

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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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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No. 3

NOTES OF THE MONTH

PERHAPS one of the most remarkable things about Messrs. Macmillan's new publication, *An Adventure*,* is that it should have seen the light at all. It is hardly likely that a dozen years ago any publisher would have been found to bring out such a book. I understand, however, that the first edition has sold with great alacrity, and there is evidently a public to-day ready and willing to read, if not to believe, a book of this character. I briefly alluded to the publication in my last month's Notes, but the book is so unique, and has such a direct bearing on the most abstruse problems of psychic science that I feel that my readers will expect me to write about it somewhat fully. The two ladies who are concerned in the adventure are referred to in the book as "Miss Morison" and "Miss Lamont." The first expedition in which the occult phenomena referred to took place was a joint expedition by the two together on August 10, 1901. It may be recalled that August 10 was the anniversary of the sacking of the Tuileries (which occurred on August 10, 1792). Neither of the ladies, however, appears to have recollected this till afterwards, nor did either of them know Versailles, the grounds, or the palace. Both ladies have written inde-

* Macmillan & Co., 3s. 6d. net.

pendent accounts of their experiences, and both appear equally remarkable, though what was visible to the one "AN ADVENTURE." was not in a number of instances visible to the other. It was not merely a question of hallucination as regards individual things and people. The whole landscape was altered. The ordinary paths had disappeared and given place to other paths; woods that have long ceased to exist, buildings that have not been standing for the best part of a century, and even bridges over streams that are at present non-existent, were seen and (incredible to relate) actually walked over! It is, in fact, purely and simply a record of an enchantment, after the manner of the old fairy stories that we knew in our childhood's days. We rub our eyes as we read, and ask ourselves, if, after all, it is conceivable that in these same fairy stories, even in their most incredible portions, there still exists a substratum of fact, a suggestion of the possible which has a parallel in nature even though in the most credulous days of infancy we refused to believe it. Either apparently this is the case, or else the public are being made the victims of a gigantic hoax. The record of the experiences is given in quite a matter-of-fact way. Later on we learn, and the heroines of the adventure learned also, that the people they met, and the places they passed, were non-existent; but in reading the account in the first instance no such interpretation appears possible. Take the following as the description of the point at which the ladies first launched into the land of enchantment:—

IN AN ENCHANTED LAND.

We passed the Grand Trianon on our left hand (Miss Morison records), and came up a broad green drive perfectly deserted. If we had followed it we should have come immediately to the Petit Trianon, but not knowing its position, we crossed the drive and went up a lane in front of us. I was surprised that Miss Lamont did not ask the way from a woman who was shaking a white cloth out of the window of a building at the corner of the lane, but followed, supposing that she knew where she was going to. Talking about England and mutual acquaintances there, we went up the lane, and then made a sharp turn to the right past some buildings. We looked in at an open doorway and saw the end of a carved staircase, but as no one was about, we did not like to go in. There were three paths in front of us, and as we saw two men a little ahead on the centre one, we followed it, and asked them the way. Afterwards we spoke of them as gardeners, because we remembered a wheelbarrow of some kind close by and the look of a pointed spade, but they were really very dignified officials, dressed in long greyish-green coats with small three-cornered hats. They directed us straight on.

We walked briskly forward, talking as before, but from the moment

we left the lane an extraordinary depression had come over me, which, in spite of every effort to shake off, steadily deepened. . . .

In front of us was a wood, within which, and overshadowed by trees, was a light garden kiosk, circular, and like a small bandstand, by which a man was sitting. There was no green sward, but the ground was covered with rough grass and dead leaves as in a wood. The place was so shut in that we could not see beyond it. Everything suddenly looked unnatural, therefore unpleasant; even the trees behind the building seemed to have become flat and lifeless, *like a wood worked in tapestry*. There were no effects of light and shade, and no wind stirred the trees. It was all intensely still.

The man sitting close to the kiosk (who had on a cloak and a large shady hat) turned his head and looked at us. That was the culmination of my peculiar sensations, and I felt a moment of genuine alarm. The man's face was most repulsive—its expression odious.

I must not follow the ladies farther in their adventure. Those who are curious enough (and doubtless many will be very curious indeed) will make a point of picking up the book and reading it themselves, where they will learn how "Miss Morison" saw what her companion did not, a lady sitting in front of the Petit Trianon apparently on a camp stool, "who," she says, "when we passed close by on her left hand, turned and looked full at us." This lady, who is minutely described as to her dress and personal appearance, turned out, on inquiry, to be no less a person than Queen Marie Antoinette, or at least her replica, apparently as solid and lifelike as the original.

It will be asked why, if these experiences occurred so long ago (one took place, as already stated, in August, 1901, and the other in October, 1902), did not this record see the light at an earlier date? It will be seen by those who read the book that the interval has been very well employed by the writers. The greatest trouble has been taken in investigating the early history of Versailles, even down to the most minute particulars. Various

CHAPTER historical and archæological records have been
AND VERSE. unearthed, and the important finds that the ladies
have made in this direction since the date of their
adventure have enabled them to confirm the general geography
of their enchanted land, both as regards the laying out of the
grounds, and the buildings which were then standing. They
have also attempted, and in some cases apparently successfully,
to identify the individuals they encountered as historical
characters, or as individuals in the employ of the King and
Queen at Versailles; but it must be confessed that this process
of identification seems to me to be carried somewhat too far, in

spite of the fact that one must admit oneself at times staggered by the appositeness of the historical references.

With regard to the Queen, Miss Morison states that she found Wertmüller's portrait, the first of all the pictures she had seen which at all brought back the face of the lady in the garden. Some weeks later she came upon the following passage in relation to it :—

Ce tableau fut assez mal accueilli des critiques contemporains qui le trouverent froid, sans majesté, sans grâce. Pour la posterité au contraire, il a le plus grand mérite ; celui de la ressemblance. Au dire de Madame Campan, il n'existe de bon portrait de la reine que cette toile de Wertmüller et celle que Madame Lebrun peignit en 1787.

Which suggests that the portrait in question was a far better likeness of Marie Antoinette than others more flattering and more familiar to the general public. I suspect that this must be the case with not a few portraits of celebrities of the past. One has to be on one's guard against the temptation which the artist will always have to flatter the great. All are not so frank nor so candid, as the lady who being offered a choice of photographs by her friend inquired sweetly, " Which may I have, the good-looking one, or the one as I know you ? "

It appears that there are various stories with regard to the haunting of the grounds of the Palace of Versailles. A French friend of " Miss Lamont's " told her, in answer to an inquiry, that she remembered hearing from friends who lived in the neighbourhood, that on a certain day in August Marie Antoinette is said to be seen sitting outside the garden front at the Petit Trianon with a light flapping hat and a pink dress. She also said that the whole place, especially the farm, the garden, and the path by the water, are reputed to be peopled with those who used to be with the Queen there, and that all the old occupations reproduce themselves for the space of a day and a night.

The only phenomena of which we have any knowledge which recall these strange experiences at Versailles, are the so-called tricks of the Indian fakirs, which have been repeatedly proved to be of a hallucinatory character, the illusion being common to all those who attend the performances, while those who may happen to arrive too late to have fallen under the dominion of the spell see nothing whatever. There is also, it must be admitted, a certain resemblance, in the records given, to those phantom funeral processions in the Scottish Highlands, ominous of coming

deaths, in a number of which it will be remembered, people have complained of being badly mauled and bruised through not getting out of the way of the ghostly multitude. In these cases, however, the phenomena occur before the event, and not after. The possibilities of psychometry suggest that in inanimate objects, and in localities, inheres a capacity for reproducing their past history, and Theosophists have used the expression "The Akashic Records" in reference to such hoarded reminiscences of the past. How the psychic atmosphere can retain such historical pictures is quite beyond the powers of science, orthodox or unorthodox, to explain; but the ordinary

DO AKASHIC RECORDS PERSIST? haunted house in which the automatic reproduction of a specific incident is a constant feature, suggests that there is a basis for some such theory which will probably account for not a few hauntings

without the necessity of bringing in that hypothesis of direct spirit action which science is so extremely reluctant to admit. It would be interesting to learn if any readers can parallel the remarkable incidents recorded by similar occurrences within their own knowledge. It is narrated, and the story has, I believe, a good historical basis, that after the battle of Marston Moor the people in the neighbourhood saw the conflict reproduced night after night in the clouds, for some considerable period, and that the cloud-picture was so vivid that it was possible in many cases to identify the forms and features of the actual combatants. A phenomenon of this kind appears, however, to the ordinary intelligence, more within the bounds of credibility than the incidents above alluded to. We are not called upon to ask ourselves such seemingly ridiculous questions as face us at every turn in reading these records: How, for instance, could two ladies walk over a bridge that was not there, and hear the ripple of the water of a stream that in reality passed in a totally different direction? How could they pass what appeared to be a solidly built cottage, when there was no building present? How?—but it is useless to continue asking these questions. It is in the profusion of details, in the apparent extreme accuracy of narration of every little incident, that we find our greatest stumbling block. Vagueness and generality of description would not raise in our minds half the difficulties with which we are confronted by these apparently straightforward narratives. The ladies in question, who are, I understand, both daughters of English clergymen, have no special interest in

THE
RIDDLE
OF THE
SPHINX.

the occult, and would not, if they could help it, have any faith in it. They have no knowledge of its literature, no acquaintance with its philosophy. Perhaps all the more they are entitled to claim to be taken literally; but it must be admitted that their ignorance of matters that touch so nearly on their own experiences has rendered valueless the latter pages of the book. They are unable satisfactorily to reply to any leading questions or offer any plausible explanations. They have no hypothesis to suggest that is capable of being taken seriously from the point of view of Occult Science. The supposed reverie of Marie Antoinette, with which the book closes, can only be described as pointless, and out of place. How could Marie Antoinette's reverie reproduce itself as a landscape at Versailles? The fact is the interest of the book ends with page 99, at the end of chapter II; but this is the better half of the book, and it may be said confidently of this that there is no dull page in it.

In connection with the sale of the Hope diamond for £60,000 to Mr. Edward McLean, of Washington, the papers have been supplying a gruesome narrative of its past history which, in view of its resemblance to previously recorded instances of a similar character, may be of interest to readers of this Magazine. The story is as follows:—

It was brought from the East in 1688 by the great traveller Tavernier whose affairs at once took a turn for the bad. At the age of 81 he set out on a fresh voyage to retrieve his fortunes, and died of fever abroad.

The diamond then became part of the crown jewels of France. Mme THE HOPE de Maintenon dated her decline of influence from the day she persuaded Louis XIV. to let her wear it, and soon after DIAMOND. Fouquet, the financier, borrowed it he was imprisoned.

Marie Antoinette, who wore it, died under the guillotine knife, and Princess de Lamballe, who also wore it, was killed by the mob.

It disappeared for forty years, and was then entrusted to an Amsterdam diamond cutter named Fals to be divided. His son stole it, ruined his father, and then committed suicide. A Frenchman named Beaulieu, to whom Fals gave it, died of starvation before he could sell it. Then it became the property of Henry Hope, whose name it bears.

Ruin quickly followed its possession by a New York dealer, named Frankel. Prince Kamlovski, a Russian, lent it to a French actress, and shot her dead on the stage the first night she wore it; a French broker through whose hands it then passed went mad, and a Greek jeweller, its next owner, was thrown over a precipice with his wife and two children and killed. The ex-Sultan of Turkey next gained the diamond, and lost a throne, and its keepers at Constantinople were murdered. Then Sefior Habib, a wealthy Spaniard, bought it, and was drowned soon after in a wreck off Singapore. The superstitious will ask, What next?

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS

BY ALEXANDER KENNEDY

THE Orkney Islands, situated as they are on the outskirts of our national civilization, where every break of the white-crested emerald wave seems to sound a tocsin of universal mystery from the very heart of that great cosmic enigma before which the minds of the wisest and greatest stand appalled, have long been the sea-encircled homes of a hardy, thoughtful race of people whose attitude towards the occult or unseen naturally inclines to be serious. Here, to the reflective mind, the strange half-uttered spirit of world-mystery, which is the dynamic force that underlies all men's strivings and gropings after "the essential God's truth of things," throbs right from the open book of nature, so that all who run may read. Every echo along the bare, black crags at sundown, every shimmer of the summer-time sea, seems to bear in its quivering vibrations food for thoughts of the ineffable, leading one to attempt to think the unthinkable, in a vain endeavour to read the riddle of God's great world.

Thus surrounded by all that is lonely and mysterious in nature, small wonder that the inquiringly-minded Orkneyman presents, in the main, what is perhaps a more than ordinarily reverential attitude towards the unseen; and when psychic phenomena have occurred in the experience of an islesman, his neighbour has always been slow to deride. It can be easily imagined, then, that among a people whose minds are thus generally attuned to the inner mystery of things, psychic experiences, though mostly subjective, are far from being uncommon. My main intent in this article is to tabulate, out of a considerable number that have been brought to my notice, such of these as I think will be of interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, arranging them, for the sake of greater clarity of treatment, under three different headings, viz.—*Premonitory Warnings, Telepathic Dreams, and Other Phenomena.*

PREMONITORY WARNINGS.

Although in these islands the ubiquitous dream would seem to be by far the commonest medium for the conveying of pre-

monitory warnings, there are not lacking instances of these having been borne home to the mind of the *percipient* in a more demonstrative manner, which would seem to necessitate the acceptance of a hypothetical theory based on the existence of mysterious occult dynamic forces under the control of active hidden entities. In this connection the following instance is remarkable, if not convincing: A man belonging to the writer's native island had taken on a contract with a neighbouring farmer to do some labouring work in one of his fields. One day while he was busily engaged at this work he suddenly heard in his immediate rear a strange rumbling noise, as if the ground had undergone a convulsion. On looking around, however, he could observe no alteration in the appearance of the field; everything remained as it had been. He set briskly to work again, but, try as he would, he could not shake off a peculiar, indescribable, gradually-growing feeling of impending evil. After a momentary spell the unearthly rumbling recommenced, and the eerie feeling that had taken possession of the workman increased to such an extent that he had ultimately to give up his work and go home. He had not been long in his house when the mournful news was brought him that his son, who resided in the neighbouring island, had been drowned when returning from the cod-fishing that same day, the little craft having capsized in a squall, all hands being lost in the lamentable catastrophe. So far as I have gathered, this strange premonitory warning occurred to the workman in question at, or near, the exact moment the ill-fated boat and crew were seen to go under.

