

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

"NULLIUS IN OBLIVIONEM SCISSUS"

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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VOL. XIV.

JULY 1911

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHEN the historian of the future looks back upon the scientific discoveries of the present era to which, I wonder, will he attach the most importance? Which will he regard as the most epoch-making in its eventual results, and in its influence on the thought and life of mankind? Will he lay greatest stress on the establishment of the Darwinian theory of evolution and what has inevitably followed from that discovery? Will he give a first place, perhaps, to the discovery of the numerous uses to which electricity can be applied in all the practical affairs of life, whether as the medium of wireless telegraphy or as an efficient means of transit both by land and sea? Or again, as a substitute for previous forms of artificial illumination? Or as an agent for future purposes and objects hitherto undreamed of?

What place will chemical discovery hold in this historian's purview? What influence will the discovery of radium and other hitherto unknown substances have upon the previously held scientific theories with regard to the constitution of matter? What

place will the new chemical discoveries hold in the *Materia Medica* of a later day? What, in the programme of the agriculturist and the fruit-grower who may use these means to produce two crops in the same period in which one was formerly grown, or alternatively to double the reproductiveness of a single ear of corn? What effects will *Psychical Research* have on our knowledge of the constitution of the human body and the human soul?

These questions can be propounded almost indefinitely, and it is obvious that so far we are not in a position to value the relative importance of so many diverse discoveries. I have often thought, however, that while bearing fully in mind the enormous changes that these additions to our knowledge of the constitution of our world must inevitably involve, they are yet, none of them, as likely to revolutionize the whole standpoint of humanity in its relations to this world and whatever subsequent

THE RE-
DISCOVERY
OF AS-
TROLOGY.

worlds and conditions there may be, as the discovery or, I should rather say, re-discovery of the basic scientific facts that underlie the astrological hypothesis, which our contemporaries, unrecognized by official science as they are, have brought once more into the light of day. The discovery of two more planets in the solar system has undoubtedly enormously facilitated this great scientific work, and given an opportunity to the astrologers of the present day which was wanting in the times when Kepler investigated and satisfied himself of the genuineness of this science. Kepler, it must be borne in mind, had not only to contend against the scepticism, already strongly developed, of his own age, but also must have constantly found himself at fault where the operation of the planets Uranus and Neptune came into play in a horoscopolical figure. He was thus, while able to assure himself of the basic truth of the theory, unable to apply knowledge so defective to purposes of practical diagnostic interpretation, except within a very limited sphere. Absence of a knowledge of the planet Uranus led the astrologers of his day to anticipate the return of the young pretender, Charles Edward, to the English throne. Had they been without a knowledge of this same planet the astrologers of the present day would undoubtedly have expected the return of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France.

We have no scientific basis which will justify our acceptance of astrology. We have no scientific niche into which the facts of astrology will fall. It is for this reason that astrology when, sooner or later, it is recognized as a profound natural truth,

SEP - 1916

must work so great a revolution in the scientific conceptions of the time. We recognize the law of gravitation, though the word gravitation may be a misnomer, because it serves to explain to us certain undoubted facts in nature. We have not, however, arrived at the why and wherefore of gravitation, or of the quality in nature of which this law is the interpretation. It may probably be long years after we have recognized the facts of astrology, before we are able to say how it comes about that the rays of the planets in our solar system act directly on the physical constitution and character of those who are born under their influence. We see the law of correspondences, of

LAWS OF
NATURE
PROVED
BUT NOT
UNDER-
STOOD.

which Swedenborg wrote so much, operating continuously and persistently throughout the astrological field. We can prove this law as we can prove the law of gravitation, by the facts of nature, but we are quite unable to justify it theoretically. We can see the character of children of the same parents, and with the same heredity, vary indefinitely in accordance with the varying positions of the planets and signs of the zodiac at their birth. We know that the characters and destinies of the children vary in accordance and not in contradiction to astrological rules. What bearing will the understanding of this tremendous scientific law, when once admitted, have upon the whole field of modern science? Of two things at least we may be sure. It will bring under the domain of scientific law and order a new province hitherto relegated to caprice and chaos, the province of human life and human activities upon the surface of our globe. It will also demonstrate the extraordinarily close interaction of the different planets of the solar system with each other, and the comparative insignificance of space as a factor interfering with those relations. It will show that as the human body and the human mind, according to recent scientific experiments, can extend their influence and make themselves physically, visibly and mentally appreciated at great distances, so the far larger forces and orbs of the planets, and the Sun and Moon, can extend their most subtle powers and natural qualities by a method of transmission through space which must appear to our narrow comprehension to be almost without limit.

Mr. Alan Leo's work, and that of his collaborators, is before the world in a library of large and small volumes. The would-be student may certainly be somewhat frightened by their number and extent, and may feel a doubt as to where to commence his studies without losing himself in a tangle of mathematical theory

and, in many cases, necessarily half-sifted scientific knowledge.

MR. ALAN LEO. It must be admitted, however, that before the days of *Modern Astrology* and its Editor, his case was very considerably worse. There has been a systematic attempt on the part of Mr. Alan Leo to give a real and human interpretation, in accordance with ascertained evidence, both to the influences of the signs of the zodiac and the planets of our system in their various relations to each other. We feel that Astrology in its new interpretation has a practical bearing on the needs and problems of the present day. Much of the old traditional superstitions which survived from the days of Manilius to the times of the author of *Wilson's Dictionary of Astrology*, have been thrown overboard or recast in the light of the accumulated evidence resulting from modern scientific investigation. Under the presiding genius of Mr. Leo, we have before us descriptions of the signs of the zodiac and of the planets based upon observed human nature and upon the evidence of concrete fact. He does not, like many ancient authorities, call them names if they are in traditional bad odour, or praise them unduly if they are the vehicles of traditional benefic virtues. He tries, rather, to understand their inherent characteristics and their relations to the various types of the human race which respond to their impress. Everything is interpreted in terms of its bearing on human character, disposition and temperament. The planets and signs are no longer good and bad, black and white, the mathematical indexes of an inevitable fate. To this Astrological interpreter the Sun is the Life-giver, the Moon the Mother, Mercury the Thinker, Venus the Unifier, Mars the Energiser, Jupiter the Uplifter, Saturn the Subduer, Uranus the Awakener, and Neptune the Mystic.

