparently from no cause whatever. Previously she had been a cheerful, happy woman, indulging in games and outdoor sports of all kinds, but now she became most depressed and miserable. At last one night, about twelve o'clock, she woke up shrieking. Her husband rushed into her room, and she said she had woken up with a most awful feeling

of depression, and had seen a creature travelling along the cornice of the room. She could only describe it as having a resemblance to something between a gigantic spider and a huge jelly fish. Her husband ascribed it to an attack of nightmare, but he was disturbed in the same manner on the following night, when his wife said she had been awake for a quarter of an hour, but had not had the strength to call him before. He found her in a state of collapse, pulse exceedingly low, temperature three degrees below normal, pallid, and in a cold sweat. He mixed her a draught which had the effect of sending her to sleep.

In the morning she said she must leave the station and go home as to stop there would mean her death. Thinking to divert her attention, her husband took her away on a pleasure trip, when he was glad to see that she entirely recovered her former cheerful expression and high spirits. This state of things lasted until returning home in a rickshaw alongside her husband's her face changed and she resumed her former gloomy countenance.

"There," she said, "is it not awful? I have been so well and happy all the week, and now I feel as though a pall had been thrown over me."

Matters got worse, and she became more depressed than ever, and only a few nights passed before her husband was again called to her bedside about midnight. He found his wife in a state of considerable weakness, although it was not so acute as on the previous occasion. She said to him:—

"I want you to examine the back of my neck and shoulders very carefully and see if there is any mark on the skin of any kind whatever."

Her husband did so, but could not find a mark.

"Get a glass and look again. See if you can find any puncture from a sharp pointed tooth."

He made a microscopical examination, but found absolutely nothing.

"Now," said his wife, "I can tell you what is the matter. I dreamed that I was in a house where I lived when I was a girl. My little boy called out to me. I ran down to him, but when I reached the bottom of the stairs a tall, black man came towards me. I waved him off, but I could not move to get away from him, though I pushed the boy out of his reach. The man came towards me, seized me in his arms, sat down at the bottom of the stairs, put me on his knee, and proceeded to suck from a point at the upper part of the spine, just below the neck. I felt

that he was drawing all the blood and life out of me. Then he threw me from him and apparently I lost consciousness as he did so. I felt as though I was dying. Then I woke up, and I had been lying here for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before I was able to call you."

"Have you ever experienced anything of this character before?" asked her husband.

"No, I have not; but night after night for many months I have woken up in exactly the same state, and that has been the sole cause of my mental depression. I have not said anything because it seemed so foolish, but now I have had this definite dream I cannot hold my tongue any longer."

She soon passed into a peaceful sleep, and on discussing the matter the following morning with her husband she said:—

"I have a feeling somehow that it will not happen again. I feel quite well and strong, and all my depression is gone."

In the afternoon husband and wife were going together to the Club, when around the corner of the jungle came a tall Indian, the owner of a large number of milch cattle, and reputed to be a wealthy man. The surgeon's wife suddenly stopped, turned pale and said immediately:—

"That is the man I saw in my dream."

The husband went directly up to the man and said to him:—

"Look here, I will give you twelve hours to get out of this place. I know everything that happened last night at midnight, and I will kill you like a dog if I find you here in twelve hours' time."

The Indian disappeared the same night, taking with him only a few valuables and a little loose money. He left behind him the money that was deposited in the Bank as well as the whole of his property. His forty head of cattle, worth eighty dollars each, were impounded, and no news had been heard of him five years afterwards. Since his departure no one has complained of depression and lassitude in that area.

## CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.*]

### FULFILLED PROPHECIES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In your Notes of the Month (June, 1910) you refer to a prophecy in which the coincidence of Good Friday with Lady Day is made to serve the occasion of the nation's recent and great bereavement. The genuineness and authenticity of this prophecy are points on which I am not informed, but the date of its utterance is important, for reasons which I may recite.

Good Friday has fallen on Lady Day (March 25) in 1864, 1853, 1842, 1796, 1785, since the change of style in 1752. If we examine these dates retrospectively, it will be found that there is no consistent ground for the prophecy. In 1864 the close of the American Civil War put an end to the Cotton Famine. In 1853 the Russo-Turkish War broke out. This involved England and France in the following year, so that it may be conceded the import of the prophecy was in some sense realized. In 1842, however, General Pollock retrieved the honour of British arms at Cabul, the "dire mishap" of the British retreat having taken place in January. Sir Charles Napier conquered Sindh and the Earl of Aberdeen put an end to the Maine Frontier dispute between Canada and the United States. Peel's Free Trade Budget was, perhaps, the only untoward event of this year and the fact is of some significance, though hardly to be cited as fulfilling the terms of the prophecy.

In 1796, when the United Irishmen sent Wolfe Tone to France, urging the Directory to invade Ireland and establish a republic, there was some hope of the prediction finding complete fulfilment, but the dispersal of Hoche's fleet by the British squadron put an end to that project. In 1785 England witnessed the defeat of Pitt's Reform Bill and the Irish Commercial Union measure.

I think it will be seen, then, that unless the prophecy was uttered after 1864 and before 1910, very little can be said for it. On the other hand, should it have been uttered before the change

of style in 1752, we are wrong in regarding 1910 as fulfilling the conditions of the prophecy, since Good Friday would not then coincide with March 25 (Old Style).