The second case occurred in the experience of a lady of the writer's acquaintance, and is an instance of what is popularly known throughout the country districts of Scotland as "the death-rap." It is interesting as illustrating the fact that psychic phenomena may be taking place and at the same time be quite imperceptible to the senses of any other person than the direct *percipient*, although such other person may have the same advantages of proximity, etc.

This case occurred during the night-time, the lady in question being perfectly wide awake at the moment. The whole phenomenon consisted of a series of peculiar rapping sounds, the occurrence of which, thus unexpectedly breaking the silence of the "stilly hour," naturally considerably alarmed her. She awakened her husband, and inquired of him if he heard the unwonted sound. He listened attentively but failed to hear it, and answered to that effect. This confession on her husband's part was,

at the time, the source of much surprise to the lady, as she could hear the rapping quite distinctly; and in describing it afterwards she averred that, more than anything else, it resembled a sound as of marbles falling successively from the foot of the bed on to the wooden flooring, then rolling a short distance, and finally lying still. This continued for a considerable time, and was the cause of a good deal of uneasiness on the lady's part, though her husband no doubt endeavoured to laugh away her fears at the time. Only a few days had passed, however, when she got news of a near relative's unexpected demise.

On another occasion the same person was forewarned in a very curious manner of the death of an old man who had long been on intimate terms of acquaintanceship with her family, and whose home stood on a neighbouring elevation, separated from hers by a little green valley or dell. It happened that one day while she was attending to her daily duties her work necessitated her going outside. Having heard that her old friend was lying precariously ill, she naturally cast a lingering gaze towards the home of the ailing man, if only to muse for a moment on the vanity of "life's poor passing show." As she stood and looked, imagine her surprise to observe the peculiar phenomenon of what looked like a large white sheet, like the allegorical sheet of the apostle's vision, rise sheer up from over the roof of the old man's house, hover for a moment, and then disappear in the "dim intense inane." Although she was in no way superstitious, it forcibly struck her at the time that the remarkable "appearance" was a "sign"; so she took careful note of the time on going within. Later on news of the old man's passing duly arrived, and on comparing the accredited hour of his death with that at which she observed the strange phenomenon, she was in no way surprised to find them harmonize. Allowing explanation on the grounds of hallucination, it would still be a rather remarkable coincidence that the old man's death should have occurred at the same time she observed, or supposed she observed, the curious phenomenon to take place.

The following incident was brought to my notice a few days after its occurrence, and the woman who experienced it was perfectly convinced that it was a premonitory token. It happened thus: An esteemed friend of hers had been wavering between life and death in a state of high fever for about a week. As was natural under the circumstances, she always made a point of getting information as to her ailing friend's condition whenever the opportunity offered. One evening towards the end of the

week, when the patient was in a very critical state, she went out to the door to see if the doctor, whom she had observed to pass some time previously, was yet returning, so that she might inquire of him as to the sick man's progress. Directly she gained the doorway she caught sight of the doctor coming down across the common in the distance, so she made up her mind to stand and await his approach. No sooner had the idea crossed her mind, however, than a brilliant flash of light seemed to scintillate along the ground directly in front of the oncoming doctor. It only lasted an instant, she said, but it thrilled her; she knew her friend was dead! And so strongly did this impression take hold of her that she did not await the doctor's arrival, but *went in and wept!* On recounting the matter afterwards to the relatives of her deceased friend, it turned out that the patient passed away just a quarter of an hour after the doctor left the bedside, which would be about the approximate time an average walker would take to traverse the ground the doctor had covered when the woman saw the flash of light that was the *raison d'être* of her strange but true premonition. Whether the light in question was or was not a normal natural phenomenon I am not prepared to say; the main point would seem to lie in the fact of its having produced so strong a correct impression upon the woman's mind that her friend had crossed the "great divide."

TELEPATHIC DREAMS.

The telepathic dream has always been a prominent feature of psychic experience among isolated peoples. In this connection one might safely say that were it possible for a "Telepathic Dream Census" to be taken in Great Britain, the weight of really evidential cases would be found to preponderate among the inhabitants of obscure outlying coast districts and lonely, sea-bound islands like the Orkneys, where the dangers of crossing from island to island are often very great, and where the large proportion of the peasantry mainly subsist by wresting a precarious livelihood from the sea, a calling which, in the nature of things, is never free from a certain element of peril in the wild, tumultuous waters of the North. Thus an all beneficent Providence may "specialize" in the telepathic dream as a most apposite medium for the conveying of warnings to the dependent relatives at home, when their dear ones who "go down to the mighty deep in ships" are in the midst of danger or death; and indeed, so far as these islands are concerned, facts seem to point conclusively in this direction, as the bulk of the cases to hand,

in common with other forms of occult warning, relate directly to deaths by drowning. As being illustrative of the particular type of telepathic dream indicated, the following case is interesting :—

A young man, accompanied by his wife, had crossed to a neighbouring island for a day's outing. In the evening they failed to return home as expected, but the fact of this was the source of no undue uneasiness on the part of relatives, as the weather was not very favourable for a return passage, and, at any rate, it was quite a customary thing for visitors to a neighbouring island to stay overnight. At night, however, the mother of the young man experienced a dream which filled her with considerable dread. In this dream she seemed to see her son, in a state of most abject despair, endeavouring to drag his wife out of the boiling surf on to the rock on which he appeared to be standing. Whether he managed to save her, or whether he was himself overwhelmed in the attempt, the young man's mother did not distinctly make out in her vision, but it seems to have fixed itself indubitably upon her mind with an appalling sense of concomitant evil; the idea that her son and his wife had come by some unhappy mischance would not be shaken off. Next morning her darkest fears were cruelly confirmed by the arrival of the lamentable information that they had both been drowned on their way home!

Another case, very conclusive, and also relating to a drowning fatality, but directly connected with a circumstance attendant upon that fatality, was brought to my notice some time back. It is to the following effect: A boat accident had occurred in a treacherous stretch of water separating two islands, all hands being lost in the direful catastrophe. Weeks passed, and despite the anxious searchings of the friends and relations of the ill-fated men, all efforts to find the bodies were unavailing. Most of the individuals interested were settling down to the conclusion that none of the remains would ever be found, when a farmer-fisherman belonging to the place experienced one night a remarkable dream, in which he was given to understand that the body of one of the unfortunate men was lying within a certain little creek well known to him in his waking hours. His dream so impressed him that, on getting up for the day, he went directly off to the little inlet specified. On his gaining the place, lo! there lay the body as described in his nocturnal vision! Whether this was a case of telepathic emanation coming *from the distance*, or whether it was a case of the dreamer's subliminal consciousness taking cognizance

of the fact *out of the distance*, it is impossible to tell ; but the case, as it stands, is, I have reason to believe, perfectly veracious.

As showing an instance of a death being mournfully foreshadowed by a dream-experience, a case related to me by a friend a few years ago is somewhat strange, if not positively eerie. The friend referred to had a relative who had been seized with unexpected illness, and lay in a critical condition for a number of days. A few nights after her relative's seizure my friend dreamt that she was standing in one of the fields of the said relative's farm, when she became apprised of a peculiar state of matters that literally seemed to make her flesh creep, for lined in dark array along the dyke-side of the dream-field were weird, lugubrious-looking female figures, shrouded in deepest black, and standing in a mournful, weeping attitude, as if overcome with—

Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible.

When my friend awoke, the eerie feeling produced by her dream was so strong upon her that it affected her nerves throughout the greater part of the morning, as if her dream-experience had been a haunting reality. Her relative did not recover, and, curiously enough, the funeral procession had to pass through the field of my friend's dream on its way to the graveyard.

In a former article in the OCCULT REVIEW I made some remarks in regard to specific premonitory types of dreams, instancing the seeing of a ship sailing over dry land as a type very generally believed to be premonitory of death ; but there would seem to be a diversity of types, which receive equal credence from the working classes in these islands, and which experience has taught them to be, in their own individual cases, at least, unmistakable premonitory tokens of impending death or disaster. On a cursory survey of the matter it would seem that these specific premonitory types are as diverse as temperament and environment, and that different individuals are subject to different premonitory types. To dream of seeing a friend or relation's house suddenly unroofed, or in any way seriously dilapidated, is firmly believed by many to be a portent of approaching calamity for the owner of the house ; and, indeed, not without some considerable show of reason, if one is to judge by the number of well-authenticated cases he casually comes across. *En passant* it may be said that this sort of experience is as different from the ordinary " dream-book " vagary as pinchbeck from pure gold, two very distinctive characteristics about the real telepathic dream being the *feeling* which accompanies it, and the haunting tenacity with which, in

the majority of cases, it clings to the mind of the dreamer on awaking.

As illustrating the marvellous distance over which "telepathic waves" would sometimes seem to travel in the inexplicable operations of the wonderful "wireless telegraphy of the soul," a case experienced by a gentleman residing in one of these islands ought to be interesting. In this dream the gentleman referred to imagined himself to be taking a casual evening stroll, when he was apprised in some hazy, ill-defined manner, which he could not distinctly make out, that "a member of the H— family was dead," the reference being to his own particular connection. On awaking, which he did directly he was notified of the fact, or possible fact, embodied in his dream, out of a feeling of mere surprised curiosity, he marshalled through his mind the names of the various members of the family, and in a half-serious spirit made tentative speculations as to whom the dream-idea would be most likely to refer. The days passed, however; nothing untoward happened; but the dream-idea continued to crop up among his thoughts at intervals. At length, when he had practically arrived at the restful conclusion that his dream could not possibly be other than a mere "fantasy of Morpheus," he was emphatically forced to a different inference by the arrival of a letter from America announcing the death of an uncle, whose existence was scarcely ever mentioned in the family, and who had been suddenly cut off by an apoplectic seizure whilst in the pursuance of his daily duties.

Almost needless to state, such well-defined proofs of the veracity of telepathic phenomena are in nowise foreign to the experience of mankind all the world over, yet, in spite of the persistence with which Absolute Truth knocks at the door of Reason, there are still a number of belated individuals who take a rather childish pride in going about, making "points," and ticketing with their old tag of "mere coincidence" what universal experience has satisfactorily proved to be something of infinitely greater import. Experience teaches fools, and it has on occasions been known to have a decidedly beneficial and balancing effect on the mental outlook of people who have seemed to be too dogmatically wise for this world. As it is, it is hardly within the province of novices in matters psychic to bring into question what up-to-date investigation, under the *bon surveillance* of the finest intellects of the day, has shown, on a sound ground-basis of proof-positive fact, to be *the unimpeachable truth*.

OTHER PHENOMENA.

Objective phenomena such as ghost-seeing, poltergeists, etc., are matters of very rare experience in these islands ; but if one is to judge by the "creepie" stories sometimes dispensed round the peat fires of an evening, the directly objective occult mysteries are a long remove from being entirely unknown. But apart from these I will set down a case or two which I have heard narrated in perfect good faith, and by persons who I am satisfied would not condescend to equivocation merely for the sake of telling a "tall story."

A lady residing in one of these islands had been for a number of days in attendance on a female friend who was lying on what eventually turned out to be her deathbed. This lady made it her custom to remain with her ailing friend throughout part of the day, going back to her own home about retiring time, when other relatives took upon them the responsibilities of the vigil. One night towards the end of the week, after she had paid the numerous little offices and attentions incumbent on her self-imposed position, she took her departure at the usual time, and arrived home in her customary frame of mind, nothing out of the way having occurred to disturb its equanimity or repose. A short time after she had retired for the night, however, and while the lamp was still burning brightly in the room, imagine her tongue-tied surprise to see, standing directly within the range of her vision, the apparent form of the woman whose sick-bed she had but lately left. She saw the presence quite distinctly ; it bore exactly the same appearance as her friend had presented the last time she had seen her in health and strength, even down to the minutest detail of dress. She lay rooted, tongue-tied, gazing at the startling manifestation ; she only found her speech when the presence vanished—vanished as quickly as it had manifested. Naturally anxious over the pale, startled expression of her face, her husband, who was still quite wide awake, inquired of her if she felt unwell. Unwell ! Had he not seen the ghostly visitant ? No, he had seen nothing, positively nothing ; no doubt she had been dreaming, or had suffered from some form of delusion, probably brought about by the anxieties of sick-bed attention. But the explanation was unconvincing ; she assured her husband that what she had seen was the spirit-form of her friend ; he might laugh at her belief, and endeavour to explain away the whole matter on natural grounds, but she was perfectly convinced of the reality of the phenomenon she had witnessed, and when the next morning arrived, bringing with it the news

that her ailing friend had passed away the previous night at or near the approximate time at which she had become cognizant of the manifestation, there did not remain the faintest shadow of a doubt in her mind as to the objective actuality of the remarkable phenomenon. The lady who experienced it is a humble-minded, level-headed Christian woman, a member of the Baptist Chapel in the island where she resides, and is to-day, perhaps twenty-five years since she witnessed the phenomenon, as strongly convinced of its verity as she was at the time of its occurrence.

Some rather strange deathbed phenomena were said to have taken place in a house in one of these islands recently. This matter was brought to my notice by a third person, who, however, had it direct from the lips of a woman who was in the house in question at the time the phenomena took place. In addition to this woman there was in the room with the dying person two others, one of whom was the said dying person's daughter. They were all three sitting in what was no doubt a mournful frame of mind, ministering as necessary the last comforts of existence to their dying friend. Suddenly, without warning, as they sat together in the grey twilight, they were all three startled by hearing what could only be described as a sound as of a long, heavy plank being thrown from end to end of the adjoining room. The occupants of the sick-room were all three surprised beyond measure at the unwonted noise, but on investigations being made, the next room was found to be in exactly the same order as it had been for some time back, thus affording positively no clue to the exceptional occurrence. This sound was heard on two or three different occasions, and each different "manifestation" remained as inexplicable as the other, the three individuals who heard it on the several occasions of its demonstration being fully convinced that the phenomenon was occult or psychic in nature. And, indeed, this would seem to be the only natural inference, seeing there was no disturbance of furniture in the room, and, if there had been, certainly no visible power or force to have brought it about.

