Y 1911. SEVENPENCE NET.

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.
164 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

UNITED STATES: THE MACOY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 45–49, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 83, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK; THE ORIENTAL ESOTERIC CENTRE, 1443, Q. STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.; NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.
AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.
CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, Ltd. INDIA: A. H. WHEELER AND CO.

THE EQUINOX

Crown 4to, 6s. net. Edition de Luxe, £1 1s.; postage 5d. extra inland, 1s. 2d. abroad.

Published at the Spring and Autumn Equinoxes, No. 5. appeared on March 21st.

THE Equinox does not contain the *speculations*, however entrancing, of the dreamer: it deals with *Verities*. They who write for the Equinox KNOW by actual Experience.

They point a way, but a way they have themselves trodden.

Even so, they do not ask you to BELIEVE but to PROVE.

Accept the WORD of no man however holy.

Faith, Trust, Hope, are all beautiful; but why be content with them? Nay, are you justified in being content when KNOWLEDGE, FULL, COMPLETE, CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, may be yours?

Forget creed, forget ritual, forget the old, hackneyed, frayed-out, phrases and dogmas. Stand free of them and KNOW.

The WAY is clear. TREAD IT! If you are a man lay claim to man's privilege, and PROVE.

The Equinox is the official organ of the A.·.A.·.

Contents of No. V.

THE EQUINOX, 124, Victoria St., S.W.

Telephone: 8218 Victoria.

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The Macoy Publishing Company, 45-49, John Street, New York; The *International News* Company, 85 Duane Street, New York; The Oriental Esoteric Centre, 1443 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.; the *Western News* Company, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, 164 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

VOL. XIII. MAY 1911 No. 5

NOTES OF THE MONTH

PHANTOM ANIMALS.

AN article appearing in the April issue of the *National Review* from the pen of Capt. Humphries, once more draws attention to the subject of the apparition in visible form of deceased animals. Capt. Humphries has various stories to relate which have come within his own personal knowledge, and they are stories in several instances which can be paralleled by the records already given in earlier numbers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Take, for instance, the following story of the apparition to a child of its pet cat:—

The following authenticated case (says Capt. Humphries) happened in the Midland counties of England at a house where the writer was frequently present, and from personal observation can confirm every detail, and which can also be vouched for by the mother and father of the boy. The boy was four years old, and spent much of his time in the company of a large white cat who shared his joys and pleasures. The cat died, but its death was carefully guarded from the child, when some weeks after the boy asked why it was that his old cat only came to see him at night, and that immediately after going to bed. Upon being questioned,

he said " It looks much the same, only thinner. I expect, as he goes away all the day time, he has not been properly fed."

This, says the writer, went on at intervals for about four months.

A close parallel to the above story will be found in the issue of the OCCULT REVIEW for July 1905, the narrator being the late Mrs. Nora Chesson, and the experience her own. I make no apology for reproducing it here in full. She wrote :—

Perhaps the next time that the Other World touched me, being older I was more ready to be touched, for your ordinary school-girl is a healthy happy animal, pagan to the tips of her fingers, selfish to the last cell of her brain.

I had rolled my hair up to the crown of my head, and my skirts were on visiting terms with my ankles, when the home circle was suddenly narrowed by the loss of a pet cat, a little loving creature who did not need the gift of speech, her eloquent emerald eyes were such homes of thought, the touches of her caressing head and pleading paw so naturally tender and persuasive.

Sickness of some kind had kept me to my room for a week, and I had wondered why my cat Minnie had not courted my company as usual, but accounted for her sudden indifference by a possible reflux of motherly devotion to her kittens, now about six weeks old. The first morning of my convalescence the bedroom door, which stood ajar, opened a little further and Minnie came in. She rubbed her pretty tortoise-shell tabby coat against me in affectionate greeting ; she clasped my hand with ecstatic paws in a pretty fondling gesture that was all her own ; she licked my fingers, and I felt her white throat throbbing with her loud purring, and then she turned and trotted away.

PUSSY MATERIALIZES.

" Minnie has been to see me at last," said I to the maid who brought in my lunch. " I wonder why she kept away from me so long ! "

" Minnie has been dead and buried these two days, and her kitten's fretting itself to skin and bone for her," said Louisa looking scared. " Your mamma would not tell you while you weren't well, Miss, for she knew you'd take on, being that fond of the little cat." Minnie was undoubtedly dead and buried, and a stone from our garden rockery was piled upon her place of burial, yet as undoubtedly Minnie came to welcome my return to health. Is this explicable ? I know that it is true.

Other records of cat apparitions have appeared from time to time in these pages, one well-authenticated one hailing from Blackheath. Although, however, the cat has a reputation of being a specially psychic animal, the stories of posthumous appearances from the animal world are by no means confined to the feline tribe. Dogs, in fact, figure more largely than cats, both in ancient and modern ghost lore. William of Deloraine, it may be remembered, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, after the

apparition of Michael Scott at Branksome Hall, is described as having been found

> . . . speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him of whom the story ran,
> Who spoke the spectre hound in Man.

PHANTOM DOGS.

This reference is to the apparition of a black spaniel (the Mauthe Doeg—pronounced Moddy Doo) who used to appear in the soldiers' guard-room at Peel town in the Isle of Man, and remained unmolesting and unmolested, a recognized visitor for some time, until on one occasion a drunken soldier pursued him out of the door, vowing that he would discover whether he were dog or devil. What happened at the encounter history does not relate, as the soldier after his return was never able to speak again, and died in agony at the expiration of the third day—so runs the story.

A double instance of a canine ghost is cited by Capt. Humphries from Ireland.

> A woman (he says) living in Co. Roscommon constantly saw the footmarks of, as she described it, "a good sized dog" in one of the rooms of her house. She never saw the animal itself in either material or spirit form, but her mother did, who said it was brown in colour with two white paws; it walked to a chair near the open fireplace, looked round, smelling the ground, walked slightly lame with one hind leg, and then passed out of the room by a side window in the large old-fashioned bay. The occupants of the house had only been there some two years: the apparition was not seen for the first six months, but this may be accounted for by the fact that it was summer time and the family who lived in the old mansion for generations were never there in the summer. Upon mentioning the apparition to an old female inhabitant of the neighbouring village, she said that the late Sir A —— had a dog of that colour and markings as described, which was accidentally shot, and limped ever afterwards. The animal was devoted to his master, who sat much in a chair near to the hearth referred to. The present owners did not possess a dog. At the same place a black dog was frequently seen in the avenue close to a tree beside the main drive, and the horses in the carriage nearly always shied, particularly about dusk, and on more than one occasion refused to pass the spot.

BLACK AND WHITE MUNGO.

Perhaps the most dramatic story on record of a phantom dog is that which is told in Mrs. Catherine Crowe's *Ghosts and Family Legends*, and was reprinted in the OCCULT REVIEW of May 1908 under the title of "The Dutch General's Story." This was the record of a phantom dog, Mungo by name, a large Newfoundland, black with a white streak on its side, which had

been the pet dog in a Dutch regiment, and after death made it its business to wake up any sentinels asleep at their posts. A sceptical major in the army made up his mind to have a shot at the dog if he ever got a chance of doing so. Eventually he availed himself of a favourable opportunity, with the result that his son, whom the dog was about to warn by a friendly bark, was found sleeping at his post and in consequence tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot.

This story is sufficiently thrilling and gruesome, but a greater tax on our credulity is demanded by one reproduced for the benefit of the public interested in the occult by Mr. Andrew Lang in his book entitled *Dreams and Ghosts* (Publishers, Longmans). In this case the interest is heightened by the fact that there were very numerous witnesses to the occurrences, and the original record is in the handwriting of Bishop Rattray, who had full knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the incident. Perhaps the Bishop found it more easy to be convinced from the fact that he had so frequently read in church the evidence appertaining to the conversational powers of Balaam's ass. In any case the remarkable point of this story is that it is an account of an animal that, like its predecessor in Israelitish history, carried on a conversation in intelligible form with a human being. I do not ask my readers to accept the bona fides of this story, but I follow in the footsteps of Mr. Andrew Lang in citing a record, the amazing character of which can almost be overlooked, owing to the apparent air of bona fides of the narrator, and the circumstantiality of the narrative.

A RIVAL TO BALAAM'S ASS.

I have sent you (says the Bishop, addressing his correspondent) an account of an apparition as remarkable, perhaps, as anything you ever heard of, and which, considering all its circumstances, leaves, I think, no ground of doubt to any man of common sense. The person to whom it appeared is one William Soutar, a tenant of Balgowan's, who lives in Middle Mause, within about half a mile from this place on the other side of the river, and in view from our windows of Craighall House. He is about 37 years of age, as he says, and has a wife and bairns.

The following is an account from his own mouth; and because there are some circumstances fit to be taken in as you go along, I have given them with reference at the end, that I may not interrupt the sense of the account, or add anything to it. Therefore, it begins:—

"In the month of December in the year 1728, about sky-setting, I and my servant, with several others living in the town (farmsteading) heard a scraiching (screeching, crying) and I followed the noise, with my servant, a little way from the town. We both thought we saw what

had the appearance to be a fox, and hounded the dogs at it, but they would not pursue it."

William Soutar goes on to state that he met the animal again at intervals on various occasions. The fourth of these was on the second Monday of December 1730, and on this occasion he states that it was in the same place as he had previously seen it, just about sun-setting. After it had passed him on this occasion, as it was going out of sight, he declares it spoke with a low voice, "so that I distinctly heard it say these words: 'Within eight or ten days do or die'," and he continues, "Thereupon it disappeared."

On the Saturday after, as I was at my own sheep cots putting in my sheep, it appeared to me again just after daylight, betwixt day and skylight, and upon saying these words, "Come to the spot of ground within half an hour," it just disappeared; whereupon I came home to my own house, and took up a staff and also a sword off the head of the bed, and went straight to the place where it used formerly to appear to me; and after I had been there some minutes and had drawn a circle about me with my staff, it appeared to me. And I spoke to it saying, "In the name of God and Jesus Christ, what are you that troubles me?" And it answered me, "I am David Soutar, George Soutar's brother. I killed a man more than five and thirty years ago, when you was new born, at a bush be-east the road as you go into the isle." And as I was going away I stood again and said, "David Soutar was a man, and you appear like a dog." Whereupon it spoke to me again, saying, "I killed him with a dog, and therefore I am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog, and tell you you must go and bury these bones." Upon this I went straight to my brother to his house, and told him what had happened to me. My brother having told the minister of Blair, he and I came to the minister on the Monday thereafter, as he was examining in a neighbour's house in the same town where I lived. And the minister, with my brother and me and two or three more, went to the place where the apparition said the bones were buried, when Rychalzie met us accidentally; and the minister told Rychalzie the story in the presence of all that were there assembled, and desired the liberty from him to break up the ground to search for the bones. Rychalzie made some scruples to allow us to break up the ground, but said he would go along with us to Glasclune; and if he were advised he would allow search to be made. Accordingly he went straight along with my brother and me and James Chalmers, a neighbour who lives in the hill town of Mause, to Glasclune, and told Glasclune the story as above narrated; and he advised Rychalzie to allow the search to be made, whereupon he gave his consent to it.

The day after, being Friday, we convened about thirty or forty men and went to the isle, and broke up the ground in many places, searching for the bones, but we found nothing.

On Wednesday, December 23, about 12 o'clock, when I was in my bed, I heard a voice but saw nothing; the voice said, "Come away." Upon this I arose out of my bed, cast on my coat and went to the door,

but did not see it. And I said, "In the name of God what do you demand of me now?" It answered, "Go, take up these bones." I said, "How shall I get these bones?" It answered again, "At the side of a withered bush, and there are but seven or eight of them remaining." I asked, "Was there any more guilty of that action but you?" It answered, "No." I asked again, "What is the reason you trouble me?" It answered, "Because you are the youngest." Then I said to it, "Depart from me, and give me a sign that I may know the particular spot, and give me time." On the morrow, being Thursday, I went alone to the isle to see if I could find any sign, and immediately I saw both the bush, which was a small bush, the greatest stick in it being about the thickness of a staff, and it was withered about half way down; and also the sign, which was about a foot from the bush. The sign was an exact cross, thus X; each of the two lines was about a foot and a half in length and near three inches broad, and more than an inch deeper than the rest of the ground, as if it had been pressed down, for the ground was not cut. On the morrow, being Friday, I went and told my brother of the voice that had spoken to me, and that I had gone and seen the bush that it had directed me to and the above mentioned sign at it. The next day, being Saturday, my brother and I went, together with seven or eight men with us, to the isle. About sunrising we all saw the bush and the sign at it; and upon breaking up the ground just at the bush, we found the bones, viz., the chaft-teeth (jaw teeth, molars) in it, one of the thigh bones, one of the shoulder blades, and a small bone which we supposed to be a collar bone, which was more consumed than any of the rest, and two other small bones, which we thought to be bones of the sword arm. By the time we had digged up these bones, there convened about forty men who also saw them. The minister and Rychalzie came to the place and saw them.

To make a long story short, the bones were collected together and duly buried, and William Soutar relates that there were nearly a hundred persons at the burial, and it was a little after sunset that they were buried. The Bishop appends his comment at the end of this narrative, saying that he had written it down as stated by William Soutar in the presence of Robert Graham, brother to the laird of Balgowan, and "of my two sons, James and John Rattray at Craighall." Apparently the tradition is that the man was murdered for his money, and that he was a Highland drover on his return journey from the South; that he arrived late at night at the Mains of Mause, that he spent the night here, but left early the next morning accompanied by David Soutar with his dog, who offered to show him the road, but that with the assistance of the dog he murdered the drover and took his money at the place mentioned. Evidently the William Soutar to whom the phantom dog appeared was a member of the same family as the murderer.

It is curious how often apparitions of animals are associated

with deaths of human beings. A lady of my acquaintance narrates how at her grandfather's death a black dog appeared in the house and on her father (his son's) attempting to pat it, it snapped at the boy and disappeared, and in spite of every attempt to discover it, and the fact that all doors were shut, no trace of it could afterwards be met with. The appearance of the dog synchronised with the time of the grandfather's death, who, it may be added, had lived a wild and reckless life and enjoyed a very evil reputation. A number of stories of this character are narrated in a book just brought out by the publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW, entitled *Stranger than Fiction.** One of these is as follows :—

DOGS AT DEATHBEDS.

A few years ago, a certain Mrs. Hudson went to live near the small town of W—— in South Wales. One day, not long after her arrival, she and a friend went for a walk along the high road near the town. On their way they had to pass a quarry, which was reached by a gate and path leading off the road. Just after the two ladies had passed this gate Mrs. Hudson heard a sound of loud panting behind her. She stopped, and looking back, saw a large black dog come running out of the quarry down the path towards the gate. Whereupon she said, "I wonder whose dog that is, and why it was in the quarry." "What dog ?" asked the friend, looking in the same direction, "I don't see any dog." "But there is a dog," said Mrs. Hudson impatiently, "can't you see it standing there looking at us ?"

However, the friend could see nothing, so Mrs. Hudson somewhat impatiently turned and walked on, feeling convinced the dog was there, and marvelling that her friend neither saw it nor heard its panting breaths.

Soon after this, happening to meet her brother-in-law, who was an old resident in the neighbourhood, she asked him who was the owner of a particularly large black dog, describing where she had seen it. The brother-in-law, listening with a rather queer expression, answered, "So you have seen that dog ! Then, according to tradition, either you or your friend will die before six months are past. That was a ghost-dog you saw ; it has appeared to several other people before now, and always forebodes death."

