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THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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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"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE is no physiological reason why man should die. This is not my statement, neither is it the statement of Prentice Mulford, who had certain eccentric ideas with regard to the possibility of indefinitely perpetuating human life. On the contrary, it is the observation of a physician, Dr. William A. Hammond. Other doctors have agreed with him. Dr. Munro has stated that "the human body as a machine is perfect . . . it is apparently intended to go on for ever." Dr. Gregory, in his *Medical Conspection*, writes that such a machine as the human frame would seem formed for perpetuity. Dr. Thomas J. Allen, who differs from the preceding authority with regard to describing the human body as a machine, agrees on the main point, that it should have, under proper conditions, the quality of permanence. He writes: "The human body is not like a machine which must wear out by constant disintegration, for it is self-renewing." The fact is, from the medical standpoint, so-called "natural" death is still an unexplained phenomenon. The reviewer in

WHY DO PEOPLE DIE?

Truth, in noticing Messrs. Carrington and Meader's book, *Death : its Causes and Phenomena* " * very aptly quotes the story of a poser put to a famous medical professor at a British Association meeting. Speaking of the natural length of life, the Professor observed that he had once dissected the body of a man of over ninety years of age, all of whose organs were perfectly sound. " Why, then, did he die ? " asked a member of the audience, to the complete confusion of the Professor. The truth is that the body itself does not grow old, for its component parts are being perpetually renewed and replaced, if we may accept the universally adopted view of medical science. Why, then, do people grow old and die ? The question, of course, does not apply to premature deaths from disease, or from accident, but it does apply to so-called deaths from old age, and the fact that the span of life is, except under very abnormal conditions, never protracted to 100 years, and comparatively seldom beyond eighty, calls for an explanation from medical science, which, so far, medical science has been quite unable to supply.

What, then, is death ? It has been commonly defined as " the cessation of life," a definition, of course, which does not help us in the least, but as Mr. Carrington well says : " The real problem which we have to solve is not what *death* is, but what *life* is."

WHAT IS DEATH ?

Once we have been able to define life, the second question will answer itself. So far, no scientist has been successful in answering this riddle of the sphinx. Have our authors succeeded ? It would be dangerous to answer in the affirmative, but at least it may be admitted that they have recognized and faced the problem, instead of, like so many of their predecessors, slinking round the corner and avoiding the real point at issue.

If there is no reason *known to science* why people must needs die within a certain period from their date of birth, I think we must admit that all the parallels from nature point to the fact that there *is* some very good and sufficient cause for this inevitable end, provided the nature of the life force and its manifestation in physical form were properly understood. Wherever we look, we see a beginning and end of all natural forms, whether we turn to the animal or vegetable kingdoms. It is even maintained that in the mineral world life, if such an attribute can be applied to minerals, though infinitely protracted, is not perpetual. In races of mankind, too, there seems to be a natural law universally

* *Death : its Causes and Phenomena.* Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

applying by which they have periods of growth, maturity, and decay, and in all history there has been no exception to this rule.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

It is, then, hardly to be supposed that the life of man falls under any different category. In accepting this, however, we are bound to admit that the evidence is strong that human life is far shorter than under favourable conditions we should anticipate would be the case. Animals, it is calculated, live, on an average, five times as long as they take to reach maturity. There seems no valid reason why the same should not be the case with man. Man matures at about twenty years of age. According to this theory, therefore, he should live to be 100.

While, however, in the light of our present day knowledge, it is impossible to give a clear and adequate reason why men grow old and die, we can at least observe certain degenerative processes that go on in the human body, even though we may be unable to say why it is inevitable that these processes should set in and develop themselves practically unchecked. In fact, a progressive degenerative change takes place in the arteries beginning at various ages, but generally established at middle age. It is commonly said in medical works that the arteries of no one over 40 years of age are quite healthy, and, to mark the degree to which this change has occurred in different individuals, we have the common medical aphorism: "A man is as old as his arteries." This degenerative change consists in a calcareous deposit in the arterial walls, so that when it has occurred in a slight degree, the elasticity of the artery is interfered with, but when the process is advanced, the artery may become almost completely calcified. Generally, throughout the body, this leads to an inefficient circulation, so that the tissues suffer from lack of nourishment. Locally, it is the cause of all sorts of ailments which gradually become manifest, the lack of adequate nourishment of all parts naturally telling most severely on the weakest points in the system.

The gradual process of induration, hardening and loss of responsiveness which thus sets in, goes on steadily developing throughout the system. The lungs lose their elasticity and increase in density. The salivary glands become hardened and decrease in bulk. In the stomach the gastric juice is secreted in a diluted form and is deficient in pepsin. The liver loses its bile-forming qualities. The teeth decay and are not replaced after the second set. The hair loses its colour. All these things are signs of that process of decay which the medical faculty are unable to explain from a scientific standpoint. They cannot

even tell us why the hair becomes white. It has been stated, indeed, that this is caused by bacteria which consume the colouring fluid and become more numerous as the body becomes older. But what in our present age has not been attributed to bacteria? And in view of the fact that people's hair has been known to turn white in cases of shock during a single night, surely the explanation is a sufficiently ridiculous one! Are we to suppose that on such occasions the bacteria all combine for a Gargantuan feast at the expense of the individual of whose body they are the occupants? The fact is, the processes of life in their profounder aspects remain a mystery to the medical faculty, and it is probable that the materialistic standpoint of modern orthodox medicine has been a serious obstacle to their solution. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Meader have both their theories with regard to the cause of death, and I am bound to say that I look with very much more favour on that of the former. Mr. Carrington would have us regard the material body as an instrument adapted for the transmission through it of the life force, rejecting the ordinary medical view of life as a function and product of matter. The more the physical organism becomes clogged up and obstructed the less freely will the life forces be able to employ it as an instrument. The loss of vitality Mr. Carrington attributes not to the defective *quality* of the life force but to its lessening *quantity*. The defective body is unable to absorb the requisite amount of vitality and thus physical weakness and more positive bodily ailments set in. He quotes approvingly Mr. C. A. Stephens' book *Living Matter: its Psychic Growth and Decline in Animal Organisms*:—

CAUSE OF OLD AGE.

LOSS OF VITALITY A MATTER OF QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.

> Life (says Mr. Stephens) is never qualitatively, but only quantitatively diminished. . . . Hence death comes to a person not from a decline of this initial vital power itself, but through those extrinsic obstacles which befall from the material environment and from imperfect modes of living . . . a tissue is old because there is little biogen in it, not so much because the biogen has grown intrinsically weak.

This theory is, of course, all on the spiritualist side. Our author compares the reception of the life force by the body to the concentration of the sun's rays by a burning-glass. "The decomposition of the body would no more prove the extinction of the life-force than would the breakage of the burning-glass prove the obliteration of the sun."

Mr. Carrington's theory is that life on its physical side is a

species of vibration. He considers manifestation of life to be only possible where the vibration is taking place at a certain rate. If the rate increases perceptibly or decreases perceptibly either above or below this, life becomes impossible. In the one case we shall have enervation, depletion and physical exhaustion; in the other, abnormal passions and emotions, feverish and inflammatory conditions, etc., etc. There must be a certain harmony, then, between the rate of vibration of the life force and the physical organism through which it functions. Our

LIFE A FORM OF VIBRATION.

author takes the view that no deaths are natural deaths and cites an assumed typical instance in which as the result of years of living contrary to the laws of nature to a greater or less extent vitality has become enfeebled, the powers sluggish and the chemical composition of the body altered, while the tissues are gradually becoming clogged with mal-assimilated food material. This process of blockage, he maintains, under the normal ways of living, goes on more or less from day to day until there comes a time when life is no longer able to set the vital mechanism in motion. In other words the body has reached a state in which the transmission through it of the vital force is impossible. There ensues, in fact, a diseased state of the nervous system due to its becoming poisoned by toxic material absorbed from the blood.

Mr. Carrington does not, of course, suggest that life can be indefinitely protracted, but he certainly argues that the ordinary duration of human life is not more than half the length that it ought to be. The theory has been advanced that old age (like white hair) is due to bacteria, and if you can provide the body with foods which will kill these bacteria old age may be indefinitely postponed. But it is found in practice that bacteria are harmless as long as the body is healthy. The saner method, therefore, appears to be to avoid supplying the bacteria with food on which they can flourish. We are probably justified in maintaining that induration and ossification are the causes of old age. These processes are due to the excess of lime, and other earthy salts that have accumulated within the system.

DOES FRUIT-EATING LENGTHEN LIFE?

If, then, old age advances in proportion to the amount of this accumulation, it follows that it is retarded just to the extent that this clogging material is kept out. This is presumably an argument for a more vegetarian diet, inasmuch as in fruits and similar foods there is a minimum of this kind of clogging matter. How far this form of food should be adopted

exclusively is another question, but it must be admitted that if the theory is right excess of meat-eating must gradually tend to the acceleration of the degenerative processes which lead to premature old age.

Mr. Meader's theory that old age is the result of auto-suggestion cannot, I think, be accepted as a reasonable hypothesis. It is not, indeed, fair to the author to put his theory quite so crudely, as his views should be read *in extenso* before they are condemned. There is probably something to be said in favour of the assumption that auto-suggestion tends to the shortening of human life, both directly and indirectly. But the fact that death overtakes all animal and vegetable life in a similar manner, shows, to my mind, conclusively, that the auto-suggestion argument has been greatly over-estimated. The fact that the nature of life is different in the vegetable and the animal kingdom hardly seems to me a sound argument in the case. What all nature shows, as already intimated, is the existence of periods of growth, maturity, and decay, even though the scientific justification for this condition of things is yet to seek. The parallel is found everywhere and holds good in the lesser cycle as well as in the greater. The seasons of the year bring us birth, growth, and death in repeated succession, and each tree goes through these phases many times in the course of its life history. It may even be argued that there is a parallel in this to the life history of the human soul in its successive phases of growth and manifestation, though there is always a danger in carrying such parallels too far. From the point of view of the occultist, death from old age may be said to result from the gradual withdrawal of the Will to Live, this Will to Live ceasing when the possibilities of self-realization through the medium of a particular form are exhausted or transcended.

NATURE WORKS IN CYCLES.

The secret of longevity may be found in the power possessed by the bodily frame on its physical and intellectual sides, of adaptability to environment. Resistance to conditions of environment is the sure road to premature dissolution. The downward path results from a gradual loss of this power of self-adaptation. Harmony is thus the rule of life. Discords tend to self-destruction; harmonies to self-perpetuation.

The method by which the physical body absorbs the life force is a sealed book to the orthodox scientist. Are we justified in assuming that these life rays are absorbed directly by the physical form, or have we to postulate some more plastic and ethereal

medium, through the intervention of which they find their way into the vital organism? The theory of direct absorption seems one difficult to conceive, and hardly appears to be in accord with what we know of Nature's processes. Theosophists have their theory on the matter which presumably has its origin in Oriental philosophy. It cannot, of course, at the present time be justified scientifically, but even from the scientific standpoint it may be regarded in the light of a plausible hypothesis where nothing more authoritative is forthcoming. This is how Mrs. Annie Besant expounds her doctrine on the subject:—

A LEAF FROM ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

> The sun is the great reservoir of the electrical, magnetic, and vital forces for our system, and it pours out abundantly these streams of life-giving energy. They are taken in by the etheric-doubles of all minerals, vegetables, animals and man, and are by them transmuted into the various life-energies (Prana) needed by each entity. The etheric-doubles draw in, specialize and distribute them over their physical counterparts. It has been observed that in vigorous health much more of the life-energies are transmuted than the physical body requires for its own support. What is technically termed the health-aura is the part of the etheric-double that extends a few inches from the whole surface of the body and shows radiating lines, like the radii of a sphere, going outwards in all directions. These lines droop when the vitality is diminished below the point of health, and resume their radiating character with renewed vigour. It is this vital-energy, specialized by the etheric-double, which is poured out by the mesmerist for the restoration of the weak and for the cure of disease. Hence the depletion of vital-energy shown by the exhaustion of the mesmerist who prolongs his work to excess.*

It is clear that the phenomena of mesmerism and equally the phenomena of the séance-room, demand some physical explanation. They cannot be justified by our present orthodox views. There is no scientific niche, as we understand science to-day, into which they can fall. Mrs. Besant's theory has this merit at least that it grapples with facts which so far have found no recognized place in the scientific scheme.

* *Ancient Wisdom*, p. 63 *et seq.* London Theosophical Publishing Society.

INFORMAL MAGIC

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

THE man who does not believe in magic is an ignoramus or a fool. Perhaps he regards Nature as a machine; he himself may for aught I know be a machine, but I am very sure that Nature is none. She, on the contrary, is a wizard, a witch rather, and works always by incantations and spells. Ask a lover what makes him the slave of his mistress, the fond puppet of her whims and caprices; and he will shake his head and vow that it must be because he has been bewitched. And that his explanation is literally true, I have not the shadow of a doubt. Nature in the person of some little piece of incarnate femininity has bewitched him—for her own relentless if not inscrutable ends. Ask the shades of Napoleon's devout followers what made them smile in their death-agony, feeling that the price was a small one to pay for a glance or a word of commendation from the man for whose greater glory they died. "He had a way with him," they will tell you; "you felt that he was not as other men." Dr. Bucke, the Canadian physician who in 1877 sought out the broken-down poet of democracy at Camden, relates how "he was almost amazed by the beauty and majesty of his person and the gracious air of purity that surrounded and permeated him." In the brief interview that followed Walt Whitman said nothing memorable, nothing at any rate that Bucke remembered, but "a sort of spiritual intoxication set in. . . . It seemed to me at that time certain that he was either actually a god or in some sense clearly and entirely preterhuman. Be all this as it may, it is certain that the hour spent that day with the poet was the turning point of my life." Clearly here, too, there is magic at work; the physician was, as with little sense of the significance of the word we so often say, "enchanted" with or by the old gray bard; he beheld him with englamoured eyes. And he became thenceforth his willing slave. "Perhaps it is," writes Frances Forbes Robertson, "that from those whom the angel of success follows there emanates some spring of life that flows into men's hearts; how else can we account for the hero-worship that has always attended the triumphant?" You may object that Walt Whitman was

hardly a successful man. He would not have agreed with you, nor do I.

All men of genius believe in magic, for all such men practise it in their works. Not formal magic, perhaps, although many of them—Goethe, Leibnitz, Newton, among others—have dabbled in that. Every great poem, picture, symphony or drama is an embodiment of concentrated and rhythmic will, in virtue of which it exercises occult power upon all who are in any sort of affinity with its creator.

Browning, no doubt, had in mind this magical function of Art when he made Abt Vogler say of musical improvisation:—

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

What do we mean when we speak of the "charm" of such or such a lyric, that ineffable quality of metre or phrasing wherein by magical power has been imprisoned in permanently active form the spiritual essence of a transient poetic mood? It is no mere accident that has applied to such qualities a title pregnant with occult associations and significance. It is not only poems that have "charm"; we all know people of both sexes who attract others in a degree out of all proportion to their formal beauty or ability. This power is perhaps commoner among women than among men. "Wherever they go," says a modern writer, "some women naturally raise the pulse of life to quicker beating, till the paths they trace are marked by a vivider life, like the bright green circles where the fairies tread." A beautiful symbol, to convey a fine and penetrating thought!

Readers of Ibsen may recall how his Master Builder attributes his phenomenal success in his profession to a mysterious power of constraining unseen helpers to work on his behalf. One would like to question a number of very fortunate people as to whether they had any dim or clear consciousness of the possession of some such gift. An objection that occurs to me is that some fortunate individuals I have known have not been strong characters—rather the reverse, easy-going, debonnaire. Perhaps there are two types of good luck, in one of which the individual constrains the elementals to work for him, while in the other they work for love. Ibsen's hero would be an example of the former class; and his fate suggests that such individuals are apt to end tragically: the elementals are proverbially treacherous and capricious,

ever on the alert for an opportunity of escape and revenge. Who does not remember the eagerness of Ariel for the hour of his promised release?