The attempt to interpret intuitively—the only true method—has thus been carried out, and what is done with the planets

THE INTUITIONAL INTERPRETATION. is done also with the signs of the zodiac, where effort is made to bring out into strong light the individual and personal character typified. It would be unfair to Mr. Leo's collaborators to suggest that all these volumes are his individual work. He has been well served by many helpers, and not least by a wife whose intuitional gifts have proved invaluable in such a study. But all these energies would have all too probably been dispersed and lost had it not been for the centralizing focus of Mr. Alan Leo's personality and his patient perseverance in the task to which

he has devoted his life energies. For myself, I may say that, looking back over a life where such concentration on one particular aim and such specialization of energy have been impossible, I cannot but feel that the hours which I have spent—and they have been somewhat laborious ones—on the investigation of the astrological hypothesis, have been among the most wisely employed and the most fruitful in result of my life. The realization of the facts to which astrological evidence undoubtedly points, in all its magnificent breadth and grandeur, can only be likened to the description given by the poet Keats, of his first reading of Homer, when he described how he seemed to himself like the Spanish explorer and his crew first sighting the outlines of a new world.

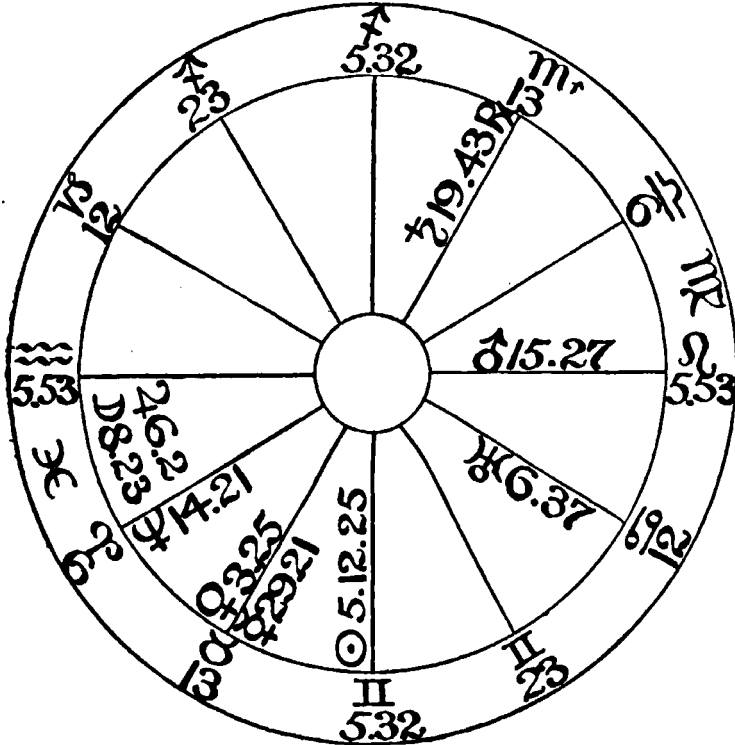
Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

I reproduce in the current issue from Mr. Alan Leo's books, *The Key to Your Own Nativity* and *Astrology for All*, the figures for the nativities of King George and Queen Mary. Space forbids at the present time the making of any extended comment on these figures which have already inevitably been sufficiently noticed elsewhere. In looking at them, however, side by side, it may be worth drawing attention to the recognized astrological rules which are held to govern the choice of partners in matrimonial relationship. The partner in marriage, in the case of a man, according to the usually accepted astrologic rules, is described by the Seventh House and the planet to which the Moon first applies. Similarly in the case of a woman, the husband is described by the Seventh House and the planet to which the Sun first applies. Now in the King's horoscope we have the Moon occupying the cusp of the Seventh House and Saturn in sextile aspect to Jupiter, also in this house. This gives us the Queen's planets, as Saturn is the lord of her ascendant, and Jupiter and the Moon occupy her ascendant in conjunction. Taking the Queen's horoscope, we have the King's planets similarly indicated. Mars, the lord of the King's ascendant, Aries, occupies the Seventh House in trine aspect with Neptune, which is rising at the King's birth, and the Sun applies first to a square of Jupiter, which has just culminated

ASTROLOGY
EXEMPLI-
FIED IN
ROYAL
HORO-
SCOPES.

in its own sign in the horoscope of King George, and therefore also dominates the figure.

The scheme for founding an International Club for Psychological Research has at last, I am glad to see, taken practical shape. The Club, which has its premises at 22a, Regent Street, London,