A certain spot close by the sea-coast of one of the largest of these islands had, for a number of years, the reputation of being haunted by a phantom gig and team driven by a shadowy driver who, despite his nebulosity, appears to have been quite proficient in the art of cracking his whip! The reason for this nocturnal manifestation was believed by the then inhabitants of the locality to exist in the supposed fact that about a century back, when the arm of the law was not quite so active as it is to-day, a coach-

man in the service of a local big-wig was treacherously done to death by some person or persons unknown, and for some reason that seems to have never been properly established. But, however that may be, the fact of the ghostly phenomenon received, in its day, general credence from the habitués of the place, and although it has long since ceased to urge its attentions on the countryside, there are still living two or three people who claim to have had cognizance of it, and who would roundly give denial to any impeachment on their veracity. One gentleman told me that although he had never *seen* the phantom turn-out, he had *heard* it, and was very positive as to its reality as an occult phenomenon. It was the midnight hour in which it occurred in his experience, and he declared that he could quite distinctly hear the rattle of the carriage wheels, the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the cracking of the driver's whip as he urged forward his evidently galloping horses. My informant said that he was standing on the roadside at the time, in company with his wife and another, and that they also quite distinctly heard the startling sounds, but said that while all three were equally cognizant of these, they absolutely failed to discern the accredited cause, although the different noises suggesting flying wheels and clattering hoofs appeared sometimes to be quite contiguous to the place where they were standing. The phantom driver had probably been in a secretive mood on the night in question, and may have had certain well-defined reasons for remaining invisible for at least once, while he did a bit of circuitous skirmishing "all on his own"! *

I cannot refrain from mentioning here a very remarkable case of prophecy which was recently brought to my notice. The following are the circumstances under which it was called forth: A worthy and highly-respected minister of the Church of Scotland, holding a living in one of these islands, was accused by certain members of his Kirk Session with having committed a grave misdemeanour, the exact nature of which it is needless here to specify, but which was sufficiently serious to ultimately result in his being ignominiously driven from the "cure of souls" as an active minister of the Establishment. He protested his innocence all the time, however, and before sadly turning his back on the scenes of his labours, and shaking the dust of that island-side from his feet for what was probably the last time, he publicly

* I am not prepared to vouch for the psychic authenticity of this case; it is quite probable that the sounds may have been caused by a normal agency. In that event, imagination, backed by local tradition, might account for much.

asseverated his guiltlessness so far as the crime wherewith he was charged was concerned, and fervently affirmed that as a final proof of his innocence and Christian integrity as an honourable minister of the gospel of Christ, he should live to see his accusers all dead, and that, moreover, *none of them would die in their beds!* A great many years have passed since then; the accused minister-emeritus is still to the fore,* a hale and hearty old man, and, curiously enough, he has lived to see his prophecy fulfilled in detail, the quondam Session-members who brought forward the charge having all crossed to the other side, not one of them dying in his bed! Thus has Innocence, with far-seeing, deep-discerning, spiritual eye, gazing into futurity, established itself on a firm occult evidential basis which is surely as unique as it is convincing.

Some mysterious light-phenomena were reported to have been seen on one or two different occasions in the inland parish of Harray, in the main isle, some time back. From descriptions to hand these lights would appear to have a good deal in common with the famous Merionethshire mysteries, barring the fact that the phenomena witnessed in Harray did not accompany or herald a revival of religion in the place. These phenomena were said to take the form of gyrating circular lights emitting intermittent jets and flashes, and manifesting in a diversity of colours. Local opinion was slightly divided as to the exact nature of the lights at the time of their appearance, but the majority evidently now incline to the supposition that they were caused by the escape of phosphoretted hydrogen, or "marsh-gas," and considering the fact that their "wild whirlings" were entirely, or almost entirely, confined to the marshy ground by the lochside, this is in all probability the correct hypothesis. There are, however, well-authenticated cases to be met with in country districts where people claim to have seen "lights" of such a nature, and under such circumstances, that the marsh-gas hypothesis becomes totally unworkable when applied to them. While it is a quite feasible conclusion that the bulk of the light-phenomena observed in outlying districts at certain seasons of the year, particularly during autumn, are caused by the ignition of inflammable emanations thrown from the bosom of Old Mother Earth, the incontrovertible fact remains that lights have been time and again seen which cannot be explained satisfactorily on such purely normal or natural grounds. One would hardly expect to find exudations of marsh-gas emanating from the flooring or walls of a fourth-storey room, for instance!

* He has passed away since this article was written.

A FINAL WORD.

I give the cases cited in this article for what they are worth ; all that I ask of the reader is that he or she take the whole recital at its net evidential value as a further slice of proof cut from the kernel of human experience as it has manifested within my limited horizon. As it is, the day is long past when one could afford to laugh at such things as I have here recorded ; cases such as the foregoing, taken singly, may be full of flaws from the really evidential standpoint, but the whole mass of evidence to hand points, in the main, in only one direction ; and the poet's statement that there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has dreamt of is just as virtually true in these days of wireless telegraphy and aerial navigation as it was in the more inartistic era when the ladies "went hopping around in hoops," and lovely Katie King had not as yet emerged from the halcyon calm of fourth-dimensional space ! But despite the enormous preponderance of evidence on the side of occult science, there is still a section of humanity that kicks wildly "against the pricks," and blatantly disclaims the faintest possibility of "these things" in terms which gain in dogma what they lose in logic. Obviously there is nothing heroic about the method of the debater who endeavours to explain away the fundamentals of psychic phenomena as being naught other than the chimerical results of "curious states of the nerves," "diseased liver," or "disordered stomach" ! These troublesome disturbances of the physical organism are unfortunately so common and widespread in the experience of the *genus homo* that the individual lucky enough not to strike up their acquaintance, singly or in combination, at some stage in the course of his earthly sojourn, is a *rara avis* and worthy to be envied ; it does not follow, however, that every time a man suffers from a twinge in the abdominal region, a spasm in the nerve centres, or a "chill on the liver," he must of necessity see a ghost, experience telepathy, or launch forth in glowing Cassandra periods of prophecy as a delusive result of his troubles. No ! the fact of psychic experience as a clamant reality in the divinely appointed order of things is every day growing more and more apparent to the senses of the open-minded, unbiassed observer ; and the decrifier of the occult who would wantonly apply the screw to advancement with puny, superficial "explanations" such as I have indicated, simply cuts a deplorable figure amongst his fellows, and, all unconsciously, sounds the depths of bathos.

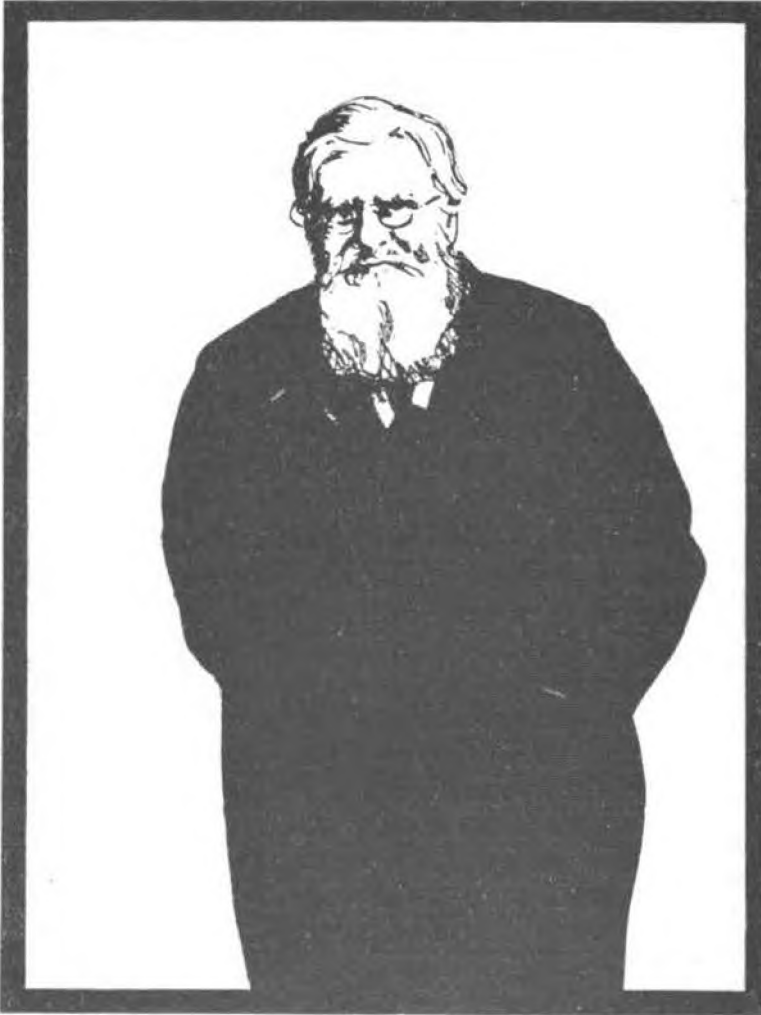
THE NEW VEDANTA

By SCRUTATOR

IN the beginning the Word which was with God created the original matter of the celestial bodies and of the earth. So reads the higher interpretation of an ancient teaching. He of the Efficacious Word spake and the world was ; and from the day when the intelligence of man was set wondering upon the thousand glories of creation, upon the nature, origin and destiny of his own being, the problem of life, set in two words—Whence and Whither?—has exercised the highest intelligences of all ages. Those who have regarded life intelligently have ever sought to catch a glimpse of its meaning and purpose, feeling that without determinism, without some intelligent direction of effort towards preconceived ends, the strife and stress of life was so much threshing of the air. Philosophers without number have offered their interpretations of the great problem, and they who appeared the most positive in their conclusions offered the least ground for the trouble they had taken. I refer, of course, to those who enunciated the materialistic hypothesis which surely found its apotheosis in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*. Carbon is the common constituent of all material organisms, therefore, Carbon is Life. We are evolved from carbon, we go back to carbon and—it is a modification of carbon which asks this question concerning itself, Whence and Whither? I feel that the charcoal-burner has not come near to the answering of our question. One may as well ask the turn-cock, seeing that water is equally essential to the building up of organisms. Yet to regard man as an evolved carbohydrate does not account for the complex of man's consciousness, his hopes, fears, aspirations, and least of all for his self-sacrifice. Infinitely more acceptable to our mode of thinking is the later scientific teaching of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who, in his latest work entitled *The World of Life*,* proves the universe to be "a manifestation of creative Power, directive Mind and ultimate Purpose." He shows us how material evolution proceeded to a point where it produced organisms of a nature fitted to the purpose of a spiritual involution ; and how the human took possession of them. He gives to physical evolution a pur-

* London : Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 1910.

pose and meaning and shows how an increasing sensibility in the organism rendered it increasingly responsive to the direction of the indwelling conscious entity. It is shown also that the consciousness of pain is in direct ratio to the needs of each stage in the scale of evolution. "In the lowest animals whose numbers



DR. A. R. WALLACE.

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are enormous, whose powers of increase are excessive, whose individual lives are measured by hours or days, and which exist to be devoured, pain would be almost or quite useless and would, therefore, not exist." . . . "No other animal *needs* the pain-sensations that we need; it is, therefore, absolutely certain that no other possesses such sensations in more than a fractional degree

of ours." Humans, on account of their natural nakedness, their prolonged helplessness and infancy, need pain as a guardian of life. The non-sensitive are the most careless of danger. The brute will die out before the human.

A most interesting phase of the discussion and one that arises directly out of the materialistic statement of the eternity of matter, is that which, in connection with this doctrine of Purpose and Utility, concerns the product of former universes and previous evolutions. If, as is held by Dr. Wallace, the purpose of creation and evolution is the development of individuality, and if, as is affirmed by other philosophers among both Idealists and Materialists, and supported by the observations of astronomers, the process of creation, of evolution and destruction, has been repeatedly enacted in the amplitudes of space, then there must exist orders of comparatively perfected Beings who, in relation to our own infant stage of development, may be to us as Gods. This conclusion, although advanced in this place as speculative, is, nevertheless, the faith of millions. It is the very essence of pure Hinduism and is, I venture to think, likely to appeal to the enlightened Theist of our later western development. The argument and conclusion arising from a careful survey of the great mass of scientific knowledge embodied in this work, are so convincingly and clearly stated by the learned author that I cannot do better than quote them directly. Dr. Wallace says :—

"In accordance with the views expounded in a former work, *Man's Place in the Universe*, I have fully discussed the evidences in plant and animal life indicating a prevision and definite preparation of the earth for Man—an old doctrine, supposed to be exploded, but which, to all who accept the view that the universe is not a chance product, will, I hope, no longer seem to be outside the realm of scientific inquiry.

"Still more important is the argument, set forth in some detail, showing the absolute necessity of a creative and directive power and mind as exemplified in the wonderful phenomena of growth, of organization, and fundamentally of cell-structure and of life itself. This view is strengthened by a consideration of the nature of the elements which alone render development possible."

That, in brief, is the argument, and the evidence for it lies in the nature of the elements which enter into the constitution of protoplasm, none of which, nor all of them combined, are endowed with either life or consciousness as we see them in the simplest organism. In the growth and development of the cell-structure we see from such inanimate beginnings the gradual building up of something which shows an orderly process of development.

"But this orderly process is quite unintelligible without some *directive organizing* power constantly at work in or upon every chemical atom or physical molecule of the whole structure, as one after another they are brought to their places, and built in, as it were, to the structure of every tissue of every organ as it takes form and substance in the fabric of the living, moving, and, in the case of animals, sensitive creation."

As to the nature of this "directive organizing power," Haeckel posits the "cell-soul," deriving it by some strange alchemy from the carbon compound, itself soulless. Dr. Wallace dares the logic of an old-fashioned school which sees intelligence behind purpose, faculty behind instrument, and utility in all things, and this, not because it is a concession to orthodox belief, but because it is the only position logically available to the dispassionate student of science. Similar considerations, with less of physical science to guide them, but a far more intimate knowledge of psychology than is yet attained in the West, led the Vedanta School of Philosophy to posit Life, Substance and Intelligence, with their psycho-physical expressions of Force, Matter and Consciousness, as the trinity of primordial co-ordinates; and to the postulate that we know nothing of matter apart from force and nothing of force apart from matter, it is always possible to reply that apart from consciousness we know nothing of either, a consideration which has led the Idealistic School to propound the thesis that things exist only in our consciousness. Without going so far as to accept without qualification the doctrine of Maya, in which everything is an illusion superposed upon the mind by the action of the Universal Will, it is yet possible to conceive that all orders of life are capable of being controlled and directed by the suggestion of orders successively superior to them, so that in sum, "the vast whole is a manifestation of God's power—perhaps of his very self—but by the agency of his ministering angels through many grades of intelligence and power," as Dr. Wallace suggests; and this view is supported by human experience, by facts of science, and by considerations of utility.

This mediate action of the Deity is referred to by the author in his concluding remarks wherein he points the logical position to which a life-long study of the World of Life has led him.