Nature in her dealings with men and women resembles those Indian jugglers who by some traditional art know how to make folk see what they will them to see. For every age-period, she invests with appropriate glamour those objects to which she desires to attract our eager interest, so that we see them not as they actually are, but as she wishes that they shall appear. Things that might unduly distract our attention or lead us astray from our destined path she conceals with a veil of illusion, so that they do not exist for us until their time has come. As the glamour fades from one set of toys, it passes to another; as one veil of illusion lifts, it reveals another beyond. On her favourite children she bestows a share of her own wizardry, so that, as I have said, they practise informal magic in all their works and ways. These are the men of genius, the mere utterance of whose names, when those who bore them have long vanished from our midst, can thrill us with a sudden sense of mystery and power. These are the lovely and beloved women, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Francesca da Rimini, Mary Stuart, to think of whom is to be transported instantly from the dull earth of commonplace actuality to the seventh heaven of romance.

Some day we shall understand these things, be able to demonstrate the super-potency of the emanations of the eye of genius, to estimate the passional quality and rank of a given temperament or apply the principles of spectrum-analysis to the classification of souls. There is a chemistry of human affinities, a law determining the subtlest most occult manifestations of human magnetism; the charm of a given personality upon another is theoretically capable of exact statement in terms of a mathematical formula.

Meanwhile, I repeat: The man who does not believe in magic is an ignoramus or a fool.

SOME ASPECTS OF BRITISH MYTHOLOGY

By EVA M. MARTIN

OF late years there has been aroused in many minds a great wonderment as to why the rich and beautiful mythology native to our islands should for so long have been neglected, by writers and readers alike, in favour of the mythologies of other countries, with the result that now all those who wish to have access to our Celtic treasure-house of "myth and legend, poetry and romance," will find the way made easy for them by many forerunners. A new illustrated edition has just been issued of the late Mr. Charles Squire's beautiful volume—*The Mythology of the British Islands* *—for which no praise seems too high. It is admirably arranged, and full of valuable information, and it makes in every way a delightful introduction to the study of other works on this fascinating subject. Abridged versions of many of the beautiful old Gaelic and British legends are given in language of a charming and straightforward simplicity, and it is difficult to conceive of any intelligent person dipping into such a book, at almost any page, without having the imagination stimulated and the pulse quickened by delight and pride. What if our poets and painters have, until quite recent years, relied almost solely on the myths of Greece and Rome for inspiration? We are realizing at last that we have the right, as Mr. Squire expresses it, "to enter upon a new spiritual possession. And a splendid one it is! The Celtic mythology has little of the heavy crudeness that repels one in Teutonic and Scandinavian story. It is as beautiful and as graceful as the Greek; and, unlike the Greek, which is a reflection of a clime and soil which few of us will ever see, it is our own."

Indeed all authorities are agreed as to the fact that our Celtic heritage is one of which we may be justly proud. These ancient tales display a child-like simplicity, a quaintness of conception, and a passionate love of nature which has never been equalled

* *The Mythology of the British Islands: Celtic Myth and Legend, Poetry and Romance.* By Charles Squire. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net. London: Blackie & Son, Ltd., 50, Old Bailey. (Pp. 446.)

in the early literature of any other race. And love of nature in the Celt is not merely appreciation of nature's outward beauty. It goes beyond that, and has endowed the Celtic poets with what Matthew Arnold calls "the gift of rendering with a wonderful felicity the *magical charm* of nature." "Magic is just the word for it"—to quote further from the same writer—"the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm." Again, the actors in the old Celtic stories show in many cases a nobility of character, a delicacy of perception, which is comparatively lacking in the early heroes of other countries. "In comparing Cuchulainn and Achilles"—so Mr. Alfred Nutt declares—"the hero of the less advanced, more barbaric, race suffers nothing. Both are barbarians, but the Gael is a better gentleman than the Greek." No more beautiful illustration of this can be found than in the touching incident of the battle between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad. Owing to a magic weakness which fell upon the warriors of Ulster at a certain time of each year, it came about that Cuchulainn was defending the land single-handed against the armies of Medb,* Queen of Connaught. Having tried without success many different plans for overcoming him, she at last, by means of threats and inducements, prevailed upon his old friend and comrade, Ferdiad, to go forth against him. The rest cannot be better told than in Mr. Squire's words:—

"Cuchulainn saw him coming, and went out to welcome him; but Ferdiad said that he had not come as a friend, but to fight. Now Cuchulainn had been Ferdiad's junior and serving-boy in Scathach's Island, and he begged him by the memory of those old times to go back; but Ferdiad said he could not. They fought all day, and neither had gained any advantage by sunset. So they kissed one another, and each went back to his camp. Ferdiad sent half his food and drink to Cuchulainn, and Cuchulainn sent half his healing herbs and medicines to Ferdiad, and their horses were put in the same stable, and their charioteers slept by the same fire. And so it happened on the second day. But at the end of the third day they parted gloomily, knowing that on the morrow one of them must fall; and their horses were not put in the same stall that night, neither did their charioteers sleep at the same fire. On the fourth day Cuchulainn succeeded in killing Ferdiad, by casting the *gae bolg* † at him from underneath. But when he saw that he was dying, the battle-fury passed away, and he took his old companion up in his arms, and carried him across the river on whose banks they had fought, so that

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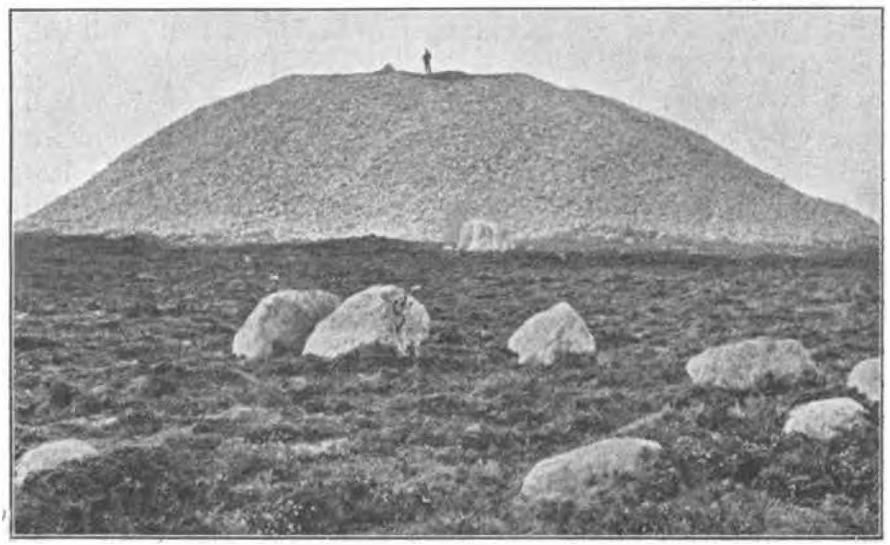
* Pronounced Maive.

† Cuchulainn's invincible spear, made of a sea-monster's bones.

he might be with the men of Ulster in his death, and not with the men of Ireland. And he wept over him, and said: 'It was all a game and a sport till Ferdiad came. Oh, Ferdiad! your death will hang over me like a cloud for ever. Yesterday he was greater than a mountain; to-day he is less than a shadow.'"

But not only in deeds of valour and bloodshed do the Celtic gods and heroes excel. The treatment of such subjects as love, and woman's beauty, in these old tales is full of a rare tenderness and grace. So great a critic as M. Ernest Renan has said on this point that "no other human tribe has carried so much



QUEEN MEDB'S CAIRN, KNOCKNAREA, SLIGO.
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mystery into love. No other has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman, nor been more dominated by her. . . . Compare Guinevere and Iseult to those Scandinavian furies Gudruna and Chrimhilde, and you will acknowledge that woman, as chivalry conceived her—that ideal of sweetness and beauty set up as the supreme object of life—is a creation neither classic, Christian, nor Germanic, but in reality Celtic."

The ancient Welsh legends are no less interesting than the Irish ones, and indeed in some ways they are perhaps of more particular interest, for it is in them that we find the first mention of Arthur, the great British god, who by later Norman romancers was transformed into Arthur the King, while his fellow-gods supplied the names and attributes for that company of Knights of the Table Round with whose histories the poet Tennyson

has made us all familiar. Of all the old British gods and heroes, Arthur is the one whose fame has spread most widely, and he is the only one whose death has never been recorded. "A grave there is for Mark, a grave for Gwythur, a grave for Gwgawn of the ruddy sword; a mystery is the grave of Arthur," so runs a passage in one of the oldest extant Welsh poems, in *The Black Book of Carmarthen*—or, as the last line has also been translated, "Not wise the thought, a grave for Arthur." The legend survives to this day in many parts of England. Some believe that the great king waits in "the island valley of Avilion"; some that he sits with his champions "in a charmed sleep in some secret place, waiting for the trumpet to be blown that shall call him forth to reconquer Britain." But all stories agree on one point—that he sleeps, but is not dead—and, in any case, will not even sceptics admit that Mr. Squire is perfectly right when he declares that "only with the closing of the lips of the last mortal who preserved his tradition can the life of a god be truly said to end"?

Of the beautiful old Welsh *Mabinogion* (*Tales of Youth*, or *Tales for the Young*), accessible to all in Lady Charlotte Guest's poetical translation, Professor Lewis Jones has given it as his opinion that they are "the most artistic and delightful expression of the early Celtic genius which we possess. . . . The supernatural is treated in them as the most natural thing in the world, and the personages who possess magic gifts are made to move about and speak and behave as perfectly normal human creatures."

The question of the supernatural in these early stories is, of course, of special interest in the present place. It is very curious to find how many passages there are that coincide almost exactly with the statements of modern clairvoyants. Take, for instance, the "hero-light" which we are told shone round Cuchulainn when he was roused to great effort in battle, transfiguring his face. What is there to distinguish this from the *aura* of light which many claim to have the power of seeing nowadays around the forms of great preachers and speakers in moments of power and passion? Or again, this description of the same hero in anger: "Among the aerial clouds over his head were visible the virulent pouring showers and sparks of ruddy fire, which the seething of his savage wrath caused to mount up above him." No one who has read Mr. Leadbeater's fascinating books, *Thought Forms*, and *Man Visible and Invisible*, and who remembers the descriptions and illustrations in them, can fail

to be struck by this remarkable parallel. Then here is a lurid account of " what the Gaels believed to happen in the spiritual world when battle lowered and men's blood was aflame " :—

" There arose a wild, impetuous, precipitate, mad, inexorable, furious, dark, lacerating, merciless, combative, contentious *badb*,* which was shrieking and fluttering over their heads. And there arose also the satyrs, and sprites, and the maniacs of the valleys, and the witches and goblins and owls, and destroying demons of the air and firmament, and the demoniac phantom host; and they were inciting and sustaining valour and battle with them."

This tallies very closely with much that we hear in these days

KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE, TINTAGEL.
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about the thought-forms and elementals that appear on the astral plane when men's baser passions are aroused.

But, from a mystical and philosophical point of view, of still greater interest is the ancient song of the druid Amergin, when first he set foot upon Irish soil. Though there is no date to this poem, and no genuine proof of authorship, it has been said by Mr. William Sharp that these are probably " the oldest surviving lines in any vernacular tongue in Europe, except Greek."

An almost exactly parallel passage could be taken from the Welsh bard, Taliesin, but it also is too long to quote here. " I

* Pronounced *bive*—a collective name for the goddesses of war.

have been in many shapes," he sings, " before I attained a congenial form. . . . I have been a shining star. I have been a word in a book; . . . I have been enchanted for a year in the foam of water. There is nothing in which I have not been." We shall find it interesting to compare both of these with similar passages in *The Bhagavad-Gîtâ* (as rendered in Mrs. Besant's beautiful prose translation) :—

" I the sapidity in waters, O son of Kuntî, I the radiance in moon and sun ; the Word of Power in all the Vedas, sound in ether, and virility in men ; the pure fragrance of earths and the brilliance in fire am I ; . . . of purifiers I am the wind ; Râma of warriors I ; and I am Makara of fishes ; of streams the Gangâ am I ; . . . I am the gambling of the cheat, and the splendour of splendid things I ; I am victory, I am determination, and the truth of the truthful I. . . . Of secrets I am also silence ; the knowledge of knowers am I."

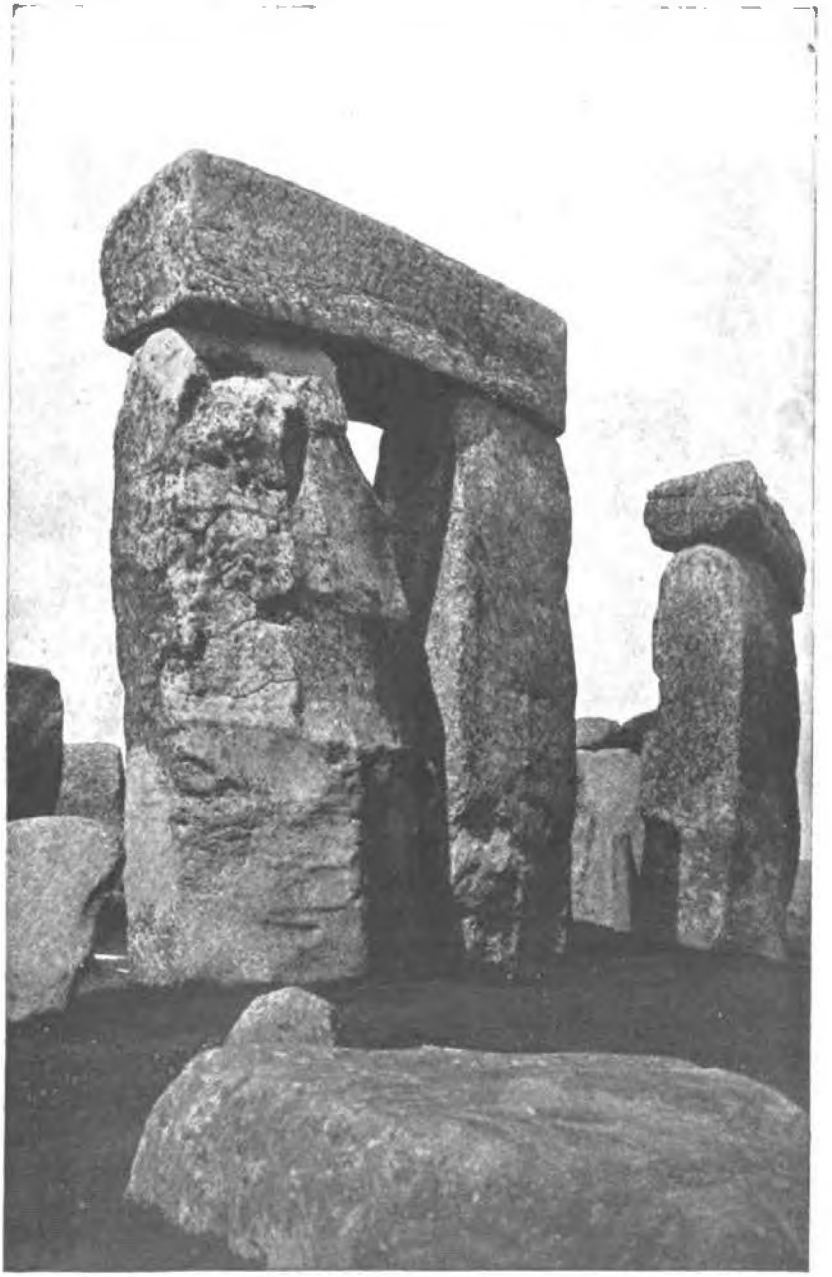
Truly, it is passing strange, as Mr. Squire remarks, " to find Gael and Briton combining to voice almost in the same words this doctrine of the mystical Celts, who, while still in a state of semi-barbarism, saw, with some of the greatest of ancient and modern philosophers, the One in the Many, and a single Essence in all the manifold forms of life." Another poem which enunciates the same doctrine is sung by the great sea-god, Manannán; but perhaps of all the writings of an occult nature that remain to us from these ancient sources the most interesting is this fragment of unknown antiquity from *The Black Book of Carmarthen* :—

THE SOUL.