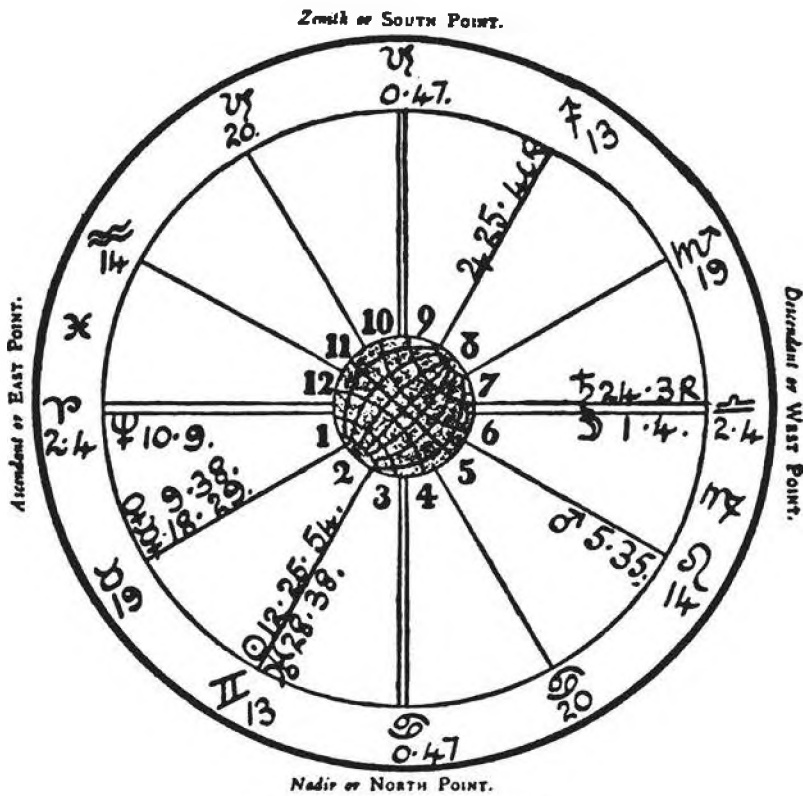
Planct.	Latitude.	Declination.	Right Asc.	Mer. Dist.	Semi-arc
	° ' "	° ' "	° ' "	° ' "	° ' "
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☽	1 N 2	7 S 28	339 40	83 58	99 29
♁	0 S 12	19 N 50	57 12	6 27	63 2
♂	1 S 49	10 N 57	31 40	31 49	75 56
♆	1 N 32	17 N 41	138 23	105 14	113 38
♄	0 S 57	10 S 12	338 10	85 27	103 4
♃	2 N 25	15 S 21	227 56	15 41	69 50
♁	0 N 19	23 N 27	97 13	33 36	56 41
♄	1 S 33	4 N 14	13 49	49 50	84 40

HOROSCOPE OF QUEEN MARY.

W., was formally opened by Mrs. Annie Besant on Monday, May 29, in the presence of a distinguished company. In the scheme as it has taken concrete shape, the plan for providing bedroom accommodation on the premises, has perhaps wisely been abandoned, but the Club premises are amply large enough

for the needs of the Club in its early days, and those who are sufficiently interested to care to inspect the premises will be able to satisfy themselves that the rooms are fairly numerous and conveniently arranged, in addition to which they are light and airy, with a very attractive outlook, and tastefully, though simply, decorated and furnished. The Club in its initial stages will be the property of the A. I. U.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.



HOROSCOPE OF KING GEORGE.

Company, Limited, and will be under the personal supervision and charge of Mr. George G. Knowles, but it is proposed at a very early date, probably the end of the present year, to turn it into a "Member's Club" by the formation of an independent Company, so as more effectively to establish it on an independent financial basis. Various offers of financial assistance have been received, but these have all been temporarily declined, pending the formation of the Company, when those interested in the objects of the Club will be invited to take up shares in the venture. In the meantime, I am informed

that the Club's financial requirements for the time being have been fully provided against.

It will be seen that the situation is a very central and convenient one, and an illustration is given of the Club premises in the advertisement at the end of this Magazine. A booklet, giving a list of the foundation members of the Club, and particulars of its objects, the rules which govern it, together with application form for membership of the Club, may be obtained by applying to the address of the Club, or alternatively to the office of the OCCULT REVIEW. All those who have already subscribed are, of course, entitled to one year's subscription to the Club, and should their names not appear in the list, it would be well for them to communicate direct with the Secretary of The International Club for Psychical Research, at the address given above. I trust it will prove that the delay in the starting of this Club, which was originally announced to be opened in the autumn of 1909, will not militate against its eventual success, but it is obvious that in a matter of this kind the prospects of the Club depend no less on competent management, than on the sympathy and practical co-operation of those who have its objects and aims at heart. Speaking personally, I cannot but think that the sooner a Company is formed to take over the working of the Club and a preliminary balance sheet is published, the better it will be for its future as a going concern. There will inevitably be many who will wish to put questions in person with regard to this new venture, and I should like to suggest that their best course will be to communicate direct with Mr. George G. Knowles at the Club address and arrange for appointments.

I have pleasure in informing my readers that in the next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW I shall be reproducing a verbatim report of a lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant to a private London audience on the subject of Reincarnation. The lecture in question is calculated to throw fresh sidelights on this much-discussed subject. Whatever view my readers may hold they will all admit that Mrs. Besant is a host in herself when she takes up the defence of a cherished conviction, and on the present occasion she has succeeded in marshalling further arguments in support of her opinion, which, if they do not prove the position in the eyes of the sceptical, must at least be admitted to establish a strong presumptive case for the hypothesis in question.

MRS.
BESANT
ON REIN-
CARNATION.

JACOB BOEHME, A ROSICRUCIAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

A STUDY OF HIS VIEWS AND SOME EXTRACTS
FROM HIS WRITINGS

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

JACOB BOEHME, "the god-taught philosopher" and greatest German mystic of the sixteenth century, was a poor and uneducated shoemaker; nevertheless he wrote a great many books, and his writings have furnished the foundations upon which most of the greatest German philosophers have built the systems of their philosophies, a fact that can be explained by the circumstance that his writings contained great palpable truths, which came to him not from hearsay or the reading of books, but were revealed to his inner consciousness by the divine light of spiritual illumination. He was not what is usually called a "spiritual medium"; his knowledge was his own and his enlightenment due to the growth and culture of his soul. He was a Rosicrucian of the highest order, as is also indicated by the Rosicrucian emblems by which his portrait is surrounded.