"To claim the Infinite and Eternal Being as the one and only direct agent in every detail of the universe seems, to me, absurd. If there is such an Infinite Being and if (as our existence should teach us) His will and purpose is the increase of conscious beings, then *we* can hardly be the first result of this purpose. We conclude, therefore, that there are now in the universe infinite grades of power, infinite grades of knowledge and wisdom, infinite grades of influence of higher beings upon lower. Hold-

ing this opinion, I have suggested that this vast and wonderful universe, with its almost infinite variety of forms, motions and reactions of part upon part, from suns and systems up to plant life, and the human living soul, has ever required and still requires the continuous co-ordinated agency of myriads of such intelligences."

Surely such a conclusion is more logical to the intelligent mind, and more conformable to the religious sense, than either that of the atheist (Rationalist though he styles himself), or that of the average Evangelical who affirms direct relations between embodied man and the Supreme Spirit. And in this connection I am tempted to cite one other and analogous conclusion arrived at by this great thinker. Speaking of Haeckel's teaching as the *dernier ressort* of those who have failed to accommodate their views of divine benevolence to the terribly exaggerated idea of the amount of suffering existing in the world—a belief that the universe had no creator or designer, but has always existed; and that the life pageant, with all its pain and horror, has been repeated cycle after cycle from eternity in the past, and will be repeated in similar cycles for ever—it is said:—

"We have here presented to us one of the strangest phenomena of the human mind—that numbers of intelligent men are more attracted to a belief which makes the amount of pain which they think does exist on the earth last for all eternity in successive worlds without any permanent and good result whatever, than by another belief, which admits the same amount of pain into one world only, and for a limited period, while whatever pain there is exists only for the grand purpose of developing a race of spiritual beings who may thereafter live without physical pain—also for all eternity! To put it shortly, they prefer the conception of an universe in which pain exists *perpetually* and *uselessly*, to one in which the pain is strictly *limited*, while its beneficial results are *eternal*!"

I do not think the position has ever been better put by any writer nor do I think that any of our great scientists have wrought more effectually and beneficially to interpret the facts of our physical existence into terms of our spiritual needs than has Dr. Wallace. His display of the World of Life in the light of science is fascinating beyond expression, while his teachings regarding the purpose of that world, although not actually embodying a new revelation, may certainly be regarded in the light of a new Gospel, and such, indeed, it will prove to many who have need of greater light and surer ground of hope.

THE VEIL OF ALCHEMY

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

I SHOULD perhaps begin by saying that the Veil with which I am concerned is not only one of the most deeply inwoven of those which have been held to cover the mysteries of secret knowledge but that it is also triple in its character. In other terms, the records of the literature present Alchemy under three analogical aspects. One of them embodies the Hermetic doctrine concerning the macrocosm and its development. It is therefore a department of transcendental philosophy and does not as such pass into experience with the adept, except in so far as the physical work of Alchemy in the transmutation of metals is, by the hypothesis, an exact pattern and reproduction of the unfoldment from within which took place in the work of creation. The so-called Hermes Trismegistos, saluted as father of sages, affirms in *The Emerald Table* that the art is true, without any shadow of falsehood, is true indeed above all things, and that after the self-same manner the world was made. The fundamental correspondence is developed curiously by numerous writers and might be extended still further than the adepts seem to have carried it. It rests literally on the text of Genesis, which opens, however, by affirming the creation or making of heaven and earth—thus presupposing an antecedence when these were not—and it is obvious therefore at the beginning that the strict correspondence is stultified, because the First Matter—which constitutes the initial mystery in Alchemy—is not of the adept's making. The knowledge concerning it is either the gift of God by a sudden illumination, as the reward of toil and the zeal of a right spirit, or it is transmitted by one who knows. Among the cryptic doctrines concerning it, there is the affirmation of its identity with the primordial matter out of which the world was formed. The authority in chief is the text already quoted, which says that all things whatsoever have come forth from One by the mediation of one, according to the mode of adaptation. If I may somewhat interpret the analogy, it follows therefore that on the threshold of adeptship God created in the elect alchemist that knowledge of the First Matter which is necessary to the work of the wise, and the alchemist perceived

at once that it was an earth which was without form and void, immersed also as if in the primeval waters. Having few concerns as an exponent of the physical side, I do not attempt to indicate at what stage he assumed on his own part a species of demiurgic work, so that his experimental spirit moved like that of God over the face of the waters and his operations became



PORTRAIT OF HENRY KHUNRATH.

as a formulation of light in the darkness. Nor does the process which took place in his vessel itself concern us. It is enough that the analogy followed the path indicated till the cosmos was produced in that vessel as it was produced at the term of creation in the greater world—a perfect work of Nature and of Art. It is thus summarized in part by the rare Latin tract

entitled *Cato Chemicus*: (a) In creation there was firstly the confused chaos, without distinction of anything, and a similar confusion in the philosophical work hinders the discernment of the matter; (b) But as there were earth and water in the greater world, so there are dry and humid in the chaos of adepts; (c) There is also a night of great darkness in the vessel, the appearance of which is, however, a cause of joy, as a sign of progress in the work; (d) After such darkness there came light in creation, which answers to the White State of the Stone supervening after the Black State; (e) But the sun was in fine created, to which corresponds the Red State of the Stone, and this is the desire of our eyes.

I have described here two analogical veils of the Hermetic subject. The third is that of the microcosm, understood as the human being, and to discern the nature of this veil we must approach another form of the symbolism, forgetting our analogy between the work on metals and the work in creation. It is now the question of a medicine which can be administered to metals and to man. This medicine is the same at the root but not in the mode of production, though the loose terminology of the literature seems often to identify them too closely. The philosophical analogy is found, under a certain distinction, in the traditional doctrine of the Fall. This is not to say that the inferior metals, which it is the design of Alchemy to transmute, were once gold and have degenerated from that state of perfection. The intent of Nature was always to produce gold, but owing to imperfection in the media through which Nature works it has often failed in the design. The operation of the Fall of man corresponds roughly to the imperfection of media in the metallic kingdom. Again the relation is fantastic, but it serves a certain purpose. There is a way of saving the metals and raising them to a perfect state, and this kind of medicine signifies the successive operations in the performance of the Great Work. There is the Medicine of the First Order, which is the separation and purification of the elements; it is followed by that of the Second Order, which is a process of fermentation and conjunction; there is lastly the Medicine of the Third Order, which is a method of multiplication. The first is a work of Nature, the second of Art and the third of Art and Nature in the marriage thereof. There is a tract entitled *Libellus de Alchymia* which may be consulted for the process of the work; it is attributed to Albertus Magnus, the great master of the greater St. Thomas Aquinas, and is actually included in the

collected edition of his works which was published in the seventeenth century. Its authenticity is, of course, doubted and is indeed dubious enough. To his pupil, the angel of the schools, there is also ascribed a *Thesaurus Alchymiae*, which is certainly spurious, but it is interesting as a summary memorial respecting the transmutation of metals and maintains that the work of their redemption is accomplished in a single vessel, by one mode and with one substance.

According to Hermetic doctrine, the body of man also can



PORTRAIT OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

be saved from disease and raised to a state of perfection which corresponds to that of gold in the metallic kingdom. The Medicine in this form is called Elixir *par excellence*, Potable Gold, and Medicine of the Superior Order. It prolongs life to the furthest limits, but the true adepts do not say that it confers immortality. This is rather the intervention of romanticism extending the horizon of the texts for its own objects. It is also the claim attributed to adventurers like Cagliostro and to mysterious personalities after the manner of Comte de

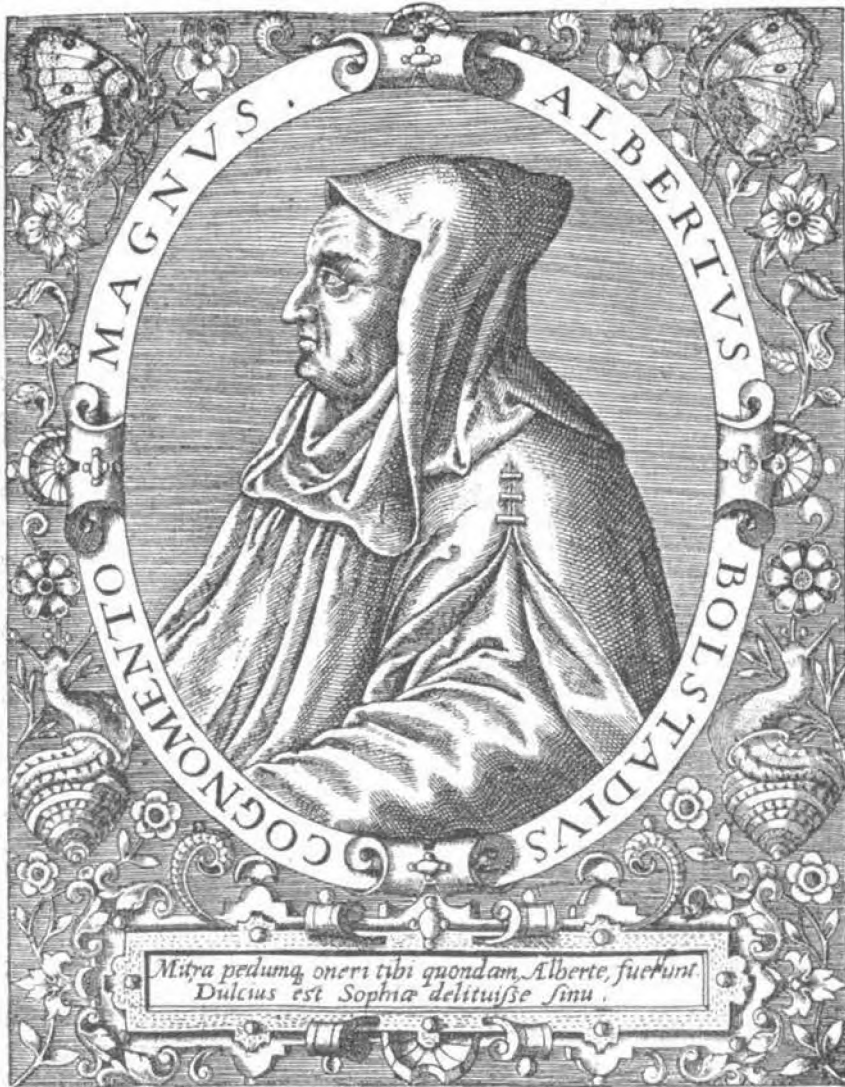
Saint-Germain. It is inconceivable and yet true that there are persons at the present day who take these claims seriously.

Now, it is out of this hypothesis concerning the Medicine of Men that the mystical side of Alchemy more especially arises. The new life of the body, the youth renewal, the suggestion of immortality in the physical part are phases of a dream on the external side and a reflection of that which takes place within as a result of those processes with which transcendental religion is concerned. This consanguinity is recognized indifferently by the physical alchemists and by those who seem to have been concerned only with the spiritual work. The preparation of the philosophical Magistry is in analogy with the work of regeneration, and the state of divine beatitude in the arch-natural part of man, with the vision and the union therein, is symbolized by the perfect Stone. This also in the metallic region corresponds to the office of the Holy Eucharist, which imparts a Divine tincture to the spirit of man as the tingeing Stone of Alchemy multiplies the gold of the sages and communicates its glorious state to all prepared substances. Hence it is said that the operation of the Stone is "a certain metaphysical work, not a work of words but real, not doctrinal but experimental." And this is the truth concerning it on the mystical side—a work of experience in the spirit of man for the attainment—at the end of our separation as individual beings—of a Divine Union with the one and eternal nature.

Some of the most curious intimations concerning mystical Alchemy are in *The Amphitheatre of Eternal Wisdom*, by Henry Khunrath, a poor and obscure student who died in 1601, aged about forty-five years, leaving his work unfinished, so far as the description of the plates is concerned, and these unfortunately are the most important part of the work. As an exponent of the Hermetic doctrine of analogy, he believed in the physical Stone but was concerned with the mystic side. He delineates the process as follows:—(a) Purification of the personal part, that we may come to see God. (b) The closing of the avenues of sense, stillness of soul, sanctification, illumination, tincture by the Divine Fire. (c) Hereof is the path of attainment for the Stone of the Philosophers, (d) which Stone is the living Spirit of the Elohim and (e) the outbreathing of Jehovah, the Divine Power, the Word of God in Nature. (f) That Word is made flesh, so to speak, in the virginal womb of the greater world and (g) is manifested as Jesus, in the virginal womb of Mary, but also (h) in the soul of man as a light super-added to that of

Nature; hereby the knowledge of God and His Christ is communicated.

I have spoken very briefly here of a great and important literature. I may add that it is a matter for satisfac-



PORTRAIT OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

tion that Alchemy on the external or material side has been taken over of recent days by a practical chemist, Mr. H. S. Redgrove, who has given us a sane and enlightened review of the subject in his work entitled *Alchemy, Ancient and Modern*. He is alive to the main issues, including

the mystical aspect, and it is by collaboration of this kind that the desired canon of criticism in respect of the literature will be established ultimately. I do not know much of the outlook otherwise, save in respect of France, where there is an Alchemical Society, the efforts of which were once mentioned courteously by Berthelot. To judge, however, by the work of its Secretary-General, F. Jollivet de Castelot, there is no especial encouragement. He establishes a ridiculous programme, some heads of which may be given for the entertainment of my readers. It is entitled *Comment on devient Alchimiste*, and the postulant in the path of Hermeticism is invited to take notice—on the assumption that he is also a Frenchman—that the true adept, as the son of Hermes, is always a royalist, while the *Fleur-de-lys*, which is the *apanage* of Mgr. le duc d'Orléans, expresses (a) the doctrine of analogy and (b) the relation between macrocosm and microcosm. Qualified after this manner in the political sense, he may begin the study of the Tarot, which throws great light on chemical combinations. He must cultivate a certain status of the moral kind, but it is conveniently relaxed in respect of the sixth commandment and does not insist on marriage. He should cultivate the psychic faculties and practise magic, for he must be a magus before an alchemist. He should also play the violin, but I am not sure that this counsel is peremptory. A study of the texts is not unnaturally enjoined, but those which are most recommended are the work of contemporary writers belonging to the same school. They do not know the First Matter or the process of the Art—these Martinists and Rosicrucians of Paris—but they testify one of another, they cleave one to another, and they have a stock of admiration in common which belongs to the heroic degree.