" Soul, since I was made in necessity blameless
True it is, woe is me that thou shouldst have come to my design,
Neither for my own sake, nor for death, nor for end, nor for beginning.
It was with seven faculties that I was thus blessed,
With seven created beings I was placed for purification ;
I was gleaming fire when I was caused to exist ;
I was dust of the earth, and grief could not reach me ;
I was a high wind, being less evil than good ;
I was a mist on a mountain seeking supplies of stags ;
I was blossoms of trees on the face of the earth.
If the Lord had blessed me, He would have placed me on matter.
Soul, since I was made——"

Strange and obscure, yet curiously suggestive, this has the ring of true poetry, and the note of deep human feeling. It seems that the poet, overcome by a sense of the sadness of mortal existence, addresses his soul, with the feeling that to it he owes his capacity for sin and suffering. " Woe is me that thou shouldst

have come to my design. . . . I was dust of the earth, and grief could not reach me; I was a high wind, being less evil



PORTION OF THE CIRCLE, STONEHENGE.
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than good." It is much to be regretted that the rest of the poem should have been lost.

The ancient Celts seem to have had a very strong sense of the importance of *names*—even to have held the theory that the name and the soul were one and the same thing. Several instances of this could be cited, and it is a fact which may particularly interest readers of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's recently published story, *The Human Chord*, in which the practice of calling things and people by their " true names " is made use of with such potent effect.

In *The Voyage of Brân* (vol. ii), by Mr. Alfred Nutt, will be found a very interesting chapter on " The Celtic Doctrine of Re-birth." This writer, however, does not think that the Irish doctrine had any connexion with a belief in the life of the soul as distinct from that of the body, or even that the doctrine shows any signs of philosophic or religious colouring. Mr. Squire seems to take a different view. He quotes Caesar, who, writing of the Druids, remarks: " As one of their leading doctrines they inculcate this: that souls are not annihilated, but pass after death from one body to another, and they hold that by this teaching men are much encouraged to valour, through disregarding the fear of death." This reminds us of what Lafcadio Hearn says of the similar belief of the Japanese: " Its promises for future births and its fearlessness about journeying to the Meido, whither one travels with just a little tear or two only." Mr. Squire does not hold the view that the Druids merely borrowed this theory of theirs from the Greeks, owing to its appearance in very early Gaelic myths. The great hero, Cuchulainn, we find, was urged to marry by the men of Ulster, because they knew " that his re-birth would be of himself," and they did not wish their tribe to lose so mighty a warrior; while the famous Finn mac Coul, in another legend, is said to have been re-born, after two hundred years, as a king of Ulster called Mongan. Concerning the mysterious Druidical rites, performed chiefly at Stonehenge, Mr. Squire has some suggestive theories to offer, but space forbids any further comment on this fascinating book. Perhaps enough has been said, however, to give some idea of the vast amount of beautiful and interesting matter that it contains.

RUDOLF STEINER, PH.D. (VIENNA), SCIENTIST, MYSTIC, OCCULTIST

By AGNES BLAKE

THE subject of the present article may in truth be acclaimed one of the most remarkable men our generation has produced. Ours has been an age of brilliant achievement—an age of "specializing," that practice whereof the greatly over-estimated value has been so persistently and blindly extolled. Hence a growing conviction is gaining ground that a certain one-sidedness has crept into almost every department of exact science, giving rise to a corresponding "grooviness" and lack of mental elasticity on the part of the majority of its exponents. It is in relation to all these outward signs of a materialistic age that Dr. Rudolf Steiner, of whom we would speak, differs so widely from the accepted man of science of the day.

Well able to hold his own with any whose work, be it in the study or laboratory, entitles them to speak with authority, Rudolf Steiner's genius is yet so constituted as to render it impossible that it should rest satisfied within the limits of any one branch alone. It has often been maintained that the domains of science are now too vast for one human mind to comprehend them all. Yet have we in Rudolf Steiner one of those extraordinary minds which, like those of Leibnitz and Pascal, seem mentally able to assimilate not only the salient points but the intricacies of each and all, while the pursuit of material knowledge has but served to intensify his spiritual convictions as a Theosophist, a mystic and occultist of the first order.

Rudolf Steiner was born in February, 1861, in a small border town of Upper Austria, and his childhood and early boyhood were spent in Hungary amid the wild romantic scenery of the Carpathian Mountains. Here the rugged grandeur may indeed have served to influence the character of the silent sensitive boy, endowed, it would seem, from an early age with the strange gift of "seeing souls," and though at the present day the Doctor's genial smile and ready humorous response betoken as keen an appreciation of fun and wit as any, yet must that early burden

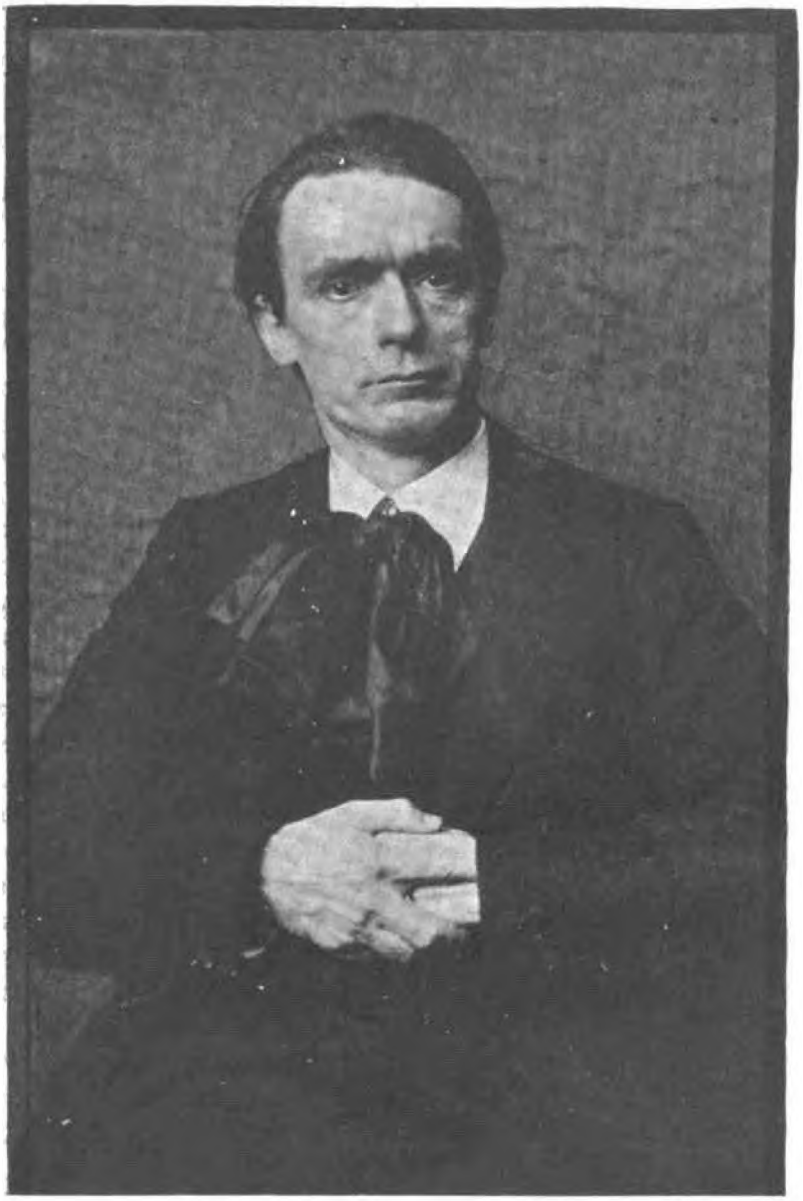
of involuntary clairvoyance have dimmed those childish days before he had become clearly aware of its actual import, and it is said that as a child he was ever grave "and preternaturally silent." Solitude and nature were his companions, and much of the boy's spare time, after his duties as chorister in the Catholic church of his native town were over, he spent in long rambles, on one of which a friendship was struck up between the little seer and a Stranger of similar, although maturer gifts, a Herbalist versed in the healing property of plants.

This meeting—anything but a chance encounter, as young Steiner was in later years to know—was the first step taken on the ladder of his life—the first rung to be climbed towards his present achievement. From his unknown friend the boy—ever athirst for knowledge—received his earliest lessons in botany, and in natural as well as occult science, for this man, whose powers revealed to him the vital principles of plants, their etheric body, and what is known as the elementals of the vegetable kingdom, would converse upon this subject as though such knowledge were the most ordinary thing imaginable. Nor was so fascinating a topic limited to the occult properties of the plant-world alone, and so it came that from the Messenger placed thus early in his path Rudolf Steiner acquired knowledge of the twofold life current, of the flux and re-flux, pulsations that constitute the very movement of this world of ours.

From this time forward Rudolf Steiner was fully conscious of the Powers that were working for his guidance; yet were these verities in his sight of too profoundly sacred a nature to be lightly communicated to any other living creature: he *knew*, and in those boyish days, as also later on when the struggles of early manhood beset his path, that knowledge, the wondrous restfulness derived from unerring conviction, gave to his character the calm and steady equipoise now perceptible in every communicated thought, be it the written or the spoken word.

The impetus thus given to a mind at once alert and contemplative was bound to lead to its seeking an outlet for its energies in philosophic study, and so it came to pass that having barely completed his seventeenth year young Steiner, already deeply read in Kant, Fichte and Schelling, became a student at the University of Vienna, where he at once plunged into the transcendental idealism of Hegel.

But mere speculative philosophy was by no means the sort of mental food calculated to satisfy such a mind as Rudolf Steiner's. His "positiveness" demanded the more solid basis of practical



Zur gefl. Erinnerung
hochachtungsvoll
Dr. Rudolf Steiner

observation, and he therefore turned to such studies as mathematics, chemistry, mineralogy, botany and zoology—studies, all of which, to use his own words, "afford a surer basis for the construction of a spiritual system of the universe than do either history or literature." And in spite of the fact that so much of his time was devoted to acquiring a thorough knowledge of the exact sciences (a thoroughness to which his remarks made in the introduction to his last great work, *Occult Science*, most amply bear witness) young Steiner yet found leisure wherein to indulge in the pursuits of literature and the critical study of art. To Julius Schröer, a friend of the brothers Grimm, he was indebted for his earliest initiation into the art of oratory. His delivery now testifies amply to his aptness as a pupil. Nor was the connection here formed confined to one of professor and pupil only, for Julius Schröer—fully recognizing the compelling genius, the winning personality of the younger man—extended to him a friendship which has made a lasting impression on Rudolf Steiner's memory; alluding thereto he has been known to observe, "In a desert of prevailing materialism Schröer's house was to me a very oasis of idealism."

While thus unconsciously fitting himself for his life-work Rudolf Steiner had not as yet taken any definite steps towards the choice of a professional career. While working for his degree he had found it necessary to take up private tutoring, and in addition to all these activities he was engaged in editing a literary weekly. It was indeed while thus "teaching the young idea how to shoot" that he became so painfully alive to the evils of the present educational system prevailing among all classes alike, and the substance of the observations he then gathered at first hand have since been embodied in a booklet under the title of *The Education of Children.*

It was towards the end of what we may term the Vienna period of his career that Rudolf Steiner, now a fully accredited Doctor of Philosophy, came to know his Master, meeting for the first time in the flesh that Personality who for so many a year had watched over the unfolding of his mind, noted his ripening talents and the bent of his unmistakable genius with care that was indeed akin to the love of a father for a beloved son. Thus before long was Rudolf Steiner made fully aware of the mission that awaited him. He embarked on it joyfully without hesitation or a thought of self—a mission that should "re-unite Science and Religion, bring back God into Science and Nature into Religion, thus re-fertilising both Art and Life."

This was the task the young Initiate henceforward set himself to accomplish, nor has he during years of struggle, the target many a time for shafts of jealousy and misconception, ever wavered in his faithful and untiring service for the spiritual uplifting of the race. A member now of his Master's Order, Rudolf Steiner was both spiritually and mentally equipped to seek a wider field wherein to sow the seed among such as might be fit for the receiving of supersensual knowledge; his life was dedicated to his fellow men, and he was ready to follow the call wherever it might take him.

The year 1890 saw him in Weimar, his scholarly attainments having attracted the authorities in whose custody repose those invaluable treasures comprised in the Goethe and Schiller archives. A new edition of Goethe's scientific works was contemplated, and it was agreed that no better man than Steiner could be found to undertake so important a labour, requiring as it did the combined abilities of a literary man as well as a professional scientist. Though the spirit of the age has, alas! touched this "Athens on the Ilm" to the detriment of some of its most cherished associations, yet do the "old ghosts" linger still, and we may be very sure that to Steiner this "atmosphere" meant much more than to the modern Weimaraner. The work he did there, apart from that connected with the post he was officially accredited to, reveals the attitude of his mind during the Weimar period: it comprised among others two volumes entitled respectively *Truth and Science* and *The Philosophy of Liberty*.

It was during his sojourn in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar that Rudolf Steiner, who had written an impartial treatise on *Friedrich Nietzsche*, received an invitation from the sister of the great "super-man"—then already mortally stricken with his terrible and lingering malady. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche was anxious to find a commentator and co-editor for her brother's works, and hoped to enlist the interest and sympathies of this brilliant young publicist. Her plan was, however, doomed to failure. To a man of Dr. Steiner's spiritual conviction work of such a nature became a practical impossibility. Sympathy with so tragic a fate was a very different thing to a complacent association of himself with the Nietzsche Theory, and his firm rejection of repeated overtures made him on this subject led to a rupture of relations in that quarter. This was Rudolf Steiner's first "encounter" with the dragon of modern scepticism and materialism which he had set himself to combat and if possible to slay. The next with whom he was to break a lance was

Ernst Haeckel, the great Jena biologist, who in his ardour may be said to out-Darwin Darwin himself.

In Haeckel Dr. Steiner has an opponent whom he loves even as much as he admires him! For nothing could be more chivalrous than the manner in which he presents the case *for* Haeckel in his pamphlet *Haeckel und seine Gegner*, nothing more generous than the manner in which he comments on the great scientist's achievements when criticising his monumental work, *The Riddle of the Universe*, albeit he somewhat humorously observes that taken all in all Professor Ernst Haeckel's convictions might not unfitly be regarded as "first steps in theosophical teaching," and "very good Theosophy they make too" we have heard the Doctor remark with a twinkle in his eye.

Other works dating from about this time are of a more purely mystical nature, the two qualities of mystic and occultist being so intimately blended in Dr. Steiner's nature as to make it difficult to determine to which we should give the preference. It is indeed this peculiar dual gift that, so to speak, places him apart from others as highly endowed in perhaps one or the other capacity, yet not possessing both in so marked and evenly balanced a proportion.