These points appear to have been overlooked by many who have quoted the prediction, which must be my excuse for this rather long and circumstantial reference to them.

Yours faithfully,

SEPHARIAL.

### "A PREVIOUS EXISTENCE" AND "THE PURPLE CROSS."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I am trying to collect data of people's recollections of having lived previously.

It seems to me, as all matter and force is eternal, matter only changing into various combinations, that "life" or "soul" is also constantly being used over and over again. When anything, man or animal, dies, the life, or soul, goes back at once to the mass of "soul" at that moment not incarnate, and when anything is born, it receives life from this mass of "life."

Whether personality remains in this "life" seems doubtful, and I cannot formulate any theory as to how the "life" of, say, Plato or other very clever men could be used for the "life" of a starfish or other low intellect; perhaps a Plato is made up of many millions of "life souls" and the starfish of only a few, and a microbe of only one.

I had a very curious dream some time ago which seems to point to our retaining our individuality in different incarnations.

I dreamt that I went with my mother, who had been dead some time, but whom, in my dream, I thought still alive, into a big house. The dream began by our entering the door; it was dusk, almost dark, and I told my mother to follow me because I knew the house well and she did not.

I seemed to know every room and passage, and found my way without difficulty into a big drawing-room on the second floor, with windows on two sides. The sun was setting on one side, and I went to the window and recognized the town I was in and the street; it was a large Eastern town with gilt gables, and I told my mother we would see "The Church" out of the other window and we did.

I then went to the wall to turn on the gas to light it. I *knew just where to go*, but when I felt on the wall (it was too dark to see clearly) I could not find the gas bracket.



At that moment a man in livery came in and said, *in English*, "The bracket is not there now, as the electric light has been put in;" and he turned on the electric light at another spot.

All the decorations of the room were familiar to me, and they were elaborate with much colour; it was almost a palace.

Now I have never been in the East, though over most of Europe, but this room and town, and in fact the whole house, were as familiar to me as where I am now living. Yet when I woke up I could not remember ever having been there. This must have been a memory of a previous existence. My mother did not seem to know it at all in my dream.

While writing, I should like to take the opportunity of replying to an enquiry of one of your correspondents.

In the OCCULT REVIEW of May, W. F. T. asks if any explanation can be given of the cross of purple seen on a wall. Of course some may think it was a warning of the death of the King (purple being the Royal colour for mourning), but I think I can give a very prosaic explanation.

When one looks at anything steadily for a few minutes, especially anything which is against the light, the image of that object is retained, in its complementary colours, for some time, and if one looks at a blank wall that image comes and goes several times just as explained by W. F. T.

As the image seen was that of a purple cross, W. F. T. must have been looking just before at some light yellow object in the form of a cross, either a gilt cross or a gilt picture frame which had a crossing of its sides, or most likely of all, *had been looking out of the window*.

The fact that it was "wet and gloomy, the sky a dull leaden grey" would, the cross-bars of the window being cream colour, give a deep violet cross on a grey ground if the window was first and then the wall looked at. A blue sky would have given an orange background, but grey does not have a complementary colour (it is the only colour, or rather lack of colour, which does not), therefore the background would remain a light grey and be unnoticed.

Would W. F. T. kindly try this experiment and report results?

To show I am not an unbeliever, I may say that I can, by looking intently into the corner of a room, when I am alone and it is getting dusk, see in my mind's eye what a certain person is doing, and this so accurately that I often write to her that "you were doing so and so yesterday at such a time" and five times out of six I am right.

Yours faithfully,

W. W.

Re "W. F. T."

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of offering an explanation as to W. F. T.'s curious vision.

It was caused by "HYPER-AESTHESIA"; this transcends all PSYCHIC-VISION, and is not under the control of the RECIPIENT.

That this class (which is the highest) of Vision, is not SUBJECTIVE, is proved by ORIENTATION, thus showing it to be EXTERNAL to the AURA.

It is produced by the SPIRIT kissing the BRIDE (the Soul) and thus opening up the SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS, and is the resultant of SPIRITUAL ASPIRATION.

Yet it, itself, is but the SYMBOL OF SPIRITUAL IDEATION brought to form, and when received, is capable of solution through the RECIPIENT'S OWN INTUITIONS more than through other sources. WOULD that there were more of this CLASS!

LIVERPOOL.

Yours faithfully,  
W. FLEET.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg to offer the following interpretation of the dream submitted by your correspondent "Dreamer." The dream is of considerable importance, and is prophetic, as it refers to a wonderful scientific discovery which will be made in a few years' time—the possibility of which has even now entered the minds of two advanced thinkers and scientists. This scientific invention will surpass even Marconi's great discovery, though it will be on somewhat similar lines.

*It will enable persons to see one another at a distance.* There will be regular "stations" as in wireless telegraphy. The seer will observe the person he desires "in a round circle of light as though it were at the far end of a telescope," or (to quote "Dreamer's" words further) "as though through inverted opera glasses."

The "triangle within the circle" is symbolical of the occult sciences, and indicates that the discovery will be made by an adept in occultism and psychic research. The "two clasped hands" means that two men will work at this discovery in unison, one being the occultist and the other an expert electrician and scientist. The "rose over the hands" indicates their nationality. I consider "Dreamer's" dream very remarkable, and a good case of "prevision."