Boehme was born in the year 1575 at Alt-Seidenburg, a place near the town of Goerlitz in Germany, the son of poor parents. In his youth he herded cattle, was then sent to school, where he learned to read and to write, and entered as an apprentice a shoemaker's shop. There he was visited by what appears to have been an Adept, who told him that he would be a great man and that the world would wonder about him; after giving him some good advice regarding his future conduct, the visitor disappeared. This event made a great impression upon Boehme's mind. He led a very pious life, studied the Bible, meditated and prayed, and in the year 1610 his third illumination and initiation into the divine mysteries took place.

Beginning from this date up to the time of his death in 1624 he wrote some thirty books full of divine revelations regarding God and the angels, heaven and hell, and the secrets of nature. His writings are not merely of a scientific kind, but they are full of a truly religious spirit; and he used to say to those who merely wanted to "know": "Of what use to me is a science, which is not at the same time a religion?" meaning: What would it benefit me to merely seek for the gratification of my scientific curiosity concerning that which belongs to the mysteries of

divinity, if I were not shown the way to arrive at that state of divinity in which I can myself experience these mysteries and enjoy divine life? The growth of the intellect ought to be accompanied by the elevation of the mind and the expansion of the soul.

His teachings were too deep to be understood by the bigoted,



JACOB BOEHME.

arrogant and narrow-minded Protestant clergy of the town in which he lived ; and as he claimed that man could attain salvation without the intervention of priests, ceremonies and vicarious atonement, he roused the jealousy of the head parson, and became an object of his hatred and severe persecution. This "servant of Christ" used his influence with the authorities to

get the poor shoemaker banished from the town. He had to flee to escape imprisonment in a dungeon ; but public opinion was in his favour, the citizens insisted on having him recalled, and brought him back the next day. The hatred of the clergy, however, continued until the time of Boehme's death, which took place on November 20, 1624. His enemy, the head parson, Gregorius Richter, refused a decent burial to the body ; and as the City Council of Goerlitz, in constant fear of the infuriated priest, were uncertain what to do, the corpse remained unburied for many days, until it was finally laid to rest in a solemn manner by the intervention and order of the Catholic Count Hannibal ; but the parson pretended to be sick, and did not attend.*

Boehme's writings are not merely of a "religious" kind ; that is to say, they do not merely appeal to the emotions ; they are highly scientific ; but the science contained therein is "occult," because it requires for its understanding a higher state of consciousness than the ordinary one of the physical brain and the higher power of perceiving and grasping spiritual truths. Therefore the writings of Boehme are at the present time read by only few people and understood by still fewer. The mortal mind knows nothing about the things which belong to the Higher Self ; it is blind in the Kingdom of God. Boehme says :—

"These writings transcend the horizon of intellectual reasoning and their interior meaning is beyond the realm of scientific speculation and argumentation ; their comprehension requires the mind to be in a godlike state, capable of being illumined by the spirit of truth." (*Letters*, xviii. 9.)

The absence of this higher perception and the non-realization of the divine nature of man prevents material science from entering the kingdom of eternal truth.

"Science cannot abolish faith in the all-seeing God, without worshipping in His place the blind intellect." (*Four Contemplations*.)

But in speaking about "faith" he does not refer to a dead faith in the veracity of some dogma or to a blind religious emotion, but to the true living power of faith in God, whose wisdom pervades the universe with its glory.

"The true faith is that the spirit of truth within the soul enters with its will and aspiration into that which one does neither see nor feel." (*Four Contemplations*, 85.)

* F. Hartmann, *The Life and Doctrines of Jacob Boehme* (Kegan Paul, 1891).

Real occult knowledge therefore does not arise from any external or internal objective observation ; but it is the interior revelation of the light of eternal truth within the self-consciousness of the human soul.

"The true understanding (of occult truths) is born of God. It is not the product of the schools in which human science is taught. I do not treat intellectual acquisitions with contempt, and if I had obtained a more elaborate education it would surely have been an advantage to me, while my mind received the divine gift ; but it pleases God to turn the wisdom of this world into foolishness, and to give His strength to the weak, so that all may bow down before Him." (*Forty Questions*, xxxvii. 20.)

It would be erroneous to suppose that Jacob Boehme was what is usually called a "spiritual medium," writing mechanically under the influence of some astral entity and not understanding the source of his inspirations. He, like H. P. Blavatsky and other initiates of that kind, understood well enough the truths that were revealed to him by his "Master," whenever he opened his mind to the light of the Higher Self ; but when his consciousness resided within his lower self, these high truths naturally appeared beyond his grasp.

"I say it before God and testify to it before His judgment seat, where everything must appear, that I in my human (mortal) self do not beforehand know what I shall have to write ; but whenever I am writing the Spirit dictates to me what to write, and shows me everything in such a wonderful clearness, that I often do not know whether or not I am with my consciousness in this or in another world. The more I seek the more I find, and I am continually penetrating deeper ; so that it often seems to me as if my sinful person were too low and unworthy for the reception of a knowledge of such high and exalted mysteries ; but in such moments the Spirit unfolds his banner and says to me : Behold ! in this shalt thou live eternally and be crowned therewith." (*Letters*, ii. 10.)

This, however, is the experience of every trained occultist or great genius, and it proves the existence of a double nature in man, or, perhaps, to express it more correctly, of two opposite poles of the human soul, each having its own special qualities, sensations and powers ; the one for ever striving to rise upwards towards the kingdom of the spirit, the other being attached to matter and gravitating downwards to the realm of the illusions of sense. Real occult knowledge can therefore only be attained by uniting one's consciousness with that of one's own divine nature. No one can know the kingdom of God unless he enters it, and as this kingdom is the kingdom of love in which there is no room for selfish desires or self-gratification, it is open only to those who have (at least temporarily during states of religious exaltation) abandoned all thoughts of self or the acquisition of

personal advantages, be they intellectual or material. The true occultist is he who lives in the spirit of truth, the spirit of truth being alive and conscious in him. The real occultist should not wish to attain spiritual knowledge or power for the purpose of gaining material profits; he should not wish to become celebrated or renowned, but rather wish that his knowledge should be taken away from him, unless it would lead to the glorification of the *Higher Self*, the divinity in humanity.