Mrs. Hudson did not pay much attention to what she considered a very superstitious explanation of a trivial occurrence, feeling perfectly certain that what she had seen was a real animal. But it was an explanation she recalled with a feeling of horror, when within six months of the date of that walk, her friend most unexpectedly died. The curious point in this experience is, of course, that the phantom dog was visible to only one of the two friends, and that not the one for whom the warning was intended.

Some of these stories of phantom dogs are very suggestive of the ancient theory of metempsychosis, and in some of them

* *Stranger than Fiction. Being Tales from the Byways of Ghost and Folklore.* By Mary L. Lewes. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. W. Rider & Son, Ltd.

the animal in the records given is observed on looking up to possess the features of the human face.

One or two of Capt. Humphries' records have reference to a more uncommon type of spectral visitant, the phantom horse. One of these stories comes from India. "A lady," says the writer, "well known to myself, was present on this occasion together with her sister." These two, with their uncle and aunt, the former a high Government official, were travelling on duty in India with a number of retainers. For several nights they had to sleep in tents. Halting one evening near a ruined temple with various small chapels adjoining it, it was decided to make these the sleeping apartments, the servants retiring some distance away under canvas. The natives took a strong objection to this proceeding, as they regarded the precincts of the temple as haunted, but their warnings were disregarded.

SPECTRAL HORSES.

When darkness commenced to fall three dogs that were with the party fled to a hill near and refused to return, where they stayed the night. Very shortly after "lights were out" one of the nieces felt a strange suffocating sensation as if a net was being drawn over her face; the sister also felt the same, which extended to the others. Then the tramp, tramp of horses' hoofs could be distinctly heard round the centre part and the ground being pawed as if by a horse's hoofs. The general got up, thinking some stray horse must have wandered in, and taking a light went to drive it out, but there was nothing to be seen. His wife also heard it, and one of the girls offered to come out and help her uncle. This was repeated several times. The female element were now so wide awake that further sleep seemed impossible, and it was decided to sit up till dawn in one of the small chapels. In the morning the hoof marks round and round the tomb could be plainly seen, also where the scratching had taken place. Upon questioning the natives they expressed no surprise, and knew what had taken place. Their story was that a black horse was seen each night to enter the temple. The tomb was over the remains of a well-known local native, who was buried there long after the place had become a ruin. He was much attached to the animal, and had ordered that immediately after his own death the horse should be killed and buried upon a hill near within sight of his own resting place.

Another horse record has reference to a chestnut mare which died after a protracted illness, leaving behind a colt about five months old. The occurrence took place at the author's own home, and has therefore every claim to serious consideration on the ground of authenticity.

An old retainer of the family who at long intervals used to visit the scenes of his earlier labours, and who had not heard of the mare's death, said to the writer one day when round the stables, "The mare," calling her by her name, "is not dead yet?" On being told that she was dead

and buried he expressed profound surprise and would not believe it. "Why," he said, "I saw her not ten minutes ago go into her old box to her colt, and heard the latter neigh." This accounted for much before and afterwards. The colt was often heard to give the sound of welcome when apparently alone, and would be subjected to intense fits of depression. We used to remark how it never seemed to forget its mother. The colt was removed to another box, and the old one was painted, etc., but a favourite hunter of the writer's refused to enter the box for a long time afterwards.

Very curious are the stories narrated in connexion with phantom hounds and phantom foxes. The tradition of Doneraile Park and the apparition of old Lord Doneraile with his pack of hounds in full cry has already been narrated in this magazine. Another record of similar character appears in Miss Lewes' book above alluded to. It relates to the experience of a Welsh lady who is called Miss Johnson, and who was staying during the winter of 1874 with some relations at a house in the West of England.

PHANTOM PACKS OF HOUNDS.

One Sunday evening about six o'clock, when Miss Johnson and the family were sitting quietly in the drawing-room, a great noise was suddenly heard exactly like hounds in full cry. It seemed as if the pack swept past the drawing-room windows, turned the corner of the house, and entered the yard behind. The kennels of the local hunt were only four miles away, and on hunting days the hounds often met or ran in the direction of the house. But to be disturbed by the cry of hounds on a Sunday evening was such an unheard-of thing that Miss Johnson and her friends were, for the moment, petrified with amazement. Almost immediately the butler came running to the room, exclaiming, "The hounds must have got loose! I hear them all in the back yard."

"But how could they get in?" asked some one; "the gates cannot be open at this hour on Sunday." The butler went off looking rather disconcerted, and not a little scared; and Miss Johnson went into the hall, where she found her collie-dog—usually a very quiet, gentle animal—barking and rushing about in a state of frenzy. She opened the front door, and the collie ran out, barking and growling savagely, made a great jump in the air as if springing at somebody or something, then suddenly sank down cowering to the ground, and crept back whimpering to his mistress's side. An exhaustive search revealed not a sign of a hound or stray dog about the place, and Miss Johnson and her relations went to bed that night feeling much puzzled by the strange incident. Next day came the news that a near relative of Miss Johnson had died suddenly the evening before at six o'clock!

These apparitions appear generally to be associated with deaths in the family. A similar tradition is current with regard to one of the oldest families in Ireland, the Gormanstons. When the head of this house dies, it is said that for some days before

the foxes leave all the neighbouring coverts and collect at the door of the castle.

FOXES AS HARBINGERS OF DEATH.

This strange phenomenon (says Capt. Humphries) occurred when the twelfth Viscount Gormanston died in 1860, and again in 1876 when the thirteenth Viscount shook off this mortal coil. The fourteenth holder of the title died in 1907; inquiry was then made to test the truth or otherwise of the weird legend. Lady Gormanston states that no record was kept until Jenico, the twelfth Viscount died. She stated in a paper published at that time that particular notice was taken all during his illness and at his death that foxes came round the house barking and making many "uncanny and creepy noises." Visitors to the chapel also testify to these facts.

When the fourteenth of his line died, the son, in another letter which was published in the same paper (*The New Irish Review*), stated that when in the chapel watching his father's remains prior to burial, he heard noises outside as of a dog sniffing at the door. Upon opening it, there was a full-grown fox close to the steps and several more round the church. The coachman confirms the presence of the foxes, also another family retainer. The daughter of the thirteenth successor wrote saying that upon the illness of her father the foxes sat in pairs under the bedroom windows howling and barking all night, and if driven away returned. The family crest is a running fox; a similar animal is one of the supporters of the family arms.

This very curious story suggests that there is more in the Totem superstition than would appear at first sight, and bears out the belief that underlies the whole philosophy of Occultism, that Nature, in whatever guise, whether in waking or in sleeping, in life or in death, repeats, illustrates, and interprets herself in symbolic form throughout the endless range of her varied phenomena.

SYMBOLISM IN SLEEP.

But if symbolism plays a part of importance hitherto quite unrealized in the waking life, its special province has been considered not without some show of justification to lie in the world of dreams. In sleep a large proportion of what we realize or are conscious of becomes transmuted into parallel incidents or corresponding symbols. We grasp an idea or sensation vaguely and in the rough and translate it to the satisfaction of our subconscious selves in terms of symbology. Hence has been built up, it must be admitted from very insufficient premises, a whole science of oneiromancy or dream interpretation. In this symbolical language fat and lean cattle represent respectively years of plenty and of famine, to dream of royalty promises prosperity and the favours of influential people, to dream of diamonds honour or success; to dream of digging that you will have an uphill struggle in life; to

dream of a death signifies, like many other dreams that are supposed to go by contraries, news of a marriage, and so on *ad infinitum*. The number of dreams that go by contraries is indeed not a little remarkable, and suggests the idea of an imagined parallel between the world of sleep and the "hinterland" of the looking-glass with which Lewis Carrol has familiarized us. Personally I question whether symbolism plays in actual fact a more important part in dreams than it does in our waking life. But it is certainly more obvious in the dream world. Our whole thought atmosphere is in truth permeated with symbology. Language is built upon it. Written language came into existence in the same manner. If you doubt, study the hieroglyphics of Egypt. As Mr. Havelock Ellis well says in his fascinating book *The World of Dreams* (London: Constable & Co., Ltd.), the most natural and fundamental form of symbolism is the tendency "by which qualities of one order become symbols of qualities of a totally different order" because they appear to have a similar effect upon us.

"THE WORLD OF DREAMS."

In this way things in the physical order become symbols of things in the spiritual order. This symbolism penetrates the whole of language; we cannot escape from it. The sea is *deep* and so also may thoughts be; ice is *cold*, and we say the same of some hearts; sugar is *sweet*, as the lover finds also the presence of the beloved; quinine is *bitter*, and so is remorse.

If language illustrates this curious parallelism, so also does music. Bass notes seem *deep* to us and the treble *high*. Why is this? It is certainly an instinct in the human mind permeating alike conscious and subconscious life. Thus Weygandt relates * that he once fell asleep in the theatre during a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, when the tenor was singing in ever higher and higher tones, and dreamed that in order to reach the notes the performer was climbing up ladders and stairs on the stage.† Probably there is a similar association, though a less obvious one, in the *synaesthesias* or parallelisms between colours and numbers which the late Sir Francis Galton investigated, and some form of inchoate symbolism may be held to be at the root of all alike, a symbolism which is evidence of a fundamental organic tendency of the human ego.

PARALLELISM IN LANGUAGE AND MUSIC.

* *The World of Dreams*, page 153.

† Quoted in Havelock Ellis's *World of Dreams*, p. 153.

It is clear that in a great many of those dreams which have been suggested to the sleeper by some external incident or disturbance, generally quite a trifling one, the sensory impression produced by the incident is used by the sleep-mind as a basis on which to build an imaginary episode out of all proportion to its cause but which is adopted by the dreamer in explanation of what he semi-consciously cognizes. Such dreams bear witness to the extreme suggestibility of the sleeping consciousness no less than to its tendency to exaggerate enormously the smallest sensations or sounds. A quite ordinary dream which Mr. Ellis relates from his own experience, and to which, I suppose, all of us could supply something in the nature of a parallel, will illustrate this tendency.

EXAGGERATION IN DREAMS.

I dreamed (he writes, *World of Dreams* p. 76) that I was in an hotel mounting many flights of stairs, until I entered a room where the chambermaid was making the bed; the white bedclothes were scattered over everything and looked to me like snow; then I became conscious that I was very cold, and it appeared to me that I really was surrounded by snow, for the chambermaid remarked that I was very courageous to come up so high in the hotel, very few people venturing to do so on account of the great cold at this height. I awoke to find that it was a cold night, and that I was entangled in the sheets and partly uncovered.

Sleeping consciousness with its customary ingenuity had elaborated the dream to explain the actual sensations experienced. On another occasion the author records how when bitten by a mosquito he imagined himself to have been attacked by a succession of animals about the size of lobsters, and when listening to the singing of a canary to have been present at a performance of Haydn's *Creation*. Mr. Ellis emphasizes the fact that "however far-fetched and improbable our dreams may seem to the waking mind, they are, from the point of view of the sleeping mind, serious and careful attempts to construct an adequate theory of the phenomena." It has generally been held that the mind is illogical in its dream experiences. Our author takes an opposite view, holding that the dream mind argues on strictly logical lines but from totally inadequate and insufficient premises, owing to the failure of important brain centres to respond to stimulus. Vital considerations present to waking consciousness are thus totally ignored, a circumstance which naturally involves the dreamer in absurd conclusions. It is doubtless this fact, that the conscious-

NECESSITY OF AN EXPLANATION TO DREAMER'S MIND.

ness of brain areas on which we normally depend is temporarily in abeyance, which accounts for our accepting in sleep the most grotesque absurdities as grave realities.

A point to which attention is drawn in *The World of Dreams* the following up of which might, I think, take us a good deal further than its author has ventured, is the very curious fact that in spite of our eyes being (ordinarily) closed in sleep while our other senses are presumably capable of being employed when required, it is in reality almost entirely on our sense of sight that our dreams are built up. Our dreams are in fact, through nine-tenths of their experiences, in the nature of a series of cinematograph portrayals of events, or moving picture shows. It is to this characteristic that Mr. Ellis attributes the facility with which the dreamer lives through years or even a lifetime of experiences in a very brief space of actual time. Many dreams of this character have been cited, and very bold theories have been advanced on the strength of them. Fechner in alluding to them makes the following observation: "In dream the soul sometimes exhibits the faculty of eliciting in the briefest time a vast multitude of representations which in waking we could only develop successively in a protracted period." Baron Karl du Prel claims that these dream experiences "prove a form of human cognition directing us to an ego beyond the external consciousness," and thinks that in conjunction with other evidence they point to the existence of a transcendental subject of which the human ego is but a partial manifestation. It seems doubtful if we are justified in pushing our conclusions so far on the strength of this dream evidence. The assumption of du Prel that they point to a totally different time measure than that which rules in waking life is surely a conclusion altogether in advance of such evidence as we possess, and even when we bring into association with them the doubtless parallel experiences of the nearly drowned who have claimed to witness in succession the incidents of an entire lifetime, probably the moving picture show is the truer parallel and the better gauge of their essential character. The capacity of the brain for storing up memories seems indeed to be practically infinite. The problem is rather, what is the nature of the conditions which may bring these lapsed memories to the surface? For indeed accumulating evidence tends to show more and more that we never really forget a fact, a face or an incident. All we forget is in what corner of

DREAMS A SERIES OF MOVING PICTURES.

TIME IN DREAMS.

LAPSED MEMORIES NEVER LOST.

our brains we have stored any particular memory away. Touch the right button and up it will pop to the surface once more, though submerged for fifty or sixty years. Goethe mentions a case in which an old man on his deathbed recited correctly many Greek sentences. He had been taught them as a boy but had no knowledge of their meaning nor had he given the matter a thought for fifty years. Another instance is cited by Baron du Prel of a dying peasant whom the clergyman overheard praying in Greek and Hebrew. It appeared that as a boy he had heard the parish priest praying in these languages, but the sounds had never conveyed any corresponding sense to his mind.

This capacity of the sleeper for picking up the threads of lapsed memories has indeed been the frequent cause of surprise and wonderment, but (as Mr. Ellis observes) "there is little doubt that the two processes—the sinking of some memory groups and the emergence on the surface of other memory groups which, so far as waking life is concerned, had apparently fallen to the depths and been drowned—are complementarily related to one another. We remember what we have forgotten, because we forget what we remembered." The tension involved by the mental activities of daily life and the frequently overloaded condition of the brain must inevitably cast vast areas of memory into the background. The dissociation of familiar memory groups in sleep offers the ideal opportunity for the return to the surface of submerged facts, many of which readily come back with the relaxation of concentrated brain effort which sleep brings about. Such instances of the recovery of "latent" facts are by no means rare. Here is one from the office of the Publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SLEEP CONDITIONS FAVOURABLE TO RECOVERY OF LOST MEMORIES.

On April 3, the Sandinaviska Kredit Aktiebolag remitted to the Publishers for several collections of monies in Sweden. Among these was entered—Munksunds Sagverks, £18 15s. The amount to this firm's debit in the ledger was £15. Nor was there any other account open in any of the books under that name. The Secretary was unable to explain it and enquired of the clerk who keeps the ledger, who was also at a loss to account for the amount of the remittance. The following night the clerk in question dreamt that the difference £3 15s. was to be credited to the account of the Yttersfors Travaru Aktiebolag. He mentioned his dream to the Secretary, and on looking the matter up they found from the Swedish correspondence that the two advertisements had been ordered together by the same person and that

the amount due by the Yttersfors Travaru tallied exactly with the overpayment.

While there are great limitations in certain directions to the consciousness of the sleeping ego, there is no doubt that its freedom from limitations in other directions is also equally marked. The subject is too wide a one to be adequately handled in one book and Mr. Ellis (as it appears to me) has erred several times on the side of caution in not following up dream clues which seem to point in the direction of the scientific establishment—were evidence collected and synthesized—of the existence of important latent powers and potentialities in mankind. There may be more in the dogmatic affirmation of Prentice Mulford, "You travel when you sleep," than appears at first sight. Certainly sleepers have brought home evidence in connexion with distant places and scenes which they could not have acquired normally, and there is evidence to show that consciousness and the physical body have not always been in the same locality.

