# THE

# OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY

## RALPH SHIRLEY

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI"

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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

"GOD'S in His heaven, all's right with the world," exclaimed the optimistic poet; and if you shut your eyes to the seamy side of life, and to the doubts and darknesses that encompass the race of man in its progress to its unknown goal, you will find it easy to repeat Browning's phrase *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. "It is well if it ends well, but we don't know how it ends," comments a modern mystic and transcendentalist, who certainly does not err on the side of optimism. We might add to this rather non-committal observation the further qualification that we do not know whether it ends at all. There is something about Browning's optimism which inevitably suggests that there was a definite connection in his case (however little it might be recognized by himself) between a robust constitution combined with a fortune which rendered him independent of the anxieties and struggles of life, and the God in whom he placed his faith, and to whom he readily tendered his gratitude for having endowed him with the one and the other.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

At the other end of the pole comes the man to whose shattered constitution, we are told, we must not attribute his philosophical attitude and views of life. There is nevertheless too inevitably close a connection between mind and body for the disease of the latter not to react detrimentally on the former; and while it is impossible to ignore the importance of the attitude that Nietzsche

adopted, and his message to this generation, it is, to my mind, mere affectation for us to pretend that the reaction of bodily disease upon the intellectual outlook is not extensively apparent throughout his writings. Had Browning exchanged constitutions with Nietzsche, we should never have had from him that oft-quoted poem of self-satisfied optimism.

And yet Nietzsche was not what would be labelled a pessimist. He had, we might almost say, no truck either with optimism or pessimism. Rather was he the preacher of a new morality, a new standard of ethics, and a new aim for man. But he starts with an equally dogmatic negation of Browning's most dogmatic assertion. "Dead," he cries, "are all the gods. Now we will that Superman live!" To him the question of a future life, the pivot upon which the reason or unreason of all human activities ultimately depends, is a question either to be answered offhand and without inquiry in the negative, or else, if you like to take him so, a question of no consequence to his philosophy. "Shut your eyes to this world and fix your attention on the other," says the devout Christian, in all the folly of his other-worldliness. "Do precisely the opposite," says Nietzsche, with a scarcely less obvious lack of wisdom. Nietzsche, it is true, preached what appears in the guise of a positive philosophy of life, but it is not so in reality. Take each of his affirmations in turn, and you will find them all originating in the negation of what the German philosopher conceives to be the Christian standpoint. Go through his works with this key in your hand, and you will be astonished how it will open every door in turn.

MAINSPRING OF NIETZSCHE'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Le clericalisme c'est l'ennemi," exclaimed Gambetta. The dominant idea in Nietzsche's mind was that *Christianity* was the enemy, and that the true attitude was to take the Christian position and diametrically reverse it. And he proceeded to do this with a very remarkable and systematic thoroughness. No previous writer or thinker had ever gone as far. Others might expose the unscientific character of the Bible stories, the inaccuracies of manuscripts, the non-historical nature of the Biblical legends, the damning evidence of forgery or false allocation of authorship, the medley character of the composition of a supposedly uniform production, the absurdity of the inspirational hypothesis. Nietzsche went beyond all these. He took the principles of the Gospel morality, weighed them in the balance and found them, not merely "wanting," but radically and essentially unsound; and he proceeded to preach his own morality

in its place, if we may call that his own which was merely Christian morality turned inside out. Many another has been labelled Antichrist. No one ever really deserved that name but Friedrich Nietzsche. On the first page of his philosophy might most appropriately be placed the well-known text from the Sermon on the Mount, inverted for the occasion, "Cursed are the meek!"

The atmosphere of Christianity positively chokes him. After quoting the passage in which it is said that God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, "Enough! Enough! Bad air!" he exclaims. "Methinks this workshop of virtue positively reeks."

Nietzsche has been described as anti-Christian and anti-democratic, and the latter statement is undoubtedly true. But this was only part and parcel of his anti-Christianity. The fact that Christianity has been made to subserve the purposes of tyrants, that it has been denounced by a poet as one of "the creeds outworn From the tyrant's banner torn," that the republican, in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Portugal, appears in the guise of the natural enemy of priests and priestcraft, makes us all too ready to lose sight of the fact that in its origin and in its essence Christianity was *par excellence* the religion of democracy. But for this reason it could never have triumphed as it did. We may recall how Robert of Sicily, in Longfellow's famous ballad, inquired the meaning of the words the monks were chanting in the chapel, and how, on being informed that they were to be rendered: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, And hath exalted them of low degree," he observed:—

DEMOCRACY THE CHILD OF CHRISTIANITY.

> "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
> Only by priests and in the Latin tongue.
> For unto priests and people be it known,
> There is no power shall push *me* from *my* throne."

There was doubtless something more than the reason alleged by the priests for the retention of the Latin tongue in the services of the Church, and for a firm hand being kept on the sacred volume. The atmosphere of Christianity is an atmosphere of democracy, and nothing has so tended to popularize the democratic idea in the minds of men as the widespread dissemination of the life of Christ as told in the Gospel-narratives. Democracy has to thank Wyclif and Luther for the greatest impetus which it has ever received. Nietzsche fully recognized this, and in

attacking Democracy he attacked it as the child of Christianity, the natural offspring, in the field of politics and sociology, of the parent tree.

No two attacks on Christianity were more unlike than Voltaire's and Nietzsche's. Voltaire attacked Christianity because it was false to its own principles and the teachings of its Founder. Nietzsche attacked the essential principles of Christianity itself, the moral standpoint of the Creed, the ideal standard of conduct toward which the Christian aimed. The Christian's morality he dubbed *slave-morality*, a degrading code unworthy of the man that was to be partaker of a higher civilization—the "Superman" of his dreams.

Nietzsche typifies a reaction against Christianity, the nature of which is to a certain extent inherent in the reactionary character of Christianity itself. It is the tendency of religions generally (and Christianity is no exception to this rule) to bear the natural traces of their origin in the form of evidences of that revolt against excessive self-gratification and insufficient self-control, from which they originally took their rise. Religions thus arise in reaction. In the first impulse of this reaction the repentant sinner sees a crime in the pleasure he has indulged in to excess; but the crime in reality is not in the pleasure, the crime is in the excess. This morbid mood has been perpetuated by Christianity until the Christian has learned to see evil in the most harmless forms of diversion or amusement. "The pastor's iterated sin" has thus produced a counter-reaction against the morbid self-condemnation of the Christian, and this has at times resulted in a greater excess of licentious abandonment than the original condition from which Christianity itself reacted.

MORBID TENDENCIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Nietzsche complained that Christianity was responsible for the evolution and perpetuation of a type of man which represented all the faults and weaknesses inevitably arising through its representatives being the oppressed, the weak, and physically and intellectually the least well-favoured. He expressed himself astonished at hearing on all sides such statements as:—

> The wretched alone are the good, the poor, the impotent, the lowly alone are good; only the sufferers, the needy, the sickly, the ugly, are pious; only they are godly, them alone blessedness awaits—but ye, the proud and potent, ye are aye and evermore the cold, the cruel, the lustful, the insatiable, the godless; ye will also be to all eternity the unblessed, the accursed, the damned.

Nietzsche complains bitterly that the morality of paltry people is the measure of all things. This, he says, is the most repulsive kind of degeneracy that civilization has ever yet brought into existence. "Will any one," he asks, "look down below a little into the secret process by which ideals are fabricated on earth?" In the interest of slave-morality he complains that "weakness is falsified into merit, and the impotence which does not rebel is falsified into goodness, abjectness into humility, subjection to those whom one hates into obedience." He puts his spade to the root of all current theories of morality, and calls for what he describes as a "transvaluation of values."

THE MORALITY OF PALTRY PEOPLE.

The danger of basing a system of morality upon some particular religion or creed is specially apparent in periods like the present, which witness a general breakdown of the dogmatic faiths in which earlier generations have placed their credence. It is only natural that those who have based their morality upon their belief in special dogmas should question the validity of this morality when their faith in the dogmas which they have accepted gives way. It is difficult to see, if such a basis is abandoned, on what other foundation we can rest our system of morals, unless it be upon our duty to mankind in general and to our neighbour in particular. Nietzsche fails to recognize this duty, and it is through this failure on his part that he loses touch with the whole recognized groundwork of morality. It is possible, however, entirely to accept this position, and yet to take strong exception to such counsels of perfection, if we may so call them, as those preached by Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, an enunciation of the moral code which Nietzsche from his standpoint was most emphatic in denouncing. The point raised by these moral precepts has been too often slurred over. It seems to me that the injunction to turn the cheek to the smiter, if it is seriously intended, can admit of no sort of moral justification. The words used on this subject by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, in his *Myth, Magic and Morals*, I regard as exceedingly apposite.

CRITICISM OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

> No State (he says), ancient or modern, has ever tried to regulate its dealings with other States on the principle of turning the other cheek to the smiter; and it would not be just to others to do so in private or municipal life. The object of law and police, and, in a word, of all government, is so to safeguard the person and liberty of the individual that he may make the best of himself and his faculties. If we allow the bully and the thief to insult and rob us and ours with impunity, we encourage

him to do the same to others, and betray a sad want of public spirit, even if we do not, by our cowardice, make ourselves his accomplices in evil-doing.

The question, however, naturally suggests itself: had Jesus Christ any idea that he would be taken literally? Was he not rather speaking in paradox? Paradoxical exaggeration has become so regular a feature of writing and speaking in the present day that it is almost the exception in the case of many writers for us to take their statements, as the French say, "at the foot of the letter"; but we are apt to forget that paradox is as old as the spoken word, and I very much question if the audience to whom Jesus addressed his remarks really imagined that he intended his advice on a subject like this to be taken in the baldly literal sense. If we argue that he did so, I think at the same time we are bound to admit the entire justification for Mr. Conybeare's criticism. But I would submit that this is at least doubtful and would remind my readers that hyperbole and overstatement are devices peculiarly dear to the Oriental temperament, and that full allowance would be made as a matter of course for such methods of phraseology by any Eastern nation.

DID JESUS INDULGE IN PARADOX?

But it was not merely against an unpractical Utopian ideal that Nietzsche protested, but rather against that entire philosophy of life which sacrifices the few to the many. The conception of the Brotherhood of Man was hateful to him. He would have joined with Voltaire in urging his followers "to work for the little public," but he had none whatever of Voltaire's ardent practical sympathy for the oppressed. Rather he saw in anticipation all the choicest specimens of mankind submerged in a general democratic deluge, where mere numbers would count as opposed to all natural advantages, physical and intellectual. He saw no hope for the vast majority, nor did he consider them worth helping. A nation, in his view, only came into being with the object of evolving its half-dozen greatest men. Such a gospel implied of necessity the worship of the strong and the crushing of the weak. It was worth it, considered Nietzsche, if thereby might be evolved his pet ideal, the Superman.

NIETZSCHE'S IDEAL—THE SUPERMAN.

"I teach you," says Zarathustra, the imaginary Persian philosopher, who is made to preach the gospel according to Nietzsche, "I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?"

"All creators, hitherto, have created something superior to them-

selves, and ye are going to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather revert again to the beast than surpass man. What is the ape to man? A ridicule or grievous shame. And that is just what man is to the Superman, a ridicule or grievous shame."

He continues:—

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. I conjure you, my brethren, remain true to the earth, and do not believe those who speak to you of supernatural hopes! . . . They are poisoners whether they know it or not. They are despisers of life, decaying curs and poisoned ones of whom the earth is weary. Let them begone!

Elsewhere Nietzsche defines his Superman still further.

Man (he says) is a connecting rope between the animal and the Superman, a rope over an abyss. What is great in man is that he is a bridge, and not a goal.

The conception of evolving a higher type of the human race is one which is very familiar to the Occultist, but the methods by which he would attain his end are far indeed removed from those of Nietzsche. What we feel about the Superman is that, even supposing he had been successfully evolved, he would not be the sort of person one would care to encounter alone on a dark night. As a matter of fact, I think we should be justified in assuming that he would be one of those human pests which it would be to the general interest of mankind to exterminate at the earliest possible moment. Nietzsche, in fact, has failed to realize the necessity of evolving the higher principles of man, at the same time as the lower. He would evolve the physical and mental, whilst ignoring the spiritual and the emotional. The ideal of Nietzsche is as antagonistic to Occultism as it is to Christianity. Alike for the Occultist and the Christian the ideal man can only be evolved through suffering and self-sacrifice. The difference between their two standpoints is rather that this process in the eyes of the orthodox Christian is consummated by a sort of miracle at the end of one terrestrial existence, while the Occultist more logically carries the evolutionary process onward through innumerable existences on various planes of being. Both would admit that the familiar old French saw, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle," is as true of the soul as it is of the body. It is the struggle with adverse circumstances that evolves the higher man, the surmounting of difficulties, the fighting against odds—in short, all those experiences in life's handicap that tend to build up character; and may not character be fitly described as the only real and essential part of man? The less unselfish the

THE IDEAL MAN.

struggle, the higher and the more spiritual will be the type of character. "The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not by observation," and those who would become its heirs and inheritors must work out their own salvation and win their way through effort and struggle, not through the substitution of any vicarious victim or divine "whipping boy."

> He who faints not in the earthly strife,
> From strength to strength advancing; only he
> His soul well knit and all his battles won,
> Mounts—*and that hardly*—to eternal life.

Those who maintain that a perfect God could never have allowed the existence of evil, have missed the whole point of life's struggle, and in doing so have failed to realize that apart from evil, goodness would be without a meaning. The Divine Ideal is a man and not a mollusc. In the ideal existence of some people's dreams, life would never have attained even the vegetable stage. To talk of goodness, or indeed of any form of excellence, apart from the struggle with adverse conditions, is simply a contradiction in terms. Nietzsche's Superman so far from evolving a higher type would be degenerating into a lower. He would not even have evolved the one virtue without which all the others become worthless—namely, self-mastery. If a man attains this in the progress of his upward struggle through many bodies on many planes, whatever price he may have paid, he will in the vulgar phrase have obtained "full value for his money." For, in the words of the author of *The Altar in the Wilderness*:—

> The body is the Hall of Initiation wherein a man's soul is tried and strengthened. Within it the master, the mystic alchemist, takes all the baser elements and transmutes them into pure gold. Here experience is built into strength and strength uplifted to virtue, and it is by means of these virtues which are often sublimated from the basest experiences that the soul of man evolves to the highest. . . . The opposite pole of every vice is a virtue into which this vice may be transmuted.*

It is in the symbol of the cross and in all that this symbol connotes that the attractive power of the Christian faith inheres. The ideal of self-sacrifice is there, the ideal of the Brotherhood of the human race, of one working for another and helping another, even if it be to his own disadvantage. The whole conception of the upward struggle of the human race lies indeed in the one motto, *in hoc signo vinces*.

The Low Church Bishop who stipulated in attending the

* *The Altar in the Wilderness*. By Ethelbert Johnson. W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net. New Edition. Ready January 25.

confirmation service of his ecclesiastical subordinate of High Church proclivities that the cross should not be carried in procession had, in his anti-Papal zeal, missed the essentials of Christianity itself. But when the congregation sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" they at least drew attention to the important omission by substituting for the well-known lines the altered phrasing, "With the cross of Jesus Left behind the door."

THE CROSS OF JESUS NOT WANTED!

If the eventual goal of mankind was the attainment of the status of Superman, the motive force by which he might hope eventually to attain it was, according to Nietzsche, the Will to Power. Others, such as Herbert Spencer, saw in life merely activity or the evidence of the struggle for existence. Nietzsche maintained that the dominant characteristic of man was this Will to Power.