Yours faithfully,  
REGINALD B. SPAN.

## "ANTIQUITY UNVEILED."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It was with mingled surprise and sorrow that I read in your excellent journal a paragraph from the pen of W. H. Edwards concerning a book published in America, entitled *Antiquity Unveiled*.

He writes :—

"The whole secrets of religion are therein (*Antiquity Unveiled*) laid bare. The whole mystery of the absence of the originals of the New Testament—the real history of Christ—who he really was—and the means taken to conceal the transition of pagan religions to Christianity, are revealed by the great authorities who were the moving actors in that great change. Communications are given from all authorities who are quoted by Christian writers."

Running no risk of disputation from any scholarly source, I beg to state that the last sentence in the above paragraph is absolutely incorrect. If this gentleman had read the history of the Hebrew Second Commonwealth by the very learned Rabbi I. M. Wise, educated in a German University, a distinguished linguist and president for years of the great Hebrew College at Cincinnati, Ohio, or if he had, with other books we might name, read *Christianity in Talmud and Midrash*, by R. T. Herford, B.A. ; or the testimonies of Schim ben Azai, also Aqiba living in the first part of the first century of Christianity (not Pauline Churchianity, but Essenic Christianity as taught by that man medium and martyr, Jesus of Nazareth), he would never have been so misled by a more than worthless volume.

Concerning this book, *Antiquity Unveiled*, I have to say without the least hesitation or mental reservation that I consider it the most abominable and disgraceful fraud ever palmed off upon the public in the precious name of Spiritualism.

Personally acquainted with all, and intimately acquainted with several of the parties instrumental in bringing this volume into the world, I ask no pardon for doing a bit of strenuous unveiling, relating to *Antiquity Unveiled*.

The compiler of this book, J. M. Roberts of Philadelphia, was a lawyer, a rank materialist and an inveterate hater of any form of Christianity before coming into the knowledge of phenomenal Spiritualism. This was a key to the contents of the book.

Writing occasionally for Roberts' weekly *Mind and Matter* and meeting him often face to face in the exchange of opinions, I could never make him understand that vast difference between primitive Apostolic Christianity and Ecclesiastical Churchianity, instituted and largely paganized under the reign of the murderous

Emperor Constantine, and vigorously buttressed by the priests and narrow-minded bishops of that period.

To promulgate his peculiar anti-religious theories, Mr. Roberts took under his wing one Alfred James, a pronounced trance medium, whose name was carefully excluded from this book.

The 159 communications constituting this volume purporting to come from distinguished ancient spirits (yet necessarily unidentified) were not taken down from the medium's trance speeches in shorthand or stenographically—mark this fact—but were pencilled down, a point here and a sentence there, by Mr. Roberts, and then borne to his room, where with encyclopedias, biographical dictionaries, the writings of Robert Taylor, Voltaire, Dupuis, Maurice, Kersy Graves, extracts from Higgins, all doubters or Christ-haters, the book was made up and made according to the taste and long-cherished prejudices of J. M. Roberts himself.

To what extent hypnotic and obsessing spirit influences were behind the contents of this book, the evident purpose of which was to substitute Apollonius of Tyana for the man of Nazareth, and so get rid of the existence of the Jewish medium and martyr Jesus Christ, I do not pretend to say.

How any intelligent person acquainted with the psychic principle of mental values, or with that fixed law of adaptation, could or can believe that Zoroaster, living according to Aristotle and others, 5,000 years before Plato, would entrance this weak-minded James; or that Josephus, Manetho, Marcion, Plotinus, Eusebius, Origen, Pythagoras and scores of other great giant-minded sages and philosophers dwelling in the ethereal heavens of progress and named in *Antiquity Unveiled*, would control that poor, unbalanced medium, is a momentous puzzle that admits of no possible solution. And withal, this book abounds in some most egregious historical blunders; for instance: one of these purported communicating spirits speaks of "the Indian Christos"—a purely manufactured person. There is not a scintilla of proof that any such person ever lived in India; and further, no such word as Christos is found in either the Sanskrit or Pali language. Krishna, pronounced by the Hindus *Kreesh-na*, was an ancient Indian god, and no wriggling or linguistic twisting can identify as one individuality Christ and Krishna.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

[I have ventured to curtail Dr. Peebles' indignant communication. I cannot say that I take *Antiquity Unveiled* seriously.—Ed.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE is a lesson to be drawn from the illustrations to Mr. Marriott's article in *Pearson's Magazine* for June, which is not precisely what was intended by that very clever exponent of "how it might have been done." His contention is, of course, that all the physical effects of mediumship, such as the displacement and raising of objects, are effected by mechanical means, and he goes so far as openly to flout the testimony of scientific men, even such careful and competent observers as Sir William Crookes, accusing them of passively lending themselves to suggestion, sitting where they were told to sit, looking at what they were desired to look at, and in short seeing what they were intended to see. Amongst the scientific investigators referred to is Dr. Ochorowicz, who has been describing in *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* the levitation of small objects between the separated hands of his medium, Mlle Tomczyk. The effect is just as though the objects were held in the air by a thread stretching from one hand to the other, but Dr. Ochorowicz, in the course of prolonged and repeated observations, was able to satisfy himself that there was no material thread or hair. Mr. Marriott, however, had himself photographed while performing similar feats with a thread, to the apparent bewilderment of an interested spectator. These photographs appear to be a good illustration of the fact that the imitation of phenomena by mechanical means is no proof whatever that such means were originally used in their production.