THE RATIONALE OF DREAMING

BY J. W. MARRIOTT

THE state of the mind during sleep is a subject of deep and compelling interest, for few topics present at once such a variety of feature and multiplicity of detail. Students of psychical research or of the works of Professor Elie Metchnikoff, as well as the superstitious persons with their "dream-books," testify unmistakably, though in a strange diversity of ways, to the absorbing interest of the phenomena. Indeed, it is a matter for surprise that the subject of dreams has been so completely overlooked in the past. Dreamland has hitherto been the dark continent, unmapped and unexplored; but happily we are recognizing that the subject repays attention; for here, separated from us by the filmiest of screens, lies a land of mystery and wonder, enchanted by Ariels and all Titania's train of happy sprites, or cursed by Calibans and the monstrous progeny of "aerial, aquatic and terrestrial demons" of Talmudic mythology. In the land of dreams, where we all spend a quarter of our lives, is a world of loveliness surpassing the glories of Arabian tales, of weirdness more uncanny than the scenes of Celtic folklore, of horror outrivalling the wildest imaginings of Poe.

We may briefly consider the subject of dreams in three very different ways: first, its significance to the man of science; second, its place in literature; and, third, its relation to our familiar experiences of daily life. The classification, though crude, is at the present moment the most convenient.

Concerning the scientific contemplation of the subject we may remark that the psychology of dreaming is in extreme infancy. Many excellent men (notably Kant, Descartes, Schopenhauer, Maury, Wundt, and Sir William Hamilton) have formulated theories about dreams or have fitted them into their speculations upon other themes; but nevertheless it is useless to look into an old book of mental science for insight into the causes and conditions of dreams. They were dismissed with scant consideration. Recently, however, Science (taking the whole world as her parish) has pushed her investigations into every nook and cranny of existence, and rejoices to find that in dreams there is an unique opportunity of peeping into the operations of the subconscious or extra-marginal powers of personality. There

is indeed a close resemblance between the creations of a dreamer and the work of a genius—the same spontaneity, unexpectedness and other evidences of the “subliminal uprush.” Perhaps Mr. F. W. H. Myers, to whom the phrase is attributed, has done more to awaken this interest than any other modern writer. In his *Human Personality* the chapter on “Sleep,” though one of the shortest, is thoroughly enlightening, and is organically related to the rest of the work. Professor James is briefer in treatment of the phenomena of sleep, yet it is obvious that he thinks the subject profoundly important and he states that “the world of dreams is a real world while our attention lapses from the sensible world,” or words to that effect. Mr. Jastrow in a recent work goes much further; and in future days, without doubt, dreams will have a literature of their own.

It will be unnecessary to enter into the psychological aspect of dreams, for the only dreams interesting to this branch of research are those which have a remarkable sequel or an extraordinary coincidence; and these are of rare occurrence, taking place but once or twice in a lifetime. When five persons in a family have a similar dream it becomes significant to those who study telepathy. When presages of disaster are whispered during sleep the phenomena are arresting to those who investigate clairvoyance, clairaudience and telæsthesia; and they are intimately connected with other branches of study, resembling, for instance, the experiences of a psychopath like George Fox or a mystic like Swedenborg. There are literally thousands of cases of people who have searched vainly for some missing article during the day, and at night have discovered the hiding-place from a dream. Probably the subconscious self imparted the knowledge through this medium to the normal waking self; and if there be any value in dreams this suggestion will possibly provide a clue to explain it. A realm of almost miraculous wonder is unfolded in the subject of psychical excursion which Westerners persistently call the “astral journey”; and another in somnambulism. All these, and many more, we will hastily dismiss, for they are exceptional in their nature and to the majority of dreamers come rarely or not at all. Before leaving this section of our subject behind let us notice two characteristics by which the most ordinary dreams are distinguished—viz., their vividness and their incongruity.

Concerning the vividness of dreams it is scarcely necessary to speak. The faces of departed friends, which have almost faded from our memory, the scenes of bygone days, now blurred

with distance, become clear as when last we stood before them. People talk continually of the unreality of dreams. They say, for example, "It was a fantasy, beautiful and unreal as a dream," or, "Everything was illusory and dream-like." Now it would be merely quibbling to point out that beautiful things are not generally unreal and that the pre-eminent quality of a dream is its intense "reality." The meaning of these descriptions we instinctively grasp and accept, but the scope of the word "unreal" is somewhat difficult to define. We say a mountain dimly outlined through a fog is "unreal," and thus we conjoin the ideas of reality and solidity, forgetting that many potent realities are imponderable and immaterial. Moreover we contradict the notion derived from religious painters that solid limbs and rosy cheeks are transient, whereas semi-transparent and ethereal forms are types of everlasting realities. Again, we speak of the unreality of fugitive things; they pass like a dream of the night. In this sense not merely must a dream be considered unreal but also a rose, a blush, a face, a life. Nay, is not the great globe itself unsubstantial, doomed to vanish into air and "leave not a rack behind"?

The unreality of a dream, therefore, does not refer to its transience or to its lack of vividness. At the time the experiences of a dream are graphic as any experience of our lives, yet the memory of it very speedily becomes vague and misty and unreal. Like a mirage it is remarkably vivid, but foundationless. The reality ceases as we awaken to another world. This is true both for waking and sleeping, and when a philosopher shall say that in dream-world is our true life, and that our waking life is but somnambulism in a world of unreal things, who will venture to contradict? Either world is true when the other lapses from our consciousness. Some men say dreams are a Barmecide feast of which the hungry guest cannot partake. Others say our daily life is a Barmecide feast. Shall we not say that in each world we resemble rather Abou Hassan, and leave sages to discuss which is our truest sphere, our veritable home.

Concerning the incongruity of dreams little need be said. Impossible mingling of persons and places, scenes wildly improbable, flagrant contradictions characterize most dreams. It is as if the judgment flung away the reins and fancies broke loose into mad chase in a world of rioting and lawlessness. Frequently there is no unity in a dream, everything is in a state of anarchy, and any straggling notion that comes along is in the ascendant, only to be driven out by the next. Imagination is enfranchised,

and there come irresponsible and phantasmagoric scenes in hopeless confusion. Sometimes there are traces of cogency and the result is more interesting. Not infrequently a dreamer carries on an intelligible dialogue with some person and is surprised at the originality and knowledge contained in his friend's answers. Yet it is manifest that these answers are supplied by the dreamer's own brain. Hazlitt compares this feat to ventriloquism, and the comparison is very apt. The present writer dreamt he was compelled to go a long journey abroad and was very perplexed as to the best route. On meeting an inspector at a railway station (in the dream) the difficulty was quickly solved; and the inspector's advice was unquestionably the best. The mind, bewildered and confused, dispelled its difficulty by creating an official and putting into his mouth the suggestion required. Dr. Johnson dreamt he was beaten by his opponent in a contest of wit, much to his humiliation; and it is recorded that Tartini in his dreams saw the Devil, and heard him playing a sonata. On waking, he set it to music—and it was Tartini who composed the sonata.

In considering the place of dreams in literature we find the subject even more neglected than in science. Even the omnipresent novelist, who has described all places and peoples on land and sea and has ventured to the moon and planets for adventures, has strangely overlooked the romantic land of dreams. The small company of those who have paid any attention to dreams (with one or two notable exceptions) have generally wandered beyond the portals of death, as in *The House of Dreams* and *The Dead Man's Diary*, or stood beholding the vision of lost souls passing from the throne of judgment. The dream-tales of Ivan Turgenev are unmistakably Russian in temper and are correctly termed dreams. *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, by Anna Bonus Kingsford, are likewise genuine dreams of familiar type—dreams of ghosts, murders, precipices, disembodiment, and also some fairy stories. Miss Olive Schreiner has some books on "Dreams" which are entertaining; but they are allegories mainly, and each dream is a kind of parable. Wisdom is represented as an old man; Truth a young girl; Imagination a shuttle, and Wishes a thread. We see mountains of Reality and valleys of Superstition. One is reminded of fables rather than of dreams, unless perchance it be of the mighty dreamer of Bedford gaol.

In spite of the scant consideration with which dreams have been treated by literary men they have nevertheless had an

enormous influence in literature. Ancient books contain many references to them as supernatural revelations. Plato and Cicero both write concerning them, and Aristotle has a well-known work on dreams.* The Old Testament is full of dreams, and the New Testament ends with the inspired dreamer of Patmos. Bunyan, Coleridge, Condillac and Franklin confessedly owe much to their dreams. Robert Louis Stevenson speaks as if he were a spectator of a stage whereon characters act their plays, while the plot is evolved spontaneously by his own creatures. He merely observes, marvels and records, feeling that they are not his own. In these waking dreams he first saw the old blind beggar and the tall, tallowy sailor of Treasure Island, and heard the rollicking sea-songs of drunken pirates in old Flint's crew.

But the word "dreaming" is used in a much wider sense. Sometimes it means nothing more than unrestrained imagining, the slipping of the cable and the drifting away whither fancy leads. It may mean the sojourning in a place unmarked on map or chart, and unknown to common-sense, practical men, but the place whence come all our poems, music, inspirations, ideals, and all the treasury of kings, the riches not being material nor the kingship that of earthly pomp. A dreamer in this larger sense means a poet, an artist, an idealist; in short, any one who realizes that the world of visible, tangible, ponderable things is not all, and that real life is drawn from the unseen. Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Browning, Wordsworth are all dreamers in this sense, whatever their creeds. Tennyson has not only *Sea-dreams*, *A Day-dream*, *A Dream of Fair Women*; but all his poems are dreams. He could not write a single line, as, for instance—

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,

unless he could dream. Keats is a voluptuous dreamer, and the world of exquisite dreams was the only life to his ravished soul. Men whispered, that Dante had seen Hell, and it was from the eternal night of blindness that our great epic came; *Paradise Lost* was a wondrous dream of the night.

Now the man of practicality is accustomed to laugh indulgently at the dreamers, considering them useless for business and ludicrous in the workaday world. He says: "It is very well for poets and those of artistic temperament, but out of place among marts and streets. Little Paul Dombey heard the sea constantly murmuring, and he was a delicate boy who died soon

* *περὶ ὀνείρων.*

after. Don Quixote was an idealist who made himself ridiculous through his enthusiasm. We do not want dreamers, we want workers."

But in this the practical man makes one or two of the blunders so familiar in present-day controversies. First, he assumes that Don Quixote, Sentimental Tommy and Alnaschar are types of dreamers, whereas they are exceptional characters of abnormal development. It is not the qualities they possess, but those they lack which cause this disproportion. If Quixote had the common qualities of Sancho Panza he would have made an admirable man. The real dreamer is Sir Galahad or King Arthur; and Don Quixote is a laughable caricature. The second mistake of the practical man is to use "dreamers" and "workers" in marked antithesis, whereas they should be used rather as a synthesis. The qualities are not contradictory but complementary. Dreamers and visionaries are the most triumphant workers. Rouget de Lisle, the dreamer, wrote the *Marseillaise*, "a song of blood and fire." Mohammed was accustomed to spend hours in mystic communion in a cavern; Luther was a friar given to meditation; Cromwell was deeply religious. Such habits are regarded as enervating and morbid, unfitting the man for honest and solid labour. Yet without this quality these men could not have effected the revolution associated with their several names. So also was it with St. Francis, Savonarola, Pastor Hsi, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and the whole company of agitators, martyrs and reformers, who staked their lives to proclaim an ideal and a faith. Dreamers shake empires and build up kingdoms. They are the salt of the earth, the lights of the world. A dream urged Columbus into the unknown, and drove the *Mayflower* over stormy seas. The true mystic has the most masterly grip of earthly things; nor is it going too far to assert that no man ever achieved any greatness or performed a mighty work but he had a dream, a vision, too grand to tell. Here indeed his patience, courage, confidence, inspiration and passion are born and sustained.

In considering, lastly, the place of dreams in common life we are bound to confess that here the negligence is most culpable. People think dreams unworthy of narration and they are rarely mentioned except to conjure up some prophetic significance in them. To a man of science only one dream in a myriad will be interesting, and dreams like *Kubla Khan* are not vouchsafed once in a century. Yet in those "smooth and idle dreams" which linger but a few minutes after sleep is broken there is a

world of romance and adventure. Here indeed is a way of escape from the drudgery of a changeless routine. Here is the

Great key
 To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
 Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment.

The things we pine for are just beyond the fragile bar of sleep. But it will be argued that a farmer will dream of cattle and a grocer of sugar and currants. Where then is the escape from the dungeon of a monotonous life? We would reply that if a farmer be nothing more than a farmer, or a grocer nothing more than a grocer, his dreams will probably be of these things. But men who are not "finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark" will dream the dreams of the sons of God. A boy dreams not of books but of tramping regiments and crashing artillery. Penelope would not dream of her weaving, nor Madame Defarge of her knitting. One would venture over storm-tossed seas to pledge her love to Ulysses; the other would hear the surging of that sea which swept away the Bastille. Andrew Lang in sleep beholds the siege of Troy; the slave returns to home and kindred; lovers are united again; and man can share the converse of the dead.

At our own door, or nearer, is a land of infinite variety. Here we mount with Sinbad and the monstrous roc or visit the valley of diamonds; here we sit astride the iron pig (of Hans Andersen's tale) and wander into palaces of regal splendour. Now we tremble with awe at the visions of De Quincey or shudder with Eugene Aram at the horrid thing which was "nothing but a dream"; now we see wizard moonlight over bleak Cambrian hills, or recoil in horror at the phantom-haunted dreams of poor Barnaby. A realm of peerless beauty and unuttered delight is dreamland; it may be a land of unspeakable terror, or of grotesque and extravagant comedy. Here sits John Willett in that diversion where there is "nothing but imagination," and this without the fee of sixpence or the climb up the Monument. Here Dante meets his Beatrice, and this without passing through the sheet of flame.

SUPERSTITION—POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE

BY J. ARTHUR HILL

THERE is an ancient story of a good old lady who did not care for Shakespeare, because his writings were "so full of quotations." I foresee that the present paper may fall under a like condemnation, and I plead guilty beforehand; but I need not apologize—though my quotations, unlike Shakespeare's, are really unoriginal—for I have gathered them together with a purpose.

From among the various definitions of Superstition which my dictionary supplies, I select the following:—

"Ignorant and irrational belief; belief without evidence."

It is of course only from *our* point of view that the beliefs are "ignorant and irrational." Sir Matthew Hopkins and the Mathers were quite sure that they had plenty of evidence for witchcraft. So they had—that is, they had plenty of facts. It was their theory of the facts that was wrong. Let us then define Superstition as "a belief which *to us* seems absurd, ignorant, irrational, or insufficiently evidenced." I ignore etymological and religious definitions, which do not concern us at present.

We have defined positive Superstition. Let us now ask: Is there no *negative* Superstition? Is there no such thing as a *disbelief* which is "absurd, ignorant, irrational, insufficiently evidenced?" Verily, verily, there is! But it happens to be *fashionable*, and few there be that do not bow to it. Prepare, reader, for the afore-mentioned quotations!