**Hearken now (he says) to my word, ye wise ones. Test it seriously if I have crept into the heart of life itself, and into the roots of its heart. Wherever I find a living being, I find the Will to Power, and even in the will of him who serves I find the will to be master.**

Nietzsche enlarges very extensively on this idea. He, however, rather dogmatizes than brings evidence to prove his position, nor is it a position at all easy to establish. The evidence points rather to the fact that the Will to Power in at all a developed state exists only in the few, and that for the vast majority the impulse of life is merely a general one towards self-expression, or the seeking for pleasure on the line of least resistance. Indeed, in a very large part of the race, the Will to Power is quite manifestly lacking. Attention was drawn in the papers only recently to the fact of the great number of suicides that were taking place through sheer fear of responsibility. Reference was made to people who had been promoted to positions of trust which they did not feel themselves equal to fill, and who had had recourse to suicide in order to escape from them. The case of the lady doctor who committed suicide in Richmond Park rather than perform her first operation will probably be fresh in the minds of most of us. But this is only one instance out of many.

One feels doubt at times as to whether Nietzsche really believed in the probability of the fulfilment of his own philosophical anticipations. There is a curious page or two in his most celebrated work, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, entitled "The Eternal Return," which almost suggests that what the German philosopher really

THE ETERNAL RETURN.

believed in was an endless circuit of perpetual repetitions on the part of Nature, and that the Superman was what he desired rather than what he believed would come about.

Everything departs (he says), everything returns. The wheel of existence rolls eternally. All dies. All revives again. The year of existence runs eternally. All disintegrates. All is integrated anew. The like house of existence builds itself eternally. All separates, all returns to itself again. The ring of existence remains true to itself eternally.

At this point one is almost inclined to suppose that Nietzsche has adopted the doctrine of Reincarnation; but no, he explains that this is not in reality his meaning. It is merely the perpetual circle, the endless repetition of similar phenomena without real change, and without real progress.

"Now I die and disappear," his animals, by whom he was attended in Nietzsche's parable, represented Zarathustra as saying, "now I die and disappear, and in a moment I shall be nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies, but the plexus of causes returns in which I am interlaced. It will create me again. I myself belong to the causes of the eternal second coming. I come again with this sun, with this earth, not to a new life or a better life, or a similar life. I come again eternally to this identical life. This selfsame life in big and in little, to teach again the eternal second coming of all things, to speak again the word of the great noonday of earth and man, to make known the Superman once more to the human race."

So that Nietzsche, when he completes the full circle of the wheel once more, will simply be grinding out the old tune on the old barrel organ again; and yet it will not be the original Nietzsche, but another Nietzsche that is identical in all respects with the first. When Zarathustra reflects on this eternal return he weeps, and no wonder; for it is the negation of all his hopes and ambitions.

"Eternally he returns, the man of whom thou art weary, the petty man" (he says to himself). At the thought of this the birth of human beings becomes a cavern to him, everything living becomes human dust and bones, and a mouldering past. "Alas, man returns eternally, he echoes; the petty man returns eternally."

TAKING MORAL STOCK.

A man like Nietzsche is a portent, and ominous of some strange crisis in the civilization in which he appears. Such men come to the fore in times of social and intellectual upheaval. Even though Nietzsche's revaluation of values was a false one, his demand for such a revaluation was by no means uncalled for. The

position warranted it. The times demanded it. Nietzsche writes of this crisis:—

> The greatest modern event, that God is dead, that the belief in the Christian God has become unworthy of belief, has now begun to cast its first shadows over Europe. To the few, at least, whose eye, whose suspecting glance is strong enough and subtle enough for the spectacle, a sun seems to have set to them, some old profound truth seems to have changed into doubt. . . . In the main, however, we may say that the event itself is far too great, too much beyond the power of apprehension of many people, for even the report of it to have reached them, to say nothing of their capacity for knowing what is really involved, and what must all collapse, now that this belief has been undermined, through having been built thereon, through having been buttressed thereby, through having been engrafted therein, as for example our entire European morality. The prolonged excess and continuation of demolition, ruin and overthrow which is now impending—who has yet understood it sufficiently to be obliged to stand up as the teacher and herald of such tremendously frightful logic, as the prophet of suchovershad owing, of such a solar eclipse as has never happened on earth before?

If Nietzsche misjudged the crisis, I do not think he overestimated its importance. He grasped its importance, but not its import.

These great upheavals in the world of ideas are followed by or coincide with upheavals also in the social world. What is in front of us to-day? What new social and political developments may we anticipate? All the news tells of surprises and surprising developments in the relations of man to man, and in the laws which regulate them. It tells of new experiments seriously contemplated to-day which were laughed at as the outpourings of the idealists, of the dreamers, of the lunatics only yesterday. The political kaleidoscope is changing with a rapidity which bewilders the sagest prophet, which almost seems to defy prediction of what may happen on the morrow. It is as if an extinct volcano had suddenly become active, and as if its fellows might become active almost at any moment. Will democracy revive an effete civilization, or will it choke it?

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Nietzsche had less than no sympathy with the new democratic ideals. He regarded the placing of power in any shape or form in the hands of a bare majority of the people as likely to swamp all true culture and all right thinking. More than this, he saw in the triumph of the many the obliteration and annihilation of the few choice spirits of the age. He anticipated, if it were not checked, the oncoming of a socialistic wave which should sweep away by its irresistible force all incentive to indi-

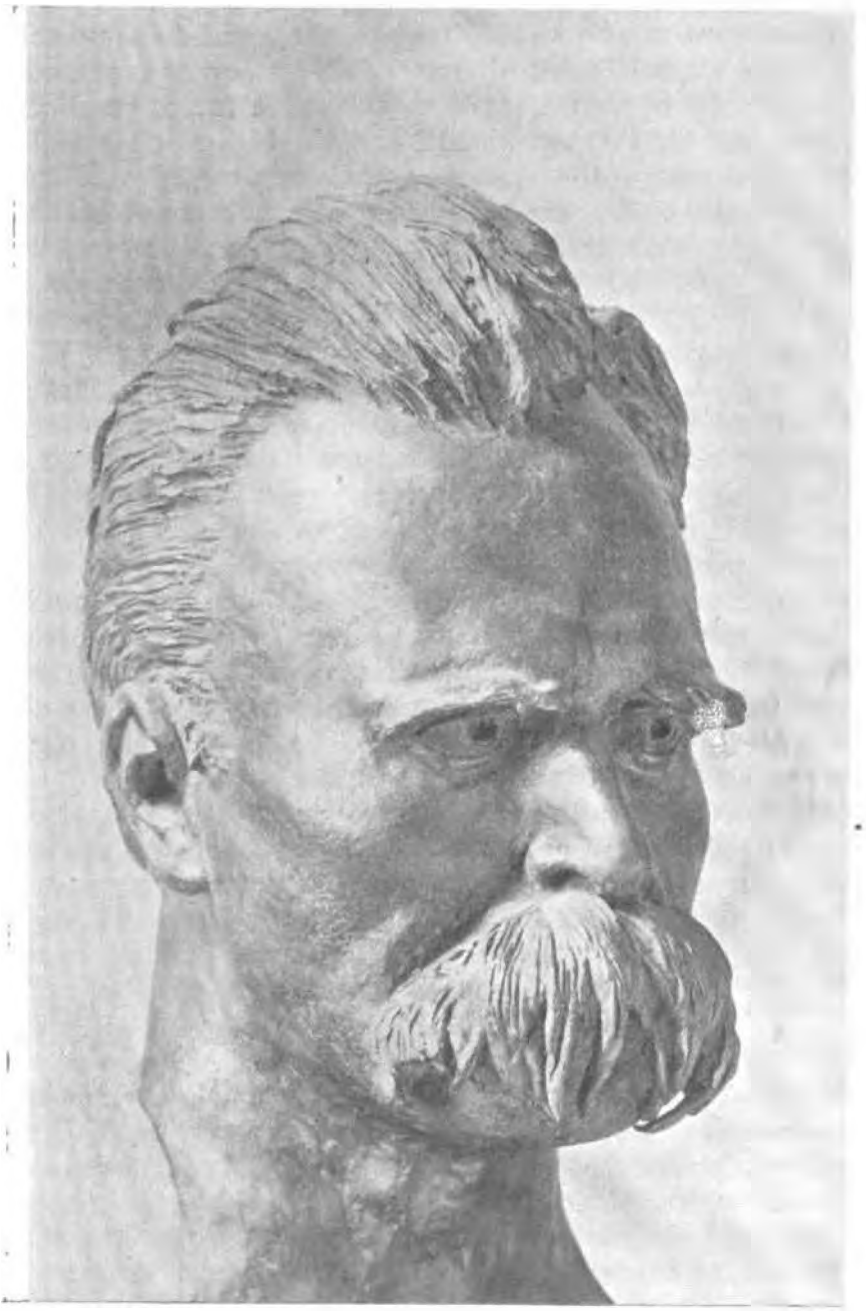
vidual endeavour. It is too readily forgotten nowadays that democracy is a new political experiment, an experiment that still awaits justification, a justification that can only come—if it comes at all—after a lapse of at least several generations. Before the era of the French Revolution such democracy as we know to-day, that is, the government of a people by its elected representatives, was unknown. The only idea of a democracy which was contemplated by the ancient world was that of a small republic in which all the citizens were their own rulers, and entitled to vote in the house of representatives. Such a democracy was Athens; such a democracy was Rousseau's ideal taken from his Genevese home. In the Roman republic the idea of representing the various centres of population by elected delegates never crossed the mind of either rulers or ruled. Readier means of locomotion have, of course, immensely facilitated the easy working of the democratic system, and thereby brought nearer home the ultimate results, whether for good or for evil, of this system of government.

NOVELTY OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL.

Different countries have presented the effects of the system so far as it has been at present in operation, in very different, and, indeed, contrasting forms. While democracy in America has immensely favoured the growth of individualism and the consequent development of self-reliance on the part of each several member of the community, to the enormous gain of the prosperity of the country as a whole; the democratic experiment in Australia has had diametrically reverse results. Here legislation has tended more and more to hamper individuality, and to kill enterprise, with the result that a continent which should now be teeming with a white population of at least fifty millions, is, through nine-tenths of its area, a forsaken desert. The attempt to control the rate of wages by legislation has been followed by an effort now being made to control also the prices at which commodities shall be sold. The socialistic ideals which are being put in practice there are meeting with their inevitable result: bankruptcy has already once stared Australia in the face, and if the present methods are continued, it will inevitably do so again. The point, however, as far as we are concerned here, is that under such conditions there is no incentive whatever to effort, and without some such incentive there is no possibility of the development of what incentive alone produces: that is, of force and energy and capacity in the individual man. It

AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA CONTRASTED.

has been the pride of democracies that they offer each individual



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
(After Max Klinger.)

among the people, as far as may be, an equal opportunity. The

socialistic republic, as far as we have seen it in operation hitherto, has merely offered an equality of lack of opportunity and discouragement to individual initiative.

Contrast with this state of things, the conditions prevailing in the United States of America. Here every boy at the public schools regards himself as a possible future president. He sees nothing between himself and the highest aims of his ambition, excepting the limitations of his own capacity. Hence an atmosphere of hopefulness, engendered by a sense of limitless possibility, is apparent throughout the great republic. The first sight to greet the stranger entering the harbour of New York is the statue of Liberty enlightening the world. Though this is, perhaps, no great work of art, it is nevertheless a symbol of tremendous import. People tell us that symbols are inanimate objects without potency. This one symbol seems to me to condense within itself the whole secret of America's ideal and America's genius for success. No such symbol greets the voyager going to Australia. If it did, it would appear as a satire rather than a symbol.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

A similar menace to that which threatens Australia is held by many to threaten England to-day. I do not express an opinion as to whether this is so or not, but the pessimists tell us that before long all those whose energy and enterprise makes the greatness of our island community, will be driven where energy and enterprise meet their fitting reward.

The word "Radical" has a double meaning. It has a connotation (and this is its true sense) in which it is merely synonymous with the word Occultist. The Radical in this sense is the man who goes to the *root* * of things, one who endeavours to get to the bottom of whatever problem he has in hand, the man to whom the essential is everything and the superficial nothing. He does not accept the popular interpretation. He does not accept the surface valuation. He deliberately seeks out the inner meaning of the thing signified. If it is a question of a popular grievance he does not try superficial remedies which will leave a concealed wound beneath, but, in order to remedy the wrong, seeks out the causes that gave it birth. There is, unfortunately, another kind of Radical, who is far too superficial to go to the root of any grievances with a view to remedying them. The only sense in which this class of politician can be called radical is through his desire to tear up by the roots any

RADICALS AND RADICALS.

* Latin *radix* = a root.

institutions that appear for the moment to stand in the way of his party's majority. It is this class of politician that threatens us with the danger of being reduced from a nation of men to a community of units. This is the danger which Nietzsche, and not Nietzsche alone, foresaw—the danger of an universal low level of mediocrity, in which capacity shall count for nothing, and all forms of genius shall be condemned.

Democracy, whatever form it takes, or on whatever lines it evolves, is at best only a *pis aller*, a substitute for a more satisfactory form of government which mankind so far has been unable to discover. Tennyson asks pessimistically, "When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fall," will mankind have learned to evolve some better form of government and polity?

> Something kindlier, higher, holier,
> All for each, and each for all?

If mankind ever succeeds in doing so it will surely be through the pursuit of the Occult Ideal, an ideal in which the individualist and the socialist elements play their proper part. All have tried their hand in turn at reforming the state and regenerating the people. The Churches have tried and failed, the Statesmen have tried and failed, the Philosophers have tried and failed, the Idealists have tried and failed, the Politicians—have failed. The opportunity of the Occultists is perhaps not so far off as most people suppose.

Occultism has no meaning apart from the ideal of the Brotherhood of Man. All Occultists in turn have voiced this idea. Laurence Oliphant voiced it in his celebrated lines. Speaking of Truth, the Truth at which the Occultist aims, that Truth which is no barren statement of dry facts, but a life-giving, all-embracing Reality, he exclaims—

> Oh, She will gladly give Her hand
> And fondly cling to his embrace,
> Whose love is passionate and grand
> *For all the stricken human race!*

The attainment of Christhood is an ideal which is meaningless apart from sympathy with the whole of humanity. The Christ, Anna Kingsford tells us,

> Is smitten with the pains of all creatures and His heart is pierced with their wounds. There is no offence done and He suffers not, nor any wrong, and He is not hurt thereby. For His heart is in the breast of every creature and His blood in the veins of all flesh. For to know perfectly is to love perfectly, and so to love is to be partaker in the pain of the beloved.

It is not through the struggle between rich and poor, the constant warfare between capital and labour, that the millennium will come upon earth. It will only be, in the words of Herron, "through the misery of the world's disinherited becoming the spiritual misery of the world's elect." As long as men's minds are set alone on the struggle for material advantage, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth will continue to recede into dimmer and dimmer distance. People talk glibly about "a new heaven and a new earth," and the possibilities under changed political conditions of some replica of the Golden Age as part of the future of the world's destiny; but these people are apt to forget that the Golden Age was, in spite of its name, that period in the world's history in which the lust for gold was unknown.

"THE OCCULT REVIEW."