I am brought by these observations to a subject sufficiently allied to dream phenomena for our author to have thought it worth his while to devote to it a number of pages in his book. In truth, the illusion he discourses of, if illusion it be, is liable to occur both in our waking and sleeping moments. The psychologist has christened it *paramnesia*—false memory, I take it, is the correct translation of this—thereby begging the question at issue. The French, I understand, call it "*sensation du déjà vue*." Curiously enough in the English language we seem to have no expression to describe it. But Dickens among others refers to it. Mr. Havelock Ellis cites him, so in lieu of name or adequate definition I will follow suit.

"PARAMNESIA."

> We have all (says the novelist, in *David Copperfield*) some experience of a feeling that comes over us occasionally, of what we are saying and doing having been said or done before in a remote time, dim ages ago, by the same faces, objects, and circumstances, of our knowing perfectly what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it.

I cannot say that I have ever clearly experienced such a sensation, except in the case of a repeated dream, but judging from those who have, and they are numerous enough, the experience is accompanied by a sensation of the weird and uncanny, and a sense of the unreality of the present.* Mr. Ellis states that he only remembers one such experience of his own—on visiting the

* I should say from my own experience that this feeling is certainly present in paramnesiac dreams.

ruins of Pevensey Castle. In connexion with such experiences four explanations are cited: (1) reminiscence from a past life, which Mr. Ellis declines to take seriously; (2) false memory, that is to say that paramnesia is the *correct* word for it and that the impression arises in hallucination; (3) actual experience in infancy subsequently forgotten; (4) that the scene is recalled from some picture, photograph or presentment. In his own case the author inclines to the last of these explanations, but as he well says, "here as elsewhere, there are no keys that will unlock all doors," and his observation is recalled to us by a narrative which he himself cites of an incident at the funeral of Princess Charlotte. I quote in full (*The World of Dreams*, p. 245):—

> The earliest case of paramnesia recorded in detail by a trained observer is that described by Wigan as occurring to himself at the funeral of Princess Charlotte. He had passed several disturbed nights previous to the ceremony, with almost complete deprivation of rest on the night immediately preceding; he was suffering from grief as well as from exhaustion from want of food; he had been standing for four hours, and would have fainted on taking his place by the coffin, if it had not been for the excitement of the occasion. When the music ceased the coffin slowly sank in absolute silence, broken by an outburst of grief from the bereaved husband. "In an instant," Wigan proceeds, "I felt not merely an *impression*, but a *conviction*, that I had seen the whole scene before on some former occasion."

Now this is a very important instance of the experience, as curiously enough it absolutely excludes the possibility of two out of the four explanations of the phenomenon given by Mr. Havelock Ellis, while of the remaining ones he himself refuses to take the reincarnation theory seriously. There remains, then, only the explanation, which I am bound to say I consider rather a halting one, in view of the universality of the experience, of illusory memory. Our memories frequently play us false. If this phenomenon is only another instance of lapse of memory, whence its striking peculiarities? Whence the potency of the illusion, the anticipation of what is going to happen next which frequently accompanies it, and the peculiar eerie sensation that attends it?

SUGGESTED EXPLANATIONS OF THE PHENOMENON.

There is, however, a fifth explanation to which I think Mr. Ellis elsewhere makes allusion—the explanation that most strikingly connects the phenomenon with sleep, the explanation that there was prevision in sleep, that the whole circumstances had been lived through in the Dream World before they actually took place on the mundane plane. Recollecting the story—

already cited in the OCCULT REVIEW and, as I understand, singularly well authenticated—of the lady who took for the summer months a haunted house, of which she herself was recognized as the haunting ghost, having wandered there frequently in her dream life, and being quite familiar with its appearance when first she visited it, we surely should be wise in accepting as our guide the evidence of established facts, and concluding that what has occurred elsewhere might also have happened in the present instance, and that the key that unlocks the door without a hitch and without a creak is the real key after all, even though there is stamped upon it in large letters the tabooed word OCCULT.

DO DREAM EXPERIENCES PRECEDE ACTUAL OCCURRENCES?

It may be urged that the supposition that these "déjà vue" experiences are to be explained by dreams in which the incidents had already been once lived through implies an unjustifiable assumption of dream prescience, and that the dream cited only appertains to dream travelling. We are of course entitled to express scepticism as to the value of the records of such a phenomenon, but the records themselves are indubitably very numerous. Here, for instance, is one related by Baron Karl du Prel :—

> A somnambule of Dr. Wolfart being asked as to her future health always fell into a state of terror in which she spoke of the misfortune impending over her. Years afterwards, she was crippled in the feet and by a succession of mishaps so impaired in intellect that she knew no one and only uttered incoherent sounds and words.

Here is another for which Mrs. Crowe is responsible. It is related of a Mr. S—— stated to have been an intimate friend of Spencer Perceval, the assassinated Prime Minister, about whose death, by the way, an equally apposite dream is recorded, too well known to need repetition here.

Mr. S—— in his dream found himself alone on horseback in an extensive forest. Evening was drawing on and he looked for some place where he could pass the night. After riding a little farther he saw an inn, where he alighted and asked for lodging for himself and stabling for his horse. They showed him his room and he ordered refreshments. But on going down to the stables to see how his horse was faring, he noticed a group of very ill-looking men in conference in a side chamber, and weapons lying on the table. Taking alarm he resolved on flight. After supper, waiting his opportunity he saddled his horse and cautiously rode

STORY OF DREAM PRESCIENCE.

away. He had not gone far when he heard the tramp of horses' hoofs behind him, and realized that he was being pursued. He urged his horse forward but the animal was tired, and his pursuers were gaining on him when he observed that he was approaching a spot where two roads met. Which should he follow? He had nothing to guide him, and his life might depend on the choice. Suddenly a voice whispered in his ear, "Take the right!" He did so, and shortly reached a house where he obtained shelter and protection.

The dream, the story goes on to say, impressed him greatly. He related it to his friends, but as nothing came of it, it eventually passed entirely from his mind. Many years afterwards, however, when travelling through the Black Forest in Germany the entire dream repeated itself in real life. It was not, however, until he found himself confronted by the two roads and obliged to make a decision which one to follow, that the memory of it recurred to him, when there flashed across his mind the words he had heard so plainly in his sleep, "Take the right." He did so, and found a house about half a mile from the turning, the owner of which received him hospitably. His host told him that the inn had an evil reputation, and that if he had taken the left hand road he would have been at his pursuers' mercy.

Here is another record of a similar character, but much more recent. It is quoted from the *Referee* of April 17 last, from the column headed *Mustard & Cress*. It has the merit of offering a further problem in occultism for solution in addition to that of dream prescience, and one quite as baffling to the ordinary intelligence. Perhaps I should add that the publication of Mr. Havelock Ellis's book has apparently been the cause of its seeing the light.

On Tuesday last at breakfast our dreamer told us that she had had a terrible dream about the Opposite-the-Ducks Pom, Flash. She had dreamt that she saw him meet with an accident which left him lying in the roadway "badly crushed." The dream made such an impression on my household that no one was allowed to take Flash out all that day except on his lead. The day passed, and the little dog was as gay and frisky as ever at the finish. The next morning he went out, but still, because of the dream, upon his lead. He was brought home all right, and sat in his usual chair in my study.

At noon I went to lift him out of the chair and he yelped. The dog was evidently in pain. I put him down, and he rolled over on his side and appeared to be very ill. He was taken at once in a taxi to Mr. Alfred Sewell, the famous veterinary. Mr. Sewell, after examining the little

dog, announced that he "*had been badly crushed.*" There was a lump on his side and other evidence of injury. For two days the dog could hardly move, but, thanks to Mr. Sewell's skill and care, Flash upon the third day began to recover rapidly, and he is now—touch wood—as bright and frolicksome as ever.

But the dream had come true. It had come true in a most remarkable and mysterious manner. In order to prevent the dream coming true the dog was not let out of our sight. We saw nothing happen to him. No one in the house saw anything happen to him. How and in what way the vision of the night was realized is a greater mystery to all of us than that Flash's mistress should have been warned in a dream that an injury was about to happen to him.

AVIATION IN DREAMS.

Mr. Havelock Ellis has an interesting chapter on "Aviation in Dreams." There are a certain number of generic dreams which seem to be common ground of experience to the majority of the human race. One of these is the flying dream. Reader! if you do not fly in your dreams you are like myself, in the minority. This is how you do it, or ought to do it, and since reading Mr. Ellis's account I have questioned two or three of my sleep-flying acquaintances, and they concur as to the accuracy and general truthfulness of the description. "Dream flight is not usually the sustained flight of a bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air." "One almost always flies low," says Hutchinson, "with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians." The sensation is invariably most agreeable, and gives a great impression of its reality. Mr. Ellis (happy man!) describes himself in these experiences, as "rhythmically bounding into the air, and supported on the air, remaining there for a perceptible interval." He says: "On awaking I do not usually remember these dreams immediately . . . but they leave behind them a vague yet profound sense of belief in their reality and reasonableness." Another dream-aviator describes his own experience as "a series of light bounds at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of easy movement." Lafcadio Hearn describes a typical dream of his own, clearly a variety of the same experience as "a series of bounds in long, parabolic curves rising to a height of some twenty-five feet, and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed which for the future would be a permanent possession."

Human ingenuity has apparently been plentifully expended in explaining these dream flights. Some have considered them

as excursions of the astral body. Professor Stanley Hall treats them (beating here as it seems to me all records) as reminiscences of the time when man's ancestors needed no feet to swim or float*—an atavistic echo from the primeval sea ! ! ! Our author inclines to regard them as a "misinterpretation of actual internal sensations," the motive being suggested by the rhythmic rising and falling of the respiratory muscles. This seems to me to be a knotty point. I must leave the aviators to decide it for themselves. It is clear, however, that a large proportion of our ordinary dreams are due to disturbances, frequently slight enough, in our internal economies, while a large number of others are suggested by external sounds or disturbances. A dream common to the race as a whole is presumably more likely to be the result of the natural processes of the vital organism than of anything else. That indigestion is a prolific source of dreams is a proposition that will be carried *nemine contradicente*. The falling dream, practically always disagreeable, is doubtless due to this. The common or garden nightmare is also of this progeny. But why is it in childhood, when the heart is usually strong and the digestion unimpaired that we are visited by such terrifying dreams? It looks as if the imagination had more to say in the matter than is generally admitted. For myself I shall never forget the savage animals from which my nurse was powerless to protect me, nor the innumerable little devils that lurked surreptitiously in the folds of the curtains of my infancy. Truly we have not yet solved the problems of the World of Dreams.

WHY DO MEN AVIATE IN THEIR SLEEP?

> A fearful and a lovely thing is sleep!
> And mighty store of secrets hath in keep;
> And those there were of old who well could guess
> What meant his fearfulness and loveliness.
> And all his many shapes of life and death,
> And all the secret things he uttereth.
> But Wisdom lacketh sons like those that were,
> And sleep hath never an interpreter!
> So there be none that knows to read aright
> The riddles he propoundeth every night.†

By the death of the Rev. John Page Hopps, which took place on April 6, the spiritual movement—on this side of the Great

* Mr. Ellis points out that the assumption that the human race evolved from the finny tribe is without justification.

† William Watson, *The Prince's Quest*.

Equator at least—has lost a representative of exceptional ability, and of great sincerity and zeal. The seventy-six years of his life were filled with an unusual diversity of interests, and as litterateur, preacher and reformer he was continually animated by the highest ideals and spurred by an intense but unobtrusive enthusiasm. In his work he was associated with men of the highest stamp and loftiest purpose. Mr. James Robertson said of him: "Among those brave souls who have laboured loyally and well for spiritual reformation, there are few indeed who have done better than the inspired teacher, John Page Hopps," and similar tribute is paid to his memory by the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce, who knew him well. Page Hopps was early associated with the Baptist Ministry, from which, however, he broke away in favour of Unitarianism, in which he was the colleague of George Dawson. Later he had charge of several large provincial centres of the Unitarian Church, and most recently was minister at Little Portland Street Chapel, the old seat of Dr. Martineau's labours.

REV. PAGE HOPPS.

With reference to my recent Note dealing with the adventure of the two ladies at Versailles, I have received the following letter from Lady Archibald Campbell, which I think I cannot do better than reproduce in full. It seems to me that the adventure is most important in drawing attention to the necessity modern Science is under of reconstructing its theories of existence to meet facts which, though not new, have been brought forcibly and in a convincing way under the notice of the present generation, which can therefore no longer accept the old scientific interpretation at its face value.

THE PETIT TRIANON AGAIN.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

DEAR MR. SHIRLEY,—

I read with interest in your "Notes of the Month" "the Theories" suggested by your correspondents regarding the experiences of the two ladies in "An Adventure" at the Trianon. I note that Mr. Reginald Span remarks, "Is it possible that everything which has occurred on this earth plane has been duplicated on the astral, and will be kept there for ever? The experiences related in 'An Adventure' would point to such a conclusion."

If we accept what is revealed to us by those passed on through death behind this world, we are assured that there *is* the duplicate of many things but not necessarily of everything, nor necessarily of every occurrence.

We are also given to understand that those of puissance and development can and do sometimes re-act dramatically and artistically the events

of the past with a force of realism to which, in our world, for obvious reasons we can give no expression.

Also may we not take it for granted that our pictorial cinematographs, gramophones, etc., are but the weakest echoes of ingenuity which are yet to be known here and which already exist in the Great Hereafter?

Localities, moreover, become magnetically charged by spirit presence. A psychic accidentally coming in contact with such conditions is affected by them subconsciously; that psychic passes almost of necessity half through or right through the Cosmic Veil. The ladies of "An Adventure" by their own statements show they did become aware of a certain change in their own physical condition as well as in that of their local surroundings.

Believe me, dear Mr. Shirley,
Yours very truly,
JANEY SEVILLE CAMPBELL.

I am asked to state that Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, author of *Alchemy, Ancient and Modern*, has arranged to deliver a lecture entitled "The Quest of the Philosopher's Stone" on Thursday, May 4, at 5.30 p.m., at the Higher Thought Centre, 10, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W. The chair will be taken by Mr. Troward.

FROM "THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM"

Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT
BY EVA M. MARTIN

IN one still moment, when thy soul sinks deep
In thoughts of Life and God, not dazed with wine nor sleep,
Not wandering, but clear, not slumbering, but awake,
Like the reflected sun in a wide, waveless lake;
When Far and Near, and Then and Now, and Time and Space,
Have passed away like foam upon the water's face;
When thou canst feel the earliest, purest flowers of life
Bound closely to thy breast, with fragrant promise rife;
When Earth and Heaven close around thee as a mist;
Thou think'st the flower a star, the star a flower sun-kiss'd;
In such a moment, when, with holy, rushing sound
Creation's stream sweeps through thy very being's ground;
When thou thyself art not, yet nothing *is*, save thou
And God, in whom thou art, not knowing why nor how;
In such a moment, swift as glance from frightened eyes,
Comes the Love-Longing, and all recollection dies:
He who a moment such as this but once has known,
Knoweth Eternity, e'en before life is flown;
And as the diamond gleams of radiant light enfolds,
So he Eternity now and for ever holds.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE ON RELIGION

By H. A. DALLAS

BOTH the literary and religious characteristics of the Victorian era were very different from those of the century upon which we have entered. Already, although we have passed only one decade of its history, we are aware that we have left behind many of the features which marked the nineteenth century, and we experience a sense of expectancy, a consciousness that new and undreamed of possibilities are before us. This first decade will perhaps stand out in future history as a transition period, containing in itself the qualities both of the past and the future, and to English people there seems a kind of poetic suitability in this transition period being historically defined by a single reign.