"I have never desired to know anything about divine mysteries, neither did I understand how I might seek or find them. I sought for nothing except the heart of Christ (the centre of divine wisdom), and I earnestly asked God for His Holy Spirit and mercy, that He might bless and conduct me and take away from me all that could avert me from Him, so that I might not live in my own (personal) will, but in His. While engaged in such earnest seeking, the door was opened to me, so that in one quarter of an hour I saw and learned more than if I had studied for many years at the universities." (*Letters*, xii. 6, 7.)

In the light of truth that belongs to the Higher Self, the desires and illusions of the carnal mind disappear like the mist before the rays of the rising sun. If the lower self could absorb some of this spiritual light and imprison it within the carnal mind, there would arise the danger of its desecration by the misuse of divine powers. This would lead to black magic and eternal perdition. Divine powers ought to be employed solely in the service of God; that is to say, in the service of that which is good and useful for humanity and the whole creation.

"Hundreds of times have I prayed to God, begging Him to take away from me all knowledge, if it did not serve for His glorification and for the amelioration of the condition of my brothers, and that He should retain me only in His love. But the more I prayed, the more the internal fire within my body became ignited, and in such a state of ignition I did execute my writings." (*Letters*, xii. 60.)

"Above all, examine yourself for what purpose you desire to know the mysteries of God and whether you are prepared to employ that which you receive for the glorification of God and the benefit of your neighbour. Are you ready to die entirely to your own selfish and earthly will, and do you earnestly desire to become one with the Spirit? He who has no such high purpose is not fit to receive such divine knowledge." (*Clavis*, ii. 3.)

Thus Jacob Boehme, like every true occultist, insists upon the necessity of self-sacrifice, by which the "mystical death" is attained and that spiritual regeneration takes place, which leads to the birth of new faculties and the awakening of the higher powers which lie dormant within the soul. The school through which an occultist has to pass consists in a constant battle of the higher nature with the lower one, not by a mere suppression

of the lower, but by a rising of the mind above the region of the lower, by means of which the victory is obtained.

Thus it will be seen that not everybody is ripe for a thorough understanding of Boehme's writings. It is said that "to him who desires nothing for himself, everything shall be given." But the majority of researchers seek something for themselves, and many read books on occult subjects merely for the purpose of criticizing them or to see whether they contain something that agrees with their own prejudices or views. Others cling all their life blindly to the coat-tail of some accepted authority, and only few can stand upon their own legs. The final object of the real occultist is not to become a blind believer in the doctrines of somebody or to be called a follower of this or that teacher; but to travel oneself the path shown by the sages, and the study of their writings is a means of opening the mind and rendering it capable of the self-perception and realization of divine truth. Therefore Boehme says in regard to the reading of his books:—

"He who reads them and does not understand them should not throw them aside, imagining that they can never be understood. He should try to change his will and elevate his soul to God, asking Him for grace and understanding, and then read again. He will then perceive more truth than he did before, until at last the power of God will manifest itself in him, and he will be drawn into the depths of divine knowledge, into the supernatural (spiritual) foundation, into the eternal unity of God. Then will he hear actual but inexpressible words of God, which will lead him through the divine radiation of the celestial light, existing even within the grossest forms of terrestrial matter, and from thence back again unto God, and the Spirit of God will search all things in and with him." (*Clavis, Preface, 5.*)*

If we take a cursory glance at the teachings of Boehme (a detailed examination not being practicable within the limits of this article), we find that they fully harmonize and are even identical with those of modern theosophy, although their mode of expression differs from that of H. P. Blavatsky and her followers. They all agree in regard to the unity of the All and that the visible universe is not anything essentially different from the Deity, but a manifestation of His creative power. The Godhead itself is unknowable to the mortal mind.

"We are ourselves only parts of the whole, and we can conceive and speak only of parts, but not of the whole." (*Threefold Life, ii. 66.*)

"I advise the reader, whenever I am speaking of the Godhead and its great mystery, not to conceive of what I say as if it were intended to be understood in a terrestrial sense. I am often forced to give terrestrial

* "He who sees Me (the universal spirit) in everything, is the true seer." (*Bhagavad Gita, c. xiii. 27.*)

names to that which is celestial, so that the reader may form some conception and by meditating about it penetrate within the inner foundation." (*Grace*, iii. 19.)

"Within the groundlessness (Non-Being) there is nothing but eternal tranquillity, an eternal rest without beginning and without end. It is true that even there God has a will, but this power can be no object of our investigation. We conceive of this will as constituting the foundation of the Godhead. It has no origin (in any outward thing), but conceives itself within itself." (*Menschwerdung*, xxi. 1.)

"God is the will of eternal wisdom and the wisdom generated from Him is His revelation. This revelation takes place through a threefold spirit. First by means of the eternal Will in its aspect as the *Father*; next by means of the same eternal Will in its aspect as divine love, the *Son*, the centre or heart of the Father, and finally by means of the Spirit, the power issuing from Will and Love: the *Holy Spirit*." (*Mysterium magnum*, i. 2, 4).

This is the great Mystery of the triunity of the Godhead, the threefold aspect of the creative Spirit.

"Within the groundlessness (the Absolute) the divine Will conceives within itself the desire to manifest itself. This desire or love is the power conceived by the Will or Father; it is the Son, heart or seat (the first foundation within the non-foundation or groundlessness), the first beginning within the Will. The Will is outspoken by means of this conceiving itself, and this issuing of the Will in speaking or breathing is the Spirit of Divinity." (*Mysterium*, i. 2.)