Some observations of mine two months ago have resulted in a certain amount of correspondence reaching this office on the question of changing the title of the OCCULT REVIEW, and also as regards the proposal to enlarge the magazine, and to fix its price at 1s. (25 cents). With regard to the former suggestion the general trend of the correspondence is adverse, and I am rather inclined, under the circumstances, to drop the idea, with regard to which there is a great deal to be said, both pro and con. The last number, however, has met with such a very favourable reception, that I am further considering the question of enlarging the magazine, and publishing it at the higher price. No definite decision has been arrived at so far, but it is a step which is seriously in contemplation in the immediate future.

# LEIBNITZ, THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

LEIBNITZ the philosopher cannot well be studied apart from Leibnitz the man. For he not only wrote his philosophy, but also lived it. The trouble is, that this myriad-minded man did so many things that it is well-nigh impossible to epitomize his life and work.

Schwegler says that Leibnitz was the most encyclopædic genius—Aristotle alone excepted—who ever lived.

One might write lengthy volumes on Leibnitz the lawyer, the mathematician, the scientific discoverer, the metaphysician, the historian, the diplomatist, courtier, politician, pioneer. The only rôles of paramount importance in which he does not figure are those of the lover or husband. He had not the temperament, or the time ; and his philosophy is the poorer.

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born at Leipzig in 1646, of good Protestant stock, his father being a lawyer and a professor of moral philosophy. His mother made the training of her only son the chief object of her life. She was a devout woman, one who loved to play the part of peacemaker. And this conciliatory spirit, reproduced in her son, urged him always to seek for the unity underlying apparent contradictions. He lived when Catholics and Protestants, having fought to the verge of exhaustion, were mooting the possibility of finding some common ground. For something like thirty years Leibnitz maintained an active interest in this cause of reunion. If it came to nothing, that was the fault of the fanatics with whom he had to deal.

In his father's house there was an excellent library, to which, from the age of ten, Gottfried had free access. He became an omnivorous reader, one of his enthusiasms being for the recently published works of Lord Bacon, which, no doubt, influenced him. Leibnitz was educated at his own university of Leipzig, and later at Altdorf, where he became a Doctor of Law. He also studied the ancient and the modern philosophies, that of Descartes in particular. He found much to admire in Descartes, but condemned him and Bacon for their contempt of the ancient philoso-

phers. One might say of Leibnitz, that his main work was to be a reconciliation of the old and the new philosophies.

At Altdorf, Leibnitz, not yet twenty, was offered a professorship. But holding the unorthodox view that a philosopher should know life, he declined to have his wings clipped and settle down to the routine of a narrow university town. Besides, he wished to study the higher mathematics, and in this, Germany was far behind Italy, France or England. He moved to Nüremberg, and became secretary to the local branch of the Rosicrucian Society. One of his duties was the registration of alchemical experiments made by members, and thus he acquired some knowledge of chemistry. Was he favourably impressed by the occult views of the Rosicrucians? He is said to have ridiculed them; and soon severed his connection with the fraternity. Yet they may have left their mark.

At Nüremberg, Leibnitz met Baron von Boineburg, an eminent diplomatist of Frankfort, the sequel being his own removal to that city and introduction to Archbishop Schönborn, Primate of the Empire, who, besides encouraging his work for religious unity, employed him in legal researches and diplomatic negotiations.

These were the days of Louis XIV, the menace of whose ambitions was creating among Germans such misgivings as Pan-German ambitions are causing us to-day. In 1672 Leibnitz, at the age of 26, was sent by his patrons to Paris, to persuade Louis that it would be better to conquer the Turks than to stir up strife on the Continent, an object in which he did not succeed.

Let me here introduce a few words on the personality of the philosopher. He was of medium stature, and stooping gait, with small, dark, piercing eyes. His industry and learning were unbounded. He said of himself that no one ever had a less censorious mind. By temperament he was reserved and somewhat cold; his habits were frugal, yet he did many a kind and generous act. He had many Catholic friends, but remained true to his Protestant training; and his faith, if not exactly ardent, seems to have been sincere. A curiously impersonal character, certainly—rather too much so for my own taste, I frankly confess.

In Paris, Leibnitz met many Cartesians, also Christian Huygens, a mathematician of European renown. Under the tutelage of Huygens, Leibnitz made rapid strides in the science to which he had long felt himself drawn. In 1675, after two years' work, he perfected his discovery of the Infinitesimal Calculus, an immense contribution to the subdual of Nature's complexity to the régime of Science.

Leibnitz prolonged his stay in Paris to four years, broken by a short visit to London in 1673.

In 1676 he accepted an offer of the post of librarian and private councillor to the ducal court at Hanover. He was thirty when he arrived there, and he held this appointment up to the time of

GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ.

his death, forty years later, in 1716. His philosophical views were maturing, and he contributed many papers to the *Acta Eruditorum*, the first German scientific review. One of the schemes for which he worked incessantly, with little success, was the promotion of German academies and learned societies. And to

collect materials for his *Annals of the House of Brunswick* he toured the German Empire and visited the chief cities of Italy.

Men of genius often owe their happiest inspirations to the stimulus of a love-affair or a Platonic friendship, and it is a refreshingly human episode in the life of Leibnitz that the *Theodicée*, perhaps his best-known work, was conceived in conversations with Sophia Charlotte, wife of the Elector of Brandenburg, subsequently the first King of Prussia. An *affaire de cœur* between a queen and a philosopher would have been a distinctly piquant novelty, but it hardly amounted to that. One is grateful to Queen Charlotte for having prevailed upon her husband to open a scientific academy at Berlin, with Leibnitz as President. It was the only one of his many similar projects that came to anything during his life, and it did not come to much.

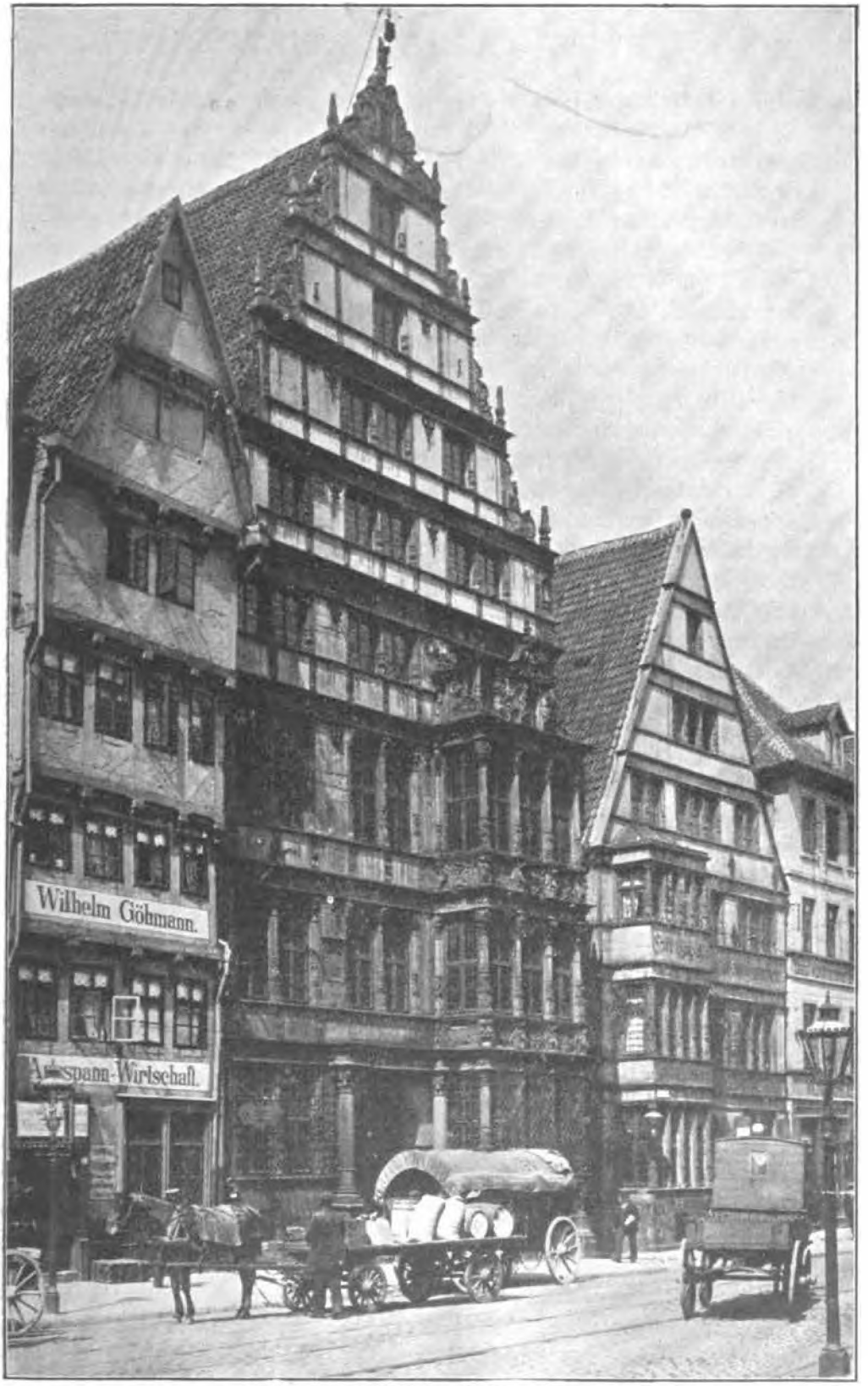
Owing to his frequent absences and scientific preoccupations, Leibnitz gradually fell into disfavour at Court. The last ten years were the saddest of his life. He could not look back upon one unqualified success. He had sowed; others were to reap. He died a disappointed, almost friendless man. His funeral was attended only by his own secretary. "Leibnitz was buried," says John Ker, "more like a robber than the ornament of his country." Such is the reward of genius!

The philosophy of Leibnitz was not the outcome of mere abstract contemplation; its materials were impartially collected from life, science, law, literature and the doctrines of his friends and opponents. His busy life left him no leisure for the systematic treatment of his ideas. He scattered his publications broadcast, careless of their fate, and left no comprehensive work to posterity.

Let us turn now to this philosophy—not as to a thing apart but as to the slowly matured interpretation of life by one who always kept in mind the mutually-dependent claims of theory and practice.

The universe of Leibnitz is essentially a living universe; it contains no inert matter, the essence of existence is for him force, activity; and force is akin to mind. There is no such thing as blind force; all activity implies consciousness of some kind or degree.

There are in the Universe innumerable centres of activity, each differing in some respects from all the others, each indispensable to the harmony and perfection of the whole. These innumerable centres of activity Leibnitz called *monads*; they differ enormously in dignity and power, but all, in addition to their




LEIBNITZ'S HOUSE IN HANOVER.

external attributes, possess an inner life of which those attributes are the manifestation. And this inner life bears the stamp of infinity, reflects to the full extent of its capacity the Divine Life, or nature of the Absolute, but modified as the limitation of individual existence implies. In other words, every being acts and suffers as the Absolute Being must act and suffer when imprisoned in that particular form. It is the modern doctrine of the Divine Immanence, carried to its logical extreme. Of course, Leibnitz did not believe that the consciousness of a given individual, say, of an animal, was co-extensive with the Divine consciousness. Its inner life is limited, just as its outer life is limited. But the source of that spontaneous activity which determines both inner and outward manifestation is in all cases one and the same. Hence, all the innumerable individuals which comprise Reality, while appearing to act and react upon one another, are, in fact, expressing independently, each by and for itself, the logical results of a special unique limitation of the one infinite Life. Cause and effect, as vulgarly understood, are an illusion : no one being acts upon or is acted upon by another, although everything happens as if this were the case. Rightly understood, this conception spiritualizes existence from top to bottom : everything that happens, happens by a Divine *logical* necessity ; everything that acts, acts by a freedom rooted in the Divine.

There is this to be said for the view of Leibnitz, that the mechanical theory of cause and effect, the belief in the literal existence of a material world, wherein bodies are acted upon by the push or pull of other bodies, is more and more being given up as untenable by scientific thinkers. The inconceivability of the processes involved is well shown in Karl Pearson's *Grammar of Science*. Necessity belongs to the world of mind, not to the order of nature.

But we must return to the consideration of the monads, which play in the spiritual philosophy of Leibnitz a part analogous to that played by atoms in materialist systems. Until quite recently material atoms have been supposed to differ only generically ; one hydrogen atom has been thought to be practically identical with another. But this view is now being abandoned, an interesting approximation to the Leibnitzian opinion, that no two beings are precisely alike. The monads range in dignity from the simplest inorganic objects, up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms to man, thence to whatever superhuman entities may inhabit other spheres. Finally, all are merged in the Universal, the Absolute, wherein all contradictions are superseded,

all discords resolved. The fundamental property of every finite monad is *perception*, urged by appetition or desire towards an ever-increasing clearness and fulness. In monads of the lowest order these perceptions can hardly be described as conscious; they may be compared to those of a sleeping man. Monads, whose perceptions are more distinct and accompanied by memory, Leibnitz calls souls; those which can attain to knowledge of eternal and necessary truths, he calls rational souls, spirits, or minds. The perception of every monad, even the humblest, comprehends, in some sense or degree, the entire universe, but the representation is distinct only as regards those things which are most nearly related to itself. In a confused way all monads reach out to the whole, but are limited and differentiated in the degree of their distinct perceptions. That part of the universe and its changes which a given monad represents to itself most clearly is naturally that which we recognize as its embodiment. Monads of the higher orders comprise an infinite number of lower monads, every one of which, while subsisting and developing in perfect independence, yet subserves the development of the higher monad, just as if its changes were determined thereby.

Broadly speaking, the objects perceived by a given monad are its own successive, ever-changing states of being. What is the source of these changes, and in what form do they come? They are not produced by external agencies of any kind, for it is a root principle with Leibnitz that the inner existence of every monad is exempt from any such interference. The changes perceived by a given monad emerge from the dark background of its being into consciousness in the form of ideas, in that order and form predetermined by the Divine idea of its nature and destiny. They are self-created in the sense that they are produced from that inexhaustible well of spontaneity in virtue of which every monad partakes of infinity. They are necessitated, in so far as they always vary in strict correspondence with the changes taking place in the contiguous, and, indeed, in all other monads, mirroring clearly what is taking place near at hand, dimly all that is taking place elsewhere. "By him, then, who shall look near enough," says Schwegler, "all that in the whole huge universe happens, has happened, or will happen, may in each individual monad, be, as it were, read." Before we condemn this doctrine as the rankest determinism we should reflect that Leibnitz considers all activity as essentially divine, and this divine activity as perfectly free, because perfectly rational. This freedom, by which all events have been predetermined, has, as it were, been

pooled in a counsel of perfection, covering all contingencies whatsoever, and constituting an immeasurable common fund, upon which all individuals—for the most part insensibly—draw.

The special manner in which one monad differs from another, is the degree in which it attains to clear thought. In the Absolute alone there is pure light; in the minds of individuals there are light, and dusk, and darkness, in varying degrees. The activity of the mind, tending towards the clearness of perfect vision, is checked, not by any external cause—for all changes come to it spontaneously, self-derived—but by reason of its own limited nature. And these checks involve suffering, which is the passage from a greater to a less condition of perfection, the converse of activity. Now the universe having been so harmonized that the spontaneous changes of all substances shall accord with one another in mutual variance, the so-called action of one substance upon another consists only in an *increase* in the degree of active self-expression of the first combined with a strictly correspondent *decrease* in that of the second. So we get the perfect illusion of real interaction, and so we are enabled to study the processes of Nature as if they were mechanically determined, and to arrive at valid results.