One of the dominant ideas which influenced the thought of the Victorian era was the Darwinian theory. It loomed large on the mental horizon both of those who welcomed it and those who feared it. Some indeed claimed that it was too absurd to need refutation, but they were careful, nevertheless, to lose no chance of trying to refute it. Others believed it to be the final solution of the riddle of the Universe. Those who feared it did so because they thought that if it proved to be true, it would destroy the foundations of the faith of millions; and that there would be no escape from a philosophy of sheer materialism.

Such men as Huxley and Spencer knew better than this; they knew, at least, that these theories had not penetrated to first Causes, and that the gulf between the changes in brain cells and thought had not been bridged. To affirm co-incidence between the two was not equivalent to claiming that the one was the origin of the other, much less that material phenomena must be the cause of psychological phenomena. The general effect on the public mind, however, was to create a sense of insecurity in belief, and to induce a vague feeling that a materialistic interpretation of the universe is reasonable and probable.

Such an interpretation carries with it the most serious implications and bears directly, or indirectly, on ethics. If man is

a material automaton, where does his moral responsibility come in? If mind and thought and affection are merely bye-products of cerebral activity, what reason is there to believe that man himself will survive the organism by means of which he becomes conscious of himself? Honest men, like Professor Romanes, courageously faced the logical outcome of these theories of the universe. They did not claim to have proved a negative or to have shown that faith was impossible for every one, but it often became impossible for *them*.

"Physical Causation cannot be made to supply its own explanation," wrote Romanes, "and the persistence of force if it were conceded to account for particular cases of physical sequence, can give no account of the ubiquitous and eternal direction of force in the construction and in the maintenance of universal order" (*Thoughts on Religion*, p. 71). But in spite of this recognition, he sorrowfully came to the conclusion that, for him, the attitude of faith in a spiritual order was no longer tenable. "It becomes my obvious duty," he said, "to stifle all belief of the kind which I conceive to be the noblest, and to discipline my intellect with regard to this matter [e.g. Theism] into an attitude of purest scepticism. . . . I am not ashamed to confess," he added, "that with this virtual negation of God, the universe has lost its soul of loveliness" (p. 28). This was not Romanes' final position, he ultimately realized that his renunciation of faith had been premature, but he is an instance of the way in which many minds were affected by the scientific theories of the nineteenth century.

Those who believe that a materialistic interpretation of the universe is not the true interpretation, ought nevertheless to recognize that this phase of thought has had much to teach. Not the least of its valuable lessons has been a deeper sense of the value of facts. It has made us sift and examine the grounds of faith and forced us to remember that truth is above all, and that truth must be followed—cost what it may.

Whereas, formerly it was held to be wrong to express or even to think a thought of doubt on the subject of religion, we now know that we honour our faith best when we follow the apostle's maxim: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"Guard thou the fact, though clouds of doubt
Down on thy watchtower stoop,
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop."

This is the lesson which the age of scepticism ought to have taught us. Has it done so?

Are we willing to recognize truth whenever it is well attested? Or do we suffer our bias (whatever that may be) to hinder us from fair investigation? It may be that science in the twentieth century will have to repair the damage which the science of the nineteenth century has been the means of doing to the faith of many. But if she is to do this work of building again the foundations which her theories have shaken this can only be done if respect for facts is religiously maintained in the minds of her votaries and the claims of evidence are fairly and patiently sifted.

In a volume of essays called *Science and a Future Life*, Frederic Myers points out that surrender of belief in a spiritual Universe was not due to the discovery of any positive evidence against it, but rather to the lack of positive evidence in favour of it. It was because science had nothing to say in support of belief in survival that this belief began to fade. "Beliefs die out without formal refutation if they find no place among the copious stores of verified and systematised facts and inferences which are supplanting the traditions and speculations of pre-scientific days" (*Science and a Future Life*, p. 2).

Mr. Myers reminds us that a negative attitude of science towards this doctrine was inevitable, for no data had been collected with scientific precision on which a positive opinion could be based. "It is important," he adds, "that a question so momentous should not thus be suffered to go by default" (p. 2).

The work of the Society for Psychical Research has been to collect and sift the data on which a scientific opinion on this important subject might be based. If the results of this research had been entirely negative the consequences could not but have been serious; for belief in man's survival of bodily death would undoubtedly have been yet further weakened. This, however, has not been the case. Research into this field of inquiry has yielded results beyond expectation.

Professor Francois Porro, an Italian investigator and a man of science, has aptly expressed the effect which modern research is already producing. He says:—

"If we stop to consider the rapid and almost lightning-like succession of speculative ideas during the last thirty years, from the pure materialism of Moleshott and Büchner to the positivism of Spencer, the monism of Haeckel and the agnosticism of Huxley, and then on to the splendid re-

flowering of idealism, which salutes the radiant birth of the twentieth century, we must recognize that science has seconded and rendered possible the movement of emancipation from narrow phenomenalism. . . it has set itself to seek from direct experiment the solution of doubts which have always tormented the human mind."

About eleven years ago, a year before his death, Mr. Myers testified in these words to the effect which his studies in this direction had had upon himself—studies which he had diligently pursued for a quarter of a century and more.

In his presidential address before the S.P.R. he said :—

" Then with little hope—nay, almost with reluctant scorn—but with the feeling that no last chance of the great discovery should be thrown aside, I turned to such poor efforts at Psychical research as were then possible, and now it is only after thirty years of such study as I have been able to give that I say to myself at last, *Habes tota quod mente petisti—Thou hast what thy whole heart desired ;* that I recognize that for me this fresh evidence,—while raising that great historic incident of the Resurrection into new credibility, has also filled me with a sense of insight and of thankfulness such as even my first ardent Christianity did not bestow."

It would be too much to claim that psychical research is the only cause of the change of attitude in the thought of this age, to which I have referred. There are, doubtless, many subtle causes for this change.

One of these may be the fact that the parents of the present generation, having passed through the phase of materialism, have in many cases found its theories insufficient, and being forced to realize that life's needs are not met by these theories they have become desirous that their children should learn a better philosophy. Another factor in the re-action is the teaching of the official sciences. " Every physical phenomenon," says Professor A. E. Dolbear, in his book *Matter, Ether and Motion*, " runs at last into an inexplicable, into an ether question " (p. 353). When we reach that unknown element we get very near to the dematerialization of the universe.

Although, however, it cannot be claimed that psychical research is the *sole* source of the change, it may be claimed as one of the main influences in the evolution of a more spiritual philosophy of the universe in the thought of to-day ; a philosophy which is in no sense new, but which, until now, has never been authenticated by *scientifically* verified facts. It is a fact sufficiently remarkable to attract more attention than it has hitherto won, that so many men of high scientific repute may be cited as psychical researchers ; men distinguished along many lines.

A few names may be mentioned here. In Psychology, Professor William James; in Criminology, Professor Lombroso; in Neurology, Dr. Morselli (University of Genoa); in Pathological Anatomy, Dr. Piò Foà (University of Turin); in Physics, Professor Barrett of Dublin, and Sir Oliver Lodge; in Physiology, Professor Bottazzi (Director of the Physiological Institute at Naples; in Chemistry, Sir William Crookes; in medicine, Professor Charles Richet (University of Paris).

Many more names might be quoted, but these will suffice to show that those engaged in this study are men of weight and mature judgment. One may venture to predict that another decade will bring many more illustrious men into this field of research.

Already many important conclusions have been reached. Among these the most universally accepted is the fact of telepathy, namely, the transference of thought from one mind to another, independently of any hitherto recognized physical channel.

But a still more important question is engaging the attention of students: the question, namely, whether the phenomena which have been verified indicate the activity of some intelligence, or intelligences, not in the flesh.

When President of the British Association Sir William Crookes made a statement which shows that he believes that the facts point to this conclusion:—

"Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a Force exercised by intelligences differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. . . . I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statement. Indeed, I might add much thereto."

Professor Lombroso, who *at first* put forward a theory that these strange phenomena might be due only to some externalization of the forces of the sensitives in whose presence they occur, before he died declared this theory to be, in his opinion, insufficient, and said that he considered the facts in some cases at least to be indicative of the activity of some independent intelligences, not merely to powers inherent in the sensitive or in any incarnate personality. (See *Annals of Psychical Science*, vol. vii, pp. 179–180.)

Sir Oliver Lodge in a recent issue of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, commenting on some of the

remarkable trance utterances and automatic writings which have been investigated by this Society, wrote :—

" One thing that conspicuously suggests itself is that we are here made aware, through these trivial but illuminating facts, of a process which by religious people has always been recognized and insisted on, namely, the direct interaction of incarnate with discarnate minds ; that is to say, an intercourse between mind and mind in more than one grade of existence, by means apart from and independent of the mechanism of the body. . . . The facts open the way to a perception of the influence of spirits generally, as a guiding force in human and terrestrial affairs " (vol. xxiii, p. 284).

Any one who holds views such as these, and holds them as justified on grounds of well-attested facts has left a materialistic hypothesis of the universe so far behind that for him it might seem superfluous to seek for any further evidence of man's survival of death. If there is evidence that intelligences exist apart from matter (as we know it), then surely it is gratuitous to doubt man's survival of his material organism. But psychical science will not stop short at this point. Students are working, not only to accumulate more evidence of the existence of a spirit world, but to discover, if it may be, some proofs of the identity of the communicating intelligences. It is in this direction that research has made such marked advance since Mr. Myers' death in 1901.

The evidence for identity has become more impressive, and it is different in kind from that which had been previously noted. Researchers have always been confronted with a great difficulty when seeking to establish this point. If the facts stated are known to some one on earth, it is arguable that they may reach the sensitive telepathically from some incarnate mind. But if they are wholly unknown it becomes extremely difficult to verify them at all. Mr. Myers during his earthly life was, of course, fully alive to this difficulty, and often discussed with his colleagues how it might be met and what sort of evidence would be really convincing ; the sort of evidence which is now being received is just such as Mr. Myers would be likely to try and give.

The Research officer of the S.P.R., Miss Johnson, has said : That the plan exhibited in the evidence now forthcoming " has every appearance of being an element imported from outside : it suggests an independent invention, an active intelligence constantly at work in the present, not a mere echo or remnant of individualities of the past."

Another opinion which carries equal weight on account of

the writer's long experience in these matters is that of Mr. J. G. Piddington, who writes that he is confident that if the intelligence at work in these later developments "was not the mind of Frederic Myers, it was one which deliberately and artistically imitated his mental characteristics" (vol. xxii, p. 243).

The title of this paper is "The Influence of Science on Religion." I have tried to show that even in the most materialistic phase of scientific thought that influence has not been altogether unfavourable; for even when it proved destructive to traditional opinions it tended to strengthen the sinews of the mind and to deepen the sense of value for facts. Those who, taught by science, have sifted and weighed the evidence for human survival of bodily death, and have been convinced by it, have a right to claim that the facts to which they testify are entitled to a fair hearing, and that the conclusions which they draw from them should be treated with respect. They appeal to have these judged by the standard by which science has so rigidly tested traditional beliefs—namely, unprejudiced loyalty to the logic of facts. Traditional doubts may become as beguiling as traditional beliefs if they are not constantly referred to this standard.

Any one who refuses, on *à priori* grounds, to inquire into the evidence brought forward by psychical research, or who treats with contempt the opinions of those who have done so, is far more blameworthy now than he would have been a century ago. He proves himself to be obtuse to the lesson which the science of the nineteenth century ploughed into the minds of men; he refuses to listen to the message which has been shouted aloud by a whole generation of students; he is putting back the hands of the clock and obstructing human progress.

We can none of us hope to escape all error when attempting to discern the "signs of the times" and to discover whither facts are pointing, but we need not ignore the facts themselves, and indeed they cannot be ignored with impunity; such neglect brings a Nemesis, surely if not always swiftly. Perhaps the worst fate that can befall a man who brings this upon himself is the loss of capacity to distinguish between true and false, and blindness to the meaning even of those facts which he acknowledges. As Browning has said, we must "count it crime to let a truth slip," if we would not become blinded by our prejudices; a peril which lies near to us all, whether the particular tradition we may favour be the tradition of doubt or of belief.

LAMPS OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

JOHN RUSKIN recognized seven Lamps of Christian Architecture; very sacred and wonderful things he wrote under this title concerning shrines of the western world built to the glory of God in the highest. The lesser lights of homes and temples and palaces are as the sands of the sea and beautiful as the names of God. So also there are great Lamps of Christian Mysticism, but I should assume that they are twelve at least, rather than seven—twelve signs of grace and sanctity, with that Sun which is Christ in the centre. So again there are lesser Lamps of Mysticism, and yet are they great beacons, shining over the pure heights of the written word, and thereby are we led to the deep meanings of the unspoken word within. Between the greater and lesser, the path of the higher salvation can be missed as little in the dark night of the soul as it can in the summer solstice; and for those who can see in the heart there seems scarcely an undisclosed secret concerning the life which is hidden with Christ in God. I know not whether I am called in the present place to enumerate by name those twelve apostles of the splendour who have walked in the light of experience rather than that of faith. The personalities in the long line of illumination and consummate sanctity are passing before me as I write, and now it seems that such a numbering is arbitrary, or that it speaks with eloquence only of special predilection. If I did myself better justice, perhaps I should rather say that I can classify only as the lights have shone to myself: to others there might be another shining, another appealing list—which I should be the last to disparage. To me the Divine brilliance seems to shine more especially above and within the following talismanic names: Dionysius, Erigena Johannes, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ruysbroeck, Hugo of St. Victor, his successor and pupil, Richard of the same chapel, St. Francis of Assisi, the English author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, Suso, St. Bonaventure, and—no, the twelfth shall be, for the time being at least, an undeclared quality of efficacious grace. I had nearly written the great Chancellor Gerson, but he did not understand Ruysbroeck, and there was the burn-

ing of John Huss. There shall be no one integrated in the line of the Christ-tradition, according to my numbering, who has caused or suffered the persecution of others, whether for justice' sake or for something called right thinking in the matter of official doctrine.

And, by God's grace, this reminds me that as there are sheep which are not of this fold, so there are lights of Christian Mysti-

The Blessed John Ruysbroeck.

cism which are called false in the institutes of orthodox theology: Eckart, Molinos—I will not give another list—but the Master knows where His lamps are hung in the wilderness, and so do those who have seen in the light of their shining.

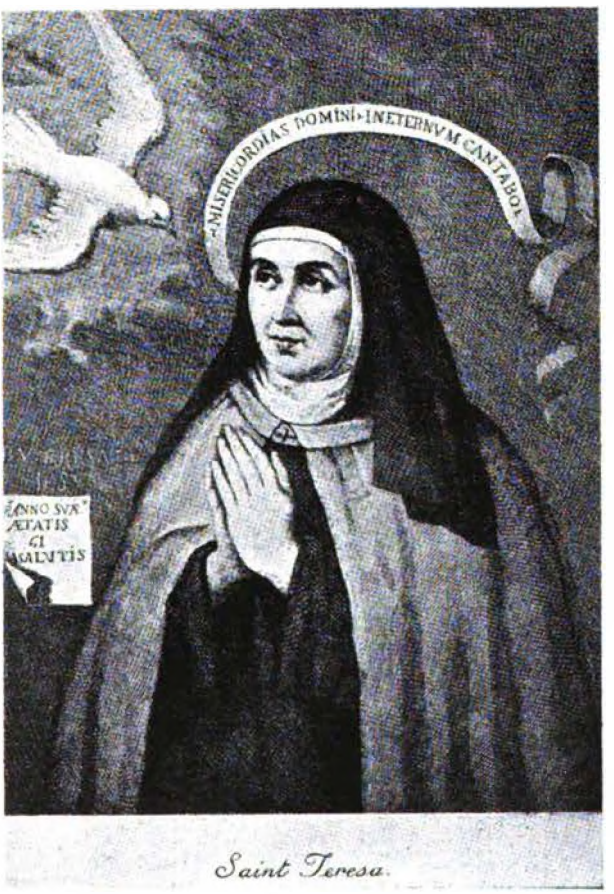
There is a string of lamps in my hand at the present moment, which have been trimmed up anew and honourably by Mr. Thomas Baker, and I am writing these words that those who should know may learn how they are ready to their need in a

fair form, or even as a garland of light.* John Ruysbroeck, admirable and divine doctor, shines among my greater names, and is of such quality that he can be put for a moment in apposition with Santa Teresa, the "undaunted daughter of desire."