The early nineties brought Rudolf Steiner to Berlin, literary work being again the ostensible call thither, and here it was that his real life labour was to assume its definite shape, for he now became the acknowledged leader of a great spiritual movement. At the time of which we write the German Theosophical Society was, so to speak, in its death-throes. It had lingered on after the first blow dealt it by the Coulomb affair, and had striven tentatively to regain life and increase its membership. That it survived at all may indeed be said to have been solely due to the energy and devotion of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden (see April number of *The Theosophist*), the importance of whose labours for the cause can hardly be over-estimated. Strength, new interest and, above all, new blood was wanted. The question was becoming a vital one for many, and the momentous issue lay with Rudolf Steiner, a born spiritual leader, albeit an initiate of another school. It is as such, as one of the ancient Order of the Rosicrucians, that Dr. Rudolf Steiner entered Theosophy as General Secretary of the German section, henceforth to devote his genius and energy to the propagation of Western—that is, Christian—Theosophy. Under his careful and intuitive leadership the tenets of Eastern and Western Theosophy are being welded to one homogeneous science, and the marvellous way in which teachings once looked at askance have spread, not

only through the German Empire but far across its borders, is a powerful tribute to Dr. Steiner's earnestness and compelling personality.

While constantly delivering public lectures, not alone in Berlin but in every important city, he has yet found time to accomplish an amazing amount of literary work, to say nothing of the mystical drama so finely performed at Munich last year, *Die Pforte der Einweihung*. In a periodical entitled *Lucifer*, he has, in addition to shorter articles dealing with many pressing spiritual and ethical questions of the day, published the "Akashic Records," which have made so deep an impression upon all readers by the vivid and explicit manner in which the deeper causes at work during the Lemurian and Atlantean world-periods have been set down. (These have been translated into English and will shortly be available, forming a very useful companion-work to those more descriptive records already known and taken from the same source.)

Before closing what we feel to be but a very inadequate sketch of one of the greatest leaders now among us, we should like to bear witness to the highly intellectual section of the public who form his audiences at the public lectures held during the winter months in Berlin. It is no elementary Theosophy this, but a blend of metaphysics and science tempered with a dissertation on the higher ideals in art, an intellectual feast such as the German mind above all else delights in. The Hall, a vast one, is filled to its utmost sitting and standing capacity long before the Doctor mounts the rostrum, while the great percentage attending comprise professional men, scientists and students.

The writer of this article once inquired why the Doctor had chosen Berlin of all German cities as his headquarters, when there is not one that is not more spiritually and artistically attractive—and the answer given was: "*he chose Berlin because of its rank materialism.*"

MYSTICISM OR OCCULTISM?

By H. J. STRUTTON

AN important, if not *the* most important contribution to the study of Religious Psychology that has appeared since Professor James gave an impetus to the study of that branch of the science by the publication of his well-known *Varieties of Religious Experience*, is undoubtedly the volume just published by Messrs. Methuen, entitled *Mysticism*,* by Evelyn Underhill. The ever-increasing importance of a knowledge of this branch of psychology was recently drawn attention to by Dr. W. R. Inge, in his addresses in the chapel of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in January last, where he pointed out the steady shifting of the centre of gravity in religion from authority to *experience*. The cloud of witnesses who bear testimony to the Reality that transcends man's normal consciousness belongs to no one religion, no one age, no one country; the saints and sages of all times and in all places witness the one great Fact. The mystics seem to have "succeeded where all others have failed, in establishing immediate connection between the spirit of man, entangled as they declare amongst material things, and that of the 'only Reality,' that immaterial and final Being, which some philosophers call the Absolute, and most theologians call God."

Whilst admitting that the path of Religion or Worship is a pathway to Reality, Miss Underhill, however, in her examination of Mysticism in relation to Occultism or Magic (with her the terms are synonymous), endeavours to rebut the claim of Occultism to be such a pathway. We would adduce, however, as evidence to the contrary, the experience of Mrs. Annie Besant, who, speaking at Benares on the "Law of Sacrifice," endeavours to describe the life of union with the Self beyond all selves:—

> Oh, if for one passing moment I could show to you, by any skill of tongue or passion of emotion, one gleam of the faint glimpse—that by the grace of the Masters I have caught—of the glory and the beauty of the Life that knows no difference and recognizes no separation, then the charm of that glory would so win your hearts that all earth's beauty

* *Mysticism*, by Evelyn Underhill, Methuen, 15*s*. net; whence all quotations otherwise unacknowledged are selected.

would seem but ugliness, all earth's gold but dross, all earth's treasures but dust on the roadside, beside the inexpressible joy of the life that knows itself as One. Hard to keep it, even when once seen, amidst the separated lives of men, amidst the glamour of the senses, and the delusions of the mind. But once to have seen it, though but for a moment, changes the whole world, and having beheld the majesty of the Self, no life save that seems worth living.*

And those who know her absolute self-sacrifice, her tireless devotion to the cause she has at heart, see therein a testimony to the reality of her Vision. Strange, by the way, that in a work which in all other respects is so thorough and impartial in its examination of Occultism and Mysticism, not one word of reference can be found to such an authority on the subject as Mrs. Besant!

Of these two lines of development our author appositely remarks: "The fundamental difference between the two is this: Magic wants to get, Mysticism wants to give." Inasmuch as the path of Occultism is the path of Will, whilst the path of Mysticism is pre-eminently the path of Worship, this observation is doubtless justified. But in a true Theosophy (knowledge of God—the aim of Occultism and Mysticism alike) both lines of development should find their place.

However, although the goal may be the same, most assuredly does the method differ. Whilst Power predominates in the Occultist, Self-surrender characterizes the Mystic. "The attainment of power is one of the first aims of the disciple; it is aimed at continually throughout his whole path of progress," says the author of *Light on the Path.* Whilst on the other hand "Love (Devotion) alone is to be embraced by those who desire Liberation," says the Nârada Sûtra, pointing the way of the Mystic. Whence, however, come those whispers of a Right Hand and a Left Hand Path along the line of Occultism? Do they hint at a danger from which the path of Mysticism is free? It would seem so, since one never hears of a Left Hand Path of Mysticism. One may either tread that path, or leave it, sinking back into the ranks of the unawakened; but there are no two ways. And here we come face to face with the heart of the problem. The very essence of the method of the Mystic is "the giving up of I-hood, the process of self-stripping"; while in the case of the Occultist the Will to Power may exist concurrently with and indeed intensify that I-hood. Herein lies the difference, and the source

* *Laws of the Higher Life.*

of danger. It is not merely that the student of Occultism runs the risk "in this hard-earned acquirement of power over the Many of tending to forget the One," but worse still, the intensification of the I-hood fosters the very root of Separateness, the Great Heresy, rendering more and more difficult the breaking down of those barriers between the separated self and the One Self, the Life of all. Therefore is the aspirant at the very outset of his endeavours to tread the path of Occultism warned to—

> seek in the heart the source of evil and expunge it. It lives fruitfully in the heart of the devoted disciple as well as in the heart of the man of desire. Only the strong can kill it out. The weak must wait for its growth, its fruition, its death. And it is a plant that lives and increases throughout the ages. It flowers when the man has accumulated unto himself innumerable existences. He who would enter upon the path of power must tear this thing out of his heart. And then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved. This ordeal must be endured; it may come at the first step of the perilous ladder which leads to the path of life: it may not come until the last. But, O disciple, remember that it has to be endured, and fasten the energies of your soul upon the task.*

The ambition born of spiritual pride which is so terrible a danger for the Occultist, becomes impossible for the Mystic by his very attitude of self-surrender, and the practical Occultist is keenly aware of the danger. We venture at this point to quote Mrs. Besant once more. In a lecture on Yoga, urging the necessity for self-surrender, she remarks, "I should do less than my duty here to you if I left you on the intellectual plane. Therefore I venture these words as to the essence of Yoga; I venture to say to you that devotion is *the one thing that gives security*; the one thing that gives strength; devotion is the one way that opens up the road to the innermost where the Divine is manifest." True, the Occultist who sets his feet upon the Path determined to tread it for Its sake alone, in perfect purity of heart, reaches the goal perhaps more quickly than his Mystic brother; but, in comparison, it is indeed a "perilous path." Those, however, who are fortunate enough to feel the hunger of the heart for worship, the longing to become a channel for the Divine Life to manifest in the world, may set their faces steadily towards the goal, secure in the knowledge that their footsteps cannot stray.

How close the mystics are to us, and how important is their

* *Light on the Path.*

message, may be seen from the following extract from the concluding chapter of this work :—

I do not care whether the consciousness be that of artist or musician, striving to catch and fix some aspect of the heavenly light or music, and denying all other aspects of the world in order to devote themselves to this; or of the humble servant of Science, purging his intellect that he may look upon her secrets with innocence of eye: whether the higher reality be perceived in the terms of religion, beauty, suffering; of human love, of goodness, or of truth. However widely these forms of transcendence may seem to differ, the mystic experience is the key to them all. All in their different ways are exhibitions here and now of the Eternal; extensions of man's consciousness which involve calls to heroic endeavour, incentives to the remaking of character about new and higher centres of life. Through each, man may rise to freedom and take his place in the great movement of the universe: may "understand by dancing that which is done." Each brings the self who receives its revelation in good faith, does not check it by self-regarding limitations, to a humble acceptance of the universal law of knowledge: the law that "we behold that which we are"; and hence that "only the Real can know Reality." Awakening, Discipline, Enlightenment, Self-surrender, and Union, are the essential processes of life's response to this fundamental fact. . . .

We are then one and all the kindred of the mystics; and it is by dwelling upon this kinship, by interpreting—as far as we may—their great declarations in the light of our own little experience, that we shall learn to understand them best. Strange and far away though they seem, they are not cut off from us by an impassable abyss. They belong to us. They are our brethren; the heroes, the giants of our race. As the achievement of genius belongs not to itself only, but also to the society that brought it forth; as theology declares that the merits of the saints avail for all; so, because of the solidarity of the human family, the supernal accomplishment of the mystics is ours also. Their attainment is the earnest-money of our eternal life.

No more pleasant guide along that Path, no more pleasing description of the journey of the Mystic Quest, could one wish for than Miss Underhill's *Mysticism*. Throughout the whole 600 pages we do not remember to have found a single uninteresting one. Presenting its subject as it does from the psychological point of view, freed from the limitations of any particular creed, there can be no doubt that the volume is destined to rank amongst the foremost works upon this much-misunderstood subject.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ESOTERIC TEACHING

By ÉDOUARD SCHURÉ

Translated by FRED ROTHWELL

"I feel convinced there will come a day when physiologists, poets and philosophers will all speak the same language and understand one another."
—CLAUDE BERNARD.

THE greatest evil of our times is the fact that science and religion appear as two hostile forces that cannot be reconciled with each other. It is an intellectual evil, all the more pernicious because it comes from above and filters quietly, though surely, into the minds of all, like a subtle poison breathed in with the very air around us. Every evil that affects the intelligence becomes, in the long run, one that injures the soul, and finally social in its nature.

So long as Christianity ingenuously affirmed the Christian faith in the midst of a Europe which was still semi-barbarous, as in the Middle Ages, it was the mightiest of moral forces; it formed the soul of present-day humanity. So long as experimental science, frankly established on a fresh basis in the sixteenth century, did nothing but claim the legitimate rights of reason and its own boundless liberty, it was the greatest of intellectual forces; for it renewed the very face of the world, freed man from age-long bonds and offered an indestructible groundwork to the human mind.

But since the Church, no longer capable of proving her original dogma against the objections of science, has shut herself up within this dogma as within a windowless house, setting faith over against reason as an absolute command, and one that it is impossible to dispute; since Science, dazzled by her discoveries in the physical world, and forgetting the very existence of the psychic and the intellectual worlds, has become agnostic in her methods and materialistic both in her principles and in her goal; since Philosophy, bewildered and powerless between the two, has, in a measure, abdicated her rights and fallen away into a vague kind of scepticism, a profound rupture has been brought about in the soul of society as well as in that of the individual. This conflict, at first necessary and useful from the fact that it set up the rights of reason and science,

[The subjoined Essay by the well-known author of *Les Grands Initiés* has never, so far, been translated into English, and I am inserting the present translation by Mr. F. Rothwell in the belief that it will be of interest and value to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.—EDITOR.]

finally became a source of weakness and decay. Religion responds to the needs of the heart, hence its eternal magic; Science, to those of the spirit, hence its invincible might. These two powers, however, have long been unable to come to a mutual understanding. Religion without proof and Science without hope are now face to face, each challenging the other, without being able to gain the victory.

Hence arises profound opposition, a secret war, not merely between Church and State, but in Science herself, in the heart of all the Churches, and even in the consciousness of all thinking individuals. For, whoever we are, to whatever philosophic, æsthetic, or social school we belong, we bear within ourselves these two hostile worlds that are apparently irreconcilable and spring from two indestructible needs of mankind; the scientific and the religious. This state of things, which has existed for over a century, has certainly contributed, in no small degree, to the developing of human faculties, by setting them off against one another. It has inspired poetry and music with accents of sublime pathos and grandeur. At the present time, however, the prolonged and excessive tension has produced the opposite result. It has reached a state of decline, of disgust and weakness, just as, in the case of a patient, fever is followed by utter dejection. Science concerns herself solely with the physical, the material world; modern Philosophy has lost control of intelligence; and Religion still rules the masses to some extent, though she reigns no longer in the upper classes of society; ever great in charity, her faith has now grown dim. The intellectual leaders of the day are thoroughly sincere and open unbelievers or sceptics. But they have doubts of their very art, and look at one another with a smile, as did the Roman augurs of old. Both in public and in private they predict social catastrophes without seeking a remedy, or else they enshroud their gloomy oracles in prudent and plausible language. Under such auspices, literature and art have lost all understanding of the divine. No longer accustomed to eternal vistas, most of our modern youth have dabbled in what their new masters call naturalism, thus degrading the fair name of Nature. For what they dignify with this title is nothing more than an apology for base instincts, the slime and filth of vice, or else a complaisant portrayal of our social platitudes; in a word, the systematic negation of both soul and intelligence. And poor Psyche, having lost her wings, utters strange moans and sighs, deep in the hearts of the very persons who insult and repudiate her.

As a result of materialism, positivism and scepticism, men of the present time have reached a false conception of truth and progress.

Our savants, following with a wonderful degree of precision the experimental method of Bacon, in the investigation of the visible universe, and obtaining the most admirable results, have formed an idea of truth that is altogether external and material. They think they approach truth in proportion as they amass large numbers of facts. Within their province, they are quite right. What is really a serious

matter is that our philosophers and moralists have come to think in the same way. In that case first causes and final ends can never be fathomed by the mind of man. Suppose, for instance, we knew exactly what is taking place, materially speaking, in all the planets of the solar system—which, by the way, would form an excellent basis of induction—suppose we even knew the kind of beings that dwell in the satellites of Sirius and in several stars of the Milky Way. This would most certainly be wonderful, all the same, would our knowledge thereby be increased as to the total masses of stellar agglomerations, without speaking of the nebula of Andromeda? Thus, the present generation of men regards the development of humanity as an eternal march towards a truth that is neither defined nor capable of being defined, and is for ever inaccessible.

Such is the conception of the positivist philosophy of Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer that has prevailed of recent years.

Now, Truth was something quite different for the sages and theosophists of Greece and the East. They doubtless knew that it could not be compassed and poised, without precise knowledge of the physical world; but they were also aware that it has its dwelling, above all, within ourselves in the intellectual principles and the spiritual life of the soul. For them the soul was the only, the divine reality and the key that unlocked the universe. By concentrating their will and developing its latent powers they attained to that living centre they called God, whose light enables us to comprehend men and other living beings. For them, what we call progress, i.e. the history of the world and of mankind, was nothing else than the evolution in time and space of this central cause, this final end. If you regard these theosophists as mere visionaries, infirm dreamers, or fakirs perched on columns, you are mistaken; the world has never known greater men of action, in the fullest meaning of the term. They shine like stars of the first magnitude in the heaven of souls. Their names are: Krishna, Bouddha, Zoroaster, Hermes, Moses, Pythagoras, Jesus, and they were powerful moulders of spirits, mighty quickeners of souls, and sane organizers of societies. Living only for their one idea, ever prepared to meet death, knowing, as they did, that death for truth is the one efficacious and supreme deed, they established, first, sciences and religions, then literature and art, all of which form the very sustenance and life of mankind. And what are the positivism and the scepticism of the present day now producing? A barren generation, devoid of ideal, light or faith, believing neither in the soul, in God, nor in the future of the race; neither in this life nor in the next, lacking in will-power, doubting both itself and human liberty.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus. This saying of the Master of masters applies to teachings as well as to men. The thought is indeed forced upon one: either truth is for ever inaccessible to man, or it has largely been the monopoly, so to speak, of the

mightiest of sages and the greatest of initiates. It is to be found at the root of all great religions and in the sacred books of all peoples. But one must know how to look for and discover it therein.