Accordingly, Leibnitz endorses the necessity of experimental science, while pointing out the philosophical inadequacy of that mechanical view to which belief in the reality of efficient causes tends. He foresaw the drift towards materialism, and proclaimed his adherence to that older philosophy which regarded the Universe not as a machine but as the realization of a supernal Idea.

All that each individual is, does, or suffers, is for Leibnitz the expression and result of an idea or concept of that individual preformed in the universal mind. Thus the concept of Alexander involved from the first, not only all his physical and mental characteristics, but also the fact that he would conquer Darius and Porus, his premature death, etc. This view of the basis of Individuality implies that every monad is in essence immortal. Leibnitz expressly states that birth is only an increased manifestation of a being already existent, and death only a partial withdrawal or diminishment of manifestation. He seems to have held a doctrine resembling the theosophical theory of the *permanent atom*, since, for him, birth was not the emergence on this plane of a being previously functioning solely elsewhere, but the increased manifestation of what, in germ, was already here. Similarly, at death, he held that the withdrawal of the individual was never complete. *Something* representative always remains. If Leib-

nitz believed in reincarnation—and apparently he did—this vital residuum or permanent atom, from which the life-spark is never withdrawn, would, no doubt, form the basis of every new start upon the earthly plane.

THE LEIBNITZ MEMORIAL, HANOVER.

In estimating the value of any philosophy it is worth while to bear in mind the saying of Bakunin: "Science comprehends the thought of the reality, not reality itself; the thought of life, not life." For the essence of things is too intangible to be caught in the coarse meshes of human logic; however finely we spin our

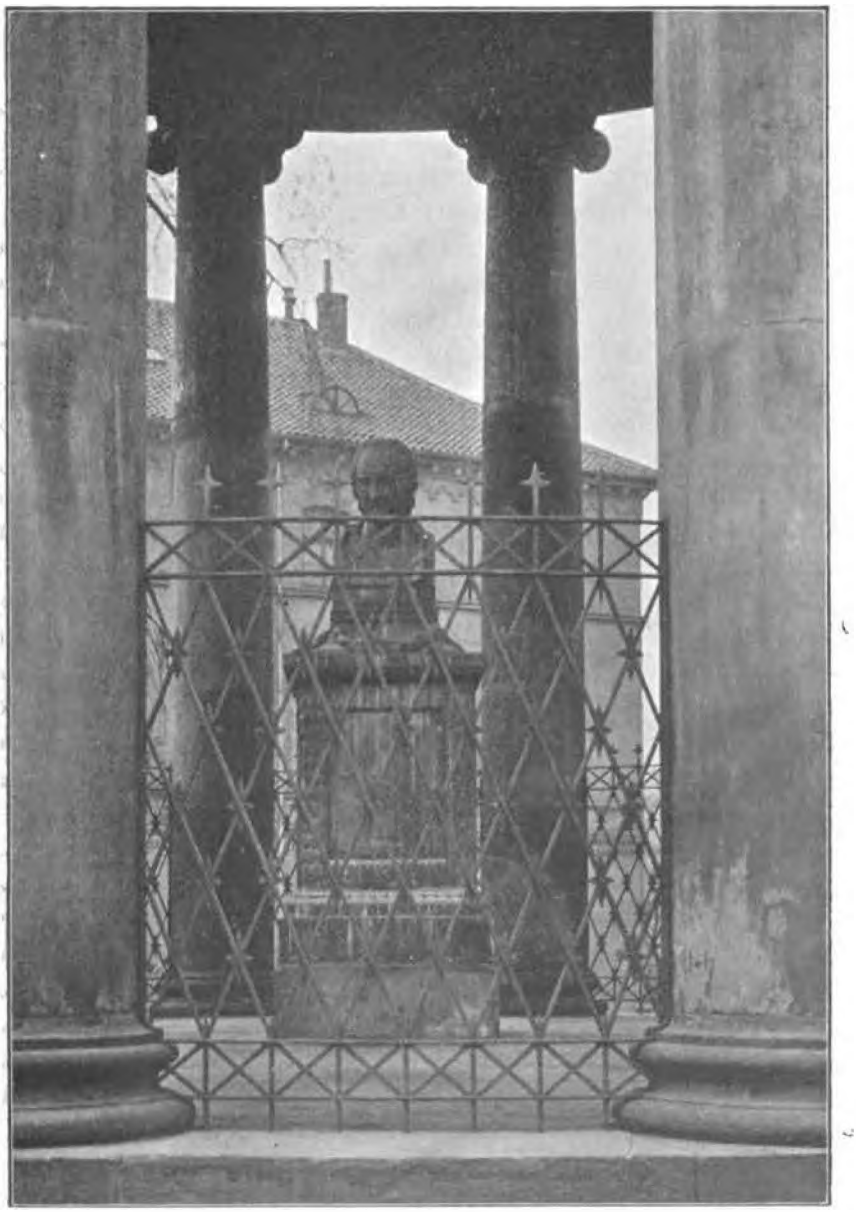
net, something slips through and escapes. Moreover, the philosopher, for all his affectation of impartiality and strict method, is, truth to tell, more of an artist, an impressionist, than is commonly supposed. His intuitions are, as a rule, more valuable than the " proofs " upon which he supports them. And while, obviously, a philosopher is, *de facto*, one who takes wider and deeper views than his fellow-men, he too has his temperament, which is as much as to say, his limitations. Study his temperament, and the psychological *motif* of his doctrines will seldom fail to appear.

Thus, no doubt, the peace-loving temperament inherited by Leibnitz led him to seek points of agreement between different schools, rather than to emphasize distinctions. So we find him upholding the Aristotelians against those Cartesian radicals who were all for a more mechanical view. He advocated a more conservative attitude, neither rejecting what he thought valuable in the old philosophy, nor denying the immense possibilities of the new. And in his *Theodicée*, he carries his desire of reconciliation to undue lengths in seeking to prove that his philosophy is compatible with religious orthodoxy. This work, however, was written to please a lady of high degree!

With a naïveté almost crude to a modern mind, Leibnitz speaks of the Almighty as choosing out of an infinite number of possibles that " best of all possible worlds " which actually exists. To us, for whom the question of optimism *versus* pessimism has been, once for all, raised by Schopenhauer, the beauty and harmony of the Whole cannot be so lightly accepted as justifying any amount of misery endured by its component parts. For us, the question is not merely, whether the world is the best possible, but, whether, being what it is, happiness predominates to a degree that renders it preferable to no world at all. Temperamentally, Leibnitz was, I think, somewhat lacking in the tragic sense.

Leibnitz anticipated Kant in deeming space mere appearance, the form under which monads necessarily conceive existence. Consequently, he rejected the mechanical view of causation, except as a metaphor or necessary working hypothesis. Here again, the psychological explanation is not far to seek. For Leibnitz, although not a recluse, in all his varied activities was ever seeking to promote ideal ends. The inner world of thought and aspiration was, for him, infinitely more real than the outer world of struggle and conflict. This view was inevitably reflected in his philosophy, which, in estimating the value of the inner and outer lives, gives decided precedence to the former—to the extent

of regarding the latter as Maya, or illusion. Nothing is moulded from without; every separate existence unfolds itself spontaneously from within; all that it does or suffers is the expres-



CENTRAL PORTION OF THE LEIBNITZ MEMORIAL.

sion of its ideal potentiality, predetermined, to the last iota, ere Time itself began. For my part, I find this, in several ways, a "tall order." First, the rejection of the mechanical view of causation does not necessarily exclude *some* action and reaction

between individual beings—of a nature at present inexplicable, it is true. And, secondly, the conception of a universe without any genuine spontaneity—for that of Leibnitz is really a sham—is by no means to my taste. The rôle assigned to Providence is too suggestive of "grandmotherly legislation." The ancients, with profound insight, included Fortune, or Chance, among the lesser divinities, as if to suggest that there are some details beneath the concern of the greater gods. Just as an artist, by over-idealization, may render a portrait unfaithful to life, so a philosopher, through devotion to system, often sacrifices truth to mere form.

Leibnitz foresaw truly that the rapid strides which Science was beginning to make, in consequence of the desertion of abstract thought for induction, would tend towards materialism with irresistible force. "You may think of Nature as a machine," he said in effect; "and there is enough truth in the metaphor to give you invaluable results upon that supposition. Nevertheless, Nature is not a machine, but a spiritual organism, the unity of an infinite number of spiritual beings, working together for some divine purpose, which is the final cause of their existence. The elucidation of this purpose is the high task of philosophy, which must be carried on side by side with the experimental investigation of Nature. The results of this investigation must be interpreted by the light of pure reason, translated into the language of ideals, for only so will their true significance come to view. And the further we advance in the elucidation of the cosmic purpose, the easier will become the task of understanding and subduing Nature."

I have explained how Leibnitz termed spirits those monads which, like man, can attain to a knowledge of eternal and necessary truths, and so to an insight into and share in the cosmic purpose. For him, therefore, the spiritual, as distinct from the natural, world is a vast community—he calls it a republic or a monarchy—comprising all spirits who, here or elsewhere, are working for the promotion of "that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." This end is the happiness of all, since "happiness is to persons what perfection is to beings." The natural and spiritual orders are not arbitrarily severed, but continuous, merging imperceptibly into one another, and so ordered that in the long run every action automatically bears its appropriate fruit of happiness or suffering. Taken in connection with the Leibnitzian doctrine of the permanence of individuality, this view is practically equivalent to the theosophical theory of karma. "It must be," says Leibnitz, "that spirits keep their

personalities and their moral qualities, so that the City of God shall lose no member, and they must in particular preserve some sort of memory or consciousness, or the power to know what they are, upon which depends all their morality, penalties and chastisements."

We do not, nowadays, take systems of philosophy quite so seriously as our forefathers did. For systems are many, and, in part, contradictory. They are, at best, hymns of praise to the cosmic grandeur and mystery, logical symbols of a super-logical Reality.

The great achievements of Leibnitz were, in my opinion, his timely protest against the Baconian utilitarianism; his refutation of the dualism of Descartes, with its two unrelated realms, of space or matter, and thought or spirit; and his correction of the Pantheism of Spinoza, by attaching the idea of substance, not to the outer form of things, but to their innermost source of activity. He probably erred on the side of individualism, by making of each monad a world set apart. Certainly, if we are to have an atomic theory, the living and growing atoms of Leibnitz are infinitely preferable to the dead inert atoms of nineteenth-century materialism. And if the signs of the times may be trusted, Science herself is rapidly approximating to a view which has more in common with the Leibnitzian monadology than the corpuscular atomism of a few years ago.

Finally, Leibnitz proved himself a pioneer by so emphasizing the emanistic aspect of development, by his refusal to regard individual beings as something mainly moulded from without. He saw the universe and its parts from the point of view of *growth*, like the World-Tree of our forefathers with stars among its branches as fruit. Just as his own mind had unfolded from the simplicity of childhood to the wealth and power of maturity, ever true to the law of its inborn tendency, so he believed that each separate being unfolds itself from a hidden source of inexhaustible spontaneity. On this conception he so lavished the strength of his genius, that, through others, it has permeated the scientific imagination of mankind. Whatever may become of the Leibnitzian system, its existence will always have been justified by the fact that it enshrined this truly creative idea.

# S. WINEFRIDE'S WELL AND LEGEND

By W. L. WILMSHURST

## II. THE LEGEND

SO far from this Well being exceptional, sacred wells, wishing-wells and curative bathing-places have existed throughout history. To water itself there has always been attributed profound symbolic significance, as the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures testify *passim*. "In water there is a quality endowed with a blessing," sings Taliesin, chief of the Welsh Bards—contemporary, by the way, with S. Winefride—in a fine mystical poem in the *Mabinogion* that, telling in a parable the story of the human soul, its descent into the body of flesh and its redemption therefrom, relates how—

> Into a dark leathern bag I was thrown
> And on a boundless sea I was sent adrift;
> Which was to me an omen of being tenderly nursed,
> And the Lord God then set me at liberty.

But apart from any purposed religious attributions, running water has ever a subtle charm for us all. Our favourite recreation-ground, like that of Shakespeare's Welshman, is—

> By shallow rivers, by whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Some deep, unanalysed instinct leads us to the waterside—or is it the water itself that has some secret magnetic influence drawing us to it? However it be, the attraction is universal. The motive that draws the Hindu multitudes to bathe in the sacred Ganges manifests in our own Sankey-hymn choralists who look forward to the day when—

> "We shall gather by the river," etc., etc.

Oases in tropical deserts have a symbolic significance as well as a utilitarian purpose for their denizens. In pre-Christian Greece, Italy, Syria and Asia Minor springs of water, often associated with guardian genii or with the healing cultus of Æsculapius, were once abundant; Jacob's well, the rivers Abana and Pharpar, and the pool of Bethesda are among Biblical examples of them. And there is nothing surprising in the fact that the religio-romantic Celt should have reproduced so frequent a

phenomenon. To trace the true history of specific places is now impossible; origins are lost in the distant haze of folklore and primitive religion. The modern example of Lourdes seems to rest upon a footing of its own and, if we accept the authorized account of its genesis, to come within the category of discoveries which the author of the *Religio Medici* quaintly declares to be due to "the courteous revelations of spirits."

The official account of the origin of S. Winefride's Well is derived from two more or less mutually corroborative sources. The chief and longer was compiled in 1137 by Robert, Prior of Shrewsbury, who says he "collected it partly from detached writings preserved in churches of the district, and partly from the narratives of priests whose veracity is recommended by their venerable age and by the habit they wear." A shorter, perhaps rather earlier, version is by an unknown monk of Basingwerke, near Holywell. The well had been in use for 500 years before these authors' time—S. Winefride's life being attributed to the years 610–660—so that, although the well must have acquired great repute in the interval, the narratives are very considerably *à posteriori* and this at a date when literary records necessitate very critical scrutiny, however good the faith in which they were composed. The essential features of the legend are these:—

Early in the seventh century a holy man, S. Beuno—well known in the annals of Welsh sanctity—wandered into Flintshire under divine guidance and was moved to apply to one Teuyth, the proprietor of three manors and father of but one child, a daughter named Brewi or Frewi, to ask for a grant of land upon which to build a chapel and say Mass to the advantage of the district. The request was granted and there was allotted to him the modern Holywell valley then known as Sechnant, owing to its being waterless (Sech, i.e., *siccus; sèche;* dry). He built a chapel, said his daily office, and undertook the education of the maid Brewi. One day her parents had gone to church, the girl remaining alone at home—in one version owing to sickness; in the other to prepare and bring to the church fire, water, salt and other things required for Mass. At this point Caradoc, the wild lawless son of a local chief, called at the house during a hunting expedition, asked for refreshment and to see the girl's father, but finding her alone made unwarranted overtures to her. Brewi, already dedicated to virginity and to the divine service, made a pretext to leave the room, and thereupon rushed from the house to gain protection in the chapel where service was now pro-

ceeding. Caradoc followed and overtook her not far from the chapel, and upon her further resistance struck off her head with his sword, the head rolling down the ravine into the open door of the chapel. During the ensuing consternation S. Beuno came down from the altar, lifted up the head, and recognizing its owner uttered a curse upon the murderer and a prayer for the resuscitation of the girl. The former " melted away before their eyes, like wax before the fire," being swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, whilst as S. Beuno replaced the head upon its body, the girl returned to life and animation, showing only a slender white scar around her neck. At the place where her severed head had fallen a great spring of water burst forth and has continued to flow from that day to this, thus forming the present holy well, whilst the stones stained by her blood have ever since been red-stained. Brewi thereafter was known by the new name of Gwen-frewi (*anglice*, Winifred); the prefix *Gwen* meaning white, in allusion to the whiteness of both her scar and her sanctity. After this ordeal she continued to remain under the spiritual guardianship of S. Beuno for some years, when he received a monition to go elsewhere. He, however, left her to carry on his and her own good work in the valley, and departing bestowed his blessing and three promises upon her; one, that the stones should never cease to show the red traces of her passion and be a memorial of her chastity; a second, that " whosoever shall at any time in whatever sorrow and suffering implore your aid for deliverance from sickness or misfortune, shall at the first, or the second, or certainly the third petition obtain his wish " ; and a third, that when he had himself departed to " the habitation God will provide for me on the margin of the sea," a gift sent by her to him once a year should reach his hands. Now there chanced to be a rock projecting from the stream caused by the miraculous spring, upon which the good man had been wont to pray; it is the rock previously referred to as S. Beuno's Stone, and the legend concludes with the assertion that during the rest of her life Winefride each year made a cloak as a gift for S. Beuno; that on the vigil of S. John Baptist she placed it upon the stone; that it was washed down the little stream into the big river—the Dee—and the big river carried it to the sea, whose waves bore it safely to the Saint. He appears to have taken up his new abode at Cynnog, on the Carnarvonshire peninsula, where the remains of his monastery still exist, and where unwetted by the water the cloak is said to have been washed up at his feet the following morning with unfailing regularity.