There is something in Ruysbroeck which we can find elsewhere only with great rareness. He is on the side of white light—calm and clear and steady—while St. Teresa is on the side of fire. As he draws very little from authorities outside Scripture itself, so he seems to speak and write with no enchaining sense of an external and official rule, to which he must ever defer. He is humility and submission and obedience, as if these virtues had taken flesh beneath his monastic gown, but they are things implied or presupposed: they are not, so to speak, enforced; they are not paraded. But I am telling of him at his best and highest. The characteristic of St. Teresa is so much in the other scale, that if in ways so divine as those which were trodden by her it can be said that the soul grows tired, then her iterations of submission are wearisome. She has written her life with her own consecrated hands, but she is afraid that her nuns will not be permitted to see it, so she writes thereafter immediately *The Way of Perfection*, and is no more certain of its fate. Her directors, her advisors, her censors, her ecclesiastical enemies at need, are men of learning and sanctity whom she does not tire of praising. Their names spell nothing to me, and by explicit intention I shall never learn concerning them; but one is haunted by a rebellious conviction that not one of them was worthy to loose the latchet of her shoe. When, however, she rises out of these clouds of a time terrible in Spain you begin to see after what manner her way of perfection is a most sure and perfect way. It was written for her cloistered nuns in a convent of St. Joseph; but here is a school in which we can all be nuns, my readers, whether we are male or female, in virginity, espousals or widow-

* *The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus*, written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis, and re-edited by Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. Fourth edition. Demy 8vo, pp. xl., 516. 1911. *The Way of Perfection*, by Saint Teresa. Translated from the autograph by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Revised by Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. Demy 8vo, pp. xxxviii, 299. 1911. *The Form of Perfect Living*, by Richard Rolle of Hampole. Rendered into modern English by Geraldine E. Hodgson, D.Litt. Crown 8vo, pp. xxxiv, 192. 1910. *A Mediæval Mystic*, by Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L. Crown 8vo, pp. xii, 131. 1910. *Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic*. Translated from the works of John Rüsbröek by Earle Baillie. Sq. 8vo, pp. 98. 1905. All published by Thomas Baker of London.

hood ; whether we are men on 'change—perchance as one and more of you—or a writer—like me—of essays and books without end, in which I have forgotten for a moment if the grace of God and His union are not mentioned on every page. It does not matter if some or most must read her at this day from another standpoint than that of her own exactly, and so retell her thesis in their language ; we may come notwithstanding to be as those



Saint Teresa.

who, having received divine favours, do "desire to be where they will no longer taste of them by sips." It is remarkable how much the treatise contains for any and all the followers of the inward life, including those who are outside the Latin communion. I must not, however, be misconstrued ; it is for beginners with a good intent rather than for those who are advanced ; it is somewhat hindered by the saint's perpetual self-depreciation ; it is not perhaps to be characterized as a great spiritual work, though

perfect after its own manner. It is what the old writers would have called "exceeding profitable" for those who stand at the gate of the life of God in the soul. The editorial work of Father Francis Zimmerman has been done with admirable and zealous care.

Of the Admirable Ruysbroeck it was said by Dionysius the Carthusian: (*a*) that he was the Divine Doctor; and (*b*) that he had no teacher but the Holy Ghost. And Surius, who translated Ruysbroeck into flowing, too intelligible Latin of the schools, bore witness that every word was a work of salvation: it was God alone who spoke, said Surius. Now he who was thus glorified by generations near to his own is held up to our contemplation in *Reflections from the Mirror of a Mystic* almost through a glass and darkly. The little book is rendered from the French of Ernest Hello, who was a mystic of his own day, being somewhere midwise or later in the nineteenth century. His compilation was based on the Latin of Surius, not on the Flemish originals, and that which is offered us in English represents the wisdom of Ruysbroeck when it has passed through successive alembics of three languages. I am no Flemish scholar and have, therefore, no right to speak, except by the way of inference on the bare question of likelihood. But Maeterlinck said of Hello's selection that it had been disfigured by the operation of even the second alembic, and that, albeit admirable in its way, it did not contain more than three or four passages reproduced in their entirety. We must conclude that in the form before us it gives only intimations of Ruysbroeck, but they are beautiful and arresting. If it could be shown that the Flemish mystic had evaporated utterly, seeing that he remains elsewhere, I should still cleave to this little *Mirror* on its own merits. I do not care what saint is shining therein so that it is, what it is truly, a pure and high light of sanctity.

Let it be read, therefore, by the postulants of the beautiful house and the mystic temple, and they will find that their reward is with them. They shall hear therein concerning the most holy and unsearchable life; of integration in the abyss of Divinity, by contemplation of the royal road, which is that of most perfect resemblance and most blissful union; of the possession of our own essence in the depths of our own being; of the individual spirit's enjoyment of God in that depth of very ownness; of the liberty of the naked spirit which is above reason; and further, concerning that liberty, when the simple eye beholds, in the Divine Light, whatever God is; of the knowledge therein, which

is without mode or form ; of the state that is beyond this state and is the free ascent of the infinite heights of God, in a naked love ; but further concerning the state of naked love, wherein the spirit is united to God above reason and virtue, beyond all forms and images.

Whether this should be called truly the essence and marrow of Ruysbroeck could be shown at a later time, did the need arise, by reference to his proper writings. Meanwhile, in a *Mediæval Mystic*, those who would know of his life can learn at large. The writer of this interesting memorial has forgotten or ignored the translation of Maeterlinck which appeared in English long before the selection published under the name of Mr. Earle Baillie. The point is not important ; as to the narrative it is, of course, delightful from the subject and has merit in its own simplicity ; but the account of Ruysbroeck's writings has been done to better purpose by Maeterlinck and, as I have intimated, is available otherwise.

There are shining names in English Christian Mysticism, but in that which can be said of them at their highest they do not emerge at the highest except in a single case. The Unknown Lamp who is the author of *The Divine Cloud* stands at the apex of the literature, and there is a distance almost immeasurable between his light and the beacons set up by Richard Rolle of Hampole or Juliana of Norwich. Both are in the annals of holiness, and *The Form of Perfect Living* has many memorable utterances—as, for example, regarding some vanities of the ascetic way ; the middle path therein ; and the ascent to the Spouse. It is also a wise counsel that we should not be worse than we seem ; and it is truth of very truth that He Who is Ordainer of all things suffers not that our sleep be without reward to us, if we "dress our life to His will." This is the sense in which it is divinely said that He giveth His beloved sleep. That sleep is love : give us, therefore, the sweetness in heart of the love without end, that we may sleep in Him.

Hereof are the lights which I have drawn from my cluster of Lamps at a special moment and in a certain mood of records, but I have touched here and there only, as one who dips his finger tips in a well of water ; it is free water of life ; I should end, for those who can hear me, with : Taste and see.

A POLTERGEIST FROM GEORGIA

By THOMAS HART RAINES, M.D.

THE astonishing phenomena of the poltergeist variety that disturbed the little village of Llanarthney in South Wales, in December of 1909, have been repeated, to some extent, on this side of the Atlantic in the prosaic little telegraph tower of Dale, in Georgia. Totally lacking in all that is romantic or picturesque, the little station of Dale lies seven miles to the south of the city of Savannah, in the County of Chatham, on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line railroad. For nine months of the year Dale is deserted. Being only a telegraph tower in use during the tourist season, when many fast trains whiz past daily with their loads of pleasure-seeking tourists from the North, it is closed and deserted until the season opens again.

At Dale tower is the only house of any description there. In fact, the telegraph tower *is* Dale, and the nearest human habitation is a quarter of a mile away. On the borders of an extensive pine forest and so far removed from human activities, Dale is not an inviting-looking place at any time of the year. Each January, as the tourist season opens and the railroad puts the block system of despatching trains into operation, three telegraph operators take up their residence in the tower of Dale and constitute the sole inhabitants until April, when the tower is again closed and deserted. During the nine months the tower is closed, only the passing of the trains, with the occasional side tracking of one of them, disturbs the reign of silence.

It is, then, not strange that rumours of queer happenings should be heard among the trainmen. Few deserted places ever enjoy a very savoury reputation, and Dale is no exception. On one occasion, a man was killed by the train hard by the tower, and his body was laid to rest over across the track hardly a stone's throw away, and in full view of the tower windows. After that, there were more rumours, and conductors dreaded to have to sidetrack their trains there. The brakemen would report strange noises about the switch where the tragedy had happened, and sometimes on attempting to pull out from the side track, the engineman would find his train uncoupled in three places, no order having been given to that effect and none of the train crew

having put their hands to it. Scarcely a brakeman on the line will enter the tower.

One fine morning when the new telegraphers arrived to open the season, what should they find but the corpse of a man, far advanced in decay, reposing on the floor of the lower chamber of the tower. Poor, old and neglected, the wanderer had lain down and died far from the sound of all save the chirping of crickets and the rush of the passing trains. With naught to identify him, he was laid away over across the track with the first occupant of the new graveyard. Since that time, Dale has been the *bête noir* of the trainmen, and many a gruesome tale has emanated therefrom.

Dale Telegraph Tower.

The occurrences, which I am about to relate, have only just ceased. As soon as I heard of them I began an investigation, and while I was so unfortunate as not to witness the phenomena myself, I had the good fortune to interview the three young men who collectively witnessed them, and I personally visited the scene of the disturbance. With these three young men I am personally acquainted, and can assure my readers that nothing could be further from their wish than in any way to depart from the strictest truth and accuracy in the details related. They are young men of intelligence whose veracity I cannot question, and so positive are they that they have not been deceived or hallucinated, that they have given me a signed statement certifying to the truth of all the facts related.

These three young men, E. A. Bright, R. L. Davis and J. H. Clark, opened the tower at Dale on January 4, 1911, and since that time have been the sole occupants, working, eating and

sleeping (when possible) within the two rooms which constitute the extent of the tower space, the one above the other, a trap-door closing the stair leading up to the room above. The first unusual occurrence that attracted the attention of these young men was the difficulty experienced in keeping the door closed in the room below, no matter how securely it was fastened. Apparently securely fastened, no sooner would their backs be turned than the door would fly open with a click. A stout forty penny nail was then used to fasten the door, with no better result. Then a long iron bar was placed against it. All to no purpose, as the door would fly open again just as soon as their backs were turned. Then the sound of mysterious footsteps on the stair would be heard, and although the entire tower and premises were carefully searched, no cause for the noises could be found. Then followed the raising and lowering of the window sashes in the upper chamber of the tower in full view of all three of the occupants, no human hand having touched them.

By this time the young men were rather nervous, and to assure themselves against tricksters, the trap-door leading down to the floor below was closed and securely fastened, and raised only when necessary to descend to the ground. This precaution had no effect whatsoever on the phenomena, and soon various articles began to be levitated about the room in broad open daylight in full view of all three occupants of the tower, when there was no possible chance for trickery or fraud. A can of condensed milk was seen to lift itself into the air and pass from one end of the desk to the other without the contact of a visible hand. A large dish-pan lying near the stove slowly lifted itself and rolled down the stairs and out of the tower and under it, from whence it had to be fished out with the aid of a long pole. A lantern was levitated on to the desk without having been touched, and in full view of all. On another occasion, this lantern made a wild rush across the room and dashed itself into fragments against the wall. An ordinary can-opener flew wildly about the room and fastened itself in the centre of the ceiling. I saw this can-opener, and can assure any one interested, that the most expert could not perform a similar feat once in a hundred efforts. Frequently bolts and taps, such as are used in railroad construction work, would be hurled into the room, breaking a hole in the glass of the window scarcely large enough to enter through.

On one occasion, when objects were being hurled about the room so persistently that the tower was hastily abandoned by all three occupants, a chair was dashed out of the upper window

and fell with such force that one of the rungs was broken, and narrowly missed the head of Mr. Davis ; this in broad daylight, with no one in the tower and the only avenue of entrance or of escape guarded by the three occupants of the tower. I saw the chair, and only a terrific blow could have so injured it.

When matters had reached this point, Messrs. Bright, Davis and Clark were in a state of panic, and Mr. Bright walked the seven miles into Savannah to resign his position. Arriving at Savannah he was ashamed to relate his experiences and returned to Dale. Twice he has done this, and since the subsidence of the phenomena he has assured me that nothing would induce him again to go through with the eerie experiences that were his for so many days at Dale. The last of these strange occurrences took place a few days before I reached the scene of them and interviewed Messrs. Bright, Davis and Clark.

A pack of ordinary playing cards having been tossed from the window, in the tentative belief that they were the cause of the supernormal happenings, immediately returned, and was found in a bag of rice, while the case that formerly contained them was found in a canister of coffee with the lid tightly closed. The cards were then put back in the case, and as a fast train whizzed past they were tossed beneath the wheels of the engine, only to be found in the bed a moment later. This occurred at ten o'clock in the morning and in full view of the three gentlemen I have named. The day following, a large quantity of sulphur was burned in the tower in the hope of effecting the cessation of the phenomena, since which time, strange to relate, they have ceased altogether.

On looking at the accompanying photograph of the tower of Dale, it will be guessed that a trickster could easily climb the semaphore ladder and produce these phenomena with little trouble. This I deny, as the operator on duty—and there is one always on duty—is always facing the ladder, and any attempt to scale it would instantly be detected. Neither could the stair be the means of entrance, for the trap door closes it effectually against all comers. The vibrations of passing trains cannot have caused the phenomena, for I personally tested this point and found that such could not have been the case.

As I cannot question the veracity of Messrs. Bright, Davis and Clark, who have witnessed all these strange things collectively, when there was no chance of deception, are we then to say they were all the victims of an hallucination ? This is too absurd to be discussed, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the phenomena really took place, be their cause what it may.

MEDICINE AND MAGIC

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

THERE are few tasks at once so instructive and so fascinating as the tracing of the development of the human mind as manifested in the evolution of scientific and philosophical theories. And this is, perhaps, especially true when, as in the case of Medicine, this evolution has followed paths so tortuous, intersected by so many fantastic byways, that one is not infrequently doubtful as to the true road. The history of Medicine is at once the history of human wisdom and the history of human credulity and folly, and the romantic element (to use the expression in its popular acceptation) thus introduced, whilst making the subject the more entertaining, by no means detracts from its importance considered psychologically. Of course, it goes without saying that a work on the history of Medicine, or of any of its branches, could be written so as to prove exceedingly dull and dry, even if scientifically valuable, reading. This criticism, however, can by no means be passed upon a new work by the late Mr. A. C. Wootton on the history of Pharmacy,* the publication of which is primarily the occasion of these brief remarks on the subject. Mr. Wootton has not only produced a valuable work of reference, in which the history of pharmacy is treated in a very complete and detailed manner, but he has also written a fascinating and, indeed, entertaining book, which any one of moderate scientific tastes will read with interest and pleasure from cover to cover; † its value, moreover, is

* *The Chronicles of Pharmacy*, by A. C. Wootton. Two vols. 5¾ in. × 8¾ in., pp. xii. + 428 + viii. + 332. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 21*s.* net. (The author unfortunately died whilst his book was in the press.)