If we examine the history of religions with eyes opened to the central truth which interior initiation alone can give, we are filled with amaze. What we see in no way resembles what is taught by the Church, which limits revelation to Christianity alone and accepts it only in its primary signification. And yet this bears but a faint resemblance to what is taught by purely naturalistic science in the University of Paris, though the latter, on the whole, takes a wider outlook. It brings all religions together and applies to them one and the same method of investigation. Its erudition is profound and its zeal most admirable, but it has not yet risen to *the standpoint of comparative esoterism* which shows forth the history of religions and of humanity in an entirely new aspect. From these heights let us now see what we can learn.

All great religions have an exterior and an interior history; the one open to all, the other secret. By exterior history are meant the dogmas and myths publicly taught in temples and schools, and recognized in popular worship and superstitions. By interior history are meant the profound science, the secret doctrine, the occult actions of the great initiates, prophets or reformers who established, maintained and propagated these religions. The first—official history, which any one may read—takes place in the open glare of daylight; it is none the less on that account obscure, confused and contradictory. The second, which may be called esoteric tradition or the doctrine of the mysteries, is very difficult to discover. It takes place in the heart of the temples, in the secret brotherhoods, and its most thrilling dramas are worked out entirely in the souls of the great prophets who never entrusted either to parchment or to disciples their supreme struggles, or divine flights of ecstasy. It must be divined, though, when once seen, it shines forth, luminous and organic, always in harmony with itself. It might also be called the history of eternal, of universal religion. In it is shown the reality of things; the *obverse* of human consciousness, of which history affords us nothing but the slowly-elaborated *reverse*. Here we catch the generating point of Religion and Philosophy which meet at the other end of the ellipse in the entire realm of science. This point corresponds with transcendental truths; we find therein the cause, origin and end of the prodigious work of centuries—Providence in its terrestrial agents. This history is the only one with which we are here concerned.

As for the Aryan race, its germ and nucleus are found in the Vedas. Its first historic crystallization appears in the trinitarian doctrine of Krishna which gives Brahmanism its peculiar power and the religion of India its own indelible stamp. Buddha, who according to the chronology of the Brahmans came two thousand four hundred years after Krishna, simply shows forth another side of occult teaching, that of metempsychosis and of series of existences, bound together

by the law of Karma. Although Buddhism was a democratic, social and moral revolution against aristocratic and sacerdotal Brahmanism, its metaphysical basis is the same, though not so complete.

The antiquity of sacred teaching is no less striking in Egypt, whose traditions date back to a civilization long previous to the appearance of the Aryan race on the stage of history. One may suppose, even in these latter days, that the trinitarian monism set forth in the Greek books of Hermes Trismegistus was a compilation of the school of Alexandria brought about by the double influence of Jewish Christianity and Neo-Platonism. By common consent, believers and unbelievers, historians and theologians have never, hitherto, ceased to affirm this. At the present time, this theory has fallen to pieces before the discoveries of Egyptian epigraphy. The fundamental authenticity of the books of Hermes as documents of the ancient wisdom of Egypt has been triumphantly demonstrated by deciphered hieroglyphs. Not only do the inscriptions on the stelae of Thebes and Memphis confirm the whole chronology of Manetho, they also prove that the priests of Amen-Rā taught metaphysics, though in another manner, on the banks of the Ganges.* One may say here, with the Hebrew prophet, that "the stone cries out of the wall." For, like the "midnight sun" which was said to shine on the Mysteries of Isis and Osiris, the thought of Hermes, the ancient doctrine of the solar word, was relit in the tombs of the kings, and shed its radiance even on the papyrus of the *Book of the Dead*, preserved by mummies four thousand years old.

In Greece esoteric thought is both more open and more veiled than elsewhere; more open because it gambols and sports in the atmosphere of a delightfully human mythology, because it flows like ambrosial blood in the veins of this civilization and issues from the very pores of its Gods like perfume or dew from heaven. On the other hand, the deep scientific thought that brought all these myths into being, is often more difficult to grasp by reason of their very seductiveness and the embellishments they have received from poets. The sublime principles, however, of Doric theosophy and Delphic wisdom are inscribed in golden letters in Orphic fragments and the Pythagorean synthesis, as also in the dialectical and rather fanciful vulgarization of Plato. Finally, the school of Alexandria supplies us with useful interpretations, for it was the first partially to publish and to comment on the meaning of the mysteries in presence of the laxness of the Greek religion and the rapid growth of Christianity.

The occult tradition of Israel coming down through Egypt, Chaldæa and Persia has been preserved for us in strange, obscure forms, though in all its depth and extent, by the *Kabalah* or oral tradition from the *Zohar* and the *Sepher Jezirah*, attributed to Simon Ben Jochai, and by the later commentaries of Maimonides. This tradition,

* See the fine works of François Lenormand and of M. Maspéro.

mysteriously concealed in Genesis and in the symbology of the prophets, is strikingly manifested in the admirable work of Fabre d'Olivet on *La Langue hébraique restituée*, which aims at reconstructing the real cosmogony of Moses, in Egyptian fashion, from the threefold meaning of each verse—almost of each word—in the first ten chapters of Genesis.

As regards Christian esoterism, it scatters its rays of light over the Gospels, already illumined by Essenian and Gnostic traditions. Like a living spring, it gushes forth from the words of the Christ, from His parables, from the inmost depths of that incomparable, that truly divine soul. At the same time, the Gospel of Saint John gives us the key to the inner and sublime teaching of Jesus, along with the meaning and import of its promise. Here we find the doctrine of the Trinity and the Divine Word, which had been taught for thousands of years in the temples of Egypt and India, exemplified in the person of the prince of initiates, the greatest of the sons of God.

Accordingly the application of the method we have called comparative esoterism to the history of religions, leads us to a very important result, which may be formulated in these terms: the antiquity, continuity and essential unity of esoteric teaching. It must be recognized that this is a remarkable fact, as it takes for granted that sages and prophets belonging to the most diverse ages have reached conclusions identical in substance though differing in form, regarding the first and last of truths, and always along the same path of interior initiation and meditation. Let us add, too, that these sages and prophets have been the greatest benefactors of mankind, saviours whose redeeming power has rescued men from the abyss of negation and of their own lower nature.

After this, may it not be said that, as Leibnitz expresses it, there is a kind of eternal philosophy, *perennis quædam philosophia*, forming the primordial link between science and religion, and the final unity of the two?

Ancient theosophy, as professed in India, Egypt and Greece, constituted a veritable encyclopædia, generally divided into four categories: (1) *Theogony* or the science of absolute principles, identical with *the science of Numbers* as applied to the universe, or sacred mathematics; (2) *Cosmogony*, the realization of eternal principles in time and space, or *involution* of spirit in matter, periods of the world; (3) *Psychology*, the constitution of man, *evolution* of the soul through the chain of existences; (4) *Physics*, the science of the kingdoms of terrestrial nature and of its properties. The inductive and experimental methods were combined and tested by one another in these different orders of sciences, and to each of them there was a corresponding art. These were, taking them in inverse order and beginning with physical science: (1) *a special art of healing*, based on knowledge of the occult properties of minerals, plants and animals; *alchemy* or the transmutation of metals, the disintegration and re-integration of

matter by the universal agent, an art practised in ancient Egypt, according to Olympiodorus, who called it chrysopœa and argyropœa, the manufacture of gold and silver; (2) *the psychurgic arts* corresponding to the forces of the soul, magic and divination; (3) *celestial genethliacs* or astrology, the art of discovering the relations between the destinies of nations or individuals, and the movements of the universe as denoted by the revolutions of the constellations; (4) *theurgy*, the supreme art of the magus, as rare as it is dangerous and difficult, that of bringing the soul into conscious relation with the different orders of spirits, and of acting upon them.

As may be seen, all science and art was comprised in this theosophy, issuing from one common principle which I will call in present-day language *intellectual monism, evolutive and transcendental spiritualism*. The essential principles of esoteric doctrine may be formulated as follows: Spirit is the only reality. Matter is nothing but its lower, changing, ephemeral expression, its dynamism in space and time. Creation is eternal, it continues just as life does. The microcosm-man is, by reason of his threefold constitution (spirit, soul and body) the image and mirror of the macrocosm-universe (divine, human and natural world), itself the product of the ineffable God, the absolute Spirit which is in its nature: Father, Mother and Son (essence, substance and life). It is for this reason that man, the image of God, can become His living word. Gnosis, or the rational mysticism of all times, is the art of finding God in oneself, by developing the occult depths and latent powers of consciousness. The human soul, the individuality, is immortal in its essence. Its development takes place on a plane which alternately ascends and descends, in existences that are spiritual and corporeal in turn. Reincarnation is the law of its evolution. On reaching perfection it escapes from this law and returns to pure Spirit, to God in the fulness of His consciousness. Just as the soul rises above the law of the struggle for life when it becomes conscious of its humanity, so also does it rise above the law of reincarnation, when it becomes conscious of its divinity.

Immense is the prospect opening out to one who stands on the threshold of theosophy, especially when compared with the narrow and dull horizon within which man is confined by materialism, or with the childish data of clerical theology so impossible of acceptance. On seeing it for the first time, one feels dazed; the sense of the infinite proves overpowering. Unconscious depths open within ourselves, showing us the abyss from which we are emerging and the giddy heights to which we aspire. Entranced by this sense of immensity, though terrified at the distance, we ask to be no more, we appeal to *Nirvana!* Then we see that this weakness is nothing more than the weariness of the mariner, ready to fling away his oar when the storm is at its height. It has been said that man was born in the hollow of a wave and knows nothing of the mighty ocean stretching before and

behind him. This is true; but transcendental mysticism drives our barque on to the crest of a wave, and there, continually lashed by the furious tempest, we learn something of the sublimity of its rhythm; and the eye, compassing the vault of heaven, finds rest in its calm azure depths.

Surprise increases if, coming back to modern science, it is recognized that, from the time of Bacon and Descartes, they tend involuntarily, though all the more surely, to revert to the principles of ancient theosophy. Without giving up the hypothesis of atoms, modern physics has insensibly come to identify the idea of matter with that of force, a step towards spiritualistic dynamism. To explain light, magnetism and electricity, savants have been forced to posit the existence of a matter which is subtle and absolutely imponderable, filling space and penetrating all bodies, matter which they have called ether, and this is a step in the direction of the ancient theosophical idea of the *soul of the world*. The intelligent docility of this matter and its capacity for receiving impressions are evident from Bell's experiment which proves the transmission of sound by light.* Of all sciences, those which seem to have compromised spiritualism most are comparative zoology and anthropology. In reality they will prove to have served it by setting forth the laws of the intelligible world in the animal one and the manner in which the former affects the latter. Darwin put an end to the childish idea of creation held by elementary theology. Here, he merely returned to the ideas of ancient theosophy. Pythagoras had already said: "Man is related to the animal." Darwin demonstrated the laws which nature obeys in following out the divine plan, and these laws are: the struggle for life, heredity and natural selection. He proved the variableness of species, reduced their number and fixed what might be called their low-watermark. His disciples, however, the theorists of absolute transformism, who tried to prove that all species came from one prototype, and that their appearance depended on nothing but the influences of environment, have tried to show that facts favour a purely external and materialistic conception of nature. No; environment no more explains species than the laws of physics explain those of chemistry, or than chemistry explains the evolutive principle of the vegetable, or the latter the evolutive principle of animals. The great families of animals correspond to the eternal types of life; they may, indeed, be called signatures of the Spirit and indicate varying degrees of consciousness. The appearance of mammalia after reptiles and birds cannot

* Bell's experiment. A ray of light is cast on a plate of selenium which sends it back on to another plate—some distance away—of the same metal. This latter communicates with a galvanic battery, to which a telephone is attached. The words uttered behind the first plate are distinctly heard through the telephone at the end of the second plate. The ray of light, accordingly, has served as a telephone wire. The sound waves have become transformed into light waves, the latter into galvanic waves, and these have become once again sound waves.

be explained by a change of terrestrial environment, which is nothing but a condition of it. It takes for granted a new embryogeny, and consequently a new intellectual and animistic force acting within and at the base of nature, which we call the "beyond" as regards sense perception. Were it not for this intellectual and animistic force it would be impossible to explain even the appearance of an organized cell in the inorganic world. Finally Man, who sums up and crowns the series of beings, shows forth all the divine thought in the harmony of his organs and the perfection of his form, for he is a living model of the universal Soul, of active Intelligence. Condensing all the laws of evolution and the whole of nature in his body, he dominates and rises above it, in order to enter, freely and in full consciousness, into the boundless kingdom of Spirit.

Experimental psychology, which is grounded on physiology, and has shown a tendency, ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century, to become a science again, has brought contemporary savants to the threshold of another world, the world of the soul itself, wherein new laws have sway, without the analogies ceasing to hold good. We hear mention of medical investigations and discoveries of animal magnetism, somnambulism and all the different mental states of the subconscious self from lucid sleep through double vision on to a condition of trance. So far modern science has been merely feeling its way in this domain where the science of the temples of old made straight for the goal because it possessed the necessary principles and interpretations. Nor is it less true that science has discovered in this region a whole series of facts which appear astonishing, wonderful, and inexplicable, for they plainly contradict the materialistic theories under whose sway it acquired the habit of thinking and experimenting. There is nothing more instructive than the indignant incredulity of certain materialistic savants when brought face to face with all those phenomena that aim at proving the existence of an invisible, a spiritual world. At the present time, whoever presumes to prove the existence of the soul, scandalizes the orthodoxy of atheism, just as that of the Church in former times was scandalized by the denial of God. True, it is no longer life, but reputation that is risked. At all events, what is implied by the simplest phenomenon of mental suggestion at a distance and by pure thought, a phenomenon continually being proved by the annals of magnetism,* is a mode of action both of mind and will apart from physical law or the visible universe. And so, the door of the invisible has been thrown open. In the higher phenomena of somnambulism, this world opens out to its full extent. But we will not go beyond what is vouched for by official science.

If we pass from the experimental and objective to the inner and subjective psychology of our times, expressed in poetry, music and

* See the fine book of M. Ochorowitz on *Mental Suggestion*.

literature, we shall find that a spirit of unconscious esoterism breathes through them. Never has the aspiration after spiritual life, the invisible world, though rejected by the materialistic theories of savants and by the opinion of society, been more serious and real than it is now. This aspiration may be seen in the regrets and doubts, the gloomy melancholy and even blasphemies of our realistic novelists and decadent poets. Never has the human soul had a deeper feeling of the inadequacy, the wretchedness and unreality of its present life, never has it aspired more ardently after the invisible "beyond," though unable to believe in it. At times its intuition even reaches the point of formulating transcendental truths which have nothing whatever to do with the system acknowledged by its reason, which contradict its superficial opinions and are involuntary flashes of its occult consciousness. In proof of this we will quote a passage from a gifted thinker who experienced all the bitterness and moral loneliness of this period: "Every sphere of being," says Frédéric Amiel, "tends towards a loftier sphere, of which, even now, it has revelations and presentiments. The ideal, in all its forms, is the anticipation, the prophetic vision of this existence, higher than its own, to which each being is ever aspiring. This existence, superior in dignity, is of a more interior, that is to say, more spiritual nature. Just as volcanoes reveal to us the secrets of the interior of the globe, so enthusiasm and ecstasy are fleeting explosions of this interior world of the soul, and human life is nothing but the preparation for and the coming of this spiritual life. Innumerable are the stages of initiation. Watch, therefore, disciple of life, chrysalis of an angel, work out thy future birth, for the divine Odyssey is nought but a series of metamorphoses, ever more and more ethereal, in which each form, the result of those preceding, is the condition of those that follow. Divine life is a series of successive deaths, in which the spirit throws off its imperfections and symbols and yields to the growing attraction of that ineffable centre of gravitation, the sun of intelligence and love." For the most part, Amiel was nothing more than the combination of an extremely intelligent Hegelian and a superior moralist. In penning these inspired lines, however, he proved himself to be a profound theosophist, for the very essence of esoteric truth could not possibly be expressed in more striking or luminous fashion.