In *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* M. de Fontenay makes the following definite statement with regard to this very point of the use of threads by mediums :—

I am certain that movements of objects without contact take place with a large number of mediums; at least I am as certain of it as an observer can be of observations which he has made, repeated and photographed under conditions in which the use of a thread would have been impossible. I believe firmly that Mlle Tomczyk is one of these mediums, for I refuse to admit that an observer such as Dr. Ochorowicz could have been so persistently mistaken on so easy a question.

Dr. Ochorowicz is at present describing in *Annales* the peculiar radiations which pass between the hands of the medium, and which, from their mechanical power of sustaining light objects in the air, he calls "rigid rays." By causing the medium to hold her hands over a sensitive plate in the dark, he had succeeded in obtaining impressions of these emanations, as well as of another kind of rays which he calls X<sup>2</sup>-rays, because they have an actinic

action much greater than that of the X-rays already known, and have other peculiar properties.

The *Open Court* gives a fully-illustrated description of various reputed sacred localities near Jerusalem, and a further discussion on the existence of Nazareth as a place ; the opening article is on the close connection between the Avesta and the Vedas, as shown by the close similarity of the subject-matter and of the names of gods, demons, and other powers and characters. There is also a study of the spread of Oriental religions in the Roman Empire, which is accounted for by their emotional and mystical character, as opposed to the set formalism of the official Roman cults. The writer has little sympathy with mysticism, but he pictures the fascination of religions which "taught men how to reach that blissful state in which the soul was freed from the tyranny of the body and of suffering, and lost itself in raptures."

The *Theosophist* is perhaps even more speculative than usual, treating of incarnations which took place many thousands of years ago, of "Force-centres and the Serpent-Fire," of the philosophy of Herakleitos, and of Astrology as "the soul of astronomy." In an instalment of H. P. B.'s republished articles on the "Mysterious tribes" of the Blue Mountains in India, further instances are given of the magical powers of a dwarf race, by which they could kill even Europeans by their fascinating or basilisk-gaze. These powers are stated to have been well known to the late General and Mrs. Morgan, who lived in close contact with these various hill-tribes, and were on friendly terms with them.

Mr. James Allen, the well-known writer on ethical subjects, whose book *From Passion to Peace* has recently been issued by the publishers of this REVIEW, sets before us in his magazine, *The Light of Reason*, the importance of adherence to principle, and of character as "the one essential," and makes an appeal for the further continuance of his work, including the establishment of "a self-supporting philanthropic organization."

*Thought*, edited by Dr. Sheldon Leavitt, of Chicago, which has gradually developed from a tiny venture to a full-sized magazine, gives good advice with regard to the behaviour of parents when their children need medical or surgical treatment. It has often been said that suggestion is inoperative in the case of young children, but the writer, Dr. Judkins, points out that children are very susceptible to the mental attitude of those around them, and the prospect of good results is enhanced by cheerfulness of demeanour in the parents and by strong assurances given to the child. "What is the New Thought?" asks Benjamin

Fay Mills, and he answers that it is "the practical recognition of man's ability to express intelligently the Universal Will." He says further: "It regards man as the highest manifestation of God in nature, and it has faith that he can so develop his consciousness that he can realize his unity with the Eternal and live a satisfactory life here and now." This, he says, is where the New Thought differs from the old theory which postponed all realization until "the latter days."

Mrs. Annie Bright, editor of *The Harbinger of Light*, is naturally much disturbed about the recent fiasco with Bailey at Grenoble. But she reasserts her confidence, and that of the Melbourne group, in the genuineness of the phenomena at the sittings promoted by Mr. Stanford, saying:—

It is not to be supposed that seven years' close investigation by Mr. Stanford, and the long series of sittings with a well-known medical man of Sydney, whose volume, *Rigid Tests of the Occult*, presents unanswerable proofs of the genuineness of the phenomena, are all to go by the board. Many of the birds at Mr. Stanford's circles have been brought in the light, some humming-birds were of so delicate a nature that having been brought within a closed glass case and shown to the sitters, they were immediately taken away, at Mr. Stanford's request, almost in view of the sitters. These birds could not live in this climate, nor have suitable food. Apart from the large pieces of tapestry, the mandarin's dress, tiger skin, skull, fishing-net (15 ft. long), and other apports impossible to be concealed, the growing of plants is a feature whose genuineness has been attested over and over again.

The growing of such a plant from a seed carefully marked and afterwards verified, was, in fact, one of the feats which convinced Professor Reichel of Bailey's genuineness, and caused him to bring Bailey to Europe to be submitted to scientific men of authority. The same paper gives a notice of the late Cavalier Smith, of Melbourne, a distinguished journalist, literary man, and Italian scholar, whose studies on Dante were rewarded by the King of Italy, and who for forty years had been an ardent upholder of the belief in the survival and after-death activity and influence of the human spirit.