† Mr. Wootton's work shows much care as to details and is clearly the result of considerable research; but, of course, it is not entirely free from slips; thus, on p. 324 (vol. i.), we read "acids are, in fact, salts of hydrogen or *of some metal substituted for the hydrogen*" (italics are the present writer's), and on p. 425 (vol. i.) stannic sulphide is referred to as a "metal." Readers acquainted with chemistry will not need informing that the substitution of the hydrogen in an acid by a metal produces, not another acid, but a salt of that metal; and that the term "metal" is applicable only to an elementary body, which stannic sulphide is not. Two other points that we feel inclined to criticise are (1) the fact that no mention is made of the uncertainty regarding the authenticity of the alchemistic works attributed to Raymond Lully and the possibility of there being two persons of this name, Mr. Wootton apparently assuming

enhanced by a number of excellent illustrations in the text, including portraits of many famous men who have contributed to the building up of Pharmacy.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE PAPYRUS EBERS.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

To whom the honour of having first invented medicines is due is unknown, the origins of Pharmacy being lost in the twilight

the authenticity of these works and the identity of Lully the alchemist with the Lully of the Castello story and missionary fame; and (2) the fact that the account of "valency" given in vol. ii. is wholly inadequate to meet the requirements of the general reader. The theories of modern chemistry, perhaps, really lie without the scope of the work, but they should either be omitted or treated in an adequate manner. These, however, are all points of comparatively minor importance.

of myth. Osiris and Isis, Bacchus, Apollo, father of the famous physician Æsculapius, and Chiron the Centaur, tutor of the latter, are among the many mythological personages who have been accredited with the invention of physic. It is certain that the art of compounding medicines is extraordinarily ancient. Indeed, we are informed that there is a papyrus in the British Museum, containing medical prescriptions (not yet translated) which are supposed to be about 5,600 years old ; and the famous Ebers papyrus, which is devoted to medical matters, is reckoned to date from about the year 1552 B.C. It is interesting to note that in the prescriptions given in this latter papyrus, as seems to have been the case throughout the history of medicine, the principle that the efficacy of a medicine is in proportion to its nastiness appears to have been the main idea. Indeed, many old medicines contained ingredients of the most disgusting nature imaginable : a mediæval remedy, known as oil of puppies, made by cutting up two newly born puppies and boiling them with one pound of live earthworms, may be cited as a comparatively pleasant example of the remedies (?) used in the days when all sorts of excreta were prescribed as medicines.

Presumably the oldest theory concerning the causation of disease, is that which attributes all the ills of mankind to the malignant operations of evil spirits : a theory which some one has rather fancifully suggested is not so erroneous after all, if we may be allowed to apply the term " evil spirits " to the microbes of modern bacteriology. Remnants of this theory (which does—shall we say ?—conceal a transcendental truth), that is, in its original form, still survive to the present day in various superstitious customs whose absurdity does not need emphasising ; for example, the use of red flannel by old-fashioned folk with which to tie up sore throats ; red having once been supposed to be a colour very antagonistic to evil spirits, so much so that at one time red cloth hung in the patient's room was much employed as a cure for small-pox !

Medicine and Magic have always been closely associated. Indeed, the greatest name in the history of Pharmacy is also what is probably the greatest name in the history of Magic—the reference, of course, being to Paracelsus. Until Paracelsus, partly by his vigorous invective and partly by his remarkable cures of various diseases, demolished the old school of medicine, no one dared contest the authority of Galen and Avicenna. Galen's theory of disease was largely based upon that of the four humours in man—bile, blood, phlegm, and black bile—

which were regarded as related to (but not identical with) the four elements—fire, air, water, and earth,—being supposed to have characters similar to these. Thus, to bile, as to fire, were attributed the properties of hotness and dryness; to blood and air those of hotness and moistness; to phlegm and water those

CLAUDIUS GALEN (?)
(From an old Engraving in the possession of the Editor.)

of coldness and moistness; and, finally, black bile, like earth, was said to be cold and dry. Galen supposed that an alteration in the due proportion of these humours gives rise to disease, though he did not consider this to be its only cause; thus, cancer, it was thought, might result from an excess of black bile, and rheumatism from an excess of phlegm. Drugs, Galen

argued, are of efficacy in the curing of disease, according as they possess one or more of these so-called fundamental properties, hotness, dryness, coldness and moistness, whereby it was considered that an excess of any humour might be counteracted; moreover, it was further assumed that four degrees of each property exist, and that only those drugs are of use in curing a disease which contain the necessary property or properties in the degree proportionate to that in which the opposite humour or humours are in excess in the patient's system.

THE REPRODUCTION OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PHARMACY IN THE GERMANIC MUSEUM AT NUREMBERG.
(By courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

Paracelsus' views were based upon his theory (undoubtedly true, in a sense) that man is a microcosm, a world in miniature. Now, all things material, taught Paracelsus, contain the three principles termed in alchemistic phraseology, salt, sulphur and mercury. This is true, therefore, of man: the healthy body, he argued, is a sort of chemical compound in which these three principles are harmoniously blended (as in the Macrocosm) in due proportion, whilst disease is due to a preponderance of one principle, fevers, for example, being the result of an excess of sulphur (i.e., the fiery principle), etc. Paracelsus was thus led to seek for *chemical* remedies, containing these principles in varying proportions; he was not content with medicinal herbs and minerals in their crude state, but attempted to extract their effective essences; indeed, he maintained that the preparation of new and better drugs is the chief business of chemistry.

This theory of disease and of the efficacy of drugs was complicated by many fantastic additions;* thus, there is the

* The question of Paracelsus' pharmacy is complicated by the fact that Paracelsus coined many new words (without regard to the principles of etymology) as names for his medicines, and often used the same term.

"Archæus," a sort of benevolent demon supposed by Paracelsus to look after all the unconscious functions of the bodily organism, who has to be taken into account. Paracelsus also held the doctrine of signatures, according to which, the medicinal value of plants and minerals is indicated by their external form, or by some sign impressed upon them by the operation of the stars. A very old example of this belief is to be found in the use of mandrake (whose roots resemble the human form) by the Hebrews and Greeks as a cure for sterility; or, to give an instance which is still accredited by some, the use of eye-bright (a plant with a black pupil-like spot in its corolla) for complaints of the eyes.* Allied to this doctrine are such beliefs, once held, as that the lungs of foxes are good for bronchial troubles, or that the heart of a lion will endow one with courage—beliefs which are all of an essentially magical character.

It may be thought, perhaps, that Paracelsus' views were not so great an advance on those of Galen, but whether or not this be the case, his union of chemistry and medicine was of immense benefit to each science, and marked a new era in Pharmacy. Even if his theories were highly fantastic, it was he who freed Medicine from the shackles of traditionalism, and rendered progress in medical science possible.

We must not conclude these brief notes without some reference to the magical theory of the medicinal efficacy of words. The Ebers papyrus already mentioned gives various formulæ which must be pronounced when preparing and when administering a drug; and there is a draught used by the Eastern Jews as a cure for bronchial complaints prepared by writing certain words on a plate, washing them off with wine, and adding three grains of a citron which has been used at the Tabernacle festival. But of this, as of other magical beliefs in Medicine, such as the magical virtues of precious stones, the king's touch for scrofula, and Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder for the cure of wounds, lack of space prevents us from writing further on the present occasion, save to remark that our readers will find much interesting information on these matters, as on the more scientific side of the history of pharmacy, in Mr. Wootton's excellent work.

to stand for quite different substances. Some of his disciples maintained that he must not always be understood in a literal sense, in which probably there is an element of truth. For a discussion of the question of a mystical meaning underlying the physical terms of alchemistic philosophy, see the present writer's *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern* (1911), Ch. I.

* See Dr. Alfred C. Haddon's *Magic and Fetishism* (1906), p. 15.

THE COMING OF HORUS

By MEREDITH STARR

IS Magic real? Or is it but
  The mirage of a maniac's dreams?—
Some mystic rationalistic rut
  That is not, and that only seems?

Can it be so? Are *all* dreams true?
  Or are they false—mere shadows of
Imagination's crooked view,
  Mere shadows of the Light of Love?

So be it. I can only say
  Strange things are seen upon the glass
That images the gold and grey
  Of Life and Death,—no more, alas!

Is mine to say. I am no great
  Master of Magic, whose swift fire
Fashions the thunderbolts of Fate,
  And lights the Beacon of Desire!

Whose Will has burst the iron bars
  That bind the Spirit to the clay,—
Whose soul is mighty as the stars,
  And fixed and immobile as they!

Whose Love has whelmed the Universe
  As in a vice, and who has trod
All paths, the pure and the perverse,
  Up to the White Throne of his God!

I am not such. I only know
  Strange spirits are at work within
The Loom of Life, the flux and flow
  Of Joy and Grief and Truth and Sin.

Strange ministers of soul and sense
  Are woven in the Spirit's web,
Maybe the Holy Influence,
  Maybe the shame and sin of Seb!

For sin and sod and holy things
  Are mingled as the Wine that flows
For ever where the Scorpion stings
  The hot heart of the Ruby Rose.

They are not, yet they *seem*, and so
  I think they are not AND they are.
God! brighten with thy mighty glow
  This spark and make it as a star!

Give ear, O God! I am not one
  Of those vain fools who *think* they know
All truth, who think their spark a sun
  That blinds their bat's eyes with its glow!

Nay. I have seen too much. I KNOW
  Some spirit hides behind the pale
Of things that seem, and to and fro
  I see a Light flash in the vale;

This Vale of Darkness, Ignorance,
  Madness, Illusion, Pit of Hell,
Restriction and Intemperance,
  From whence I cry, "It is not well!"

O God! send Him who is to come!
  HORUS! the Crowned and Conquering King!
And be it mine to beat the drum
  That heralds Him! and mine to ring

The brazen bell, whoso shall hear
  Shall leap for life or cower for shame . . .
To tell the World that HE is here,
  And speak His Everlasting Name!!

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

MY DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue of your magazine the two letters signed "C. H. Cooke" and "Libra" interest me, and I would like to help solve some of their problems, if that privilege may be given me.

For nearly twenty-five years these same questions have from time to time claimed my attention, with an effort to answer them satisfactorily to myself and the students who have come directly under my instructions, so I hope the following explanations may prove of value to "C. H. Cooke" and "Libra," as well as all others who may be interested.

The closing paragraph of Mr. Cooke's letter claims my attention first. I quote it: "As the most important and serious branch in astrology consists in the predictive portion, which, in my estimation, is the root and soul of astrology, I should feel much obliged if any of your able students would enlighten me on the above subjects."

My first suggestion to Mr. Cooke would be that he may be wrong in his premise that the predictive side of the science is the "most important"—the "root and soul of astrology." The predictive side certainly has its rightful place, but, in my opinion, substantiated by years of earnest research and close observation of principles and facts, there is a deep philosophy which is the soul of the Great Science, and it is because modern astrologers and their devotees have preferred the predictive side of the science, and have made it the most important part, to the exclusion of the principles underlying this philosophy, that so much imperfection exists.

There is no doubt in the mind of an earnest student that the science affords ample means of knowing future events; but the human interpretation often fails, because it persistently disregards the fundamental points of a law of sequence which connects the individual life with planetary and solar life. By the law of

sequence I mean that law in Nature which is identical and fundamental, whether it is observed in the sun as spirit, life, light and heat, or in any of the kingdoms of earth, which have given birth to a human organism that is conscious of the spirit, life, light and heat, analyses it and knows its uses—in other words, a law of correspondence which exists between the celestial and terrestrial phenomena and man. This law is perfect in its workings and when once understood and rightly applied explains all discrepancies of modern ignorance or innovation.

The mistake has been—in spite of the old maxim, so often quoted, that " A wise man rules his stars and the fool obeys them"—that astrologers interpret the evil aspects as " ruling " a life or an epoch, and utterly fail to emphasize the all-important possibility of modifying or overcoming those aspects, or of giving any suggestions as to how this overcoming is to be accomplished. Moreover, they often seem not to recognize the fact that it is the *aspects* of the planets, more than the nature of the planets that indicate the law of life, as it is written at a birth or at an epoch, and that these *aspects* are a result of character, and as a result of character can be changed by an effort of will consciously directed.

The planets may indicate the law of life, but they do not necessarily compel the fulfilling of that law. Their positions aid us to know that law and its precise nature, and with the right knowledge we can set up counter vibrations within ourselves to change the character of events ;—so it is character one must control or change if one would control or change the nature of " circumstance."

If we have a conjunction of Saturn and Mars in our sixth house, and that point has no benefic aspect of any other planet, then we must control within ourselves the perversions of Saturn and Mars, and in proportion as we do control them, *or they have been controlled in our lives previous to the epoch of direction*, so will the nature of the condition be changed in our lives. This, in my opinion, is the only right use of the knowledge of prediction, and my experience has shown me that in every instance where conscious effort of will is consciously directed to adverse epochs, and the student seeks to control or overcome in the character the perversions that are indicated by the planets and their aspects, critical periods and years are passed with conditions controlled or modified, if not overcome ; and even periods that under the old régime might indicate " death " have many times been successfully passed. It is a logical sequence to a knowledge of the law of life and a desire to make use of the knowledge for the growth

of character ; and it follows then that events are, in reality, a result of character and may be controlled, just as far as one is able to overcome the adverse law ; if one fails to overcome, then one must understand that discipline along some special line is necessary, for we can offset an evil only in proportion as we may not need the experience it would bring.

All students know that Saturn as a principle stands for Truth, and that righteousness, philosophy, industry, and service are its benefic qualities ; that its influence in Nature is cold, restricting, and contracting : but without this element there would be no solids, no form, no structure, no rocks, no bones—so we cannot call this evil ; but when it is perverted by the human will it becomes falsehood, fear, poverty, ignorance and slavery, and the spleen becomes diseased, from which results all chronic complaints.

The principle involved in Mars is might—so courage, order, strength, valour and construction are its virtues. The Mars element in Nature takes care of all the disintegration of products, the decay and change from one form or substance to another, and, while it may sometimes seem to us destructive, it in reality is not so, for the falling leaf in the autumn may protect the root of the violet that is to bring forth new life in the springtime ; so that this is not evil. Nature could not perform her wonders without this constructive element of Mars, and what would human nature be without courage, or order, strength or valour ? For " might is right " ; but let this element become perverted in human life and it means war, hatred, revenge and terrible catastrophes, followed by epidemics of fire, plague, pestilence and all virulent conditions of the blood which may finally result in disease of the whole muscular system.

Many, many years ago I ceased to call the planets " good " and " evil," for I found with Mr. Cooke that the aspects and positions of Venus and Jupiter often brought very lamentable characteristics, while those of Uranus, Saturn and Mars indicated benefic conditions. So, for my students I reduced all the planets to their *principles*, showing how all these principles worked in Nature for good, and then I placed all the evil I found in them to the human perversions of the principles. In this way we have a beautiful and rational philosophy based on fundamental equations, and while it is not incompatible with the textbooks, it supplies many of their deficiencies, together with a never-failing aid to a higher comprehension of the law of life, as it seeks expression through the individual in correspondence to the law, justice, morality or unmorality of Jupiter, to the principle of truth or

deception of Saturn, the harmony or discord of Venus, or the constructive or destructive principle of Mars, etc.

Judgment can be unerring if backed by a knowledge of principles and correct mathematical computations.