This rough outline is sufficient to demonstrate that the science and spirit of modern times are, both unconsciously and without wishing it, preparing for the reconstruction of ancient theosophy with more precise instruments and on a more solid foundation. As Lamartine says, man is a weaver working on the reverse side of the loom of time. The day will come when, passing to the other side of the cloth, he will behold the glorious and magnificent pattern he has, for centuries past, been weaving with his own hands, without perceiving anything else than the tangled and disordered threads of the reverse side. And when that day comes, he will hail Providence, as manifested within himself. Then,

too, will be confirmed the words of a Hermetic treatise belonging to our own times, words which will not seem too bold to such as have penetrated deeply enough into occult traditions to catch a faint glimmering of their wonderful unity: "Esoteric doctrine is not merely a science, a philosophy, a morality and a religion. It is *the* science, *the* philosophy, *the* morality and *the* religion of which all the rest are nothing but preparations or degeneracies, partial or erroneous expressions, according as they proceed to them or turn aside from them." *

It would be idle to think that we had offered a complete demonstration of this science of sciences. To effect this, nothing less would be needed than to have all known and unknown sciences rebuilt according to their hierarchies, and reorganized in the spirit of esoterism. All we expect to have proved is that the doctrine of the mysteries is at the very source of our civilization; that it has created the great religions both Aryan and Semitic; that Christianity is bringing the whole human race to this doctrine, by means of its esoteric reticence; that the general progress of modern science providentially tends in this direction; and finally, that men must meet there as in one common haven wherein they may find the synthesis of their separate elements.

This is a most critical period, and the extreme consequences of agnosticism are beginning to show themselves in social disorganization.

Science and Religion, the twin guardians of civilization, have both lost their supreme gift, the magic of a mighty and powerful education. The temples of India and Egypt have produced the greatest sages on earth. Heroes and poets have been moulded in those of Greece. The apostles of Christ have been sublime martyrs and have themselves produced martyrs in thousands. The Church of the Middle Ages, despite her elementary theology, created saints and knights, because she had faith, and the spirit of Christ overshadowed her from time to time. At the present day, neither the Church imprisoned in dogma, nor Science bound up in matter, can any longer produce complete human beings. The art of creating and forging souls is lost; it will only be recovered when Science and Religion, united in one living force, together, and of one accord, apply themselves to the welfare and the salvation of mankind. To effect this, Science would not have to change its methods, but rather to extend its sphere of action; Christianity need not change its traditions, but only understand their origin, spirit and import.

This period of intellectual regeneration and social transformation will come; of that we are convinced. Already there are sure signs indicative of its approach. When Science has the knowledge, Religion will have the power, and Man will act with renewed energy. The Art of life and each separate art can be regenerated only through the mutual understanding of all three.

* *The Perfect Way: or, the Finding of Christ*, by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, London, 1882.

Meanwhile, what can be done in these times of gloom and darkness? Faith, says a great teacher, is the courage of the mind which plunges ahead and is confident of finding truth. This faith is not the enemy of reason, but rather its torch; it is the faith of Christopher Columbus and of Galileo, demanding proof and counter-proof, *provando e riprovando*, the only faith possible at the present time.

For those who have irrevocably lost it, and these are many in number, since the example is set by the upper classes, the path is smooth and easy to follow. They have only to go with the stream, put up with their times instead of struggling against them, become resigned to doubt or to an attitude of negation, console themselves for human misery and approaching cataclysms by a smile of disdain, and cloak the profound nothingness of things—in which alone they believe—with a shining veil, to which the fair name of ideal is given, thinking all the while that it is nothing else than a useful illusion.

As for the rest of us, poor lost mortals, who believe that the Ideal is the only Reality, the only Truth in the midst of a changing and fleeting world, who believe in the sanction and fulfilment of its promises, both in the history of mankind and in the life to come, who know that this sanction is necessary, that it is the reward of human brotherhood, the very *raison d'être* of the universe and the logic of God; for us who have this conviction, there is only one thing we must resolve to do: affirm this Truth as loudly and fearlessly as possible, throw ourselves along with it and for its sake into the arena of action, and, rising above the confusion of the fray, endeavour by meditation and individual initiation, to enter into the Temple of immutable Ideas, there to arm ourselves with Principles that nothing can shatter.

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.]

DREAM EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your remarks on the subject of Dreams in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW have greatly interested me. The collection and classification of dream-experiences will, no doubt, throw light on many obscure problems of psychology.

There is one domain of dreaming, however, which seems to me to have been insufficiently noticed in books on the subject. It is what I call "real" dreaming; I mean dreaming which has the same flavour of reality as the experiences of waking life. You will say all dreams seem real while being dreamt, and I feel almost powerless to convey my exact criterion of reality to another mind. Perhaps this may define it best. A real dream is one in which you are perfectly aware that you are not in the condition we call "waking." At first you doubt exactly where you are, perhaps, and then carefully take your bearings, just as you would if you had suddenly dropped from the sky into some unknown land. You say to yourself, for instance, "If I am in my physical body, I shall not be able to get through that door without opening it"; and you proceed to diffuse yourself through it. I remember meeting, when in this real-dreaming condition, a friend who had been dead some years, and asked her how she had died. She seemed to dislike the subject. Whether she retorted that she was not dead or not I forget; but in any case to convince her that we were not on the physical plane, I lifted her lightly by the elbow, and we both rose to the ceiling. I may say that such flying dreams as you mention are of common occurrence, but in my case not accompanied by any particular feeling of reality. They are generally of floating near the ground and touching it about every ten yards, but I have also passed over houses at a great height.

In the case of real dreaming, there is often no gap in the consciousness on waking. It is like passing from one room into the other. Sometimes, however, there is a very disagreeable and frightening sensation, like falling from a great height, and one has to brace oneself by a tremendous effort not to lose the thread of consciousness. I have not had real dreams for many years now, but they made such a profound impression on me, that it would seem almost impossible for me to doubt the existence of the other world. There is one circumstance, however, which throws a suspicion on these experiences. At the time of their occurrence I was fully aware of, and believed in, the theosophic theory of the astral plane. May not my reading of theosophic pamphlets have suggested these dreams, which seemed to bear out what I learnt therein? At present I believe in their reality. To argue me out of the belief would be as futile as to persuade me that I had never been to France, and that my recollections of that country were suggested by books I had read; but in some years the *flavour* of reality may wear off, and I can see myself laughing at these dreams as fictions of an imaginative brain. Consciousness is such a queer thing, it will not bear handling.

Before becoming aware of theosophic teaching, I had had a few strange experiences, which certainly seem explicable by it. I may say that I am not a psychic as far as I know, and day-dreaming and credulity would be ruinous to my profession, which depends on the constant exercise of the ordinary critical mind. I have always had to keep my occultism in the background.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
F. A. S.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

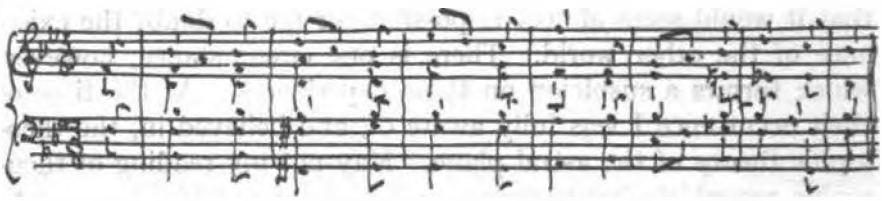
DEAR SIR,—I think the following dream-experience may be of interest to your readers. It occurred on May 4. I was asked to attend some children's festival and accompany them whilst singing some kind of hymn, the words of which I did not see. I was led up to a harmonium or American organ; and the music was placed before me.

I have the very vaguest notion of what it was, but I said, "Oh, what a rubbishy piece of music; I must write you another tune."

"What a pity," said the lady who conducted me; "there will be no time."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I can manage it."

We separated for some kind of meal, during which I jotted down the enclosed, made some trifling alterations (a not unusual process) and *before* I was awake the short sentence here given was clear in my mind. [I knew this and decided to remember it when awake.]



There is, of course, nothing very wonderful in the phrase. I am a musician much engaged in theoretical work, and similar passages are constantly in my mind. The point that strikes me is its clearness and compactness. I have often endeavoured, and successfully, to reproduce musical ideas as they have presented themselves in the dream condition, but they have mostly proved imperfect and worthless.

This seems to me to point out the persistency of the waking habit into the sleeping or dream condition.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED KING,
MUS.D., OXON, etc.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—When I was about twelve years old I had a watch, and, as a boy naturally would, I thought a good deal about it. Once, when I was in the country with my father, we both occupied the same bedroom. I dreamed that some one asked me to tell the time, that I looked at my watch, but the face appeared blurred and cloudy so that I could not read it. I seemed to be trying very hard to distinguish the hands, and as nearly as I could make out, it was about twenty minutes past seven on a summer's evening. Just then I was impelled against my will to cry out, "It's a quarter to six!"

With this cry I woke myself and my father, who inquired what I meant. I answered that I was only guessing the time. He then looked at his watch and found that it was exactly a quarter to six.

I should explain that, when I was impelled to cry out, my feeling was one of protest against what I was saying, as if I would

have said, " No, it is not a quarter to six, it is more like twenty minutes past seven." When I cried out, I felt as if some other person were making use of my organs of speech. Yet immediately after the cry, when I found myself awake, I knew to an absolute certainty that I had uttered the correct time. I had a strange sense of superior knowledge, which I have never experienced since.

Yours faithfully,
G. H. B.

BATTLES IN THE CLOUDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Psychic records contain few things more dramatic and interesting than your " Battles in the Clouds." Until we sound the depth of subconscious human faculty, no satisfactory explanation of such phenomena will be forthcoming.

As a psychic, with the weight of fifty years' experience behind me, may I venture upon an explanation of these facts—for scientific facts they are—and my explanation is based upon the same practical experience, careful observation, and critical examination that every so-called " fact " necessitates. It is only a matter of " dowsing ! " You can " dowse " battles as well as water ! If you are sensitive enough you can get equally well into " touch "—living, intelligent, magnetic touch—with the chain of circumstances that " caused " a past event ; that is " causing " a present event ; or that will " cause " a future one. Your subconscious sensitive self is a wonderful creator and artist. So accurately does she get hold of her " fact "—whether past, present or to come—that with " the stuff that dreams are made of "—beautiful " stuff "—invisible to ordinary eyes, but plainly visible to some of us, she is able to build the living, moving picture, and this vivid brain-picture is then projected outwardly and, seen objectively, the subjective becoming objective ; you see it as if reflected in a mirror. These battles, seen by several, are, in scientific terms, " collective hallucinations," but they are *real things*—made of *real stuff*, of intelligent matter, and force, as is everything else, of which we have any " real " knowledge.

There is no ready-made picture to copy from ; it is true and pure creative art, the making of a living image, the building of an " idea," truly and faithfully representing in every detail, the fact the sensitive subconsciousness has become aware of.

We are no mere copyists, we are all creators ! and all dreams,

visions, and hallucinations are made this way—at least all mine are!

Very truly yours,
M. HUME.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following experience is not a figment of the imagination, but is perfectly true in every detail.

Once a fortnight at Harrow School each House holds a "House Singing," when all members of the House assemble in the dining-hall to sing some of the school songs, for which Harrow is famous.

After the House has assembled, it is usual for the House-master and his wife to put in an appearance.

On one of these occasions a term or two ago the whole House, except myself, a sixth-former, to whom certain license is permitted, were waiting in the dining-hall for the House-master and his wife, who were sitting in their drawing-room.

Now the House is divided into two parts—the "private side" and the "boys' side"—by a single door.

Where I was standing it was impossible for me not to see any one going from the "boys' side" to the "private side," and yet the following is what occurred.

While sitting in the drawing-room, the House-master's wife distinctly heard footsteps approaching the "private side"; she also heard the dividing door open, and the footsteps proceeding into the House-master's study, the door of which closed behind them.

The House-master at once got up and went into his study, only to find it—empty.

He returned to the drawing-room and told his wife she must have imagined the footsteps.

A moment later *both* of them heard the study door open, and the footsteps going back through the dividing door before they died away.

Now I was standing close to that dividing door at the exact time that this occurred, but I saw no one and heard nothing.

The next day I was glancing quite casually at an old copy of the *Harrovian*—the school magazine—and in it I saw recorded the death of the first Master who had the House, which took place exactly two years before, the previous day being the second anniversary of his demise.

Whether there was any connection between the extraordinary

occurrence I have related and the anniversary, I leave your readers to judge.

Yours faithfully,
NORMAN SEYMOUR.

TELEPATHY OR CLAIRVOYANCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, "Scrutator," gives as explanation of the performance of Madame Zomah at the Alhambra, telepathy, or, a trick performance by means of a companion wire with a terminal behind the scenes. I venture to give my own and my wife's experience as the true explanation. We always visit these performances, as we are well aware we shall probably witness the true solution, in the shape of a spiritual manifestation through a medium attested by spirits, and without whom the phenomena could not take place. Madame Zomah is blindfolded on the stage, and her husband is too busy with the various objects to do much thought-transference, which I believe was the *modus operandi* of the Zanzigs, as it is of Professor Gandy and Miss Englefield (now Mrs. Gandy), who give the same performance privately.

While Mr. Zomah was taking objects from my next neighbour in the balcony, my wife said to me, "I see clearly how she knows; there is a spirit just above her head showing her the matchbox." At the time, Mr. Zomah had in his hand a metal matchbox embossed with a picture, which Madame Zomah accurately described. The spiritual counterpart of the matchbox was shown open with six matches disclosed, and on examination this was found correct. When cards were shuffled and dealt to play two hands at "Nap," the spirit-control duplicated the two hands in front of her, so that she merely played the hands by selecting the trumps and calling each card as she required. To put the matter shortly, Madame, by being blindfolded, had her spirit-eyes opened and by the power of her control could see better when bandaged than with her bodily eyes open. In all the test cases this was always the way in which Madame saw, and she was merely called upon to put into language the description of what she saw. This is also the explanation of some trivial corrections which are scarcely worth mentioning.