¶ The second number of Mr. Dimsdale Stocker's little quarterly, *The New Thought and Psychic Review*, well sustains the promise of the first number as presenting the gist and kernel of what is true in the "New Thought" in concise and readable form, which is more than can be said of some other publications bearing the same label. If Mr. Stocker has to go to America for his contributors, he has at any rate chosen some of the most vigorous, incisive, and attractive writers in the New Thought field.

## REVIEWS

**MAURICE MAETERLINCK.** Translated from the French of Gérard Harry by Alfred Allinson. George Allen & Sons. Price 2s. 6d. net.

AN able translation of M. Gérard Harry's admirable essay. It appears in England at an opportune moment, when *The Blue Bird* has brought home to the public at large Maeterlinck's beautiful mysticism. Notwithstanding the pose of the fashionable section of the community who for some time past have affected great admiration for Maeterlinck's works—whether or not they are truly able to comprehend either his inspiration or his standpoint—the performance of this play has been the means of rousing an active interest in the minds of many whose acquaintance with the writings of Maeterlinck has been slight and cursory, or who may perhaps be totally ignorant of his works. After witnessing the performance of *The Blue Bird*, these people, spellbound by its bewildering pathos and beauty, are exclaiming to themselves: "Maeterlinck! Maeterlinck! The name seems familiar—perhaps I have read something he has written; but still, I know very little about him; I must find out more; he must be a great man!" To such as these M. Gérard Harry's essay will be a godsend. It will be as fuel to the flame of their interest.

The essay, while in itself rather brief, nevertheless presents a masterly and intuitive analysis of the chief characteristics of the great Belgian mystic. The style is graceful and simple. The words are well-adapted to the delicate shades of Maeterlinck's genius. They reflect the cool streams, the limpid pools, the deep<sup>r</sup> tranquillity of shady forests, the speaking silences of unutterable dreams, the birth, in twilight hours, of thoughts that shall one day shake the world, reverberating through infinity,—mirroring the thousand and one elusive phantasies that are woven through Maeterlinck's writings. *Maurice Maeterlinck* touches on the most important aspects of this "explorer of the catacombs of the soul," this "indefatigable reaper in the field of hypothesis," who "carves his dreams in marble and casts clouds in bronze" . . . who "delves the under-soil, and questions the stars."

*Maurice Maeterlinck* is followed by *The Massacre of the Innocents*, one of Maeterlinck's earliest contributions to literature, and by a *Critique on Iwan Gilkin's "Damnation de l'Artiste."* A bibliography of Maeterlinck's works concludes the volume.

MEREDITH STARR.

**LEGENDS OF ATLANTIS, AND EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK OF OLD SAYINGS.** By "Marona." Letchworth: The Garden City Press Ltd. Price 6d. net.

THIS dainty little booklet purports to consist of "Readings from the Astral libraries of Atlantis and Alexandria." What value it may possess from a psychical point of view we are unable to say, no indication being given as to the source of "inspiration," whether clairvoyance or automatic writing. Apart from this consideration, however, the collection of mystical allegories contained in the former part of the book, and the fragments from the book of "Old Sayings" which form the latter portion, are both interesting and well written.

H. J. S.



**DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE: a Tragedy.** By A. W. Langlands. F'cap 8vo, pp. vi., 101. London: Elliot Stock. 3s. net.

IF, as I am tempted to assume, this is a first publication, and as such only a serious experiment in the art of making verse, one would like to say all that is possible to encourage rather than dissuade. Very small beginnings do not make impossible the occasional attainment of great ends. In the verse of this tragedy, however, there is not much at present to encourage the belief that it will prove a typical case in point. The story deals with certain events which lead up to the martyrdom of Dionysius at the end of the first century A.D. Of Dionysius himself we see very little till the fifth act, and the other episodes are quite foreign to any scheme concerning him. It is not unpleasant reading, but there is no trace of the fire divine. A second bid for recognition may prove better. We need all possible poets and must not shut the doors against any postulant. A. E. WAITE.

**A STUDY OF SWEDENBORG'S PSYCHICAL STATES AND EXPERIENCES.**  
By John Whitehead, A.M. Pp. 20. Boston: Massachusetts  
New-Church Union, 16, Arlington Street.

"IN view of the proofs now adduced by the Society for Psychical Research, that psychical phenomena are facts of experience," says Mr. Whitehead in this interesting article reprinted from *The New-Church Review*, "it seems timely to make a re-examination of Swedenborg's psychical experiences to learn their nature and bearing on modern psychical problems." In view of these proofs, the argument that Swedenborg must have been a monomaniac because he claimed to have converse with spirits, which, in spite of the manifest evidences of Swedenborg's sanity, has sometimes been adopted, breaks down entirely. Mr. Whitehead's essay deals also with other psychical phenomena, such as telepathy, automatic writing, etc., and can be recommended to those interested in psychical research.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**OUR INVISIBLE SUPPLY: HOW TO OBTAIN IT.** By Frances Larimer Warner. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

OF all aspects of Christian Science, perhaps, after bodily healing, that which appeals most forcibly to the ordinary "mortal mind" is the claim made by its adherents of having power to draw upon an inexhaustible and universal supply of material benefits—money, food, clothing, and the like. This book consists of a collection of letters written by a demonstrator of this claim to students of Christian Science. Many instances are given of the (seemingly) miraculous working of the Law of Supply, as, for example, when the author, being without a home or the means to provide one, "went deliberately to work to prove the ability of the Law to provide all that I demanded without the aid of my personal efforts or work"—and in less than a year found herself in possession of all that she had imaged, "and a great deal more," including a house, with grounds, and an automobile! Statements such as these are recounted with a seriousness which leaves no doubt as to the conviction of the writer. The letters are linked by quotations in prose and verse, many of which hold beautiful and original thoughts. E. M. M.