It would make my letter too long were I to give my views on heredity and the occult side of the science of the stars, but in closing I may say to "Libra" that in my opinion heredity is wholly of the soul, which is freighted with the law of its own making as it seeks manifestation, or as the period is ripe for its birth into earth life, being drawn into a family and conditions that will best suit it to fulfil that law. It is this law that is indicated by the positions of signs and planets when the soul is conceived and born—if it has murdered, some violent aspects will record it, and if it is to be murdered, this also will be shown; but I hold in either or both cases, the law of the birth may be changed, *if it is known*, and the parents will seek to overcome in the child its own inheritance, and so guide and guard it into a self-control of the attributes of danger. Or in later life knowledge and the desire to overcome will give the power to do so. If this is not so, then how is the Great Law of Perfection to be accomplished?

Perversions of planetary forces may act in two ways, either from within the individual or through discipline derived from perversions in another. So one may be perfectly honest yet suffer through another's dishonesty, etc. In order to understand the workings of this interchange of law, one must be willing to accept the fact in Nature as expressed through human nature of the continuity of consciousness through many lives upon this planet, by which the causes set up in previous lives become the effects in a present life. One may have suffered and overcome dishonesty in one's own character, yet not been able to expiate the effects of dishonesty toward others; so one is brought face to face with dishonesty in this life as a fulfilment of the law, and an opportunity is thus given, by divine ordinance, to pay the debts of the soul, after the same order that other debts are paid in mundane life.

I am well aware that these statements may bring up many questions, but I am ready and willing to answer them to the best of my ability.

Hoping my letter is not too long for publication,

I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Mme) GERTRUDE DE BIELSKI.

"The Tudor," Beacon and Joy Strs.,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly permit me to thank the writer in your correspondence columns, "Elizabeth Severs," for replying to my letter.

I knew her quotation from Mr. Fielding Hall's book, and I have Mme. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, in which a rather contradictory teaching about reincarnation is given.

By "*immediate reincarnation*" I meant to imply a possible Cosmic law under which all souls *irrespective* of *human age*, and personal karma, may be born, and at each death of the body reborn again on this world, without break of continuity *until* they have become spiritual enough to evolve on to a *planet* more ethereal than our own. May not the divine words of Christ apply to the wondrous heavenly bodies of the planetary systems?—

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if *it were* not *so*, I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you." "And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, *there* ye may be also." Much, I know, has been written with regard to the workings of personal karma, but the natural sequence of "cause and effect" may possibly be subordinated to, and come under, the vast Cosmic laws governing evolution and Creation.

T. Jay Hudson, in his book *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, gives many authentic instances of incarnate souls producing much the same phenomena as caused by so-called discarnate Spirits; that being so, it would seem quite possible, that communications from those who have passed on may really emanate from the same individual souls or spirits, who are *none the less spirits* because they may be again living on earth. By those who still cling to a belief in *one single personal* life expression of the Ego, on Earth, *all beliefs* regarding reincarnation would naturally be untenable.

The late Mr. Frederic Myers expressed the belief that life is only a fragmentary expression of the deeper *consciousness of soul*; to this consciousness what knowledge and powers undreamt of may belong!

The little Burmese children may simply know of "those things" which are still hidden, but are revealed unto them as babes!

Yours truly,

E. L. P.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal offers several points in the April issue which will be of interest to readers of THE OCCULT REVIEW, and possibly chief among all is a study of the sub-conscious and super-conscious by Professor Percy Gardner. It recognizes that below the level of consciousness there lie strata of being which are stored with remarkable possibilities, including records of past lives. But there is also a higher part of the unconscious life, and unless this is realized psychical phenomena will remain a confused tangle, or may lead to moral ruin. There is introduced in this manner a severe criticism of modern spiritism in respect of its literature, based on its deficiency in those ethical ideas which have been the life of religion. As regards super-consciousness, the religion of Israel was its best embodiment in the ancient world, while the Founder of Christianity was, as a man, the vehicle of its great inrush. The conclusions are: (*a*) that the lower parts of our nature must be allowed for in religion, as well as the higher; (*b*) that the sub-conscious, conscious and super-conscious elements are to be traced in existing churches; and (*c*) that all must needs make terms with one another. The Rev. Johnston Ross offers a report of his misgiving that the religion of this generation lacks that vivid apprehension of certain values once recognized in the Cross of Christ, and concludes (*a*) that we are nearing another reformation, but (*b*) that the religion of the Cross will be that of the future. Professor W. B. Smith has a striking article on Judas Iscariot, who represents, in his view, a type rather than a personality, and stands for the Jewish people.

The Quest continues to justify the success which has attended it, even from the initial issue, by the conspicuous interest and grave importance of its chief contents. Mr. Mead writes on the doctrine of the true man in ancient Chinese mystical philosophy, as a sequel to the *Way of the Spirit* in the previous number. The philosopher Chwang Tze is still the subject of exposition, and from certain passages cited one is disposed to agree out of hand that he was a man of practical knowledge and realization in things of the spirit. They offer another proof that the same doctrine has been always in the world, bearing the same testimony in almost the same language. Mr. W. F. Kirby has a paper

on *The Magic of the Finns*, based on the national epic, *The Kalevola*, his metrical translation of which will be known to many readers. It would be ineffective description to say that there are other articles which deserve and call for mention; their simple enumeration would serve little purpose and, to speak the truth, there is scarcely an opportunity even for this.

Le Monde Psychique is a new experiment in French periodical literature, and it appears as the organ of the Institute of Psychical Researches in France. Colonel Albert de Rochas is Honorary President of the Institute, and it is probable that this able and well-known investigator has a hand in the editorial work. The second issue is before us, and it contains many curious items, outside important articles on astral exteriorization and transcendental photography. There is a paper on *Mohammedan Eschatology* by a professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, an account of the Divining Rod, educing some recent facts, and even a discussion of hypnosis among the tribe of frogs. Psychic and occult periodicals come and go in France, and it will be interesting to watch the progress of our new contemporary, to whom we offer these few words of welcome.

The Path is beginning an interesting experiment by the intervention of a contributor who gives his initials only. It is an attempt to demonstrate that Omar Khayyám was a mystic, that he wrote in mystic symbolism concerning the juice of the grape, and that the quatrains rendered by Edward Fitzgerald into immortal verse are concerned with the real things, with the quest even, and the attainment, of the immortal spirit in God. The introduction only to the subject is given in the most recent issue, and perhaps just at present it is not too convincing in accent. M. J. B. Nicolas, whose translation of Omar preceded that of Fitzgerald, was convinced of the mystic dedication, and he had the intimate acquaintance of a modern Sufic mystic and native of Persia to support his view. The whole question was adequately discussed in an English periodical in 1905, when ample justice was done to the mystic claim, though it was recognized that the vine of Omar had a root on this earth, notwithstanding that its uppermost grapes were vintaged in a superior world. M. Nicolas translated many more quatrains than Fitzgerald, but it should be understood that the attribution of nearly all is largely a matter of legend. As the work of various hands, it is quite simple to see how part of the collection may belong to the tavern and part to the holy sanctuary.

It may be noted in this connection that the Sufis of Persia

are the subject of an article in *The Word*, but it is unfortunately characterized by the ascription to the sect in question of peculiarly theosophical ideas expressed in the familiar terms of modern theosophy, and this is liable to mislead an unversed person. The faulty construction of the article is another source of difficulty. It traces the rise of Sufism at a hypothetical period anterior to Zoroaster, the story of its persecutions and concealments, and its reappearance as a seat of light and learning when Europe was in the imputed darkness of the Middle Ages. It became an *imperium in imperio* at the centre of Islamism, and was finally tolerated because its diffusion made measures of repression almost impracticable. The philosophical and religious system is described as pantheistic and emanationist, the phenomenal world being regarded as illusory. The object was to attain union with the Divine through a path of four stages: (*a*) obedience to law, the root of which law is in ourselves; (*b*) self-conquest; (*c*) true knowledge; (*d*) self-conscious union with the Divine as the term of all. It is remarkable that a practice so simple in its own issues is nearly always rendered intellectually difficult by philosophical aspects which are its hindrance rather than its aid. Emanation and pantheism are primitive attempts to deal with the mystery of manifestation and have never offered a solution. Perhaps they are no worse than the old ideas of creation, and approximation towards the truth may be somewhere in a middle way between them.

Universal Masonry is attractive as a new exponent of ideals and actualities in the Masonic Brotherhood of America. As such, it is welcome in the ranks, but it will have to do much better if it is to earn a real title. The last issue to hand is a little too liberal in borrowed matter, and it seems insufficiently acquainted with its own subject, or it would not have reviewed Mr. Trowbridge's remarkable life of Cagliostro without drawing attention to its shortcomings from the Masonic point of view. The periodical appears to speak tolerantly of the Co-Masonic Order.

Le Gnose turns for a period, amidst many contents, to the question of practical Alchemy, which, as every one has been learning rather widely of recent days, has to be understood in two concurrent senses—naturally or spiritually—and it is probable that the adepts of the art in the second aspect would not have been backward in claiming that their school was really the one which was practical, rather than the material work. Few readers of the Occult Review are likely to experiment in

Alchemy under either phase, but as it may be assumed that they are concerned with questions of the soul, it is possible that they may be inclined to take the same view. Still the dream of transmuting metals is rather talismanic in its fascination, and if the most mystical student were given the true process, all his dedications notwithstanding, there is fair presumption that he would test it. *Le Gnose* is concerned with the physical side of the Great Work. The writer is veiled by a hybrid Latin name, and we can have no opinion respecting his warrants. After summarising some old ideas of the accepted masters, he makes a distinction for which the authority is doubtful. An alchemical aphorism says that to make gold you must have gold, which means that the ferment used in the artificial production of precious metal is extracted from gold and from the seed thereof. The writer pretends that this may be transmutation, but is not the Great Work, for which gold is unnecessary. The object therein is to produce the highest degree of metallic evolution, the result of which is more perfect than any known metal; it is the Philosophical Stone, which furnishes the Elixir of Life and the Everlasting Lamp. This reading of the cryptic texts is almost certainly inaccurate.

The question of Taboo and its sanctity is discussed at great length by *The Open Court*, and the article may be commended to those who are students of folk-lore. In the main, it is a review of Professor Robertson Smith's work on *The Religion of the Semites*, but it is rendered valuable by its numerous illustrations, which seem drawn from several sources.

The Metaphysical Magazine recurs in an interesting paper to the old problem concerning infinite space and mentions that the capacious mind of Herbert Spencer, in its agnostic darkness, shrank from the conception as from something eternal and uncaused, the vague notion of which is intimated to the consciousness but cannot be grasped thereby. The writer of the article suggests that space is an attribute of God and develops this idea in the light of other dimensions, as put forward by Kant. Thence he proceeds to the spiritualistic experiments of Professor Zollner with the medium Slade. Another question which arises is whether space is a mode of the human mind.

REVIEWS

TIME AND FREE WILL. An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. By Henri Bergson. Authorized Translation from the French by F. L. Pogson, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. Price 10s. 6*d*. net.

IT is scarcely presuming too much to say that Henri Bergson is one of the greatest intellects of the age. His depth and lucidity are no less surprising than Kant's terminology is exasperating. Besides having modernized Kant, he has erected a noble edifice on the foundation laid so laboriously by the latter. He has explained, corrected and transcended Kant.

Time and Free Will is in the main confined to elucidating the associationist and determinist tangle of duration (time) and space, which is the difference between intensity and extensity, between quality and quantity, or in a word between the self and the not-self, the ego and that which is only the symbol of the ego, the distinction between Being and Form. By cutting this Gordian knot, M. Bergson gradually brings us to a position where we can estimate Freedom at its *real* value. Freedom, the "thing in itself" or noumenon, exists, invisible but present. It is by nature indefinable. Any attempt to define it involves us in a determinist tangle by confusing duration with space, quality with quantity. The greatest mistake Kant made was to take time as a homogeneous medium. He thought that the ego could only perceive psychic states by juxtaposition, quite forgetting that the medium for juxtaposition is, of course, space, *not* time. Yet withal his belief in Freedom remained, because, the truth is, we perceive the *real* free self when, in a state of deep concentration, we extricate ourselves from the mazes of Maya and see things as they ARE, and *not* as they *appear to be*.

To lead up to his consummation, his idea of Free Will, M. Bergson discusses minutely the various problems of Intensity and Extensity, æsthetic and moral feelings, muscular effort, affective sensations, sensation of light, psycho-physics, and then proceeds to the more complicated problems of space, time, multiplicity, homogeneity, motion, causality, and their relations one with another.

Time and Free Will is certainly a marvellous production, and one that may be counted on to contribute a no inconsiderable part towards widening the mental horizon of the British public.

MEREDITH STARR.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE SERIES. By Ed. B. Warman, A.M. No. 1. Psychology, 4½×7¼, pp. x+64. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 1s. 6*d*. net.

PSYCHOLOGY, as one of the sciences, is concerned with mental phenomena only as phenomena, whilst Metaphysics, as that which "comes after Physics," attempts to get behind phenomena and lay hold on real being. Mr. Warman, however, does not accept this, the usual connotation of the terms. Postulating the existence of two minds—the one the mind that

is the function of the physical brain, the other the mind of the soul—he says that the metaphysician refers only to one mind, the former ; whilst the psychologist treats of both. Notwithstanding, Mr. Warman makes some very true remarks regarding the relation of soul to body, with which all those who hold a spiritual view of the meaning of life will find themselves in agreement. " . . . It were better to say, ' My soul has a body,' than to say, ' My body has a soul.' The soul is paramount," he writes ; and again, " . . . the soul of man . . . is not located in any particular part of the body, but permeates the entire being. It is immanent (indwelling) in the body, but not inherent in it."

The latter portion of the book is taken up with the application in matters of daily life and business of certain psychological principles held by the writer,—principles that are certainly not without an element of truth, though we make confession to certain degree of scepticism with reference to the efficacy claimed for their due application. The book would have been more satisfactory had Mr. Warman treated the whole subject with somewhat less brevity.

H. S. Redgrove.

In the Heart of the Holy Grail. By James Leist Macbeth Bain. London : Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., Ltd., 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

This elevating volume of writings by the well-known author of the companion volume *The Christ of the Holy Grail* is writ large with the outpourings of a soul that joys in the blessings of life. A collection of Hymns and Prayers of the Christ-Child to the Christ-Mother, suitable for all occasions of the aspirant " unto the conscious service of the Grail of Life," from his rising up and going forth in the morning to his lying down at night, is the body of this work. The Hymn of the Great Compassion may be cited as the keynote to the position taken by the author. It is that of an universal sympathy with all sentient life in God, of fellowship in the One Body of creation whose head is Christ. Thus we have hymnal prayers to the Christ of the elements of earth, of the trees, of nature powers ; prayers for the starving, for those of disordered mind, for fugitives from justice, and even " A kiss of Love sent to the trout."

These prayers and aspirations are no mean vapourings, but constitute an entire system of true Christian mysticism and an esoteric interpretation of the science of life. Read in the spirit in which they are written, they cannot fail of their purpose in enlarging the consciousness and sympathies of the aspirant, inasmuch as they recognize the continuity and community of life and have regard to the needs, hopes and aspirations of all conditions of men, as also to the upreaching of the less sentient forms of life as parts of the sacred corpus Christi.

Mr. Macbeth Bain places no copyright on his works. They belong to those who need them. This strikes me as being more kind than wise. It should be conditional upon publication at cost prices. But Mr. Bain is one who would feed the wolves and give himself as food for vultures like any Jain.

Scrutator.

SOME MASTER KEYS OF THE SCIENCE OF NOTATION. By Mary Everest Boole. London: C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 2s. net.

THERE are few modern writers who possess greater educational faculty than Mrs. Everest Boole, or more facile and engaging methods of expression. In the present work, the Science of Notation, which I take to be the knowledge of relative values, is illustrated by a series of studies: The Spiral of Ascent; Serpent Worship and the Serpent Horror; The Tree; The Compass; The Microscope; The Origin of Religious Persecution; and many other short monographs.