According to Boehme, the universe has no existence separate from its creator, the divine Word. It is comparable to a mirror in which the triune Spirit beholds its own image.

"Wisdom stands before God like a mirror or reflection wherein the Godhead sees its own self and the wonders of eternity, which have neither a beginning nor an end in time. She is like a mirror of the Godhead, and like any other mirror she merely keeps still; she does not produce an image, but simply conceives it." (*Menschwerdung*, i. 1, 12.)

All natural things have their prototypes in the higher invisible worlds; each material thing is an expression of an idea, a materialized idea. Man likewise is such a product of thought, and before he assumed his present material state his body was of an ethereal kind.

"In the creatures of this world we find everywhere two states of being united in one; first, an eternal spiritual being, and secondly, one that has a beginning and is consequently temporal and corruptible. Behold a tree. Outwardly it has a hard and rough shell, seemingly lifeless; but the body of the tree has a living power, which breaks through the hard bark and generates branches and leaves, which, however, all are rooted in the body of the tree. Thus it is with the whole body of this world, wherein also the holy light of God appears to have died out, because it has withdrawn into its own principle and therefore it seems dead, although it still exists in God. Love, however, again and again breaks through this very house

of death and generates holy and celestial branches in this great tree, which root in the light." (*Aurora*, xxiv. 7.)

"Primitive original man in his paradisaical state was a spiritual being, his body was indestructible and luminous; divine love illumined his interior, as the sun illuminates the world. The spiritual man (comparable to a sphere of pure light and intelligence) kept the external one imprisoned within itself and penetrated it. Thus a piece of iron glows and becomes luminous if penetrated by the heat of a fire; so that it seems as if it were the fire itself; but when the fire is withdrawn or becomes extinct, only the dark black iron appears." (*Mysterium*, xvi. 7.)

The mind of paradisaical man was innocent and pure, unsophisticated and like that of a child. There was in him no knowledge of evil and consequently no knowledge of good, no avarice, pride, or anger; but a pure enjoyment of love. Then came the desire for the assertion of individualized existence, which was followed in the course of ages by his descent into matter and his fall into generation. In his godlike divine state he had the power over all things, because all things existed in him and there was nothing external that could have done him any injury; his rule extended into heaven and all over the lower world, over all the elements and the stars. Fire, air, water or earth could not injure him, his body could pass through rocks, and all that lived stood in awe of him. But for all that man, though being endowed with great splendour, did not yet enjoy true similarity with God. While at one with the universal spirit, his consciousness and the extent of his powers were universal; but the more he became individualized and his spirit imprisoned within the evermore narrowing shell created by his delusion of self and separateness, the more did the sphere of his consciousness become restricted and the extent of his powers limited. He lost his ethereal condition and fell into a material state.

"The angelic image then became entirely hidden. The creatures (elementals) obtained power in man. There are persons who live in the quality of a snake, and are full of cunning and poisonous malice; others live in the quality of a toad or a dog, a bear or wolf; or one may have in him the quality of some amiable tame animal. All men are outwardly formed in the human image; but within the quality is seated the animal." (*Grace*, vii. 3, 4.)

Formerly man procreated himself, being male and female in one; but as he became more material a division into the male and the female sex took place. Formerly his will and thought were in full harmony; but now they became divided.

"If God had made man for this earthly, corruptible, poverty-stricken, sickly and animal life, He would not have put him into Paradise. If He

had originally intended that mankind should procreate themselves like the brutes, He would have made them into men and women already at the start." (*Mysterium*, xviii. 5.)

It would require too much space to enter into an examination of Boehme's description of the "Seven Qualities" or principles of eternal nature; it must suffice to say that they are the seven powers called into existence by the action of the Word (*Logos*), and they correspond to the seven *Tattwas* of Indian philosophy. Boehme states them as follows:—

1. *Desire* (Will or Spirit).
2. *Motion*.
3. *Sensation*.
4. *Life* (Consciousness or Fire).
5. *Love* (Sound).
6. *Intelligence* (Light).
7. *Wisdom* (Substantiality or Corporeity).

"The first three principles are merely qualities conducive to life; the fourth is life itself; but the fifth is the true spirit, having within itself all the powers of divine wisdom." (*Grace*, iii. 26.)

The seventh principle is the state of being wherein all the other principles manifest their activity like the soul in the body. It is called Nature, and also the essential eternal wisdom or body of God, and in it all the celestial figures take form. From it arises all beauty, all joy. If this spirit (in everything) did not exist, God would not be perceptible.

"Wisdom is the substantiality of the spirit. The spirit wears it as a garment and becomes revealed thereby." (*Threefold Life*, v. 50.)

Thus it appears that man's perfection consists in getting divine wisdom revealed in him. If this takes place his nature becomes transformed, and this is called the "spiritual regeneration of man." It is brought about by divine wisdom becoming manifested in man, so that his whole being becomes filled with God and luminous, as the darkness becomes luminous and disappears when it is filled with light.

We behold the external world with its stars and the four elements wherein man and all creatures live. This is not God and is not called God; God dwells therein, but the essence of the external world does not comprehend Him. "Eternally the light shines into darkness; but the darkness comprehendeth it not." Nature is not God, neither can man in his aspect as a product of nature become God. We cannot in our human selfhood enter into the Godhead, but that which in man is divine may

become manifested in him. Man has a threefold aspect. In one aspect he dwells continually in the higher worlds, the kingdom of light, and is a member of the body of Christ ; in another aspect he is surrounded by the powers of darkness and subject to their influence, and in still another aspect he is like an animal made of mortal flesh. Nevertheless there are not three men in one human being ; he is only one. His spiritual regeneration does not depend on his being learned and on his scientific acquisitions ; but there must be an intense inward desire to become one with the highest aspect of himself, to have that highest ideal realized within himself, so that it may take substantiality and form within and become his own real self.