**LIVING THE LIFE.** By Grace Dawson. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price, Paper Covers, 1s. net. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

There are many who have affirmed the Christian life to be impracticable under modern conditions, and there are perhaps many more who have altogether mistaken it. In the belief of Grace Dawson the life is by no means an impossibility when rightly understood and properly attempted. Its practicability is indeed in its simplicity, but man, in his intellectual pride, "has reasoned it into complexity and impracticability." We take the life too seriously or yet not seriously enough. The "Whole Man" takes it with the understanding that "man has no limits save those of his own setting." He recognizes the law of liberty which sets him free from bondage. His power consists in the recognition and observance of this law, and being free from the limitations which hamper the conventional life, he progresses without effort and overcomes without strife. The true Christian has a right estimate of the meaning of success and failure. Seeing that "nation after nation, empire after empire has risen by the might of the sword, ruled by it and perished by it," those who are living the life give importance to self-control. On all these points of Christian teaching the authoress has much to say that is worth reading, and her little book may well serve to instil new hope and effort into many who have been led to regard the Christian life as too serious a problem, when in fact it has never been properly attempted by them.

SCRUTATOR.

**MANUAL SYNTHÉTIQUE ET PRATIQUE DU TAROT.** Par Endes Picard. Demy 8vo, pp. 190. Paris: H. Daragon.

HAVING been concerned in the recent reconstruction of the Tarot symbols in the light of certain aspects of the secret Tradition, I am naturally interested to meet in this work with an independent attempt to present them by a student who has only his personal impressions and a few French authorities to guide him. M. Picard is brief and reserved regarding the historical position; he considers the 22 Trumps Major and 56 Minor Arcana as integrally connected after the manner of cause and effect; but this seems also a private feeling. He gives pictures of all the cards; those of the Trumps Major are literal reproductions of the primitive packs, similar to the sketches printed by Count de Gabalin, the original conditions being rather exaggerated than otherwise. The Minor Arcana are the designs of M. Picard, curious in conception, but not the work of a skilled draughtsman. The interpretation in the one case depends from recent French writers, and in the other we have again what appears to be the result of the writer's views, though it owes something to other cartomancists.

A. E. WAITE.

**MIND AND HEALTH.** By Edwin Ash, M.D. (Lond.). London: H. J. Glaiser, 55 & 57, Wigmore Street, W. Price 2s. 6d. net.

NOTHING better than this has been written on the subject of Mental Therapeutics. It is connected, conclusive and practical. Although primarily intended as a handbook for students and practitioners, who require a brief account of the practical uses of "suggestion" in treatment, the work involves a consideration of the possibility of a psychic or spiritual factor in the process of healing. In no case are the significant

facts overlooked, nor does the author insist that suggestion is at the root of all healing. The fact that a certain order of nervous diseases yields to suggestion is recognized and made use of. But it is also shown that disease can originate by auto-suggestion and from imaginary symptoms, real and grave functional disorders can arise, which only a more lively and positive mind can overcome. Even after operation the therapeutic value of suggestion is widely recognized and it is frequently employed. At a period of our civilization when nervous diseases are so much in evidence, the importance of correct methods in the practice of psychotherapy cannot be too fully recognized or their practice too highly esteemed.

SCRUTATOR.

**ONE LIFE, ONE LAW.** By Mabel Collins. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. Price 1s. net.

MRS. KENNINGALE COOK (Mabel Collins) is fortunate in having access to an astral library from which, as is well known, she has produced many works of singular interest to occult students. In the present small volume we have given us a few more chapters from this "permanent record" library. The author of this occult fragment tells his own story and argues for the sacredness of life, animal as well as human. The history of Ivan, the mighty hunter, may be linked up with that of Father Ivan, the Initiate author of "The Blossom and the Fruit." The little book has great ethical value.

SCRUTATOR.

**OF THE TUMBLER OF OUR LADY AND OTHER MIRACLES.** Sq. 16mo, pp. xx, 138. London: Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.

THE translation is from the middle French, and as it has been made pleasantly, so it is introduced and annotated with a certain flavour of learning by Miss Alice Kemp Welsh. Most of the stories are found in a French manuscript of the thirteenth century which the prefatory remarks describe in fervent terms. The stories are of many colours, lucent and splendid, full of grace and spiritual truth; the miracles are miracles of our Lady, and her light is on their land and sea. The "Tumbler" whose little chronicle furnishes a name to the collection was a minstrel in his day, but in fine he forsook the world and entered a cloister, where things befell him which offered the external titles of strange sanctity. There are nine legends in all, and all are odorous of her who is the Ivory Tower, House of Gold and Cedar of Chastity. Miss Kemp Welsh finds by her own methods—but not to our particular satisfaction—that notwithstanding the mediæval reverence for womanhood as "the principle of all good and of moral elevation," monkish literature rather presents an opposite aspect as the work of those who were "incapable of judging woman with respect." Well, these things are monkish legends, and I do not see how the putative fact is helped or illustrated by their evidence, which cries the very opposite in all their church bells and music.