Now, read literally, here is an utterly impossible story. (*S. Winefride . . . in this unbelieving generation . . . pray for us!*) Some concession is at once afforded us by a statement in the officially issued "Life" that "no Catholic is bound to accept in its entirety the account as thus handed down to us . . . the details of the history have to rest on their own evidence . . . they were included in the old Sarum office but are not embodied in our present breviary"; for which relief much thanks! But before offering an interpretation which, by ascertaining the true and inward spirit of the legend, may preserve its truth after another than a literal manner, a preliminary clearing of the ground may be effected by reference to a few noteworthy points. The legend appears to be a composite one containing elements deriving from Latin and Celtic religious sources respectively. To Latin sources is probably due so much of the story as refers to (1) the father of Winefride, who owned three estates, and dedicated one of these along with his daughter to the divine service; the same legend obtains of the father of the Virgin Mary, as may be found in a sermon upon Our Lady by Tauler, the great friar preacher of Strasburg of the fourteenth century; (2) the martyrdom: which is seldom found in connexion with Celtic saints; (3) the incident of the spring of water originating where Winefride's severed head struck the ground. As to this, the Bollandist Father de Smedt, S. J., who has collated the records, deposes to having met with no less than twelve occurrences of this kind in the lives of Cambro-British Saints, a fact which, whilst tending strongly to negative the historicity of such incidents, creates, nevertheless, by its very repetition and emphasis, an equally strong presumption in favour of the story of the death and resuscitation having been introduced with an ulterior purpose, and that of a figurative and mystical nature. Probably all these twelve occurrences are referable to a like tradition regarding S. Paul which alleges that at his execution outside the walls of Rome his head fell and bounded thrice upon the ground, whence three springs of water at once issued; the site, formerly known as Aquae Salviae—the Waters of Salvation—is now called Tre Fontane (*Tres Fontes*), a name suspiciously like Trefynnon, the Welsh name for Holywell. (4) The incident of the liquefaction and disappearance of the murderer, also of Latin origin, corresponds with several similar occurrences to redoubtable sinners who had the misfortune to fall foul of this or that Welsh saint. It may be regarded as purely symbolical of the annihilation of evil by goodness.

But the final part of the legend, concerning Winefride's yearly gift to S. Beuno, of its deposit upon the stone and its unwetted transportation to his dwelling-place, has not a Latin but a strong Celtic savour. Again, we must not read literally; so to do involves obvious incredibilities. Moreover, a similar incident occurs in the life of the Irish S. Lenanus, whilst in Celtic hagiology frequent tales are to be found of tokens and of holy men drifting in rudderless boats over the waters to providentially-appointed places. It remains, then, to see if it be possible to determine with any degree of probability as to its truth what idea, if any, underlies an episode of this character and why it should have been made the appendage and anticlimax of the central dramatic incident of the reputed murder and reanimation of S. Winefride, which in turn, as already suggested, may be merely a veil covering some interior intention.

Now where primary evidence is, as here, inaccessible, any hypothesis offered can be but an effort of the imagination and its plausibility is supportable only by reference to well-recognized methods of symbolical imagery employed elsewhere for the dual purpose of veiling and expressing religious truths. The present legend is full of suggestiveness, as also of affinities with other legends, and it is difficult to account for the invention of so elaborate a story and for its long and tenacious perpetuation save upon the supposition that originally it possessed a basis of truth of some kind, and not necessarily of a historical or objective nature. To the nebulous ages before that of modern letters is attributable a vast quantity of folklore, myths, fairy-tales and romances, some of which still survive, embodying, as, e.g., the Graal legends, in often extremely subtle and beautiful ways, profound religious and philosophical truths, though seldom recognized nowadays as enshrining such. Owing to its affinity with analogous coeval legends and to its own internal evidence there are, I think, warrants for supposing the Winefride story to be of this nature. In origin it may have been that the legend was compiled, whether with or without reference to any actual historic person or event, as one purposely fabricated in *quasi*-historical form, but without intent that it should be treated as history; that it was a parable intended for use in connexion with some simple religious rite in times before the Roman supplanted the Celtic Church and for the offices of the former substituted its own. Those familiar with the *quasi*-historic legend of the mythical Hebrew Hiram Abiff and with the purpose to which it has been applied will be best able to follow my suggestion that the legend of S. Winefride may once

have served a similar purpose; a purpose that became abrogated upon the introduction of the sacramental offices, especially that of baptism, of the Latin church (which, however, undoubtedly took over the well and permitted the continuance of the legend in an adapted and elaborated form) and that in process of time became lost sight of utterly. There is, I am told, in Pembrokeshire, another holy well of little modern repute, the water of which is traditionally served by a hereditary custodian in the skull of a saint. Now if this simple rite ever had any symbolic religious significance, which is probable, it implies that that water which "springs up unto everlasting life" is attainable only by the path of sanctity and self-mortification. And it is hence no far cry from this well to that of S. Winefride where it is still the duty of the pilgrim seeking health or grace to walk thrice through the waters filling a symbolic grave. As said above, the small and chief bath is a grave-shaped excavation, and though of sixteenth century construction, this sepulchral *piscina* doubtless is a faithful reproduction of one that for many centuries had anteceded it.

Whatever else may be said for it, the legend of S. Winefride is surely a parable of the soul's life; one of the many parables and figures by which religious truth was taught in early unlettered days. Under the familiar image of a chaste woman the virginal soul is depicted as yielding itself to the claims of its own higher and better part personified by the wandering Beuno, who "hath not where to lay his head" until some one grants him a place of rest where he can build a "church," Teuyth's three manors being a figure for the three estates of the human realm: body, soul, and spirit. There ensues a period of self-dedication and discipline in anticipation of the great regenerative change, and of this the imagery lies in Winefride's years of education by the saint and in her being actually engaged in preparing the elements for the Holy Sacrifice—the symbol of her own passion—at the very moment that the dark powers in the guise of the lustful Caradoc enter and make trial of her. It is noteworthy that the place of her preparation and trial is Sech-nant, the dry valley, for the soul's quest occurs in the wilderness of this world and in conditions of inward aridity; and this again connects with the Psalmist's "valley of the shadow of death" and with Ezekiel's "valley of dry bones." Her decapitation and subsequent resuscitation, coupled with the extinction of the evil power, are but a portrayal of what in the annals of sanctity of all faiths are known as mystical death and its inevitable consequent, mystical rebirth. After this she is given the "new name" that in Christian doc-

trine distinguishes the regenerate from the unregenerated man. That around a voluble and notable spring of water a legend of this nature should have been compiled by old-time religious instructors with a keen eye for the sacramentalism of natural phenomena, such as the bards possessed, and with a view to the spiritual edification of a semi-barbarous people is, I submit, entirely probable. It is impossible in the absence of positive evidence to put the claim higher than this or to disprove it, and the suggestion is here offered for what it may be worth.

We come now to that other part of the legend concerning S. Beuno's stone and to his removal, when his transmutative work in the Dry Valley was done, to an unknown, divinely-appointed place whereat the sanctified Winefride, or that which she personifies, could communicate with him supernaturally. The stone immersed in the well, upon which pilgrims still kneel in emulation of S. Beuno who so used it, suggests a connexion with many other sacred stones all having a common symbolic value and root. The Kaabeh adored at Mecca is for the Moslem pilgrim the symbol of the basal Reality which underlies all manifested things and "without which there is nothing made that is made." The reputed stone of Jacob in the Coronation-chair at Westminster is another emblem of that strength from and to which all other power must needs emanate and be referable; of that rock "upon which," it is recorded, "I will build my Church," and to which S. Paul alludes in saying, "And that rock was Christ." Again, those acquainted with the symbolical terminology of the spiritual alchemists will recall the philosophical "stone" which is to be found in the philosophical "water that wetteth not the hands," just as the cloak despatched by Winefride reached S. Beuno undamped, and though it were vain to suggest that the Hermetic tradition, as such, was known in Wales in the seventh century, the fact remains that an equivalent idea or doctrine has persisted through the ages and has been reproduced in various ways. In virtue of this symbolism, the traditional devotion upon S. Beuno's immersed stone by pilgrims assumes the nature of an extremely appropriate and sacramental act of faith, and this in a degree far greater than is perhaps recognized by those who perform it, owing to the story's concealed significance having become lost.

There remains that romantic and extremely beautiful episode of S. Winefride's cloak yearly deposited on the stone and transmitted thence by water to S. Beuno at his distant and unknown home. Here, it may be, is concealed a reference to a very high doctrine; to that, namely, of the Communion of Saints; the

interfusion of consciousness in a Holy Assembly of souls that have attained to an exalted, perfected state possible only to the sanctified. Again I refrain from being dogmatic, but I confess to a personal intuition that tells me that in this incident there is both the promise and the echo of a fulfilment of that benediction of the Church which says *Ad societatem civium supernorum perducat nos Rex Angelorum!* Readers familiar with two great books upon this subject, Eckartshausen's *Cloud upon the Sanctuary* and Mr. Waite's *Hidden Church of the Holy Graal* will follow my meaning and know the Christian aspect of this high theme. But so universal is the symbolic imagery of cloaks and wedding-garments, of streaming water, and of the great sea, that I suppose an enlightened Buddhist or Vedantist would readily apprehend the sense of this marvellous piece of Celtic mysticism, and would discern in the cloak an allusion to a subtler vehicle of consciousness than the physical organism, a vehicle by which it is possible for the higher mentality of man to transcend the normal brain-states and, as " the dewdrop slips into the shining sea," to pass into that " conscious rest in omniscience " which in the orient is called Nirvana and in the Christian fold the Divine Union. The contemptuous Welsh Nonconformist spoke to me of S. Winefride's Well and its associations as " the Catholic fraud." I dare say that sometimes at the conventicle of his dismal sect he joins in singing, not, I hope, without interior relish, a gracious and well-worn hymn in which are the words—

> Till in the ocean of Thy love
> We lose ourselves in heaven above.

If so, he little suspects his unconscious testification to what is involved in the story of Winefride's " cloak " journeying over the waves " to a habitation by the sea, appointed by God."

The suggestion here offered, then, is that S. Winefride's Well was once a centre of Celtic Christianity where religious instruction was imparted through the medium of a primitive legend, and that both the well and the legend in an elaborated form were assumed and taken over subsequently by the Roman Church. That the inner purport of the imparted doctrine, intended primarily to be of a mystical nature, should in process of time have become lost, and the well reduced from its first intention to a place of pilgrimage for, almost exclusively, the cure of bodily disease, is only to say that they have shared the general process of materialization which every expression of spiritual truth sooner or later undergoes in the public mind. One need not, however, conclude that bodily cures were excluded from the original intention of the place, for

physical health has often a direct connexion with interior well-being. The power that can heal and uplift that part of our organisms which is higher than the physical has *à fortiori* at least equal jurisdiction over our grosser part, and the body is redeemable no less than the soul. Indeed, we are coming nowadays to discern the mutual interdependence of the two; to recognize that there is a sense in which the twain are one or may become at one; that even the material husk of ourselves and of all else is in its nature psychical; and that action and reaction are, for good or evil, continually passing between the multifarious constituents of that great pan-psychic Unity which we call the World. And herein—apart from all ultra-human potencies and possibilities, as to which it is not my business here to speak—lies a clue to the problem of the healings that are spoken of as "miraculous." The psychic forces generated in a shrine like this by the intense yearnings, the faith, and the aspirations of the troops of our afflicted brethren who for fourteen centuries have been visiting it in quest of life and healing, are not, be assured, utterly lost or wasted energies. The atmosphere of the place is charged with them. They have penetrated its walls and have soaked into its ancient stones until the accumulated force of that "effectual fervent prayer" which "availeth much" has induced conditions that, reacting upon certain persons chancing to be in *rapport* with, and susceptible to, the influence of this particular magnetic field, suffice to produce palpable physical effects in correspondence with the aspirant's desires.

Three visits to S. Winefride's Well are prescribed by the tradition as desirable for securing a remedy for any ill. Thrice is the prepared pilgrim directed to pass through the healing stream, that thereby, as may be assumed from the symbolism of the act, he may be made whole in his triple parts of body, soul and spirit. And I, a mere casual visitor and spectator there "in this unbelieving generation," reflecting upon my unpremeditated actions during a recent holiday, recall that, moved by what I saw and heard and read of it, upon three successive occasions I was drawn to visit the Well, in the hope of rending the veil of outward appearances and plucking out the heart of its inward mystery. In what is here written to that end I may or may not have succeeded; but if to S. Winefride or her legend I have done any violence, may she, "still miraculous," pardon the offence for its good motive of directing attention to an ancient shrine and endeavouring to determine the value of a charming and an impressive story.

# PREMONITIONS

**By PAULINA FAYNE**

THERE are very few people who, at some time or other in their lives, have not had experience of an event, trivial or otherwise, which could not, apparently, be explained by natural laws. Sometimes it is a sound that is heard and not accounted for, sometimes a remarkable coincidence, and often the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of a person of whom one might at that moment be specially thinking.

With respect to the latter, here is a strange instance. One morning I was standing at my sitting-room window, idly looking out on the lawn, the garden gate opening close by on to a country road. Without any train of thought leading up to it, I suddenly began to think of a person who lived some distance away, whom I had not seen for years, and certainly had not thought of in any way for twelve months at least. My mind continued occupied with Mrs. M——, till, hearing the click of the gate, I looked round, and there was the identical person entering! I was glad to see her, and then in the course of conversation she told me she had dreamed more than once of late that I was leaving my pretty country home, and that my lawn was occupied with the auctioneer and buyers of my effects (which actually was the case a few months later). Here were premonitions on her part and mine!