" If the soul is to receive actual advantage and fruition from prayer, then must her will turn away from all creatures and terrestrial things and stand in her purity before God. Let not the flesh with its desires cooperate in your meditation or prayer, for earthly desires may not be introduced into that which is divine." (*Prayer*, xxxiv.)

The only *Yoga* practice worthy of any consideration is that in which no selfish thought or purpose prevails. All practices, such as prayers or ceremonies, the forming of " circles," holding meetings for communion of thoughts, for the purpose of obtaining some selfish or material object, even if it were only for the purpose of attaining psychic powers or with a view to seek for one's own salvation is a misuse of divine powers and a crime, leading ultimately to " black magic " if not to physical disease, insanity or moral destruction. " Only the pure in heart can see God."

" Prayer is the union with God effected by the sacrifice of one's personal will. The will necessary to pray is far too weak to accomplish anything while it originates in some personal desire ; but if it is acted upon by the divine power within, it becomes fiery, strong, and God Himself is acting in it." (*Prayer*, xxix.)

To beg is not praying. If one begs God for some personal favour to obtain some advantage, one loves one's advantage better than God.

The process of spiritual regeneration or adeptship is not the work of a moment. The regenerated inner man is not a mere spirit or bodiless soul, but a substantial being clothed with light. Spiritual regeneration, just like physical growth, has its stages of development. Within the earthly man of flesh a new spiritual man is born with divine powers of perception and a divine will, killing day by day the lusts of the flesh and causing the inner heavenly world to become manifest in the external world, approaching gradually the divine state. No one, however, should imagine himself secure even after having attained to spiritual

regeneration, for he may lose it again. The soul during her terrestrial life is fettered by three fearful chains ; the first is the influence of the dark world, whose centre is the delusion of self from which arise selfish desires ; the second is the devil of ambition with its consequent vices (pride, envy, avarice, anger, intolerance, etc.), and the third and most dangerous is the lust of the corruptible mortal flesh and blood which is full of evil inclinations, together with the region of the stars (the astral plane) wherein, as in an immense ocean, the soul is floating, and which causes her to become daily infected and inflamed in sin.

"The poor soul is so much blinded as not even to recognize the heavy chains by which she is bound. If the outer man could have his eyes spiritually opened, he would be terrified on seeing the horrible influences and shapes by which this world is surrounded." (*Incarnation*, xi. 6.)

To those who have some knowledge of a higher state of existence, life in this material, mortal and corruptible body is not an object of joy or very desirable, and the object of our life upon this earth should be to die continually in regard to our sense of separation and isolation and to live only in the love of God and to labour in His service for the benefit of all creatures.

Jacob Boehme does not advocate the belief in a personal universal God, nor in a personal universal devil, which would involve a contradiction in terms, because personality implies limitation and a limited being cannot be universal ; but he has a great deal to say about good and evil angels and spirits, and beings in whom the principle of evil will has become manifest and who are therefore the personal representations of evil or devilish powers, such as lust, pride, avarice, envy, hatred, malice, etc. God and the Christ, angels and devils reside within ourselves. Like attracts like ; we cannot behold an angel or devil, unless there is something angelic or devilish in us. The devil (in man) is not suffering from any pain coming from the outside ; the cause of his suffering is in himself.

"The four lower principles without the eternal light are hell." (*Threefold Life*, ii. 50.)

"That which malicious persons of this world do in their malignity and falsehood is also done by the devils in the world of darkness." (*Six Theosophical Points*, ix. 18.)

"Each person that causes suffering to another is the other's devil." (*Threefold Life*, xvii. 10.)

The possession of a physical body is man's protection against becoming a devil.

"God causes the soul to enter into flesh and blood, so that she may not so very easily become capable of receiving and becoming subject to

the powers of evil. Many a soul would become a devil in her malignity if it were not that external life did prevent it." (*Forty Questions*, xvi. 12.)

When the soul leaves the physical body at the time of death this protection is lost and man remains still a being having a two-fold aspect, namely, as a celestial spirit according to the divine principle in him, and secondly as a supersensual but nevertheless material being, according to his astral body. Each of these essences now gravitates towards the plane to which it belongs according to its qualities. From these opposite tendencies or attractions results the rupture or division of the principles and the judgment of the soul. If the higher tendencies prevail, the soul will leave behind all that is selfish and impure in her nature and gradually rise to the higher planes, to serve God in His holy temple; if the lower tendencies preponderate, she will not be able to pass through the door. After death man remains in that state which he has acquired here.

"When the external kingdom of this world deserts the soul, she will, according to her nature, either enter the dark realm or the kingdom of light. To whatever plane she has surrendered herself during her earthly existence, therein she will remain after the external kingdom has departed from her." (*Mysterium*, xv. 24.)

"Here in this life of the soul is the balance. If she is evil, she can be reborn in love; but when the balance breaks and the scale has turned, then will she be in that principle which is prevailing in her." (*Forty Questions*, xxiii. 10.)

"During her terrestrial life the soul can change her will; but after the death of the body there remains nothing within her power by which she can change her will." (*Tilken*, i. 267.)

"If the spirit remains unregenerated within its original principle there will appear after the rupture of the form such a creature as corresponds to the character acquired during terrestrial life. If, for instance, during life you have acquired the envious disposition of a dog, your animal soul (*Kama rupa*) will assume the shape of a dog." (*Incarnation*, xi. 6.)

"The godless soul is filled with her own infamy, and there is no room in her for the saving power of divine love. She is, then, like a person dreaming of being in great distress and anguish. Not being able to free herself from the delusion of self, she cannot find relief anywhere, and seeing no help she despairs and surrenders herself to her selfish desires. Whatever folly she has carried out in her life, she now enacts it there." (*Threefold Life*, xviii. 10.)