A. E. WAITE.

**THE CELL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE: Seven Early English Mystical Treatises** printed by Henry Pepwell, MDXXI. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. Price 5s. net.

UNION with the Divine through Love has ever been the aim of the mystic

and although in the contemplative orders of the Church retirement from the world was considered a necessary preliminary for this union, the mystic of to-day sees in the deeper renunciation by the soul of all attachment to the fruits of action—in activity performed as sacrifice—a means of combining the active with the contemplative life. Nevertheless, the ardour of Love which fired the heart of the mediæval monk and anchoress is powerful to-day as ever, in its exquisite fragrance, to breathe forth consolation and encouragement to the soul that has set its feet upon the Path of Love; and the modern mystic is under a debt of gratitude to the publishers for reviving these delightful, but little-known treatises.

The title of the volume is borrowed from St. Katharine of Sienna, self-knowledge being always considered by the mystic as an indispensable requisite for mystic elevation. In every respect this choicely got-up little book is worthy of its contents.

H. J. S.

ASTROLOGY, THE KEY TO ROULETTE. By John Roye. London: Nichols & Co., 34G, Hart Street, W.C. Price 5s. net.

It has been claimed for Astrology, at different times and by various exponents, that it is the key to all the mysteries, embracing alike the highest reaches of the human mind and the commonplace incident of our daily life. The experience of those who have made a study of roulette is that it properly belongs to the domain of things occult, and for this reason any system which pretends to compete successfully against the ubiquitous zero or compass the law of probabilities must, in effect, be a system based upon a more intimate knowledge of occult laws than is enjoyed by the most successful exponent of the law of averages. The application of Astrology to the game of roulette is, therefore, a matter of some popular interest. That planetary influences have a place in the economy of life I have no doubt whatsoever, and that they may have a relation to sound, colour, form and number, appears to me a logical conclusion. But Mr. Roye forswears all adventitious reasoning on these lines and applies himself in most creditable manner to an actual test of the principles laid down by him. The results, as tabulated, are really surprising and certainly establish a *prima facie* case for the claim preferred in the title. A more general application of these principles would certainly be of great interest.

SCRUTATOR.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Crown 8vo, pp. 348. Price 6s.

THERE is only one blot on this tender and penetrative fantasy—an ill-natured gibe at the literature of Spiritualism, which is a much more intelligent and artistic body of writing than Mr. Blackwood appears to think. Uncle Paul is a grown-up child who, after a woodman's life of separation from humanity, finds himself in a family of delightful children of whom one (Nixie) becomes, in both her bodily and discarnate life, his spiritual instructor. Nixie is one of those beings, rare in fiction, who tempt the reader to perform the mental feat of substituting himself for the fictitious persons who enjoy their love. She is so intimately in sympathy with Paul that, even in her lifetime, her voice on one occasion reaches him as something inside himself, "curiously running, so to speak, with his blood." In her company he slips through "the crack between yesterday and to-morrow," which, it seems, can be entered between the sixth and seventh

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stroke of midnight ; and as a result he is dropped into a lovely region where " nothing 'xactly happens, but everything is," and where ghosts of lost and broken things flit about. There one can be with a sense of repose and leisure, although he cannot abide there longer than the interval between the two strokes of an hour struck by a clock. Fairy folklore and the records of psychology abound with examples of the elasticity of time, but Mr. Blackwood treats the familiar idea in a fresh and interesting fashion.

W. H. CHESSON.

**THE DRUMS OF WAR.** By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 6s.

THE large and ever increasing number of novels issued at the present time which have as the motif of their plots the subject of Reincarnation, is sufficient testimony to the deep appeal which this theory makes to the popular mind. The conviction that " the life of a man begins not at the hour of his birth, and ends, who knows when—but not at the hour of his death," to quote the author's words, is deeply rooted in the heart of the East, whilst the dawning consciousness of the possibility of more than one earth-life shows signs of exerting a profound and lasting influence upon the thought of the West.

In the hands of a skilled novelist like Mr. Stacpoole, the threads of Destiny which bind together the different characters in the plot are woven with wonderful dexterity into an entrancing romance which holds the attention of the reader to the end.

H. J. S.

**THE DOMINION OF DREAMS.** By Fiona Macleod. London : Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

IN this collection of stories and legends of the Gaelic people by Fiona Macleod, we have a fine example of some of the most striking poetical prose in the English language. Set in images of the elements of earth and sky and water and of the stars and winds and of strange rustling sounds and glimmering sights, this interpreter of the magic of nature delineates figures of love and hate in vigorous and clear characters. The intensity of a man's hatred of his own brother, the unfaithfulness of a beautiful woman, the sad antics of the mad through grief, stand out in relief against the imaginative landscape with singular distinctness. There is often a Biblical simplicity in the style : " And at the last he ate roots, and went naked, and in the end was trampled to death by the wild swine." And again : " It is my pleasure to deny God. I have no fear. Sweet, intolerable lust possesses me." The quality of the writing is fine throughout.