The following was related to me more than once by a gentleman of education and position whose veracity was unimpeachable. He had been happily married some five or six years, and both he and his wife enjoyed fair health, till one day, not feeling very well, his wife kept to her room and had a fire, as the weather was cold. It was thought to be some trivial ailment which would duly pass off as usual, and a night or two later, her husband, having sat reading to her till rather a late hour, finding she had fallen asleep, went down to see to the fastenings, etc., after the servants had retired, according to his habit. He had scarcely reached the foot of the stairs when he heard his wife calling to him in agonized tones, "Edward, Edward"; he hurried back, full of alarm, but to his astonishment found her still sleeping peacefully. So he went down again, when exactly the same

thing recurred. He returned, and this time found her awake. She said she had not called or spoken at all, nor had she heard any one else do so, and laughingly rallying him on his "fancies" soon after went to sleep again. But he, being a north countryman, saw a sinister warning in the incident, which was justified only too soon. The next morning grave symptoms appeared, and a doctor being summoned at once declared her condition was serious. She rapidly grew worse and expired at night, at the same time as that at which, twenty-four hours before —half-past eleven—he had heard her call. This incident has, ever since, coloured his life with superstitious fears.

The next is a happening of another kind. Two young ladies, being one evening left alone in the house, went presently to walk in the garden. It was about nine o'clock in July, and coming to the strawberry bed they stopped to pick some fruit. It was just opposite to a shed in which were stored miscellaneous things, from old furniture to flower-pots. While thus engaged they heard a distinct sound as of the lid of a box being closed in the shed; but (as each afterwards remarked), thinking they might be mistaken, or not at once recognizing the peculiarity of the noise occurring just at that time, neither looked up nor spoke; but shortly after the sound recurred much more loudly and forcibly. This time they simultaneously jumped up and ran to the shed, to see who could possibly be there, knowing that no one but themselves was at home. There stood the box, but not a creature was to be seen. Quite dumbfounded, they returned to the house. Soon after, one of them having occasion to go into the bedroom of one of the family, found there a bat flying about, although door and window were shut. Having had a wish to examine one of these little creatures at near quarters, she caught it, and putting it into a closely-wired birdcage, shut it up in a small room of which she locked the door and took out the key. In the morning she cautiously entered, but the bird—or rather the bat—had flown. It was not in the cage, and though she searched carefully, no trace of it could be found, which was the more remarkable, because there was no chimney or other loophole of escape, and the little room, except for a chair or two and a table, was bare; besides, how could it have squeezed through wires only a quarter of an inch apart? These two strange circumstances, happening together, although unconnected, could not but leave an eerie impression, even on the most unimaginative of people, and when, exactly a month later, the occupant of the room where the bat was caught died almost suddenly, who could

help remembering and reverting to them? The most sceptical could not but have been struck by some mysterious meaning thus conveyed.

It would seem likely that this family were all something of "seers," for, a few years previously to the above events, the mother of these young ladies had an uncanny experience. One morning in May she was awakened, just as dawn was appearing—i.e., about four o'clock—by a tapping sound. She heard it first in a semi-conscious state, but at length sat up to ascertain the cause, and saw a bird—a starling apparently—on the window-sill outside, tapping on the pane with its beak. This continued for some little time, then it flew away. About an hour later a starling came fluttering down the chimney into the room. These two circumstances, taken together, could not but seem singular, especially as it was no doubt the same bird, no others of its kind being near; so the lady was prepared to hear of some event or other, and the following morning it came in the shape of a letter announcing the death of a brother which had occurred at dawn the previous morning at precisely the time the bird tapped.

Science has, we know, elucidated much that was puzzling to our forefathers, but there remains a vast amount that is still hidden from human ken, and we have as yet only touched the fringe of the Unknown. There are agencies by which thought may be transmitted, with—or without—our own volition, and which at present we call telepathy; but clever brains are at work evolving a whole host of occult possibilities from the insight already gained in that direction. Affinities between sound and colour lend themselves to the same train of reasoning, and the time may not be far distant when we shall learn more of the laws of cause and effect which are at present obscure.

Life on this planet is fined down to an infinitesimal atom, invisible to the naked eye. Why then should not invisible bodies take up the tale where the visible leaves off, and the air be peopled by creatures possessed of no material form?

That is as possible as the natural phenomena we witness daily and hourly, and it requires no stretch of imagination to believe we are constantly in touch with the unseen—if we only knew it!—highly-strung, refined natures being, of course, more susceptible to such influences than others.

# A DREAM

By NORA ALEXANDER

THE country through which I walked was all strange and unknown and vaguely suggestive of sadness, yet I was conscious of a goal ahead, though neither where it lay nor why I sought it, until, on coming into view of a great white stone-faced house, the trees growing so close as to render it somewhat gloomy in appearance, I knew that my journey was ended.

At that moment I caught sight of a figure disappearing through some trees on the right, and recognizing a friend, paused in a perplexity that seemed wholly natural.

"It *was* Mary," I muttered at last. "And yet how *could* it have been? For she belongs to the Other Life."

Puzzled, and more than a little troubled at this, to me, seemingly inexplicable occurrence, my eyes came back to the house. And at sight of a topmost corner window with its woodwork partly painted a vivid green I broke into sudden laughter, remembering it had been done when last I was there and at my own suggestion.

"We'll paint all the windows in the front like that," I had declared, "and then every one who passes will take it just for a kind of horrible villa and never dream of coming in. And so our secret will be safe."

But neither the knowledge of how it happened that all passers-by in that land ignored the unbeautiful, nor of what the "secret" might be, came back to me, as I started at a run, full of a great happiness or rather the memory of a great happiness, bound up in this many-windowed house, whose straight ugly exterior bore, as I knew, no manner of resemblance to the beauty and bewildering tortuousness of its interior. Racing along the terrace, I darted in at the open door, sped across the dark panelled hall to the smaller inner hall on the left, where on the right rose the old oak staircase, polished and dark and bare of carpet, flew in desperate haste up two short flights of the shallow stairs, turned to the left again and then . . . the sound of a distant door opening, the light patter of two pairs of flying feet—flying as I knew towards me—and a few moments later two pairs of young arms about my neck, two young voices crying in chorus.

"Here you are . . . back again . . . at last . . . at last!"

I leaned away from them against the panelled stairway and cried in a sudden delight unspeakable.

"Oh! and if you only knew *how* glad to be back again! Let's go upstairs and forget that ever I was away."

And preceding them I hurried on, threading my way unerringly through the intricate passages and odd little stairways till I flung open a door at the far end of a corridor.

So dear and familiar it all seemed! The long white room with its wide window oddly placed in a corner alcove, and the low seat beneath it on which I flung myself down to gaze my fill on the sun-bathed gardens below (it gave on the back of the house), and glory in the warm glow at my heart, the feeling, too glad for words, of the exile, home after long years. They had slipped down on either side of me. "Just as it always used to be," I reflected dreamily, hardly hearing their chatter of welcome, till one of them whispered softly—

"Why were you so long away?"

I touched her shining hair and again that sensation of repeating a familiar action came back to me. But I hesitated to tell the truth that seemed to myself so extraordinary, so utterly impossible. Yet I *must* explain.

"Do you know, dears," I faltered shamefacedly at last, "I had forgotten . . . everything . . . utterly. Only, when I saw the house, and the green painted window"—they both broke into ripples of delighted laughter—"why then, I remembered all that I had missed all this time—the happiness waiting for me here, while I . . ."

"What made you forget?" asked one; and "How *could* you?" added the other reproachfully.

I stared out over the sunlit gardens far down below, the gardens that I once had known so well. In those days I had come so often. To be sure they were only visits. I had always had to go away again. But always too there had been the knowledge of a return sooner or later. The gaps had not been long then.

"It was the Other Life," I explained slowly at last. "It hurt so much . . . and pain . . . drives out happiness sometimes . . . even the memory of it. I can't remember now . . . but I was always trying to do something, something that *had* to be done . . . and always failing. And I think, when I came away, my heart was breaking, because. . . ."

I put my hands up to my head, in an effort to call back the details of that Other Life, then let them fall again.

"It's no good," I whispered. "It has gone. What *was* the Other Life? Coming in here there was something . . . some one. . . . But that has gone too . . . . I can't remember. . . . And yet . . . ."

"Let it go. Don't try to remember;" and a pair of loving little hands caught at mine. "Remember only that you are here now, back again here where you were always happy. Do you know sometimes we used to think that you would never come back, never be able to find your way again after. . . ."

She broke off abruptly, then hurried on—

"But The Others always knew, and lately, of course, we've all felt it and just been waiting for you. They will know you are here now and will be hurrying back."

Dreamily my thoughts lingered about those mysterious Others, dearer by far, as I knew, than even these two beside me. But it was good to grow gradually back to it like this, good to spin out the anticipation of that climax yet to come. The present was enough for the present and so, with a youth bred of happiness, I sprang presently to my feet and exclaimed eagerly—

"Do let me go and see my room. May I? You have given me the old one I always used to have?"

"Why, of course," they answered. "Where else would you be?"

Again it was I who led the way, flying with feet seemingly as light as theirs down the broad, shallow stairs, threading my way familiarly through the intricate mazes of the house, till I came to the queerest little upper hall, a place occupying, as I remembered, the exact centre of the house. It was naturally windowless and dark, and panelled from floor to ceiling, but a door just ajar on the left revealed a winding flight of stairs and a long high window at the turn.

"Do you know," I laughed, pausing and looking back, "this was the first thing I remembered on seeing the house—this quaint little dark hall and my room just round the corner from it and up two stairs? Oh! to be in it once again!"

But on the threshold a kind of hush fell on my spirits, so that I entered softly and in silence sat down on the edge of the great carved bed with the deep-set mullioned window in the recess at the foot.

"It's good to be here, dears," I said softly, as my eyes wandered round the room noting with delighted recognition how unchanged were all its details. "How *could* I have forgotten and remained so long away?"

"Hush!" answered one of them, as kneeling at my feet she leaned forward in the attitude of one listening intently. "Hark!"

"Footsteps," I answered dreamily, "and one pair very light."

"Look!" she commanded in a low whisper, and pointing straight to the solid wall on my right. I turned to do her bidding, and looked straight through it, through other rooms and other walls, through intervening trees and a far distant copse to a little patch of greensward lying vivid in the sunlight. And then suddenly I knew that across it would presently pass those footsteps I had heard—the footsteps of The Others. But at that I covered my eyes with a cry as before some happiness too great to bear.

"No! No! Not yet! Not yet!" I whispered, sobbing.

"You have not remembered?" one of them questioned gently.

"I remember only happiness," I answered.

"Not its centre?" she persisted.

"Only happiness," I echoed.

And silence fell upon us, the kind of waiting, pregnant silence that holds within itself the message of the Great Unknown.

"Dears," I pleaded at last, "let me come to it slowly. Oh! I know it is all there waiting for me, when I am strong enough to take it. Did you know that, you children of happiness? that it takes more strength to bear joy than pain? But the strength will come. Just now these little things are enough, just to be back again is enough, even unknowing."

Then with the instinct to touch and handle loved, familiar things, I rose and moved across the room towards the open fireplace, for on the great carved mantel there rested two wondrously wrought candlesticks of brass that had been specially dear to me in the old days.

"Do you remember," I asked, "how you used to laugh at me for my declaration that I loved the unknown artist whose lifework they must have been?"

"And how you used to declare too that sometimes when the firelight shadows and the candle flames played about them, he used to steal back just to feast his eyes on his handiwork?"

But I hardly heard the words, for half-way across the room a sudden terror had fallen on me, a half-grasped memory of something that once had befallen me here, on this very spot, something full of fear and heart-break.

"Dears," I gasped out chokingly at last, "tell me. What

was it? The thing that happened . . . here? Last time . . . the thing that . . . Oh, I am afraid! afraid!"

From the window came a low voice, full of tenderness. "Try to remember yourself, dear one."

I stumbled back to the bed and they came and knelt again at my feet and held my shaking hands.

"It was all a mistake," they told me tenderly, "you didn't understand."

"But it hurt," I cried. "Oh! *how* it hurt!"

"Think!" they said, and held my hands closer.

And slowly there crept back into my mind a confused memory of having once stood there filled with a wondrous unquestioning happiness, and then of having suddenly discovered, though how or why I failed to recall, that it had no *reality*, that it was only "such stuff as dreams are made of," and that, with the agonizing shock of it, with the knowledge that between me and a love somehow beyond earth lay a barrier that not all love could break down or surmount, I died then and there to all memory of it. It was this that had kept me away. Back it flashed now with all its nightmare horror. Parting I could have borne, but not the knowledge that there was nothing, no one to part from, that there never had been, that . . .

"You didn't understand," the little gentle voice broke in, "or you only half understood. So you grew confused. . . ."

Confused? What had I confused? What did she mean?

My eyes came back questioningly to the face looking up into mine.

She leaned away from me, laughing through tears.

"You dear thing! Why I believe you don't yet understand that *you have come into your own at last.*"

"Come into my own?" I echoed the words barely above my breath. "Come into my own? Then . . . was it . . . *realities* I confused?"

They rose then and standing on either side of me drew me to my feet.

"Go down now," they murmured, "to meet your happiness. It is very near."

I knew what they meant. It must be met alone. Very slowly I moved toward the door, opened it and closed it behind me. It was then that the atmosphere of the place first struck me, a certain stillness that was more than stillness, a restfulness that *was* restfulness in itself. "There was nothing like it in the Other Life," I mused. "Only the words." And so passed on, making my way

all unconsciously down to the hall again, but making it with deliberate, intentional slowness. Anticipation had been so good a thing that I would fain have lengthened it out. But already the real thing was stealing upon me, suffusing me as it were, and this last anticipation—surely even it was a joy almost too great to be borne? "So near," my heart whispered in a growing ecstasy, "so near," till I stood on the threshold of the inner hall. Across the outer one a shaft of sunlight fell, and I told myself that just outside, at the other end of it, my happiness—that vague something to which I gave no name—awaited me. I moved a step forward, then stood still, my hands caught across my heart, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, I *daren't!* I daren't be so happy!"

It was the child cry that lives on in us humans until death, the cry born of fear of the unknown, and like a flash, as it was uttered came the answer—an advance guard as it were of the real thing, to protect and prepare, something that swept towards me and flooded my whole being as one imagines the ether to flood alike our human bodies and interstellar space, only that whereas we do not cognize ether, this held within itself the realization of all human dreams—and more. It was *being* happiness rather than *having* it. It cannot be translated into words. Only, the swift knowledge that for one second of what was to follow instant annihilation or an eternity of hell would be gladly exchanged, wrung from me the cry, "Come, then! Oh, come!"

* * * * *

Through the open uncurtained window the moon was streaming in, turning the leaves of the vine that swayed in the wind around it to a pale silver and making a pathway straight across the polished floor. For one brief instant I confused it with the ray of sunlight across the hall, then turned, in sudden ungovernable rage, upon my body. "What had it to do with *you*?" I cried. "How dare you call me back?"

And then I was really awake.