The same method was adopted in the case of "Datas," who performed those lightning calculations at the Hippodrome. Both my wife and myself saw a duplicated spirit board held in

front of "Datas," and he quietly read off the answers as soon as the figures were put down to be added together. A snapshot photograph is not quicker than a spirit's power to reproduce the answers or to know what figures are about to be placed upon the visible board. The medical profession are understood to have offered or paid a large sum for the brain of "Datas" with a view to examination for educational purposes. They will learn nothing at all by the examination, as the power will have departed with the soul of "Datas." In regard to mystic Muriel who performed at the Aquarium, she was a physical medium of the Davenport Brothers kind, as well as a clairvoyante. On my first attendance at her performance she came off the stage to me, took my hand, and said, "I can do anything with you." She read blindfolded my railway ticket number, the number of my watch—neither of which I knew myself till I verified the numbers quoted—to the amazement of my companion whom I had brought specially to see these performances. In the case of Annie Abbot, the Georgian Magnet, recently performing at the Pavilion, where her extraordinary strength was much speculated upon, I saw and heard her control, who is a gigantic negro about ten feet in height and who easily withstood six ordinary men at Dudley, when the wonderful Georgian Magnet was with Imre Kiralfy's troupe. I went accompanied by a friend, sister-in-law to my host, and before starting I offered to try and stop the power by exercising my own magnetic power in opposition, and so nullify hers. We set out with this full determination, but on the road a great feeling of melancholy came over me in connection with my intended experiment. I had on a previous occasion stopped a thought-transference performance by my power, and thought there was no harm in going on further with such experiments. However, so strong was the feeling that I asked my companion if she would mind my not trying the experiment; at the same time pointing out that it would prove nothing if successful, but would bring shame to her for failure and could do us no good.

We then watched the performance and saw, as I have related, a great black spirit in white robes stand right over her, her arms laid in his, and six strong men try with all their strength, until exhausted, to push over this fragile little lady. At the conclusion of the performance Miss Annie Abbot beckoned to us to come to her, desiring to shake hands with us both. She said, "I want to shake hands with you both, and I don't know why." I said, "I will tell you then" (for I saw her control smiling at me). "You are a spirit medium, and your control made you do as

he wished and shake hands with me." She blushed rosy red, and said, "I suppose I am." I then explained my own power and the experiment I had planned, but which afterwards so depressed me that I abandoned it. Evidently her control knew all about it, judging from the cordial expression on his face. If Miss Abbot reads the OCCULT REVIEW she will recall the only time I ever had the pleasure of speaking with her. Telling this story to a friend of mine who had resided in Russia, I was agreeably surprised to learn his own experience with her, to the effect that when some Russian medical students, in their attempt to uproot her, used her brutally, her control waved his arm across their chests and they all fell backwards into the orchestra. My friend's wife was a fine natural clairvoyante, and saw as I did the great spirit control.

I could give many instances of the kind which I have observed in operas and drama where spirits have been the real actors. The only place to see real spiritual phenomena is on the stage, for those who have eyes to see. The audience form the great séance-sitters, and many are selected and attended home from spiritual motives for future development. Grand opera is the great spiritual service, and all the great composers are the great spirit-mediums. How idle and foolish it all is to leave out spiritual entities and seek through a labyrinth of high-sounding terms to explain away palpable spirit interference in mundane affairs!

Yours faithfully,

W. H. EDWARDS.

6, WYNELL ROAD,
FOREST HILL, S.E.

THE DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested (being a medical man) in Mr. Stanley Redgrove's article on "Medicine and Magic" in the May number of the OCCULT REVIEW.

The writer seems to think that the doctrine of signatures, "according to which the medicinal value of plants and minerals is indicated by their external form," is a belief that, though held long ago, has been practically given up in these scientific days, as it is "of an essentially magical character."

May I refer the writer to Homœopathy, which furnishes many instances of the doctrine of signatures, enough to convince the most sceptical that there is a foundation of fact in the belief.

The use of eyebright (Euphrasia) for complaints of the eyes is "still accredited by some," including all homœopaths, who know it as one of the most useful remedies in that class of disease.

The tiger-lily is another instance of the doctrine of signatures. This fierce-looking flower is useful in certain restless, tigerish states of excitement.

As a contrast, take the anemone (Pulsatilla) which suits just the opposite kind of patient—the mild, gentle, weeping type, in fact, the type expressed in the appearance and attitude of this humble little flower.

To take an instance from the minerals, mercury or quicksilver is suited (homœopathically) to just the kind of patient that is upset by every little change of weather or temperature, one who is as unstable and fluctuating as quicksilver itself.

The above instances might easily be multiplied, and I believe that as a rule those plants and minerals that are most marked examples of this doctrine are the most certain remedies for the class of disease or patient that they appear to indicate.

Yours very truly,

H. FERGIE WOODS, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

GOLDERS HILL, N.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the statement on page 220 of the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW as to the probability of Schlatter's head being surrounded by a halo of magnetic light, rendering his photograph a failure, I may give a corroboration which has come under my notice.

On Easter Sunday night I was at an Evangelistic mission, when certain converts gave their experiences. One man narrated how some years ago he had been saved from the power of drink. He stated that he had been tossed out of a public-house at closing time, in a drunken state, and had been seriously spoken to by a Christian worker in the street, in such a way that it completely sobered him. He went home in a quite different state, both mentally and physically, and from that time the desire for drink had totally departed from him. One of the phenomena accompanying the change was that his head was surrounded with a golden light, which he could see; he asked his wife if she could see it, but she could not. It continued with him in his movements in dark rooms as well as lighted, until he went to sleep that night. He

went into a totally dark room to test it, and still it was visible, and he says the words came to him at that point, "I have called thee out of darkness into light."

There was no recurrence of it next day; but his wife says that at his baptism about three months after, her husband was surrounded by a white light—body as well as head—but he says he did not see this himself.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. MACDONALD.

15, CAMDEN STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Perhaps some brief notes concerning the Philosophical Circle lately started at the Lyceum Club, London, may interest your readers. The various activities connected with the Club are, of course, well known:—The Author's section, with the Dramatic sub-section, the Arts and Crafts, the Oriental Circle, formed with a view to bringing about a better understanding between East and West, the various "national" circles, French, American, United Colonial, and so forth. But the Philosophical Circle strikes a note which is likely to appeal with special interest to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, for its members seek to interpret philosophy in its widest meaning, and to include in their studies New Thought, with all its various branches. At the inaugural dinner given by the Circle some months ago, at which Madame Jean Delaire, the President-Founder, presided, the two guests of honour were Mr. A. P. Sinnett, representing Eastern philosophy, and the late Dr. Emil Reich, representing Western philosophy. Both made interesting and clever speeches, and both speeches were, in a sense, crowned by the admirable address given by Miss Charlotte Woods on "The welding of Eastern and Western Thought."

Since that day the list of lecturers to the Circle include such names as Prof. Bernard Bosanquet, Princess Karadja, Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. Frederic Fletcher, etc., while a lecture by Mrs. Besant is announced to take place some time during the summer.

Any one introduced by a member of the Club can attend these meetings, which always take place on the first Wednesday of every month.

Yours faithfully,
E. C. L.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MR. JAMES H. HYSLOP, who is the chief moving spirit in the American Society for Psychical Research, and is the editor of its *Proceedings*, has recently issued a first part of the new volume. It extends to nearly 700 octavo pages and is concerned with a single case of alleged hysteria, being that of Anna Burton, as the subject is termed in the report. Identity is veiled by this name for publication purposes and the same care is taken respecting the medical and other testimonies which make up this enormous issue. The medical records fill nearly 100 pages and are followed by a report of Mr. Hyslop himself, being the records in further detail. They occupy nearly 300 pages. The introduction, summary of facts and conclusion are all the work of the editor, who is also the chairman of the Society's Publication Commitee. These points are cited to indicate the extraordinary patience and the care beyond all praise of the person primarily concerned. It is naturally impossible in the present place to do more than (*a*) register the simple existence of such a document; (*b*) indicate in a few words the broad nature of the facts; (*c*) make it plain why the case is denominated one of hysteria; and (*d*) state the other explanations recognized as possible, by hypothesis or otherwise. The elementary phenomena were raps, levitations, rope-tying, while the more advanced can perhaps be classified roughly as (1) trance-whistling of an amazingly skilful kind, (2) singing simultaneously therewith, (3) entrancement, (4) phosphorescent lights, (5) levitation of objects, (6) automatic writing and speech in trance, (7) clairvoyant vision, and (8) form manifestation in shadow. This is not doing justice to the phenomena, and it is not possible to do justice. It is necessary to add that all occurrences purported as usual to be the work of discarnate intelligences, some of whom had been known in the flesh to the sitters. Anna Burton was not a professional medium nor a person familiar with spiritism before her experiences. Mr. Hyslop's view of her case, on the basis of the phenomena scheduled, is that their variety is richer than those of Eusapia Palladino and that their psychological interest is greater. Here lies the justification for treatment at the length to which the account extends. To the ordinary reader and investigator there is no doubt that the

facts will seem to be well within the region of experience which is common in the séance-room. Proceeding therefore to the explanation provisionally adopted by Mr. Hyslop, it is desirable to make clear that it rests solely on the material offered by the case and on the elements of unconscious trickery recognized therein. It does not represent a preconceived attitude of the writer's mind. There is abundant evidence in the *Proceedings* of past times, as here also, that his mind is open, and that each case is judged on its own merits. There is no disposition to set aside the spiritistic explanation on arbitrary grounds. Mr. Hyslop states plainly that he has no respect whatever "for most people's conception of either the affirmative or negative attitude towards this hypothesis," and he does not hesitate "to treat both the ordinary scientific man or sceptic and layman with contempt in regard to it." An alternative explanation is, of course, that of fraud, but in the present instance he wastes no time thereon. "The phenomena bear too evidently the credentials of hysteria to tolerate this hypothesis." One question which therefore remains is what, in Mr. Hyslop's view, is this something called hysteria which can account for phenomena akin to those of the ordinary séance-room? The definition which he offers is that of his personal meaning, and it signifies in this sense the presence of physiological and mental conditions that limit or eliminate normal consciousness from the production of the phenomena and are therefore broadly comparable to a state of somnambulism in the subject. The occurrences lie between conscious fraud and the supernormal. It follows that in the production of such phenomena the medium had an occasional hand at least, but in a trance state and not one of normal, wilful intention. The distinction itself is not that of Mr. Hyslop but of Dr. Pierre Janet, who recognizes (*a*) fraudulent phenomena, (*b*) genuine phenomena, (*c*) incidents associated with somnambulism. It involves the conclusion that the province of mental functions is not limited to normal consciousness, and this is apparently what is meant by the operation of the sub-conscious mind. Whether an exhaustive re-examination would show that the facts are covered by this hypothesis or otherwise cannot be entertained here because there is no opportunity to attempt it, but it can be inferred at least that this report, which seems to leave nothing unsaid, is really a great counsel of caution as to the vanity of these investigations except from a pathological standpoint. To the soul of man it remains that there is no message, and it is

precisely this conviction that is brought away by many serious minds from all phenomena of the séance-room, whatever hypothesis happens to be adopted concerning them. But beyond this field there is that which is called in our obscurity the superconscious mind—a distinction which Mr. Hyslop may possibly deny—but it has happened, in the experience of certain persons, and by the testimony of certain literatures, that in this region there is found the Bread of Life.

The Theosophic Messenger, which represents the interests and presumably embodies the scholarship of the Theosophical Society in its American Section, has begun the publication of some articles on the Holy Graal ; they are the work of a German writer, to judge, at least, by his name. It is naturally too early to express any definite opinion, the issue containing the introductory paper being so far only to hand. So far it seems to make for the further obscuration of the subject. Setting aside, as things to be expected, the usual Theosophical references, such as the disinclination of advanced egos to incarnate during the Dark Ages, there is a suggestion that occult forces and influences conceived the Order of Knighthood, but—in some unintelligible manner—(*a*) the religion of the institution was that of Latin Christianity, while (*b*) most of the members found their real religion in chivalry itself—as if Christianity were apart therefrom. When the paper proceeds at last to consider the Graal legend, having no fresh thesis to offer, recurrence is made to the idea of an origin in the East, for which, however, there is no evidence. The question is left hereat and as regards the texts on which our knowledge is based it is inevitable, having regard to the nationality of the writer, that Wolfram von Eschenbach and his *Parzival* should be the starting-point, though chronological order is in this manner abandoned. It will be interesting to see how the papers proceed and what conclusion is reached in fine.

Some practical considerations and hypotheses arising out of the phenomena of bilocation are being contributed to the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, and one of the cases is furnished by THE OCCULT REVIEW. The fact is here registered for the moment only so that the inferences reached by the writer may be dealt with when the time comes. One is reminded meanwhile that bilocation is a familiar term in the annals of Christian sanctity and that there is recurring testimony concerning it onward from the days of St. Augustine. Its use sounds almost strange in connection with modern psychic phenomena which carry no suggestion of sanctity, but that use, for this reason, is not the less legitimate.

It is only rather satisfactory that the word was coined in old days and interesting that it arose in another department of thought and life.

The quarterly magazine of Christian Mysticism entitled *The Seeker* has just entered upon its seventh year of publication and its new volume. The business arrangements are now in the charge of Mr. J. M. Watkins, and we take the opportunity not only of offering our best wishes to its editor, the Rev. G. W. Allen, but of recommending it to the attention of readers who are drawn towards its more especial subjects. It is the only periodical of its kind and is excellent in manner and matter. One of our own contributors, Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, is a frequent writer in its pages, and the recent issues are remarkable for a series of articles by Mr. Allen himself on the philosophy of Jacob Boehme, of whom he is a devoted student. Those who are entitled to speak upon the claims of the "Teutonic Theosopher" are by no means of the same mind concerning them, or as to the side of his greatest value; but there is no question regarding the importance of his place in mysticism nor as to the qualifications of his present interpreter.

The Mentalist is a recent venture and makes its bid for recognition as the organ of an Australian school of new thought. So far the thought is not especially uncommon and there is not much promise of success in the process of producing an issue by means of snippets and cuttings. A paper on hypnotism by Mr. Hereward Carrington is borrowed from another periodical of similar dedications. These words of criticism must be taken as a counsel towards improvement: it would be easier and much pleasanter to give an unqualified welcome.

At a moment when we are hearing on several sides a variety of rumours concerning Rosicrucianism, some of which come from doubtful quarters, while none are offering their warrants, supposing that they are in possession of any, our contemporary *Le Voile D'Isis* recalls to our minds what was said on the subject of the Fraternity some four centuries since by the alchemist Michael Maier and by the learned and devoted English philosopher, Robert Fludd. The former affirmed that the Brothers R.C. were spread throughout the universe and that their assembly was in the Temple of the Holy Spirit, which Temple is everywhere. Robert Fludd said that the corner-stone of the building was Christ and that all the children of God belong thereto. It follows that any incorporation with which they may have been connected, or in the existence of which they may have believed, though not

personally belonging thereto, was only a manifestation without of an universal assembly in the world within. Their statements are the earliest formulation in mystic or occult literature of the notion concerning a secret Christian Church. They were followed at the close of the seventeenth century by testimonies made in writing to that Philadelphian Society of which John Pordage and Jane Lead were the most notable members. Yet another century passed and then there were independent witnesses in the persons of Eckhartshausen and Loupoukine. Of all these, Maier and Robert Fludd alone connected the Secret Church with the Rosicrucian Fraternity, but that designation, in this connection, was used by both of them in an exceedingly fluidic manner.

Theosophy in Scotland has collected from several sources material for a simple, intelligible account of the Bahai movement, and it is to be congratulated on the result, which is perhaps the best of its kind within similar restricted limits. There is also information at first hand derived from Mr. Tudor Pole, of whom a good deal was heard in the past in connection with an imputed talisman of the Holy Graal. He appears to have visited the present leader of the movement, Abbas Effendi, at Alexandria, and he furnishes some impressions concerning him. The Bahai message is the unity of God and the brotherhood of men. The sword is to be laid aside for ever; national differences are to be settled by arbitration; no one is to renounce his religion, but all are to show by their lives that "behind all expressions of religion there is one religion and one God." In what sense these excellent precepts and principles constitute a divine revelation; why Mirza Ali Mohammed, who was the founder of the movement, has been regarded and regarded himself as the precursor of a prophet raised up by God; and in what sense his successor, Mirza Hussein Ali, the second in the triad, was he whom God should make manifest, are matters which remain over for settlement. However, Mr. Tudor Pole certifies that the present leader, and third in succession, Abbas Effendi, is a master of men, a marvellous personality, and that he focusses the spiritual ideal of the coming age. The magnetic personalities come and go; there are also great, enlightened and unselfish administrators; and with their help the world moves on. But in this age of slip-shod terminology let some of us at least try for a tolerable exactitude in words, and when we speak of divine revelation, let us remember that there is a code of morality in the use of important terms, lest we find at the end that we have only been playing with similes and "loose types of things," to our own and to others' confusion.