B. P. O'N.

**POWER AND PROSPERITY.** By L. M. Messenger. London : C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE author of this inspiring book opens up his subject by affirming that the desire to know and the supreme pleasure of sharing that which we know and have made our own is at the root of the continuity of life—is, in fact, in its highest function, the Life Eternal. This leads to a consideration of the means by which knowledge and power are attained, and of the uses to which they are applied, the latter culminating in that which absorbs us in the larger life and which we speak of as " Our Glorious

Cause." The book is well written and should be a source of benefit to many and especially to those who feel the need of direction in spiritual matters.

SCRUTATOR.

**BLACK MAGIC.** By Marjorie Bowen. London: Alston Rivers, Ltd. Brooke Street, Holborn. 6s.

THE moral responsibility of an ordinary book reviewer is not a quantity which enters into the equation of his work, and in the common light he is only expected to pass an opinion on the literary merits of any volume that comes to his hand. Consequently, I have no hesitation in saying that among the works of Miss Marjorie Bowen this one, entitled *Black Magic*, must take a foremost place; and among works of fiction, both on the grounds of plot, construction and literary treatment, it must rank among the most masterly works of the century.

An atmosphere of horrible reality pervades the story, and to an impressionable mind it conveys a contagion not easily dispelled. It is a deadly, fascinating work; and how it comes to pass that a woman's mind has conceived the idea of this marvellous tale and a woman's fancy fashioned and fitted together its horrific details, baffles one's comprehension.

SCRUTATOR.

**RELIGION IN THE MAKING: A Study in Biblical Sociology.** By Samuel G. Smith, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.

HERE the author traces the growth of the Hebrew religion, as shown in the development of its priesthood, ritual, sacrificial and other ordinances, and as recorded in the Old Testament, from primitive vagueness and crudity to definite form and centralized organization. In the Bible records, despite the careful editing which they underwent in the interests of monotheism at the hands of post-exilian reformers, changes in the form of the Jehovistic idea are, as Dr. Smith observes, clearly indicated still. The survival of polytheism is evidenced by the cult of teraphim, or household gods, such as those stolen by Rachel from Jacob. Beginning as a family deity, Jehovah became, as the social group changed and enlarged, a clan God, a tribal God, and a national God. Finally he became the universal God in the religious climax of the Hebrew life.

"The knowledge," writes the author in his last chapter, "that once in human history the whole genius of a people was spent in search after God is enough to prove that mankind is not wholly base."

C. J. WHITBY.

**SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING PLACES.** By Allen Fea. London: Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 12s. 6d. net.

"THE majority of secret chambers and hiding-places owe their origin to religious persecutions," says Mr. Fea, and we must indeed pity the poor driven divine whom we imagine scuttling ignominiously to the "priest's hole" of the house. It was not then an easy thing to be a priest, as may be seen from the following quotation: "In the mansions of the old Roman Catholic families we often find an apartment in a secluded part of the house or garret in the roof named 'The Chapel,' where religious rites could be performed with the utmost privacy, and close handy was usually an artfully contrived hiding-place, not only for the officiating priest to slip into in case of emergency, but also where

the vestments, sacred vessels, and altar furniture could be put away at a moment's notice." From an old record of Hindlip Hall we learn: "Eleven secret corners and conveyances were found in the said house, all of them having books, Massing-stuff, and Popish trumpery in them, only two excepted."

The book is a volume of history, and the old traditions, that run in with the facts, only add a glamour to the rest. If by chance we find ourselves at Markyate cell we shall feel an unconscious longing to see the form of 'Wicked Lady Ferrers,' "who, disguised in male attire, robbed travellers upon the highway."

There is much amusement in the volume, but there are also terrible records. It is a book of wonders in construction for the technical mind of the architect and inventor, but is equally a book for the lover of the old and mysterious. D. P.

**CLUES TO CHARACTER.** By R. Dimsdale Stocker. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 2s. net.

THIS is the third edition of Mr. Stocker's capable work on scientific physiognomy, or graphology. The work has been revised and much enlarged and is illustrated with numerous photographs and examples of caligraphy from which the author points his remarks. As a composite work on two closely allied subjects, the book forms a very useful compendium for those who wish to study character-reading. It deserves to run into yet further editions.

SCRUTATOR.

**NIGHTSHADE.** By Paul Gwynne. London: Constable & Co. Price 6s.

THE romance and passion of the Spanish life has found a consistent and highly qualified exponent in Paul Gwynne, whose *Doctor Pons* and *The Pagan at the Shrines* are already well-known novels. The unusual feature of the works of this gifted author is the application to romance of a refined and scientific psychology. The present story concerns the fatal passion of Pablo, the poor blind musician, for a voice, in which, with the acute perception of the sightless lover, he detects the beautiful woman Francisca. Between these two souls there comes the baneful person of Meisterlimmer, a master of psychology and science; a man of huge brain power, of cynical temper, and morbid imagination to whom science is "only and true God." His every thought is a reviling of things sacred, a sarcasm or a travesty. "Forgive me," he had said on one occasion, as an excuse for holding Francisca in undue scrutiny for some minutes, "I was just thinking what a lovely corpse you would make"—a sentence which seems to embody the whole man. But he held the secret of restoring sight to the blind and found in Pablo a desirable subject for experiment and an eager patient—that he might only look upon the beautiful lady, the "Nightshade" of his imagining, the embodiment of the voice! With these three characters a romance of exceptional interest and dramatic force is deftly woven by Paul Gwynne.

SCRUTATOR.