# COUNT CAGLIOSTRO AND FREEMASONRY

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

SO considerable a space was allotted last month in the editorial *Notes of the Month* to the subject of Joseph Balsamo *versus* Count Cagliostro that it might be regarded as fairly exhausted at least for the time being. On the question of distinction or identity between the two figures on the stage of history there is no doubt that we have reached a point at which it must be concluded to pause, unless by a happy accident of research we should come upon some further knowledge. There are certain matters, however, which remain over, and it seems desirable to deal with them while the interest is fresh in the memory of readers. They have been enabled to appreciate in a plenary sense the high value which attaches to the recent monograph of Mr. Trowbridge,* so far as the personality and adventures of the founder of Egyptian Masonry are concerned. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since, in my edition of the *Lives of Alchemistical Philosophers*, I published what I believe to have been until the present moment the most extended current biography of Cagliostro in the English language. This was, so to speak, in the days of my youth; it does not happen to have come within the knowledge of Mr. Trowbridge, which signifies nothing, as, if I remember, it was utterly hostile and was based on the authorities till now accepted implicitly. I mention it only because it enables me to add that—then and always—I have regarded the communication or invention of the system called Egyptian Masonry as the point of a new departure in the life of the Magus. When the ultimate verdict is pronounced on the "master of magic," I believe that this part of it, so clearly exhibited by Mr. Trowbridge, will not prove subject to mutation. It was, of course, the opinion of Louis Figuier, whose extended notice of Cagliostro in the *Histoire du Merveilleux dans les Temps Modernes* has perhaps been taken otherwise somewhat too seriously in the present memoir, as indeed by myself long ago. It is little better than a romantic narrative and

* *Count Cagliostro.* By W. R. Trowbridge. 16*s.* net. Chapman & Hall, London.

might be comparable as such to the work of the Marquis de Luchet rather than that of Mr. Trowbridge. As I am dealing in a sufficiently extended section with the so-called system of Masonic and Egyptian initiation, which claimed to come down from the prophets Enoch and Elias, in my *Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*,* I do not propose to refer to it especially in the present place. It has been misjudged by previous critics, and although it was in no sense Masonic it had points of decorative interest whereby it may suffer comparison with other occult movements enrolled under the banner of Freemasonry at the close of the eighteenth century.

Well, there are limits to special knowledge and first-hand research in nearly all the departments, and considering the real contribution to our acquaintance with Cagliostro contained in the volume under notice, I suppose that the author will be excused beforehand if in the accessory matters he remains open to correction. He will also understand the spirit in which I approach his work from this point of view. It has been indicated that his familiarity with occultism in the eighteenth century leaves much to be said and something here and there which calls for restatement. A few of the more important points I ask leave to specify. Mr. Trowbridge, in the first place, is evidently not a Freemason, and he does not seem to realize the absurdity of the *Courier de l'Europe* when it spoke of Cagliostro's initiation in London by the alleged Esperance Lodge together with his wife. Whether such a Lodge existed at the period I do not know; that, if so, it was affiliated with the Rite of the Strict Observance I do not believe; but there neither was then nor is now any warranted Lodge in England which would have received a woman, and the Strict Observance was the last Masonic obedience in the universe against which the accusation could be brought. From other sources Mr. Trowbridge has derived many errors of fact in respect of L. C. de Saint-Martin, and I should question whether he has consulted any authority posterior to Matter. He can never have seen *Des Erreurs et de la Vérité*, the first work of the mystic, published in two vols., demy 8vo, pp. 230 and 236, or he could scarcely describe it as "a strange little book." He can neither have seen nor read Saint-Martin's later writings, or he could not have seriously said that Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were the sacred triad of the mystic. He can know nothing of his life or his attitude

* This book will be published about the end of January, by Messrs. Rebman & Co., of 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

towards external secret societies, or he would not have perpetuated the old illusion that Saint-Martin established a Masonic Rite and above all a Rite of Swedenborg, about whom he has left a very definite statement of opinion. He would not in fine have called him the founder of the Martinists; that is another fiction which has been exploded long ago.

Similar exception must be taken to every Rosicrucian reference which occurs in the memoir. The adepts of this dubious brotherhood did not revolutionize belief in the supernatural; their first manifesto did not claim to have been found in the tomb of Christian Rosenkreutz; the so-called doctrine of elementary spirits was the least part of their concern, the Abbé de Villars being responsible in the *Comte de Gabalis* for the importance ascribed to it a century and a half later; they did not regard the Philosopher's Stone as signifying contentment; and their alleged impostures in no sense led up to the Masonic Convention of Willhemsbad. At that period they were working under a Masonic ægis and their secret Rituals are in my possession.

Lastly, in respect of Alchemy, if Mr. Trowbridge in his brief review and in his casual references to this subject had made his starting-point the collection of Byzantine, Syriac and Arabian Alchemists, published by Berthelot, he would have given us a more informed account, and the allusion to Gebir would not have appeared in its present form. The fact that there was a mystical as well as a physical school in Alchemy would still have escaped him, but this is an involved subject and beyond the scope when a consideration is so wholly inexpress.

I have indicated already that these things, and others like them, are by the way and without prejudice to the major interest of the memoir. Mr. Trowbridge does not, perhaps, claim to have determined once and for all that Cagliostro was not Joseph Balsamo, and, accepting the distinction between them, he does not present his subject in a better light than that of an impostor with a cast of seriousness, some elementary psychic powers, and several good qualities with which he has not been credited previously. We have to thank him for a book which has cleared the issues substantially, and though I hold no brief except for the condemnation of all things included by the conventional name of Magic, it is satisfactory to know that one of its most celebrated masters was by no means so black as he has been painted.

# 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.]

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if any one can give an explanation of the following incident:—I was sitting at my dressing-table one evening brushing my hair, when I was startled by seeing a face looking over my shoulder straight into the looking-glass. I was thinking of nothing in particular at the time, certainly not of the person whose face I saw. I gazed at it for some seconds, and then so realistic was it that I turned quickly round to see if any one had come into the room. Needless to say, there was no one, and when I looked back in the glass the face had gone. As I am not at all imaginative, I suppose this was a case of clairvoyance. So far it does not seem to have meant anything, and it happened some months ago.

Yours faithfully,
GLADYS LYSTER SMYTHE.

BARBAVILLA, WESTMEATH,

## CHILDREN AND THE UNSEEN.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A reference to the Combined Index of the S.P.R. for 1904 will show that *249* cases are reported where the recipients were children. This would appear to support Reginald B. Span's suggestion that children are nearer to the "unseen" than those who have attained maturity.

If we assume that the personality of each one of us is spiritual and our human personality no more than a manifestation in our universe of this spiritual self, I think we may account for children, especially, manifesting this power of communication.

We are, all of us, timelessly in communication with the unseen. But to *know* that this communication takes place it must be manifest to us in our universe. Now, as time passes and we grow older, it is generally (not always) the case that we become

more absorbed in sublunary matters. What must be the result of this absorption? It must not only divert our attention from the spiritual, but must, in itself, constitute a barrier against our *awareness* of the spiritual.

From time immemorial all those who have striven after closer communion with the unseen have deliberately entered on a period of preparation during which they have educated themselves to attain a position of aloofness from human passions, human interests, human affairs. They have tried to free themselves from the bonds of intellect and earthly lust—to become as little children.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

## PHRENOLOGY.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Secretaries of literary societies are sometimes awkwardly placed to find useful topics for consideration by their members, and I write to suggest that in view of the attention now being given to our national characteristics that the study of the human brain and its mental manifestations would be generally acceptable. The Society I represent, the British Phrenological Society Incorporated, is prepared to send our lecturers free of cost to speak on such subjects as National and Individual Characteristics, Brain Weight and its Relation to Mental Power, Diversities of Character and How They are Produced, Heredity, Education and Environment.

It is now generally admitted that size and quality of brain have a great deal to do with a man's capability and executive power, and a fuller and more scientific understanding of the functions of the brain will doubtless be of great advantage to workers, teachers and the public generally.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. MORGAN,

*Hon. Sec., S.P.S.*

63, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

ENAKIMWO,

S. RUSSIA,

# PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE name of Dr. Alexander Wilder is not unknown in England, and his repute is considerable among occultists of a certain school in America, which was his own country. At the time of his death a packet of unpublished papers, which he had written at various periods, was handed to *The Word*, or rather its Editor, and their publication from time to time is proposed in its pages. An initial specimen in the last issue which has reached us discusses the "Origins of Animal Magnetism," and attempts to trace back the subject to that staff of Hermes which closed the eyes of mortals at will and at will also reopened them. In the title *Daktyli*, applied to a restricted class of priests in Thessaly, a connection is found between the sacerdotal office and the healing art, leading up to the idea of the human hand which touches in the work of magnetic treatment. In the same issue Dr. Williams opens an account of Gregorius Lopez, who left wealth and position in Madrid, during the third quarter of the sixteenth century, to minister among the aborigines of Mexico. Apart from theological training or priestly ordination, he became the teacher of the Chickameck Indians in "the philosophy of divine life," following on his own part a rule of simple asceticism and inward contemplation.

*The Theosophical Messenger* of Chicago has reminiscences of the Countess Wachtmeister and a paper read by the deceased lady, some sixteen years since, at an American Theosophical Convention. It affirms boldly that the Theosophical Society was founded at the end of the eighteenth century by the Comte de St. Germain and Cagliostro. That which did actually come into existence for a period was a society bearing the name and owing that, as well as its local habitation in London, to Benedict Chastanier, a zealous disciple of Swedenborg. The promotion of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem and the translation of the writings which embodied them were the main purposes in view.

*La Revue Théosophique Belge* has several articles which will interest French readers. Mrs. Besant seeks to explain, from her own standpoint, why past lives are forgotten, while affirming that part of them can be recovered by meditation. Mr. Rudolf Steiner writes on the feast of Christmas, which, in his opinion,

represents the persistence of an external form no longer vitalized by a consciousness of the bonds between man, the cosmos and the source of all. Perhaps notwithstanding, there is a spiritual realization of what is implied in the festival by a great number of persons who do not belong to the category of "the man of the day" who "passes unconcerned in the street." The etheric properties of matter are discussed by Th. Darel in connection with the unity of substance recognized by ancient theosophy.

German occult periodicals are to the front as usual. There is that of our contributor Dr. Franz Hartmann, the *Neue Lotusblüten*, which is now in the third year of its publication. The current issue has an article on "Yoga and Occult Training in Christianity," presumably by the editor himself. . . . *Prana*, which is described as the central organ for practical occultism, continues from previous issues its articles on the New Psychology, a course of instruction on the development of will-power; on Karma-Yoga by the Swami Abhedananda; and on the signification of Tatwas in practical life. Other papers are on suggestion and chiromancy. . . . The *Zentralblatt für Okkultismus* devotes many pages to astrology as part of a practical course, the latest instalment dealing with some of the zodiacal signs. There are also articles on Tibetan Mysticism, Telepathy and Spiritism.

It is only here and there that the casual western reader can appreciate with any distinct intelligence what is being done by *The Light of Truth* from month to month for the interpretation of exotic texts of ancient India; not only the books are sealed, but so are their titles. The magazine claims to be run on strictly academic lines as an expounder of "the basic mysticism of the Hindu Scriptures." With this, as a lighter department, it blends Indian astrology. To mention individual papers, most of which are continued through several issues, would serve little purpose in this place. One can only recognize, with a certain quality of remote admiration, the work done unobtrusively as a labour of love by a periodical of this kind. . . . As its title indicates, *The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* is an exponent of modern Spiritism. The last issue has papers on the scientific demonstration of communion with departed beings, on the survival of man after death, on Curative Mesmerism, and so forth. . . . *The Indian Review* is, so to speak, an antithesis of *The Light of Truth*, being entirely modern and practical. A word should be said, however, concerning the "Depressed Castes" of India, written by a retired Judge of the Calcutta

High Court. This is how the caste question strikes a native. "The depressed classes must be raised, the untouchables must be made touchable, and the shadows of beings bearing the likeness of God must cease to be unholy to man." The remedial measures suggested are (*a*) sound intellectual and moral training; (*b*) recognition of human equality. . . . The Latent Light Co. of Southern India publishes *The Kalpaka* as a magazine of knowledge. An article on Emancipation explains that complete sacrifice leads to liberation from the bonds of the lower nature. . . . *Self-Culture*, another native periodical, is also in the main one which appeals to the interest in spiritualism. Dr. Peebles is one of its contributors and nominally an associate-editor. Miss Lucy A. Mallory discusses the healing power of spirits through their mediums. Other contents deal with Vedanta, the discovery of the Phrenological Organs and the seven jewels of the good law of Buddhists.

*The Journal of the American Society of Psychical Research* devotes an entire issue to further evidences concerning alleged movements of objects without contact in two houses occupied successively by Mr. J. P. Sawyer and his family. The supposed unconscious agent was a boy of eleven years. There is no need to say that the evidence has been marshalled and sifted in an exhaustive manner. The conclusion on the part of the editor is that no one probably would seek to defend the case "against the suspicion of fraud." The writer of the article, having given three hypothetical explanations, is, on the whole, inclined to the last—namely, that some genuine movements of objects without contact occurred originally and that the boy incorporated them with "his own activities." He confessed to a hand in the phenomena. . . . Varied and interesting as usual, *Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques* gives the chief place to an account of several *séances* with a Costa Rica medium. In the first of these, there was singing by "direct voices," one of the entities seeming to be faintly materialized—such at least was a sitter's impression. The songs were recorded by phonograph with varying success. Later experiments with the same medium presented the following concurrent phenomena: (1) The disembodied medium conversing at one point with investigators; (2) at an opposite corner a spirit in occupation of the medium's body conversing with other investigators; (3) her double and other entities in a third part of the room singing, and accompanied on the piano by a relation of the medium.

# REVIEWS

MAKERS OF MAN. A Study of Human Initiative. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. London: Rebman, Limited. Demy 8vo, pp. xiv, 424. Price 10s. 6*d*. net.

THE study of the lives of forty great men as problems capable of psychological treatment and elucidation suggests a task which belongs to the days of the Titans, and in face of the fact accomplished it remains to be inferred that giants are still on the earth. Neither consideration helps to reassure the reviewer, cribbed in a minute cabin of space and seeking some minimum of words in which to give account of a work extending to such dimensions and having claims so high and serious. The lives of these great ones—from Cæsar to Renan—remind one of many things besides the proverbial suggestion of Longfellow on the possibility of making our own lives sublime. We have rendered in the course of some 2,000 years a good many things to Cæsar that may have been justly his, and to his archetype more than many that were not, while it is possible that some of us have scarcely done full justice in our renderings to Ernest Renan, because—*pace* Dr. Whitby and his graphic picture of the man—it is so difficult to forgive that portrait of a "pastoral enthusiast" put forward under the name of Him Who has been called the Lord of Glory from ages to ages. It seems a little hard that the intermediate eight and thirty great ones should pass in these regretful lines without even a place in a catalogue, but to the author himself I must at least fulfil my duty by explaining that his is no sheaf of biographies in the ordinary sense. It is rather a study of characters—or, as the sub-title says, of human initiative—and the names of no personalities appear in the analysis of contents. The dealing is therefore with types, with certain individualities as great illustrations of types—men of action, artists, poets, composers, reformers, philosophers. Dr. Whitby has taken, in his own words, biography as a department of science. The result is a methodized review of spontaneity, unity of aim, will and individuality, their significance and their power. If one like myself who is following far other paths of thought confesses to the appeal of the book, it is surely one that is calculated to appeal widely, and as I observe that Dr. Whitby, by instinct and otherwise, is always on the good side, the great and the true side, the side of the things that matter, I wish him—as many others will do—all satisfaction in his work and the success which should follow thereon.

A. E. WAITE.

REASON AND BELIEF. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen & Co., Essex Street, W.C. Price 3s. 6*d*. net.