"When Mr. Stephenson, at the interviews with counsel, held previous to the Liverpool and Manchester Bill going into Committee of the House of Commons, confidently stated his expectation of being able to impel his locomotive at the rate of 20 miles an hour, Mr. William Brougham, who was retained by the promoters to conduct their case, frankly told him that if he did not moderate his views, and bring his engine within a *reasonable* speed, he would 'inevitably damn the whole thing, and be himself regarded as a maniac fit only for Bedlam.'

"The idea thrown out by Stephenson of travelling at a rate of speed double that of the fastest mail-coach, appeared at the time so preposterous that he was unable to find any engineer who would risk his reputation in supporting such 'absurd views.'"^{*}

^{*} *Lives of the Engineers: George and Robert Stephenson*, by Samuel Smiles, p. 158.

Further, the *Quarterly*, in an able article in support of the projected railway, scouted the idea of travelling at a greater speed than eight or nine miles an hour. Adverting to the question of a suggested railway to Woolwich, the sapient reviewer remarks :—

“ What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast* as stage-coaches ! We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve’s ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.”*

Twelve miles an hour ! A stupendous, vertiginous speed, truly ! Yet so it seemed to the wise of those days.

Among other bits of similar ancient history is the opinion of Lavoisier that meteorites cannot fall from the sky, because “ there are no stones in the sky ” ; the ridicule of Sir Humphry Davy at the idea of London being lighted by gas sent through pipes ; and the general conclusion that anæsthesia by chloroform was either impossible or was the work of the Devil.

And, even in modern times, people who ought to know better do undoubtedly say very foolish things occasionally. We—we of the unacademic kind—somehow expect Professors and other accredited teachers to be always wise. We are sometimes sharply disillusioned. They are wise generally, but, now and then, Homer nods. E.g., Dr. Scripture says, wisely :—

“ One of the surest ways of being put in the wrong is to say that something can never be done. Comte, the philosopher, once said that it would be forever impossible to tell the composition of the stars ; forty-three years later the use of the spectroscope enabled astronomers to analyse each one.” †

He further quotes, also wisely, the story of “ the mediæval student who, at the time when the discovery of spots on the sun began to be talked about, called the attention of his old instructor to them. The reply was : ‘ There can be no spots on the sun, for I have read Aristotle’s works from beginning to end and he says the sun is incorruptible. Clean your lenses, and if the spots are not in the telescope, they must be in your eye.’ ” ‡

After these quite wise things—or rather, before them, for it is a few pages later in the book—Professor Scripture sadly lapses from the path of scientific rectitude which he himself marks out.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 159.

Thinking, Feeling, Doing, By E. W. Scripture, Ph.D., M.D., Assistant Neurologist, Columbia University, p. 250.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 249.

“ ‘Is mind governed by law?’ By ‘law’ we mean an established sequence of events. If we let go of a box, it falls to the ground; this we say is an illustration of the law of gravitation. If the box does not fall, we may do one of two things. We may say: ‘Here is a case that does not conform to law; therefore, we must admit the existence of mysterious forces concerning which we are at liberty to believe anything we please.’ Such reasoning produces the ‘mystics,’ whose fundamental principle is, that, since there are things we cannot explain by laws, therefore belief is at liberty to set up any laws it pleases. This is the basis of clairvoyance, spiritualism, thought-transference, telepathy, palmistry, and similar delusions.” *

Comment would spoil the delicious flavour of this magnificent sample. The last sentence, with its climax in the last word, in particular is exquisite.

The learned neurologist goes on to say that the common-sense man—as opposed to the “mystic”—when the box does not fall, proceeds to investigate. He finds, of course, “an unnoticed string that holds it up, or some similar arrangement that had escaped him. Men of this kind—whether trained or not—are men of scientific habits of thought.”

I, personally, have not made up my mind about the physical phenomena of spiritualism, so I am not concerned to maintain that there is always a “string,” or “some similar arrangement,” doing the business. But it happens that on thought-transference and clairvoyance, I *have* made up my mind; not because I feel at liberty to “set up any laws I please,” but because I have been driven by sheer stress of facts. I have sought, and sought hard, for Professor Scripture’s “string”—i.e., for some normal explanation of the facts—before venturing on supernormal hypotheses. Failing to find it, I suppose I fall, *ipso facto*, into the category of “mystics.” How I wish I were a “common-sense person!” Then I might find the “string,” or the “similar arrangement”—to my own satisfaction.

Let us quote one more professional *dictum*. The *ore rotundo* gentleman, this time, is Professor Hugo Münsterberg. Says he—

“The question is not whether the substance of the real world is spiritual; it is only whether departed spirits enter into communication with living men by mediums and by incarnation. The scientist does not admit a compromise; with regard to this he flatly denies the possibility.” †

Note the charming and youthful-seeming calmness with which he appoints himself spokesman for the whole world of “scientists.”

* *Op. cit.*, p. 238.

† *Psychology and Life*, p. 252.

But what about Barrett, Crookes, Lodge, and Wallace?—to take four names at random. These men affirm precisely what Münsterberg says the “scientist” denies. Yet they are undoubtedly scientific men of high standing. What about them, Professor? Echo answers,—at least, I think Professor Münsterberg cannot.

He finishes up with the following tit-bit, after admitting that it is not all conscious fraud—some “nervous disturbance,” etc.—

“But the facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist, and no debate makes the situation better.”

Evidently he has an intimate knowledge of the potentialities of the Universe, and can therefore decide *à priori* whether this or that phenomenon can or cannot happen. It reminds one of the story of a man who had experienced some kind of supernormal phenomenon—I forget what—and was argued with by a voluble friend for half an hour. “So you see, my dear fellow,” said the friend, “the thing is manifestly impossible.” “I didn’t say it was possible,” replied the friend, wearily and pathetically, “I only said it was a fact.”

Dr. Scripture—to hark back for a moment—goes on to speak of “more or less clever men” who have been led to views of the mind that seem “either silly or insane” :—

“I need only mention the doctrine of Schelling, that the contents of dreams are truer than our waking experiences; or the statements of an American college Professor that through Mrs. Piper, a hysterical woman, he was able to communicate with the spirit of his uncle and thus find out when his little brother had had the measles; or the delusion of ‘thought-transference,’ whose existence was stoutly maintained by an English professor in spite of the fact that the first case turned out to be a swindle by two clever little girls, and also of the fact that no ‘thought-transference’ could ever be verified by a laboratory experiment.

“All this rubbish we can—and must—throw overboard, as the other sciences have done, one after the other, ever since Galilei introduced experimental method to replace vague speculation.”*

There is evidently much work before us if we hope to teach all our scientific men to be scientific. Some of them have a most theologian-like tendency to go off at a tangent into a wild and erratic course of declamation, when something turns up that they do not like. It is the “will to disbelieve,” coupled with an intellectual pride which leads them to think that they already know pretty nearly everything there is to know. Hence their random statements, sometimes definitely untrue. For example, it happens that Mrs. Piper is *not* a “hysterical woman”—though, for

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 229, 230.

the matter of that, it would make no difference to the evidence, if she were. Neither does our belief in telepathy rest on experiments with "two little girls." It is too absurd even to refute.

Another quotation may suitably conclude the series of *ex cathedra* fulminations from the negatively superstitious scientific men.

"Modern biologists (I am glad to be able to affirm) do not accept the hypothesis of 'telepathy' advocated by Sir Oliver Lodge, nor that of the intrusions of disembodied spirits pressed upon them by others of the same school. . . . We seek by the study of cerebral disease to trace the genesis of the phenomena which are supposed by some physicists who have strayed into biological fields to justify them in announcing the 'discovery' of 'telepathy' or a belief in ghosts." (Professor—now Sir—E. Ray Lankester, in the *Times*, May 17, 1903.)

Leaving the scientific men, we are informed by Mr. Frederic Harrison—who is a self-styled philosopher, though non-Comtists may dispute the title—that "to talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense." (*The Philosophy of Common Sense*, p. 217.)

It is curious how these folks try to prejudice the crowd in their favour, by claiming an extra amount of "common sense." If Dr. Scripture, Professor Münsterberg, and Mr. Harrison can show us how to improve our methods of investigation—how to make them more rigorous—how to infer more logically—in short, how to apply more sense, either common or uncommon—we shall be immensely obliged to them. We are after Truth, and will thank anybody who will help us forward on that road.

It is also regrettable to notice how these negatively superstitious people fail to learn from history. Surely, the story of George Stephenson, of Lavoisier, of Davy and all the other leading lights of past generations who either ridiculed or were ridiculed because of the apparent absurdity of what in due time became accomplished fact, ought to save people of average capacity from making fools of themselves in the eyes of some of their contemporaries and of all posterity. It is admissible enough to *disbelieve*, and it would show unpardonable psychological ignorance on our part if we tried to *make* people believe: belief being a complex mental state, not dependent on reasoning alone, nor on the evidence of the senses. But it seems as if it ought to be within every one's power to refrain from saying that this or that phenomenon is *impossible*. Is it not absurd to dictate to Nature in this way? And ought not "common-sense" people to be able to see the absurdity?

But perhaps we ask too much. Conservatism is strong, and negative bigotry is hard to shake. And perhaps it is well that it is so. Positive superstition is certainly productive of more evils than the negative variety, as the witchcraft persecutions showed. We want no return of *that* kind of thing; and I am inclined to think that there may be some danger, say in half a century or so, of a possible recrudescence of uncritical belief, which may have unpleasant features. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other. At present it is just beginning to swing back from an extreme of materialism and unbelief; and the scientific man of the twenty-first century may have to struggle as hard against orthodox over-beliefs, as we in our day against over-negation. Obviously, the best way to guard against this is to make education as truly scientific as possible; to teach children, as a part of morality and indeed religion, that it is their duty to examine facts long and carefully before theorising, and that it is *wicked* to have strong opinions on matters which they have not studied.

FROM "THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM"

[Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by EVA M. MARTIN.]

WHERE ends the homeland? where do foreign parts begin?
It all depends upon the heart that takes them in.
A narrow heart that only narrow ways hath known
Finds foreign countries close outside its native town;
But a wide heart finds home in every distant place,
E'en as the circling skies the whole wide earth embrace.

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.]

“ THE HINTERLAND OF SURGERY.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Three months ago I published what I think was generally admitted to be an accurate statement of the case between Mr. H. A. Barker, of Park Lane, and the medical profession, as represented by its representative governing bodies. I sent copies, with personal letters, to all the recognized leading medical authorities in the three Kingdoms, calling their attention to the serious nature of the question at issue, and challenging them, in the name of humanity and commonsense, either to disprove my statements or to insist upon a professional inquiry into the merits of his case. From one doctor only did I receive any communication questioning the value of his treatment. Not even one ventured to deny the justice of his claim for an authoritative examination by the recognized authorities of the profession into the merits and demerits of manipulative surgery. The leading medical journals, the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*, admitted, half-unconsciously, the absurdity of the position still maintained by the profession. When the former has admitted that manipulative surgery is “ a neglected corner of the domain of surgery,” and the *British Medical Journal* that it is “ undeveloped land,” it is obvious to the man in the street that the time has come when the profession can no longer refuse to repair their past neglect by a thorough exploration of the undeveloped Hinterland where Mr. Barker has for so many years done such good work.

I confess that I am amazed at the stolidity of professional *vis inertiae* and professional prejudice. The case stands thus:—

Mr. Barker knows how to treat successfully many cases of dislocation, deformity, etc., which the regular faculty, as at present trained, have failed to cure.

He offers to the faculty first to prove that he can do it before a committee of experts of their own choosing; and, secondly, to teach them how to do it themselves. He asks for no diploma or

any other reward for himself. He merely implores those professional gentlemen who are supposed to be dedicated and consecrated to the service of humanity to avail themselves of an opportunity of learning how to practise the art or science of manipulative surgery which he has brought to such perfection.

They refuse even to make inquiry into the facts, appearing to prefer that their patients should either continue to suffer, or resort to him to be relieved, rather than that they should be cured by his system at their own hands.

Is this reasonable? Is it fair to their patients? Why should professional etiquette be allowed to afford a shelter to ignorance that refuses to be enlightened, to incapacity that refuses instruction?

I appeal to the Press, as the representatives of the great public, to say with authority that it is time this feeling came to an end.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

W. T. STEAD.

[My sympathies in this matter are entirely with Mr. Stead. I am afraid the medical hierarchy are impervious to reason, however open-minded the rank and file of the medical profession may be, and frequently are.]

A PSYCHIC RECORD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Many years ago I had a very strange experience while living in the house of my brother-in-law, in one of the busy towns in the north of England.

My sister had died a few months previously, and I was asked to spend Christmas there with my three little nephews. It was a dreary December evening just the night after I arrived. My brother-in-law was out, the three little boys were in bed, and Mrs. Mansfield (the lady housekeeper) and myself were sitting in the drawing-room, just immediately below the boys' bedroom. We had been talking on the most ordinary subjects, when suddenly in the room above the most extraordinary noises began, as if some one were throwing the furniture about or walking heavily round the room. I at once thought the children were flying round the bedroom and pulling the things about, and asked Mrs. Mansfield if she would not go and stop them making such a frightful noise. "That is not the children," she said; "these noises often come, but we can never account for them."

I laughed, and declared some one was in the room, if it was not the small boys. "Let us go upstairs and see, then," she said quietly, "and you can convince yourself whether any one is there or not." I at once agreed, quite sure I should find my naughty nephews having a frolic, and the furniture all pulled anyhow. When we reached the room the noise stopped (which I also expected) but to my amazement when we entered, the room was in perfect order and the little boys sleeping peacefully. "I told you so," Mrs. Mansfield said quietly as I followed her downstairs.

Hardly were we seated again when the noise began and went on for almost ten minutes, then silence, and we distinctly heard the bedroom door open and a heavy yet soft footstep began to come slowly downstairs. Even now as I recall it, I feel the same cold chill and horror as that intangible something came nearer. An awful feeling of misery seemed to surround me, as if I were in an atmosphere of crime and desolation. At the drawing-room door the footsteps stopped, there came a long, moaning sigh, and after that, silence. When my brother-in-law came home I told him and begged him to leave the house. Although he laughed, he looked annoyed and said our imagination had played us tricks. He never had heard anything, etc., etc. I looked at Mrs. Mansfield, who shook her head, and when we were alone she said, "Don't you believe him, my dear; he hears it too, but just won't allow it; but that there is not some poor, miserable spirit in this house, nothing will ever make me believe."