"The laws of notation," it is said, "are in some respects best illustrated by reference to music and number. . . . But the laws are universal; they are laws, not of sound or number, but of the machinery by means of which man thinks. Words may be used as notes; so many plants or animals. So also may the facts of history, biology, electricity, or political economy; or any other science. So may any group of provisional working hypotheses. In all departments alike the most successfully enslaving diplomacy is carried on, the most cruel cheating done, not by stating what is false, but by stating truths or hypotheses, and leading the masses to take for granted things not stated and for which they have no warrant."

In connection with the Science of Notation, a very illuminating paraphrase of the much debated and badly understood creed of St. Athanasius is given, showing how a stated truth may have an universal application. As a mental tonic this little book will be found extremely useful. I particularly recommend the section entitled "A vision of the Scientific Christ," an entirely new view of the teacher. SCRUTATOR.

CELTIC WONDER-TALES. Retold by Ella Young. Illustrated and decorated by Maud Gonne. Maunsel & Company, Ltd., 96, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THESE tales, which are told with a charming simplicity well suited to Irish legend, are all of them interesting and some of them full of beauty. *The Eric-Fine of Lugh*, *The Children of Lir* and *Conary Mor* are especially delightful. The ineradicable love of the Sacred Land is seen everywhere in these stories, and they are full of war and beauty and magic and music and sorrow and love, as every story must be that speaks of the heart of Ireland. We quote a passage from *Inisfail* to show the quality of the writing:—

"Do not veil your eyes!" said Nuada, "we will draw the Cloak of Invisibility, the Faed Feea, about us. We give you Ireland: but, since our hands have fashioned it, we will not utterly leave the country. We will be in the white mist that clings to the mountains; we will be the quiet that broods on the lakes; we will be the joy-shout of the rivers; we will be the secret wisdom of the woods. Long after your descendants have forgotten us, they will hear our music on sunny raths and see our great white horses lift their heads from the mountain-tarns and shake the night-dew from their crested manes: in the end they will know that all the beauty in the world comes back to us, and their battles are only echoes of ours."

There is a beauty of line in the decorations by Maud Gonne, and the picture of the swans circling by the castle at the edge of the sea breathes a spirit of ineffable sadness and loneliness.

B. P. O'N.

THE BUSTĀN OF SADI. By A. Hart Edwards. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 2s. net.

ON man's duty to God and the Neighbour the wisdom of the East speaks with much insistence and precision. According to Sadi these two obligations constitute the whole of Religion, and the one is embodied in the other, that is to say, God is served by man's service to humanity.

"Religion consists only in the service of the people," said Sadi; "it does not lie in the rosary, or prayer-rug or mendicant's robe." In the *Bustān* we have a collection of moral teachings, of ethical instructions and quaint parables. Sadi is a story-teller, and a good one; his parabolic truths remind one of the *Hitopadesha* and of the *Fables of Æsop*. They are stories with a moral, and are here grouped according to their pointing: Concerning Justice, Counsel and Administration; Benevolence; Love; Humility; Resignation; Contentment; Education; Gratitude; Repentance; and Prayer.

Sadi travelled for thirty years before settling down at an advanced age in Persia, where he gained the favour of the monarch. He then wrote the *Bustān* at the age of 82, and a year later the *Gulistan* or *Rose Garden*; both of them immortal works. He died at the great age of 116 years. Sheikh Muslih-ud-din Sadi, the entertainer of children and the instructor of the aged, is honoured wherever the Persian tongue is spoken or understood, and Mr. Hart Edwards has performed a gracious task in giving the English-speaking world this excellent rendering of one of Sadi's great works which, I feel sure, will be widely read and valued as "the choicest musk of Tartary." The volume forms one of the "Wisdom of the East" Series.

SCRUTATOR.

THE RETURN. By Walter De La Mare. London: Edward Arnold. Price 6s.

QUITE one of the most remarkable books I have read. A masterpiece in its way. The style is very original, the wording beautiful and at times exquisite. The characters are no impossible puppets; they LIVE, and that in a fashion peculiar to themselves. Mr. De La Mare has proved that he is a brilliant psychologist, as well as a great artist, by the way in which the different states of consciousness are dissected and analysed. *The Return* tells the story of a singular form of obsession, and how it was remedied. A man becomes obsessed by the memory of a past life—that is, he identifies himself with the personality of a man who is buried in the village churchyard; he actually for a time partially *becomes* that other. His relatives think him mad. His wife leaves him. He makes the acquaintance of a curious old man and his sister, who understand and help him, with the result that he is able again to act sanely and to face his relatives. But before this happens he discovers that the sister of the old man was the woman for whose sake he had committed suicide in a previous incarnation. He knows that she is *the* woman, the one woman for him, soul of his soul, breath of his being. However, with this realisation comes also the bitter knowledge (honey mixed with myrrh!) that, for a while, they must part; he must go back to his wife, and she must wait. But "life is only for a little," and they gaze *beyond*, beyond the grey mists of the present to where the sun crests the hills of dawn, the dawning of a Golden Day.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN. By Winifred Graham. London: Mills & Boon, Limited. Pp. 313. 6s.

READERS of this Review for December 1909 will recall Mr. Shirley's striking criticism of *Mary*, a novel in which the lady, who writes under her maiden name of Winifred Graham, placed in a modern setting a character which her critic identified with Christ's Mother. Winifred Graham has now made another experiment in reincarnation, with the result that Cleopatra, in a novel readable (despite its *naïveté*) from beginning to end, lavishes her hospitality and scorn upon modern English society, and befriends representatives of the men who perished in an attempt "to succour the crew of the obelisk ship *Cleopatra* during the storm, October 14, 1877." Those whose knowledge of Cleopatra's Needle is confined to a superficial sight of it and the interpretation of its hieroglyphics, will be puzzled by Winifred Graham's choice of an obelisk manufactured for Thothmes III to be her heroine's tomb or resting-place, though, as Sir J. E. Alexander asserts, it was removed from the front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis "by the celebrated Queen Cleopatra about the year 40 [B.C.] to grace the Cæsarium at Alexandria."

The interest of this story about Cleopatra is not dependent, however, on one's ability to account for her interest in the obelisk bearing her name. It lies in the contrast between her passionate and hedonistic regality and the pretentious smallness of modern ladies. It was an error, methinks, to cause a present of figs from a modern Antony to make so superb a magician as this Cleopatra of the twentieth century faint by reminding her of her suicide in the year 30 B.C. But the ingenuity and noble tone of the story are praiseworthy.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE LOVE OF KUSUMA. By Bal Krishna. With an Introduction by Victoria Cross. London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, W.C. Price 6s.

THE heart of the lover is the same the world over. The charm of the story of the love of Mohan and Kusuma lies, therefore, not so much in the tracing of the course of "true love" as in the typical Hindu atmosphere pervading the romance. Here, psychic experiences in matters of love are taken for granted. Not once, but on many occasions, the lovers in time of difficulty and danger comfort and forewarn each other by projection of the double; an Indian ascetic volunteers his clairvoyant services in tracing the whereabouts of the kidnapped Mohan; whilst a camel-driver (of all people) discourses learnedly as to the explanation of the haunting by earth-bound souls of the scene of their death. We feel tempted to give what appears to be the Hindu theory of this phenomenon *in extenso*, but space will not permit. Victoria Cross, in her introduction, justly pleads for charitable judgment on the author's style, begging critics to remember that this is a novel conceived and worked out by an Indian subject in English which, whilst rugged perhaps, is still clear and lucid. As to the plot, although this is not complicated, it is nevertheless original and not too mechanical, whilst the distinctively Hindu colouring causes it to stand out clearly from the general run of novels.

H. J. S.

▲▲

THE HERMIT OF DREAMS. By Ruth Temple Lindsay. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson. Pp. 171. Herbert & Daniel, 21, Maddox Street, W. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE is unusual strength and intensity in these five short stories. They all deal with the spiritual, mystical life that lies behind (or within) the life of every day, and they all have what for want of a better word must be called "atmosphere." An undercurrent of deep religious feeling runs through the book, and in many ways—partly, perhaps, because the Roman Catholic influence is so marked—it is strongly reminiscent of R. H. Benson's writings. Not that Mrs. Lindsay is a copyist; her work has distinct individuality; but still the comparison is inevitable. On the whole, perhaps the first story is the most successful, both in treatment and in conception. It describes the experiences of "an imaginative temperament coming into contact with God for the first time." A note of restrained horror is struck in two of the others; and the last is a pure idyll, mystical and tender, and losing nothing from the fact that the central idea is not a novel one. It is indeed almost identical with that of the beautiful mystery play, "Eager Heart," which has been performed in London every Christmas for the last few years. Mr. Shepperson's illustrations are a little disappointing, but to interpret such visionary tales as these must be a task of rare difficulty. The "Hermit" of the title is a lovable figure, and the book should make a strong appeal to all who rejoice in finding "a meeting-place for things daily with things divine." E. M. M.

THE GIANTS OF THE EARTH. By Charlotte M. Selway. With a Preface by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London: Charles Taylor. F'cap 8vo., pp. 86.

THE author of these five allegorical visions invites us to suppose that time is no more but that the earth is somehow existing in a regenerated state, and that the spirits of men thereon are awaiting final perfection. The contradiction seems formal on the verbal position, but it is only a question of words and does not need to be pursued. The tales are simple and it may be hoped that those who read them will find that they are helpful in the manner which Mr. Chambers suggests by his few lines of encouragement. There is a colloquy with a Gold God, whose reign is over, but he is expecting to pave the heavenly Jerusalem, a veiled intimation that the wealth of this world can be turned to account in respect of the kingdom of heaven. The divinity in question is not, however, in a position to communicate knowledge, and this disappoints the inquirer, who therefore goes further and has a vision of the Iron King, a personation of war but also the spirit of machinery—ploughshare as well as sword. These examples may be taken as specimens of the whole. But there is in fine the awakening of the seer, which is very delicate and pretty, alike in conception and expression. To myself personally, it is worth all the other fantasies. A. E. WAITE.

SOME NOBLE SOULS. Elizabeth Severs. Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

FROM S. Francis of Assisi to Colonel H. S. Olcott, from Madame Guyon to Madame Blavatsky, from S. Catherine of Sienna to Mrs. Annie Besant, such are some of the varied flowers culled from the garden of life as subjects for Miss Severs' biographical sketches. An atmosphere of enthusiastic appre-

ciation pervades the whole, a tendency fostered, perhaps, by the theosophical point of view from which this little group of nearly twenty "noble souls" is contemplated. The authoress has gathered them for their fragrance, not in order to dissect them: she is a lover of the beautiful, not a botanist. Those to whom the beauty of the living flower appeals more strongly than a knowledge of its anatomy will enjoy the reading of this charming little book, which is both tastefully bound and liberally illustrated. H. J. S.

YOUR FORCES AND HOW TO USE THEM. By Christian D. Larson. 5½ by 7½ in., pp. 329. Chicago: The Progress Company (London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.). Price (in Great Britain), 6s. 6d. net.

THIS book belongs to the class of literature, quite modern in origin, associated with the expression "New Thought," and it is saturated throughout with the cheering and helpful spirit of optimism characteristic of this type of book. It is a pity that the author did not choose a different title for his work, because that of "Your Forces and How to Use Then" is already so well known in connection with the essays of Prentice Mulford. The book itself, however, is excellent. The author has avoided those fantastic pitfalls into which not a few writers along similar lines have sometimes fallen, and his book is both sensible and practical, containing very much advice that, consistently carried out in one's life, would not only make oneself both happier and in every way better, but would in like measure benefit one's fellow-men. To hold fast to the loftiest and noblest ideals and aspirations possible, and constantly to press forward to the realization of these ideals and aspirations, ever looking on the bright side of things—this is the keynote of the book, and a better keynote, we submit, could not be adopted. The idealist does not, as is sometimes argued, refuse to recognize the existence of a dark side to life, but he makes it his aim to transmute this darkness into light, and he never allows darkness to conquer the light in his own soul. "Promise yourself," writes Mr. Larson, outlining the truly optimistic attitude, "to look at the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true, to think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best; to be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear; and too happy to permit the presence of trouble." There are mighty forces latent in man; but these do not exist for the compelling of the wills of others, as some have supposed: that is a mistake whose outcome is failure and disappointment. These forces, as Mr. Larson shows, exist in order that man may, by their aid, make himself happier in the achievement of his true ideals and aspirations, shedding the sunshine of his soul into the minds and hearts of his fellow-men and women. We wish all those miserable folk who go about looking for the dark side of everything, always positing evil and never good, and thereby ever lending their strength to the perpetuation of evil, would read Mr. Larson's delightful and inspiring book. "Remove the sting," he writes, "remove the whine, remove the sigh," and, indeed, this is the first and chief step towards removing all evil and making all things good.

A number of split infinitives will probably be emended in the next edition. H. S. REDGROVE.

THE EQUINOX. The Review of Scientific Illuminism. March MCMXI. London: Printed for Aleister Crowley and published by him at the Office of the Equinox, 124, Victoria Street, S.W. Price 6s. net.

FAR and away the best number that has hitherto appeared. First there is "Liber HHH," a Book of Official Instruction of the A.·. A.·. Next comes "The Blind Prophet," a ballet by Aleister Crowley, which is quite one of the best things he has recently written. It contains many passages of extreme beauty and leonine vigour. Then comes a very remarkable article by Ananda Metteya, entitled "The Training of the Mind," which deals chiefly with the practical application of the sublime utterances of the Buddha, and delineates some of the more important aspects of meditation and concentration, including some illuminating paragraphs on the Four Sublime States. There is also in this article the summary of an extremely interesting method of retrograde concentration by which Ananda Metteya claims it is possible to remember in detail the occurrences which have taken place in previous incarnations. Then follows a remarkable poem called "The Sabbath," by Ethel Ramsay, a veritable whirlpool of forbidden fancies and violent imagery. Next comes "The Temple of Solomon the King" (Part V), which constitutes one of the most remarkable and illuminating articles on the Qabalah—oh! science secret, subtle, and sublime!—ever written. First there is a concise account of the various Qabalistic methods of transposing and reading the Hebrew letters, then follows an essay called "Qabalistic Dogma," which contains much general information which should be useful to students. It hath been truly written, "Only an adept can understand the Qabalah." Next comes a mystic reading of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which throws considerable light on the Tarot Cards. Next and lastly follows a magnificent Essay upon Number by Frater P., which is divided into two parts: (1) The Universe as it *is*, (2) the Universe as we see it and make it. It is impossible to praise this work of art too highly; studied in conjunction with 777 and Liber Legis and Liber 418, the amount of knowledge and benefit to be obtained by the earnest and diligent student is almost infinite.

Following Part V of the Temple of Solomon the King comes, "A Nocturne," by Victor B. Neuburg, which is by far the finest poem he has yet written. Then we get an erotic, sabbattic short story, "The Vixen," by Francis Bendick, and following this, a powerful lyric by Aleister Crowley, called "The Pilgrim." Then, "The Vampire," a lyric of singular and sinister beauty, by Ethel Arch, who we hear is publishing a book of verse entitled "The Whirlpool" shortly. After "The Big Stick," a castigatory compendium of reviews, last but by no means least, comes the Special Supplement, Liber XXX AERVM VEL SAECULI SVB FIGVRA CCCCXVIII, being of the Angels of the 30 Aethyrs THE VISION AND THE VOICE. It pertains to the passing of the Old Aeon and the coming of HORUS, the Crowned and Conquering Child of the New Aeon. This book will be as the Wine of Life to mystics and to those who confidently expect a "revaluation of values" in the history of the world.

MERE DITH STARR.