IT would probably not be too much to say, that, among thoughtful people who on the one side have got free of the short-sighted materialism of last century, and on the other side have awakened from the dogmatic slumbers of an equally inadequate religious idea, Sir Oliver Lodge counts

as the most potent force in the world of thought of to-day. He is a specialist whose authority in physics none can dispute; yet he is also a philosopher, able to recognize the limitations of science, "falsely so called" when it claims to answer all questions, and to pronounce various fulminatory excommunications—say, from a professorial chair at Jena. And, best of all, he is reverential in face of the great mystery, but finds much of good in everything, and promise of more good to follow, when the times are ripe and the days accomplished. In short, he is religious.

The present volume is written in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, aiming at a reconciliation of science and religion, reason and belief. Modern developments in psychology and psychical research have supplied us with evidence of survival of bodily death, and the corresponding belief in existence before birth—as gloriously put in Wordsworth's great Ode—is almost inevitable. The difficulty about memory, which Plato solved by his cup of Lethe, is not insuperable. The submerged chains of memory in many cases of multiple personality, point to significant possibilities. We may remember all our course when we reach the mountain-top and can look down over the traversed paths—as in the Buddhist figure—or when our various fragments are fused into one rounded unit, and we become well again after our dissociation.

And, if man is a spirit temporarily shut up in a body for purposes of education, what difficulty is there in supposing that some mighty spirit, pitiful of the woes of men, might voluntarily incarnate himself in order to reveal to us "the hidden nature of God,—the love, the pity, the long-suffering, the kindness—all that we had missed or misconceived or that priests had defaced," and to show us that if we could only get the human will into harmony with the Divine, the Kingdom would verily come? "In His will is our peace," as we have it in Dante's great line, cited by Matthew Arnold as one of the greatest in literature. In such an incarnation, Sir Oliver, speaking as "a student of science," sees nothing contrary to accepted knowledge. "The Christian Churches have hold of a great truth. . . . All that they say about it need not be true—is not all likely to be true; but something is true much better than they say—something which they and we together are gradually rising to understand." Thus a way is indicated by which science and religion may meet and shake hands on one of the central doctrines of Christianity.

J. Arthur Hill.

A Manual of Occultism. By "Sepharial." Crown 8vo, pp. xiii + 356 (Illustrated). London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 6s. net.

It is not possible to say when the desire to foretell the future first arose in the mind of man; but presumably it was in his very earliest days. At any rate, the methods man has devised for the attainment of this end, from the simple device of drawing lots to the elaborate calculations of genethliacal astrology, are almost legion, and their origins, for the greater part, are lost in the dimness of ages past. It is to a large extent with the explanation of the methods adopted in the more elaborate of such arts, Astrology, Palmistry, Geomancy, Cartomancy, for example, that the present work deals. It is written from the standpoint of an

occultist who believes in the claims of such methods. His theory, briefly stated, is that in the case of what are termed the occult sciences (e.g., Astrology) we are dealing with symbols of spiritual forces operative (subject to man's free will) in the moulding of his life on this earth, which may be interpreted by one who has a knowledge of the occult correspondence between the material and the spiritual; whilst in the case of what are called the occult arts (e.g. Cartomancy, Geomancy, etc.) the automatic faculties are brought into play, which, perceiving the spiritual forces operative, may arrive at a just conclusion regarding their probable effect in the future, this conclusion being transmitted to the normal consciousness, so to speak, by means of the objects employed in such arts, which are invariably symbolical of these forces. Although the present writer's position with regard to that branch of Occultism whose aim is to foretell the future is largely that of a sceptic, it must be admitted that the above views belong to an entirely different category from that in which must be placed the belief with which occultists are frequently credited, namely, that the material objects employed in such arts are causally related to the events which follow.

Other subjects treated in *A Manual of Occultism* include the Kabalistic doctrine of good and evil spirits, the "literal" Kabalah, and the art of preparing Talismans; and there is a section on Hypnotism and Mesmerism in which "Sepharial" defends the odylic force or magnetic emanation theory. The book is the work of one who has devoted very considerable study to the subjects treated and will be read with more than a little interest by those who are curious as to the exoteric methods of Occultism.

H. S. Redgrove.

Mystics and Saints of Islam. By Claud Field. Crown 8vo, pp. viii + 215. London: Francis Griffiths, 34, Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

This work consists of a number of interesting sketches of the lives and teachings of certain of the most noted, earlier Sufi mystics, of which the majority are translations of papers by continental scholars such as Von Kremer, Pavet de Courteille and Mehren. Sufism has certainly not been free from some very serious blemishes, such as extravagant asceticism and a belief in that extreme form of pantheism in which the distinction between God and the individual ceases to be recognized. But on the other hand, its broad-minded spirit and tolerance towards other religions mark it as distinctly superior to the rigid formalism of strictly orthodox Mohammedanism; for although the Sufi mystics obeyed the outward forms of Mohammedan law, they taught that the one thing of importance was not outward conformity to ceremonial law but love to God. Indeed, it is clear from the account given of them in this work, that with all their faults, they held many noble ideals and attained to many lofty views. If, indeed, certain of them foolishly imagined that in the heart that loves God wholly there can be no room for any other love, others realized the momentous truth that he who loves God is he who loves his fellow-men, as witness the beautiful legend told of Ibrahim ben Adham, referred to in Leigh Hunt's well-known poem. If, indeed, with some of them, fear was the actuating motive, others of them reached that ecstatic state

in which love had transcended all fear, and cast it out. *Mystics and Saints of Islam* will be read with pleasure and interest by all who can appreciate what is noble and inspiring in religions other than their own; it should prove of use, also, to students of the philosophy of religious mysticism. H. S. REDGROVE.

AN ADMIRAL'S YARNS. By Vice-Admiral H. L. Fleet. Pp. 302. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

HERE are some good ghost-stories of an old-fashioned type, told in straightforward breezy language, without any literary "frills." Some "thrills," however, are to be found, especially in the *Mystery of the West Coast of Africa*, where a dead buccaneer and a live python provide between them quite a hair-raising adventure. *The Haunted Fort* and *Phantoms* are also good stories whose nature is explained by their titles, and in *For the Honour of the Flag* we have a most animated description of a hurricane at sea, the details of which are as thrilling (to the landsman, at any rate) as any ghost-tale. The book contains some verses, none of which are very remarkable, though parts of *A Nautical Crichton* display a pleasing sense of humour. E. M. M.

WHO'S WHO—1911. Price 10s. net.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S YEAR-BOOK AND DIRECTORY—1911. Edited by G. E. Mitton. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR-BOOK—1911. A Directory for Writers, Artists and Photographers. Price 1s. net.

All published by Adam & Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W.

THE new edition of *Who's Who* contains 2,246 pages and about 23,000 biographies. It is, however, not in the least cumbrous, its appearance is most pleasing and its usefulness is beyond praise.

*The Englishwoman's Year-Book* for 1911 has been largely rearranged and blank pages for further suggestions have been left towards the end of the volume. It will be found indispensable as a book of reference in all matters connected with the work and occupation of women.

*The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book* is designed to aid authors and illustrators in discovering the right channel for the special kind of work submitted in each individual case. It will thus prove, as it has done before, of great value to those who without its help would be in a position of considerable difficulty.

THE MIKADO JEWEL. By Fergus Hume. London: Everett & Co., 42, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Price 6s.

THOSE who are familiar with the special line of psychological and detective stories which Mr. Fergus Hume has made so popular, will find in this romance a story which will prove fascinating and in no small degree instructive. Re-incarnation, occultism and psychology all find a place in what would in any case prove quite an attractive romance; and the fact that these recondite subjects are well within the appreciation of a discriminating public would appear to indicate that fictional writers are, consciously or unconsciously, frequently mere interpreters of the spirit and thought of the people among whom they live. The story of the Mikado Jewel is among the best of Mr. Hume's many works.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PICTORIAL KEY TO THE TAROT: Being Fragments of a Secret Tradition under the Veil of Divination. By Arthur Edward Waite. With 78 Plates illustrating the Greater and Lesser Arcana from designs by Pamela Coleman Smith. Pp. ix, 340. Price 5s. net.

THE increasing interest in the Tarot symbols here and abroad during recent years has evoked several treatises upon the subject. The confusion caused by the errors and inadequacies of these has prompted Mr. Waite to issue this book as a corrective thereto, and it now becomes the undoubted standard work upon the Tarot. It should be understood, however, that it is an extension and reconstruction of the small Key published some twelve months ago. The *format* of the book is admirable, as also the full-page black-and-white reproductions of the entire series of the cards, opposite each of which explanatory matter is given. Several methods of working the cards for divinatory purposes are given, helped out by diagrams, and an elaborated bibliography of the Tarot is appended. The book is thus indispensable to students of the Tarot. Others who wish to acquaint themselves with it will learn, if not all that can be said upon it—for there are matters in regard to it not made public—at least more than they will from other publications and will be advised as to what in the latter is negligible or erroneous. The publisher's part in this book is all that could be desired, whilst the compiler's is marked by the fulness of knowledge and treatment uniformly characterizing Mr. Waite's works upon mystical and occult subjects.

Attention must be drawn to the book's sub-title. Many people know nothing of the Tarot save as a device for fortune-telling. From this desecration Mr. Waite seeks to redeem it, whilst making concessions to those interested in divination by indicating various methods found advantageous. The very antiquity and vitality of the Tarot create a presumption that it enshrines something of deep moment that accounts for its survival and fascination. In this respect its position is similar to that of the Bible. But the Tarot too is a bible, and hence its vitality. As Mr. Waite says, "it embodies symbolical presentations of universal ideas, behind which lie all the implicits of the human mind, and it is in this sense that they contain secret doctrine, which is the realization by the few of truths embedded in the consciousness of all, though they have not passed into express recognition by ordinary men." This secret doctrine has always existed, and the Tarot is one of the several veils under which it has been expressed. And behind this secret doctrine is an experience or practice by which the doctrine is justified. Beyond this plain hint Mr. Waite does not feel at liberty to go. A great authority once spoke of a desirable faculty which he called that of "the discerning of spirits," i.e. the right understanding of the spiritual sense lying behind natural phenomena and the symbols employed in catholic religion. Mr. Waite's case is that without this faculty the ultimate meaning of the Tarot is unlikely to become clear. And this must be his justification against the possible objection that more might be said about the really vital side of the Tarot than can be published. Rather than to be blamed for the omission he is to be thanked for speaking as fully as he has, and

for indicating the proper approach to the understanding of what is in its essence nothing else than a chart of the soul's progress and destiny. Mr. Waite, in short, has here put the symbols constituting the Tarot-Bible upon a definite and authentic basis; it rests with others to become discerners of its inward spirit and to profit by its momentous teachings.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

THE VICTORY OF LOVE. By C. C. Cotterill. London: A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price 2s. net.

A BOOK to promote fellowship and love is surely not redundant. The fashion is simply to disregard themes of this sort as outside the business of the hour. The pursuit of wealth, of power and fame, is so keen that Love is left out of sight. But to the bereaved, the sick, the forlorn and hopeless, the sweet-souled Spirit of Love comes as a divine messenger calling them forth to a new life. Every social derelict, every renegade and anarchist, every stranded wreck of modern life and hapless suicide, is dead or dying merely for lack of Love.

The author complains bitterly of the dearth of love in the world. He tells us what this love is and what it does; and sees it found to the world at last in the Christ, in whom was the genius of Love. Class, with all its loveless distinctions, its false standards, its animosities and jealousies, finds no part or recognition in this system of altruism. It is appraised as a costly thing of no real or lasting value. The author is primarily and essentially Christian, democrat and altruist. If books could educate an interest in things that pay, more would be written on this subject. If once we could get the idea home that all the forces of nature, visible and invisible, are loveless and non-human and that the chances of the race surviving without collective effort are small, this thing, so particularized in humanity, which we call fellowship and brotherly love, would be deemed the saving power. To this end, but by other means, the author labours for the dissemination of the great ideal.

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THE HUMAN CHORD. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co. Pp. 326. Price 6s.

SOME years ago Mrs. Watts Hughes demonstrated by means of an instrument called the eidophone that vocal sound could not only move very light matter, but arrange it into pleasing shapes. Small facts remind one of great dogmas; and, knowing that a word connotes a sound, I remember that the Chaldee Paraphrasts say that it was MEMBRA, or the WORD, which created the world and which appeared to Abraham, Jacob and Moses. The magic of sound has long been a fascinating subject of inquiry for the occultist, and novelists have not ignored it. Yet the majority of Mr. Blackwood's readers will be sensible of refreshing novelty of matter in his latest romance. He imagines that a clergyman, who, by means of sound, works wonders which would probably astonish even the inventive Mrs. Watts Hughes, attempts to transfer to himself the qualities of gods by the utterance of a divine Name. He instructs three others to assist in the formation of the potent sound which he wishes to be made, and fails magnificently. Mr. Blackwood has a due sense of the gigantic; he apprehends that one word may be as long as the record of a life, and that every letter of it may be richer in harmony than a

chord for the full orchestra by Richard Strauss. Two of Mr. Blackwood's characters are singularly interesting, and his incidents, which include the reduction of a tall man to a dwarf's dimensions, deserve to enlarge the philosophy of many Horatios. He produces bathos, however, in trying to infatuate his readers with a child's fictitious sprite called Winky, and there are moments when he rashly permits his style to assume the bluff inelegance appropriate to a sportsman's yarn. W. H. CHESSON.

GLINTS OF WISDOM. By W. J. Colville. New York: Macoy Publishing & Masonic Supply Co.

THESE excerpts from the lectures of the well-known Spiritual Science speaker, Mr. W. J. Colville, are intended to be of help to the general reader in his busy moments. To these are added many reflections, statements, meditations and mottoes, the whole forming a compendium of spiritual thought on general and recondite subjects which will strongly appeal to those who are too pressed by circumstance to enjoy more than momentary freedom for such reading. There are valuable sections on Telepathy, Karma, Spiritism, Dreaming True, Elective Affinities, Polarity, Psychic Auras, Destiny, Heredity, etc., and taken haphazard as the whim serves, there are few books which will yield greater satisfaction or stand an equal test on the score of general interest. SCRUTATOR.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANACK, 1911. Price 6*d*.

IN this, the eighty-first annual of the well-known almanack, the learned editor prefaces his predictions for the year by a very striking defence of the science of astrology. He adduces specific forecasts which cannot by any means be explained away as "lucky hits" and challenges the meteorologists on their signal failure to predict the nature of successive seasons, a task by no means difficult to the student of astrology, as witness the clear prediction by Zadkiel of a cold summer in England and of heat and drought in the north-eastern states of America. It is pointed out, moreover, that every astrologer gave precedence to Prince George (now His Majesty King George V) over his unfortunate elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, merely on account of the relative positions of the planets at their respective births, and this opinion formed the basis of a definite prediction by Zadkiel that the prince born on June 3, 1865, would in due course be "King George V" of Great Britain.

In the year 1911 Zadkiel predicts the prominence of the Irish Question, discord in the House of Commons, incendiarism in India, a poor year for hops; danger of foreign war, conspiracies, sedition and tumults in Ireland, a hot autumn season, and a variety of other events of national and international importance, all of which will be watched with curiosity and interest by thousands.

The additional notes on the horoscopes of King George V, our late beloved King Edward the Peacemaker, and the Liberal Government, serve to make this publication of more than usual interest. The editorial essay upon "Halley's Comet" is well worth the close attention of scientific minds, who may possibly be disposed to give some consideration to the somewhat perplexing question propounded by Zadkiel as to the cosmic status of these eccentric visitants.

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