REVIEWS

THE MECHANISM OF LIFE. By Dr. Stéphane Leduc. Translated by W. Deane Butcher. Demy 8vo., pp. xv + 172, ill. London: Rebman Limited, 129, Shaftesbury Avenue. Price 6*s.* net.

IN this work, Professor Leduc describes some highly interesting experiments on osmosis and diffusion, which he believes throw considerable light upon the problem of the nature and origin of life. He finds, for example, that pieces of soluble calcium salts sown in solutions containing carbonates, phosphates or silicates, give rise to "growths" resembling living bodies; of which several photographs are reproduced in the book before us. These "growths" consist of insoluble salts precipitated in a colloidal form, produced by the diffusion of the calcium salt in the solution of carbonate, phosphate or silicate. They are termed "osmotic growths" because the force which is primarily concerned in their production is the osmotic pressure of the dissolved salt within the cell of colloidal precipitate. These colloidal bodies offer far more resistance to the passage of a dissolved salt than they do to that of water, the result of the osmotic pressure being, therefore, the flowing of water from without into the cell, distending it and thus effecting its growth, until the quantity of precipitate formed by the diffusion of the dissolved calcium salt is insufficient to withstand the osmotic pressure. The French Academy of Sciences is certainly not to be congratulated for having excluded (as we learn from the Preface they did) the account of Prof. Leduc's researches from its official publication. But when the author argues from these experiments that life is a purely physico-chemical phenomenon, due to osmosis and diffusion, he certainly seems to have stretched an analogy beyond the breaking point. We agree with Prof. Leduc that spontaneous generation must once have occurred, may still be taking place in nature, and may, possibly, be one day brought about in the chemist's laboratory. But no physical theory of life is logically possible. For a physical theory of life would necessarily result in a physical theory of consciousness, and matter and force—the data of such a theory—are themselves known only in terms of consciousness: we are involved in a vicious circle, from which only an idealistic or spiritual theory of life can release us. Spontaneous generation implies no more than that, given the necessary material conditions for that manifestation of spirit we call life, spirit will so manifest itself; for spirit is immanent in every particle of matter, though such matter may seem, and is *per se*, lifeless. Indeed, osmosis and diffusion themselves, like every other physical phenomenon, are, in the last analysis, physically inexplicable; like every other physical phenomenon they themselves are miraculous and magical, *i.e.*, manifestations of spirit. Not that we think that Prof. Leduc has accomplished the spontaneous generation of life, for, although his experiments are certainly of much interest, and although no one will deny the importance of osmosis in the

economy of living bodies, the resemblances between his "osmotic growths" and living beings are not sufficient to warrant this conclusion.' Finally, we may remark that Professor Leduc, like other materialists, speaks of the indestructibility of matter as though it were a scientifically demonstrated fact, contrasting it with the supposed ephemeral nature of life. It is, of course, merely an hypothesis, unsupported, so far as we are aware, by any valid evidence.

H. S. REDGROVE.

FAITH, MEDICINE, AND THE MIND. By Charles Reinhardt, M.D. London: The London Publicity Co., Ltd., 379, Strand, W.C., 5s. net.

THIS is one of the best books that have appeared for some time, on hypnotism and allied matters, treated from a popular yet scientific point of view. The author gives us his own carefully recorded experiences, and in his autobiographical introduction he has some interesting anecdotes concerning his meetings with Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant.

Broadly speaking, Dr Reinhardt belongs to the Nancy school, though maintaining an open mind as to mesmeric and other theories. He has apparently had exceptional results in the way of telepathic phenomena manifested in the trance of one of his patients—a man whom he cured of angina pectoris and who was evidently a specially good subject—and medical men who employ hypnotism might take the hint to try harmless experiments of this kind, though caution is required, for the first aim of the physician ought to be the cure of his patient. It is noteworthy, by the way, that Dr. Reinhardt, like Dr. Bramwell, has almost or quite abandoned the induction of actual sleep, finding that therapeutic suggestion can be equally operative without hypnotic unconsciousness.

As to theory, the author follows Hudson—*Law of Psychic Phenomena*—though avoiding the pitfall of the "two minds." He likens the mind to a circle, within which is a smaller circle which stands for the waking or supraliminal consciousness; this small circle contracts when we concentrate our attention on some intellectual question, and expands when the consciousness becomes diffused or thrown out of focus as in dream-states and the like. Following the analogy of the pupil of the eye, it is suggested that a kind of mental sphincter-muscle contracts or extends the area of the consciousness, and that those who have an elastic sphincter (or, as Myers would have said, a movable threshold) show telepathic and other supernormal phenomena.

These material symbolizings of immaterial things are useful, but must not be overdriven. They are inevitably too *simple*, for one thing. We all of us sleep, but we do not all exhibit supernormal phenomena; yet the blessed word "subconscious," or its equivalent, is made to explain (!) both. Obviously some more analytic and more searching classification will ultimately be necessary. Also Dr. Reinhardt is rather sweeping (though he may be right) in his assertion that we never forget anything. The often-quoted servant who in fever spoke Hebrew, etc., having formerly heard her master read it, is a rather mythical person. The story came to Coleridge at third hand, and may have been embellished in transit. Still, Dr. Reinhardt gives interesting cases from his own

experience which undoubtedly do indicate that in hypnosis the memory-field may be greatly extended.

The book may be warmly commended to all those who require a non-technical and popular, yet sober and scientific treatment of the subject.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

WHAT ONE MIGHT SAY TO A BOY. By Mary Everest Boole. London: C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 6*d*. net.

IN her usual lucid, orderly and sympathetic manner Miss Boole has written a book of instruction to those who have the anxious but fascinating task of "training up a child in the way he should go." It is said that "the first condition for making of oneself a healthy, happy, normal human being, for acquiring the highest development that lies within the compass of one's initial potentiality, is to acquire, as early as possible and as completely as possible, the power of constantly directing one's own symbiotic passion into some channel where it meets some need of humanity." And this gives the gifted authoress her opportunity to indicate by what means this normal development may be achieved when once the trend or bent of the young mind is discovered. It also serves to indicate that the knowledge of "one's initial potentiality" is of the first importance. The young fellow whom we see going about "looking for something suitable" to do, has no bent and very probably no great potential. It is the boy with a craze for a thing that can be made useful, and his symbiotic value is in direct proportion to the care bestowed upon the manner in which his bent or tendency is allowed to develop. If he is merely allowed to "tinker" for his own gratification, he will never arrive; but "if he has early acquired the habit of steering his mechanical capacity to meet need from without, he finds himself, on reaching manhood, a genuine inventor, able to tackle some real problem of the age and solve it."

But in all this education of faculty and directing of desire to functional issues there are many pitfalls and delusions, concerning which Mrs. Boole has given most admirable advice, and Mr. Daniel is to be congratulated in having added this little book to the already fine display of works by the same gifted authoress.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD. By Eric Hammond. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

HERE is another of that delightful "Wisdom of the East" series which comes to us through the capable editorship of Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia, who are associated with the Northbrook Society. In the small compass of less than one hundred and fifty pages Mr. Eric Hammond has communicated all that is essential of the history and religious teaching of the Bahais. Bahaism originated with The Bab, or Prophet, who arose in Shiraz in the year 1844 and after a life of great hardship and persecution was shot at Tabriz in July 1850. He rendered anew the teaching of Mahomet; and while regarding himself as a messenger of God, he looked for and foretold the coming of a greater than he. This was Baha'u'allah, who declared himself in 1863 and died, while full of mental vigour, at the age of seventy-five years, in 1892. The history of Baha'u'allah is one of exceptional interest. Mirza Hussein Ali was the

son of a Persian Vizier, his grandfather being a Grand Vizier. At an early age he was impelled to the spiritual life, and at thirty attached himself to the Babis and shortly became their leader. He chose poverty, persecution, imprisonment, confiscation and exile. His followers accepted him in the light of his own statement as the foretold of the Bab, and thereafter the Babis, or followers of the Bab, called themselves Bahais. The Mohammedan Mullahs feared for their priestly power and possessions. They stirred up official interference and the Bahais were consequently banished to Adrianople. Baha'u'allah was succeeded by his eldest son—now known as Abbas Effendi—as the outward head of the Bahais. He was born on May 23, 1844, the day on which the Bab began his ministry. He recognized in his father the fulfilment of the Bab's prophecy that God would become manifest and called him Lord as well as father. Of the benevolent character of the present representative head of the Bahais all have doubtless heard. His adherents number fully one-third of the Persians, beside many in lands east and west.

The teachings of the Baha'u'allah as set forth in "The Seven Valleys" are admirably presented by Mr. Hammond and form the body of the book under notice, which, as being concerned with a modernized form of an old religion, adds to the "Wisdom of the East" series a new and fascinating lustre.

SCRUTATOR.

A DICTIONARY OF ORIENTAL QUOTATIONS. By Claude Field, M.A. London: Swann Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. Price *7s. 6d.*

WHO has imbibed of the wisdom of Hafiz or walked with Sadi in the garden of roses that has not a grateful sense of the beauties of the Oriental mind? All that is quoted and familiar or quotable and unfamiliar to our ears in Hafiz, Jalaluddin Rumi, Omar Khayyám, Sadi and a host of other Persian and Arabic poets and philosophers ha been brought into array by the author of this Dictionary in a form which is at once intelligible, orderly, handy and discrete. Such an omnium gatherum of wise sayings and deep moralizings as fills this large volume is scarcely credible and barely appreciable by us of the more prosaic and Western mode of thought. Not that practicality forbids depth, for the best practice demands the greatest penetration and the deepest thought, but we lack the atmosphere which invests these Oriental poets as native to the tropic, the incense of which steals through every line like the smoulder of fragrant herbs or the smoke of a choice sacrifice. Every couplet is a chapter of good counsel and there are thousands of them, wild flowers and exotics, bunched together without other design than to display their several beauties by comparison and delight the attentive mind.

SCRUTATOR.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE—HERE AND HEREAFTER. By Sir William Earnshaw Cooper, C.I.E. London: L. N. Fowler, 7, Imperial Arcade. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

"A MEASURE of wheat for a penny and three measures of barley for a penny" sounds generous, but it sinks into commercial insignificance beside the bulking volume here offered to discount booksellers at something under three shillings. When, after a big catch, a man of small

family went about offering salmon cutlets to his friends, the uniform question was "What's wrong with it?" With something of the same thought the reader will turn the pages of this volume with hypercritical care and assuredly will be surprised to find the fare wholesome, sound and of full weight. The distinguished author has put on record his own experiences in supernormal phenomena. He makes a frank avowal of his belief in spirit communications, and argues for a practical application of spiritual science to the problems of everyday life. The nature, constitution and functions of the spiritual or super-physical body are fully considered, and with a view to breaking down orthodox prejudice the author has made full use of apposite biblical quotations. To this testimony is added that of well-known representatives of physical science, and Sir Earnshaw Cooper's personal experiences regarding the continuity of life after death are of great interest in this connexion. Much is said regarding research work conducted on the spiritual frontier and many striking facts are adduced in regard to this borderland where two worlds meet and where it is said "angel greets man." It may be suggested, however, that for man to greet the angel the former must rise very far beyond the phenomena of the séance-room, where the larvæ of the invisible world—miscalled spiritual—vegetate and contortionize in a fashion the most irresponsible and inglorious. To the question "Can all men become mediums?" I am tempted to suggest, in view of the successive dependency of all stages of life, that none can escape being a medium, conscious or otherwise, of a stage of life that is superior to his own. If it were not so the Divine Will would not be realized.

SCRUTATOR.

OSRU: A TALE OF MANY INCARNATIONS. By Justin Stern. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, E.C. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN an exceedingly well written narrative, Mr. Stern tells us the story of the migration of Osru, the soul. We meet him first in the person of Sherau, the Paraschites, a man of brutal habits and fiendish malice. The transition to Nero is a graduation almost to be expected, but when Osru passes into the body of Dravid of the Galleys we see that he is getting under the wheel of the law of retribution. Next Osru is seen to manifest as the wife of Ram Ruoy, where the affrighted soul learns the power of subjection. In Louis, Sieur de Brent, Don Jose de Roderiguez, in Hafid the dwarf, in Jeanie Campbell, Jackson's Millie, and Jared Willson, the same Osru gathers the experiences necessary to the rendering of a symmetrical and rounded character, with upward-reaching powers. As illustrating the Oriental doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, the book serves its purpose very well, while as romance it will be found in many respects superior to the large number of books dealing with the occult side of human evolution.

SCRUTATOR.

SHADOW SHAPES. By Maude Annesley. London: Methuen. Price 6*s.*

A STRIKING novel in many ways. Remarkably well written, and written moreover with an intimate knowledge of life. Cuthbert Brocklehurst

becomes obsessed by the idea that he must die before the age of forty-five and determines that when he dies his wife shall die too. He has valvular heart disease and persuades an old friend, Dr. MacFarlane, who is in love with his wife, to stay with him. Brocklehurst is a powerful hypnotist, and commands his wife, when under hypnosis, to die when he dies. MacFarlane fathoms this fiendish plot, and after taking infinite pains succeeds in counteracting it. The end of *Shadow Shapes* is very dramatic. It is a book that cannot fail to hold the reader from start to finish. It marks a considerable advance on *Wind along the Waste*.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE SECRET OF THE DRAGON. By Mary L. Pendered. London: Harper & Brothers, 45, Albemarle Street, W. Price 6s.

A CHARMING mediaeval romance. It wafted into my presence all the old odours of rosemary and lavender, pomander and spikenard. Sir Christopher Manwood discovers an old alchemical treatise written to one of his ancestors and relating to treasure concealed at Paganel Garth. De Paganel, lord of Paganel Garth, is a recluse, and lives buried among his books. He has a beautiful unspoilt daughter, Melisent. Sir Christopher contrives to have himself engaged as gardener at Paganel Garth, discovers the secret of the dragon, falls in love with Melisent, and in the end marries her. Old de Paganel follows suit with Lady Manwood, Sir Christopher's step-mother. *The Secret of the Dragon* is written in first-rate style, a style, moreover, eminently suited to the period. The book is primed with passages of entrancing beauty that caress the reader with all the freshness and loveliness of a flower-laden breeze. There are also in *The Secret of the Dragon* matters which give rise to occult speculation of a singular fascination.

MEREDITH STARR.

THOUGHTS ON THINGS PSYCHIC. By Walter Winston Kenilworth. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., Ltd., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE author opens his subject with a very dramatic representation of a lost soul, one who, by successive lives of depravity and wilful disregard of the laws of the spirit, has separated himself from the Oversoul and thereafter smoulders into extinction through, it may be, several more lives in which he can only be a terror or a burden to humanity. The author draws his title page from the capitation of a chapter in the book which deals with things of a psychic nature and contains some luminous thoughts. He treats also in good style of Mysticism, Karmic Relations, Psychic Values and Spiritual Consciousness, of Night and Resurrection, and the mysteries of Death.

Much insistence is laid on what has been called the sin of separateness, by which the individual soul or ego becomes finally detached from the parent Soul through lesion of the connecting cord or thread of consciousness, partly by atrophy and partly by strain towards externals, that is, contrary to the trend of evolution. The section entitled "The plea of Mysticism" is very well argued but seems to involve a misconception of the true mystic attitude which certainly makes no claims to popular recognition. The book is well written in an easy and transparent style and will repay study.

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