I stayed in the house three weeks, but the feeling was most depressing. I seemed to live in dread of seeing or hearing that awful presence. Nearly every morning I used to be wakened at 2 a.m. by a cold, icy feeling, and something like a grey mist seemed to float through the room. It was as if something had come from the cold, damp tombs bringing with it all its old earth miseries which it could not fling off. No word can express what the feeling was like, and I hope never to experience it again.

After that I asked several people who had stayed there if they had seen or heard anything while in the house, and they all told me of that cold, icy presence which seemed to haunt that room.

A few years later my brother-in-law moved to another house, and lately when I was again visiting, we passed the old house with "*To Let*" staring conspicuously from its windows. I heard that tenant after tenant had taken it, but given it up,

owing to the strange sounds which could never be accounted for. I know some people profess to scoff at psychic phenomena, but this incident I can truly say happened exactly as I have described it. In my own mind I feel certain a crime has been committed there which has never been cleared up. There was some vague story of a ghastly murder which was never properly investigated, and I suppose never will be now. I can only hope that the poor restless spirit has found peace, and has expiated its crime.

NAOME.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Could you, or any of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, kindly inform me whether the theory, or belief of *immediate*, or almost immediate reincarnation, following on *each successive* death of the human body, has been taught by any school of ancient or modern philosophers, or thinkers? Granting a belief in the evolution of the soul or ego, through repeated lives on this earth plane, any *break of continuity* in such evolution would seem logically impossible.

All *genuine* spiritualistic communications might be explained by the subconscious action of souls, NOT discarnate, but reincarnated again on earth. In childhood especially, the soul may be closely linked subconsciously, with its ties and events of importance, in the past. The absence of all but the most vague and unreal descriptions through psychics of existence on the spiritual planes may *thus* be accounted for. One can imagine a gradual evolution of the "psyche" on *planets* less advanced than our own earth, where possibly mankind first awakens to self-conscious existence. Then, after many life journeys here, when the spiritual nature has conquered the material and elemental states of existence, a further rise to another *planet* more ethereal than the earth. But surely, though *heaven* and *hell* be but *states* and not places, still some *environment* must be necessary for all forms of existence more tangible than the so-called astral plane, or any other nebulous planes.

It may be very probable that the late Mr. Frederic Myers is seeking to prove the survival of "human personality," but who shall say if his communications do not emanate subconsciously from his individual ego, in a new-born personality again living on earth? Perhaps, if many earnest-minded people resolved to impress their immortal selves, when passing away at the death of the body, to remember and repeat in their next

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childhood their former names and the place of former birth and death, much valuable light might be thrown on the yet unsolved problems of life and evolution!

Yours truly,
E. L. P

[I do not see what immediate reincarnation has to justify it except perhaps in the case of those who die quite young.—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I hope I am not presumptuous in taking Mr. Wilmshurst's article as an attack upon myself, as I am the person chiefly responsible for popularizing the connection between the ideas of ecstasy and magic, and as Mr. Waite's book, on which this article purports to be a comment, has nothing to do with the former.

I am bound to remark that this type of attack is not original. In *Devil-Worship in France*, for example, Mr. Waite wished to refute attacks upon Freemasonry. But instead of confining himself to serious authors, he dragged a penny dreadful from the Paris gutter and in several hundred scholarly pages proved that its statements were improbable.

Now Mr. Wilmshurst ought to know that by ceremonial magic no educated man can mean the *grimoires*, which circulated only among the most benighted peasants in the darkness of the darkest age of history.

By ceremonial magic one means rituals, of which the Mass is the most popular surviving example; rituals of worship and will working through symbolic methods, rituals to which selfishness or impurity of purpose are absolutely foreign.

To compare such rituals with the silly sorceries of the fifteenth century is either ignorant or dishonest, and I am surprised that serious students can so far degrade controversy.

But I am well content to be attacked by any one who can dismiss the attainment of the Buddha as "contraband illuminism" and who implies in every phrase that he and Mr. Waite are the only persons in possession of truth and light. I had supposed that spiritual pride pushed to this pitch was the peculiar property of the exclusive Plymouth Brethren.

A friend of mine was recently interred at Woking. He had promised me to communicate his experiences of heaven, and the following is an extract from his second letter:—

"Peter took me round the sights yesterday. There were

hundreds of different religions represented—every one seemed happy. By and by Peter said : ‘ Here’s the most curious sight of all. Come this way, and don’t make a sound ! ’ We went down a long corridor, isolated from the main building of the temple by a whole series of doors designed to exclude sound. Presently not the faintest echo of the celestial choir reached us. We went on, and in a little while the sound of singing began again, but from the direction in which we were going. ‘ What is that ? ’ ‘ Hush ! ’ replied Peter. At last he took me to a little spy-hole and there was heaven in miniature, but as bright and joyous as the main building. Having seen, Peter drew me away, always with the most impressive caution. ‘ Do tell me,’ said I, inflamed with curiosity, ‘ who those people are ! ’ ‘ Oh,’ said the Apostle, ‘ they are the Plymouth Brethren.’ ‘ And why are they shut off from the rest ? ’ ‘ It is essential to their enjoyment. They think they’re the only ones here ! ’ ”

Mr. Wilmshurst may then be confident that the Father of all will be attentive to his smallest necessities.

Your obedient servant,

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

The Equinox.

124, Victoria Street, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The article in the February OCCULT REVIEW on “ Some Syllables of the After-Life ” is very interesting, and very true. I remember some years ago, when I was studying spiritualism, attending a séance, the medium at which was a gentleman whom, years before, I knew when he was under training at the Salvation Army Training Home for Officers, and who had served as an officer for some years, after which he resigned and went into business. He became an ardent spiritualist, and an accomplished “ trance-medium.” We met at this séance, and he brought himself to my memory.

On this occasion he was “ controlled ” by a spirit, purporting to be *the late Mrs. Booth*, wife of the “ General.” She was in a state of inexpressible grief, and, with deep emotion, told us that, since her decease, she had been in a region of darkness, among weeping and sorrowing people, many of whom were Salvationists, and other Christians who had passed over the border of death. She described the pathetic state in which she found herself, who had died in the faith that she was going to Heaven,

and into the presence of Jesus her Saviour. But her consternation was terrible to find that heaven was not where she found herself, but her existence was in a lonely desolate region of darkness, with none to comfort or guide her. Had she made a mistake in her life-beliefs and in her life-work? Where was Jesus? She had sought him far and wide, and not an echo of his presence reached her. Among hosts of spirits she found herself in this plight. Would we help her, and explain wherein her mistake had been? And would we go to the Salvation Army and endeavour to open their eyes? My friend, the medium, and I, and others, were perplexed how to answer. At that time I was of a similar belief about heaven and the soul's entrance into heaven after death. We asked her to come again at the same hour and place on another day, and meanwhile we would seek the explanation that might help her. On the occasion arranged, she came again, still full of woe and weeping. We then told her that she was in purgatory, that a great deal of her former beliefs were erroneous, that she must pray to God, and He would send His messengers to instruct her, and that we would pray for her enlightenment and deliverance from purgatory. Her manner and voice changed at this message. She broke into words of thankfulness and relief. She said that at that moment God's messengers were by her side, teaching her her past errors, and drawing her out of the darkness. That she would no more need to trouble us, but that our continued remembrance in prayer would be of assistance to her, as also to the numberless creatures in that valley of despair. Her voice faded away as she spoke, through the medium, in one final "good-bye," and we never again received a visit from her. This incident was the means of completely transforming my views, and revealed to me the truth of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and of Prayers for the Dead. Subsequent occult experiences, and many mystical teachings I received after, were the beginning of the full teaching which I have embodied in my books *Progressive Creation* and *Progressive Redemption*. They have confirmed me in an invincible faith in the truth of the Catholic Faith, and in the recognition of how much of the practical knowledge and experience of these occult and esoteric doctrines and facts has been lost to the Catholic Church. The above incident happened in Durban, Natal.

Sincerely yours,
H. E. SAMPSON.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE place of importance is assigned by *La Revue Théosophique Belge* to a fragment of Annie Besant on the Masters, in which she discourses of wonders, but more especially of that Hungarian adept, who—according to one legend concerning him—is simply the Comte de Saint-Germain *in propria persona* as a consequence of the elixir of life. A certain light-hearted Marquis de Luchet said in the eighteenth century that the divine draught was the purple vintage of Tokay, but it is known that he was a great jester. Mrs. Besant, on her own part, goes much beyond the legend, reciting the adept's successive lives or appearances when he was still on the path of discipleship. We learn in this manner that he was (a) the Comte de Saint-Germain in the eighteenth century; (b) Lord Bacon in the seventeenth century; (c) in the sixteenth a monk named Robertus; (d) Hunyadi Janos in the fifteenth; and (e) in the fourteenth century the high-illuminated Father Christian Rosy Cross. His story goes backward and backward about one day short of for ever, but at the mythical C. R. C. she suffers it to rest. The account, which is preternaturally serious, seems to be concerned with appearances rather than incarnations. Whoever he may be, the Hungarian is now accounted a Master, and there are rumours that one day we may be able to take stock of him and his claims in England.

Theosophy in Scotland also discourses of the Masters and the inferences to be drawn from the clear affirmation that they are. But there is one who is expected, whose coming indeed is near, and he is above all the Masters. It is on him, not on the others, that we are counselled to concentrate our thoughts. This sounds very well in its own ineffective way; but what of concentration on the Divine, and what of looking for the manifestation of its grace and power in our higher consciousness? It is perhaps in the same vein unconsciously that *The Path* has some papers on the mythic Christ and the Christ to come. They strike a true note. We have had enough and more than enough of attempts to disprove the historical Jesus, but we have had little and too little of really gifted research into the Christ-idea. And as that idea has had its birth, growth and perpetuation in our consciousness, the question arises once more, in a very true and very deep sense, whether the Christ

is not within, and whether—as the writer in *The Path* puts it—our consciousness can be so purified as to make possible His reception into our house—perhaps to quicken His coming.

The Epoch, which appears under the editorship of Mr. James Allen, and replaces a previous periodical called *The Light of Reason*, has issued its first number. Here also is a sign of the hour, for it is expecting “another personal Saviour, who will reconstruct the faith of the world, and found a new and greatly advanced form of religion.” At the same time, certain initial reflections on the beginning of another epoch offer no fresh note concerning it: there is the old eloquence concerning the old beliefs, the old crudity concerning crude superstitions, the old word of death concerning the lifeless creeds which are crumbling rapidly to decay. We need stronger things than this in the manifesto of an incorporated school of virtue, which proposes—God be with it—to extend the empire of righteousness and to secure emancipation from sin, ignorance and sorrow.

The Co-Mason is curious, as usual, and interesting along several debatable lines. In the Masonic sense, it has some accent of the amateur, but that amateur is a lover of the Art and Craft and has also open eyes. At the same time, it expresses some wonderful commonplaces in the sense of things that are new, while it suggests some new things almost in the terms of commonplace. Being adventurous and quixotic, it should not seem surprising that it tolerates the hypothesis which distinguishes Francis Bacon behind the mask of Shakespeare. Let us marry this hypothesis for a moment to that of Mrs. Besant concerning the Hungarian adept and then the creator of Hamlet is still with us—great Master indeed and mighty wizard. It is otherwise noteworthy that *The Co-Mason*, in a speech from the chair of the Masonic Master, expresses a devout hope that a new and orthodox Craft Lodge about to be established in Jerusalem will be inspired to rebuild the Temple of Solomon. Here the spokesman of the chair has forgotten that the truly Masonic temples are built only in the heart.

The intention behind the institution of the Eucharist by Christ is approached from a rather novel standpoint in a paper on the Mystery of Bread and Wine, published in *La Revue Spirite*. The author affirms that Jesus sought to symbolize his entire work, his spoken and implied thoughts, in the mystery of transubstantiation. He designed in particular to guard against the religion of pure spirit by creating a sensible sign, because such religion loosens the feet from earth and projects the mind into an atmo-

sphere of vague and nebulous thought. The bread of the Eucharist means material substance and the wine spiritual substance.

The Humanitarian Review, from comparatively far away in Los Angeles, has free thought and scientific rationalism specified among its many dedications. A paper on Immortality leans towards the notion of survival after the experience of death in the body, but is much too elementary to have any real appeal or claim: so this somewhat misses the point. Dr. J. M. Peebles scouts the hypothesis of reincarnation in humorous paragraphs, terming it an old oriental superstition. But superstition signifies the sign surviving the idea, while the idea of reincarnation is probably more alive and militant at this day than it has been for centuries in the past, so that this misses the point. The editor, on his own part, discusses the search after God as the search for an Absolute Cause and says that "there is no such thing." As the relative supposes the absolute, here too the main point is missed. But the paper is useful in its way because of some old crudities in respect of cause and effect, which, like evolution itself, are the observed sequence of events in the form of a series, and it is indicated correctly that they tell us nothing of a beginning or an end.

The magazines which exist to promote the understanding of oriental religion and philosophy continue to be a study in themselves and a record of intellectual activity which is second to none in the periodical literature of occultism. Gleanings from this field of interest are, as usual, in an almost undiscovered country. *The Vedic Magazine* tells us of the Sanskrit poem *Meghdala*, and the greatness thereof, in a brief and clear outline. *The Light of Truth* would be welcomed by not a few in England for its report of a lecture by Ramanathan on the Duties of Citizenship. It is from the western standpoint only till near the end, when there is an application to the citizenship of Ceylon. But there is not one word, nor is there the letter of a word, to indicate that it is the work of one who is a mystic and, among mystics, is regarded by many as a master. This is the skill of it, and this is also the wonder. Published at Colombo by a Young Men's Buddhist Association, *The Buddhist* contains within very small dimensions several points of interest and in particular a synoptic account of the Ten Perfections or Transcendental Virtues by which Buddhahood is attained. They are familiar enough at the root and are, therefore, another illustration that the same thing is still everywhere, so far as those things are concerned which make for reality.

REVIEWS

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF MIND. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated by J. B. Baillie. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., 25, High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. 2 vols. Price 21s. net.

ENGLISH philosophers cannot but be grateful to Mr. Baillie and to the editor of the "Library of Philosophy" for this excellent translation of the most vivid and interesting if not, as David Strauss held among others, the greatest of Hegel's works. The master himself called it his "Voyage of Discovery," and the description cannot be bettered. "Here," exclaims the late Professor Wallace, "the Pegasus of mind soars free through untrodden fields of air, and tastes the joys of first love and the pride of fresh discovery in the quest for truth. . . . The mood is Olympian—far above the turmoil and bitterness of lower earth, free from the bursts of temper which emerge later, when the thinker has to mingle in the fray." The same authority—I quote from the preface to his translation of the *Logic*—proceeds to warn us that the *Phenomenology*, "if it contains the diamond purity of Hegelianism, is a key which needs consummate patience and skill to use with advantage. . . . It may be the royal road to the Idea, but only a kingly soul can retrace its course." In short—for the warning can be heartily endorsed—this is a difficult book to read. What, then, must it have been to translate? The work has been done here with triumphant success, and it should certainly have the effect of reviving in this country an interest in the by no means exhausted wealth and significance of Hegel's achievement in the realm of pure thought.

The book is a comprehensive and systematic survey of the ways in which experience appears, a philosophical pilgrimage along the pathway of the natural consciousness which is pressing forward to true knowledge. It is not a mere natural history of mind, but an exposition of the dialectical process by which science in general comes about. The inner logic of this process, for the most part hidden from the mind which obeys its guidance, is here elicited and revealed. In other words, the argument, although concerned with every grade of human experience, although loyally identifying itself with the consciousness involved in every such grade, maintains throughout the alertness of its own superior point of view, and its purely conceptual method of demonstrating the immanent law of development. With regard to the success achieved in tracing the ramifications of this law, there is room for much difference of opinion. The power of the Hegelian grip is indisputable; but is it always pure substance (or pure subject), not sometimes pure vacuity that it seizes? There are some very arid pages; on the other hand, there are innumerable tokens of initiation into the arcana of truth and wisdom, priceless *aperçus* on such topics as dogma, Stoicism, woman as representative of divine law, war, belief *versus* insight, Jacobinism, epic poetry, Paganism, and revealed religion, which constitute the book a veritable mine of authentic if somewhat inaccessible treasure.

C. J. WHITBY.

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH : A Record of Investigations, with Selected Examples of recent S.P.R. Results. By J. Arthur Hill. With an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S. William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ANY one who refuses to believe in the existence of phenomena which cannot be accounted for by already recognized physical laws should be invited to read this book. It has the advantage of being compact (it runs to only a little over two hundred pages), and therefore even "a busy man" cannot plead the usual excuse of "no time"; it will undoubtedly compel him to face problems from which it will be difficult to escape by any of the bye-ways of scepticism. The writer knows all these tracks well; he has passed by them himself. If he shows that they lead to a blind alley it is not because he has not diligently sought for an exit. As we read the chapters in which he discusses the various explanations by which a reader may seek to explain the surprising experiences which have come under Mr. Hill's notice, we realize that the conclusion "that these phenomena . . . are not explicable on naturalistic lines," which is the conclusion he reaches in the last chapter, is not arrived at until the attempt has been made to apply every other theory which commonsense or ingenuity could suggest.

As Sir Oliver Lodge says in the "Introduction," the discussion of these possible explanations is "sane and likely to be helpful to many readers," but the most interesting part of the book, particularly to those who are already convinced that fraud and the subliminal consciousness do not account for all the mysteries of the universe, is that which relates the remarkable experiences which have been reported to the author at first hand, and have been recorded with scrupulous attention to the verifications and evidential conditions which give them their value.

The clairvoyant with whom the greater number of these experiences is connected seems to be remarkable for the large number of successes which he is able to register. Failure or mistake is the exception (and a very rare exception) in his case. This may, as Mr. Hill is aware, awaken suspicion. Almost invariable success is so unusual; but he not only says that he and his friends have entirely failed to discover any indication of fraud, or indeed anything the least to his discredit, but he also shows how very unlikely and even impossible it is thus to explain many of the facts. In view of the circumstances and the precautions taken the results obtained are certainly very striking.

The later part of the book summarizes some of the recent evidence which has come through cross-correspondences, and has been published in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. By separating certain cases from the mass of analogous matter in which they are embedded it becomes easier to appreciate their value. Not only those who are unacquainted with the publications of the S.P.R., but those, also, who have read them will be interested in reading Mr. Hill's excellent summary of these cases, some of which are very evidential and impressive.

In the last chapter the author states his own attitude towards the phenomena he has been discussing. He has found himself compelled to reject the ready explanation of fraud, and also "to put aside the hypothesis of selective telepathy, as being scientifically unsatisfactory."

He, also, recognizes that some of the experiences, at least, indicate "throughout, the unmistakable and undeniable presence of an intelligence which, whatever it be, is certainly marshalling facts with the definite aim of proving identity," and he confesses that the spirit hypothesis seems to be that which most adequately fits the facts and that the alternative hypotheses are extremely awkward and strained.

Whilst the book cannot fail to interest any one who cares at all for this subject, it ought to specially appeal to those who, like the author, start from an entirely agnostic standpoint, but who honestly wish to examine facts and to see whither they lead.

H. A. DALLAS.

THE PERMANENT ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. F. W. Butler.
London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street.
Price 5s. net.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says, somewhere, that the theologians stuck to a universal deluge as an important and indeed vital point, until geology proved that it could not have occurred. They then said it didn't matter. History repeats itself, and some of the results of New Testament criticism have a similarly humorous side. The absolute inerrancy was abandoned first, then the general historicity (in some quarters), and now we find many theologians throwing up the sponge and saying it doesn't matter a bit whether the New Testament is history or not, its real significance being spiritual. So says Dr. K. C. Anderson, and Mr. Butler is of the company, with a leaven of Dr. Forsyth.

Whatever really did happen, says Mr. Butler, the impression on the first generation of Christian witnesses is undeniable. Behind all the distortions of the New Testament narratives—admittedly a mixture of faith and history—stands One who created the impressions, about whom the writers could not judge otherwise than as they did. Here we have the "permanent element in Christianity"—the saving effect of Christ upon the human soul, an effect which can be experienced to-day. (Mr. Butler uses "Jesus" and "Christ" interchangeably in a rather confusing way, though his meaning is usually apparent on reflection.) This seems to be passably good mysticism, but the author spoils it by restricting salvation to Christian methods and communities; and it is difficult to see how, after giving up the historicity, it can be permissible to say that the "Transcendent action of God in the Cross declares the Love of God in historic vindication of His Holiness."

The book is interesting and suggestive, though rather diffuse and containing much repetition. It will please those who follow Dr. Forsyth in making "Grace" and "the Cross" the main features of their system. It represents the transition stage between reliance on external authority and reliance on the "god within the breast."

J. ARTHUR HILL.

AN ASPECT OF ETERNAL TRUTH. By T.R.U.E. F'cap 8vo, pp. iv + 61. London: Stead, Danby & Co., 11A, Church Street, Kensington. Price, paper cover, 1s. net.

"This little book," says the writer in her foreword thereto, "has been written with the desire to impress upon the mind of the reader the idea

that man and the phenomenal universe are one and not two, and that all material appearances are the creation of the One Infinite Mind *through* all lesser minds, and *not apart therefrom*." That this does present, in a sense, *one aspect* of Eternal Truth, we shall probably all agree. But, unfortunately, the writer fails to draw those exact distinctions which are so essential in metaphysics. Thus, she says nothing as to the difference between ideas of the imagination and perceptions, although this is of fundamental importance; for, although the former are almost entirely under our will, the latter are not so. Perceptions, moreover, always occur in definite groups and sequences ("laws of nature"), and such sequences and groupings are observed *even when quite unexpected by the perceiving mind*. Thus, not only is it true for me, that acids turn litmus red, but it is true for those who know nothing about acids and litmus, or who believe (never having tried the experiment) that the result of adding an acid to litmus is, say, a green colour. Thus, the laws of nature represent a truth which, in a sense, is external to that of the individual mind; though this is not to say that the materialistic hypothesis is the true explanation of this fact. Neither, in the work before us, do we find any adequate distinction drawn between God and the individual; though the limitation of the individual will as regards the "laws of nature" referred to above is sufficient evidence of the greatness of this distinction. In spite of such obvious faults as these, however, *An Aspect of Eternal Truth* contains several valuable and uplifting thoughts, and is suffused with an Emersonian spirit of optimism.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. An Attempt at Psychology. By George Raffalovich. London: *The Equinox*, 124, Victoria Street, S.W. 1910. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE exigencies of space demand curtailment of any proposed lengthy analysis of this interesting book. In spite of the fact that a subject such as the "history of a soul" must obviously be of a purely hypothetical character, in view of the lack of tangible evidence, Mr. Raffalovich does give us a poignant study (at least, this is what the present writer chooses to regard it as), in the form of a story, and which the author terms in his sub-title as "an attempt at psychology." The volume, so full of pertinent points and mature suggestions, should, primarily therefore, be judged as a study and not as fiction. If the reader will look beyond the story to the goal aimed at, he will discover a considerable amount of psychological opinion which is worthy of the most serious contemplation. We do not say that Mr. Raffalovich always convinces us, but we do say most strongly and most emphatically that we had viewed this subject-matter from aspects which heretofore had only appeared to us in a more or less dubious light. The book is worth reading; and viewed even from the fiction standpoint it is a very readable volume. M. C.

THE GLORY OF THE SHIA WORLD. By Major P. M. Sykes and Ahmad Din Khan. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 10s. net.

THIS exquisite volume contains the story of Nurallah Khan, the first poet of modern Iran, who, according to his own statement, "emerged from the

plain of Nothingness into the atmosphere of Being" in the year of the separation 1276, i.e. A.D. 1859. With that complacency which is so strong a characteristic of the Oriental mind, he informs us that the beauty of his verses, "which experts of this fine art consider to be as sweet as sugar and as pleasant as a nightingale," were doubtless due to his earliest recollections of Mahun and its wonderful shrine. The travels and adventures of the author are told with captivating candour and simplicity. The work is illustrated with a great number of photographs and coloured reproductions of valuable Persian pictures in the possession of Major Symes, the Consul-General in Khorassan, who has already contributed much to our knowledge of Persia and its people by an account of his "Ten Thousand Miles" of travel in the country.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS. By Ethelbert Johnson. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THIS excellent little book is in the nature of an allegory, depicting the various stages in the growth and development of the soul.

The first treats of the "Golden Age" and the need of the Fall so that the higher purposes of man's spiritual evolution might be served; the second, of the stage of "Exile" and the going forth of the Soul from the Presence for the gaining of experience by limitation, pain and suffering in the flesh; the third, of "Life in Death" where the Soul stands in complete isolation, an Ishmaelite among men, an alien from the spiritual kingdom; the fourth, of the "Conflict," in which Cain and Abel stand as prototypes of every man in whom good and evil struggle for the mastery; the fifth, of "The Wilderness" wherein the altar to the living God is set up and to which the errant Soul drags himself in contrition of spirit; the sixth, of "Illumination" and the dawning of the new day in which a new Heaven and a new Earth are beheld; and the seventh, of "The Temple," wherein are the souls of those made perfect through much tribulation, the wall stones of the Sanctuary, the guardians of the Heart, and the pillars of the temple.

"And when in the ages to come there emerges from this Temple another humanity, who can imagine its glories and the mighty works it will do? For if with hate and selfishness and unbrotherliness in the world, man has accomplished so much, who can dream of the heights he may attain when these hindrances are no more? Nay, who but the dreamer can dream them?"

Yet it is not a dream but an unattained reality, as Whitman says—

"Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it a dream,
And failing it, life's love and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."

SCRUTATOR.

THE MOTHER BOOKS, I. CHILDREN (A. Märchen). By Hugo Salus. ALL merit is in use and the usefulness of this little book is excellent. I do not know why mothers should be given the advantage of this series unless it is that they deal with the little problems which sooner or later a mother is called upon to face, sometimes to her great discomfiture.

Fathers also have their problems, but they are of a different nature. Mr. Hugo Salus is sending this little message of comfort to English mothers in the hope that it will prove as helpful to them as the original *Wo Kommen die Kinder her?* has proved to their German sisters. Children are born to know. The desire to know is rooted in their human nature. They will ask many questions of their parents which are difficult and inconvenient to answer; and among them will be those which relate to their own origin and the means by which they made their appearance here. These questions need not be met by fables or prevarication any longer. A mother may tell them something that is true, that is beautiful and good to be known by the little ones, without hurt to her modesty, by merely reading this story to them. Incidentally she may mightily exalt the sanctity of motherhood in the eyes of her offspring.

SCRUTATOR.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co., Pp. 326. 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 doll'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. CHESON.

THE LIFE AND ETHICS OF ZOROASTER. By Alexander Rogers. Ilford: Cooper Publishing Co. Crown 8vo, pp. 71. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little work is part of a series embodying texts and extracts from Zoroastrian literature. In the present instance there are unfortunately two difficulties which deter our appreciation of a well-meant effort. The absence of anything by way of preface or introduction cannot fail to leave the unversed reader in doubt as to source, and whatsoever is included by the idea of textual history. The sub-title says only that it is rendered

from Eastwick's *Zartusht-Namah*. This is remediable easily by way of a supplementary note. But that which exceeds revocation is the rendering of something that has been already put into English as conventional and irregular verse, of which it is possible to speak only in terms of utter distaste. The life is legendary, as there is no need to say, and those who overcome the initial difficulty will find something to interest them in the two and fifty sections, beginning with the dream of the mother of *Zartusht* and the miracle of his birth, narrating his early life, his divine experiences, his revelations, his attainment of the prophetic state, and ending with his quest of immortality and the final story of the world.

A. E. WAITE.

THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM. Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by Eva Martin. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 1s. net.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT is a German poet whose writings are not generally known to English literature. He was born at Schweinfurt in 1788. He made an extensive study of Eastern literature, the fruits of which became very noticeable in all his later work. Miss Martin's translations are delightfully refreshing and artistic. She has succeeded in interpreting the German poet in an admirably lucid fashion, while at the same time preserving the profundity of his thought. The verses give one an excellent idea of Buddhist philosophy, and its application to Eastern thought and life. I append the following quotations:—

"Prayer must not be made of words alone;
Prayer must be made of thought; prayer must be shown
In actions, too—so that the whole life soars
In one pure breath straight up to Heaven's doors."

"Thoughts seem, like planets, aimlessly to run
Through space, until we find their central sun.
My thoughts for long around one Sun have turned,
But it is veiled from them lest they be burned."

"This body that your eyes behold—
Seek me not there—I dwell apart.
I am the song's clear voice of gold
That whispers to your heart.
And if the song bear healing dew
Upon its light, melodious wing,
Thank God, who made the listener you,
And me the voice to sing."

"The world is like a hostel, which at dusky eventide
A traveller enters, who at break of day must further ride;
The pleasure of the world is like a flower, which, blooming red
At early dawn, knows not that ere night falls it will be dead."

None who love poetry and are in sympathy with Eastern thought should be without this charming little volume. It is a book to return to again and again for fresh and admirably expressed thought, and ideas beautiful in their exquisite simplicity.

MEREDITH STARR.