But if a man has a constant aspiration for that which is noble and divine, and if this desire overcomes his evil tendencies, and if he is ready to leave behind him everything for the sake of God, he will not die eternally, but the terrestrial kingdom will pass away from him, it having been to him only an obstacle and hindrance, and he will assume a luminous body and become filled with joy.

ILLUMINATION

"Of Water and of the Spirit."

By A. S. FURNELL

I STRAY by the wind-swept waters,
And Fancy weaves for me
Strange forms in the foam-flecked carpet
Of the waves that ebb to sea.

The rhythmic boom of the breakers,
The smell of the dank sea-weed,
Unmoor the barque of my being
From the bourn of word and deed.

Then the Self, awaked from dreaming,
Bids the waves of thought "Be still!"
And the mind becomes a mirror
Of the peace of Cosmic Will.

Am I borne by the Bird of Ages
On the Breath of Brahm indrawn?
Has the drop been merged in the Ocean?
Or is this millennial dawn?

I care not if words of Rishis
Or words of the Christ be true—
The Word that creates is speaking
In worlds that are always new;

And I know, beyond Good and Evil
There is THAT where I am not I,
Yea, losing myself I find it
In the SELF that can never die.

DREAM ADVENTURES

BY EVA M. MARTIN

MUCH interesting matter concerning dreams having lately appeared in this Review, I have looked eagerly, but in vain, for some reference to a particular kind of dream which I have occasionally experienced, but with which I have never found any other person to be familiar. I refer to dreams in which the dreamer changes sex. It would be of interest to know whether these really are of infrequent occurrence, and what theories have been offered in explanation of them. My own sleep-adventures include four such dreams, all so extraordinarily vivid that after the fourth (and, so far, last) it seems to have struck me that there was something out of the common in the experience, for in a diary kept at that period I find an entry giving full particulars of each. On re-reading this entry now I can distinctly recall various additional details which it does not record.

The first of these dreams came just before I left school; the last some few years afterwards. At the time of the entry in the diary I was not at all interested in occult matters, but on the contrary was almost entirely ignorant of that side of life, so that my action in recording these dreams—and these only—in a diary which otherwise is solely concerned with outer, material events, is strong proof of the impression they made upon me. They were, indeed, quite different from ordinary dreams, not only in seeming more startlingly *real*, but also on account of the unforgettable sensation of freedom and strength and intense *joie de vivre* which I experienced in them. I may remark that in my waking life I have never had the slightest desire to be a man, nor did I even, as a child, show any tomboyish proclivities!

The first dream was the only one in which any connection with my waking life could be traced. In the other three the actors were all unfamiliar to me, though *I* was always *myself*, in spite of being a man instead of a girl! In this first dream I was a soldier, and in love with a girl who was very like one of my school-friends in real life. I had a rival, apparently, and to test the strength of our affection we had arranged each to go out to sea in a little boat, and the one who succeeded in steering his craft safely back to shore, through a terribly dangerous rocky passage, was to win the

maiden. In the dream this arrangement seemed perfectly serious and reasonable. I well remember the bay and the cliffs, and the stormy wind-swept sky, and how my boat was tossed about, and how again and again I nearly ran on to the rocks, where the waves were dashing themselves into showers of spray. What happened to the other man I do not know, but in the end I got through safely, went up to the girl, who had been watching from the beach, and (to quote the diary) "held her in my arms and kissed her—and it was a glorious feeling!"

In the second dream I was a doctor. It was a cold wintry evening, and I had been called out just about dinner-time. I came down a broad staircase into a big hall, and as I passed the dining-room door, which stood half-open, I heard some one inside say, "Hark! there's the doctor going out now." I got into a high gig and drove away to a quaint, old-fashioned street of gabled houses, and, says the diary, "I am sure I should know the street again, it was so vivid." I went in at a door built in a corner where one house jugged out beyond another, and upstairs into a room where two children lay in bed. I remember that they had curly golden hair, and that I diagnosed the illness as scarlet fever, and told the mother what to do. As I came down again, a funny little old man appeared out of a shop close by, and asked me about the children. There was some queer writing over his door that rather struck me at the time, but on waking I could not remember what it was. I have never been able to do so, nor have I found the counterpart of the dream-street, though I have a strong feeling that it exists somewhere.

The third dream was the only one in which I did not seem to be following any definite profession. I was clambering along the side of a cliff on a wild stormy night, when I found an old, old man with clear blue eyes like a child's, lying across the narrow pathway. He besought me to help him, and I picked him up and carried him along, keeping close to the side of the cliff, for the sea was rolling and surging below and the wind roaring all round. I shall never forget the sensation of unbounded physical strength that I experienced in this dream, more even than in any of the others. I fought with the wind, and almost sang aloud for joy, as I struggled with my burden along that perilous pathway to a place of safety.

Yet in many ways the fourth dream was the most exhilarating of them all. I was a barrister engaged in a case concerning the ill-treatment of a young girl by her husband—a pious, canting rascal with a horrible face. I remember how I was haunted by

the fear that he might get off, and the girl be condemned to a repetition of the cruelties she had suffered from him, and as I made my final speech—a summing-up of the case for the prosecution—I worked up to a pitch of earnestness and eloquence that swayed the listeners like reeds, and set every nerve in my body tingling. The words seemed to come bursting from my lips without effort, and I could hear them ringing out over the great room full of listening people. I woke up full of amazement, mingled with pride and elation, at the magnificence of the speech I had made—I who have never spoken a word in public, and do not believe I ever could!

Is it possible that these were experiences on the astral plane? And if so, why did I become a man? If they were simply ordinary "imaginative" dreams, why are they not more common?—for, as I said, I have never yet come across any one who shared the experience. It may be suggested that they were memories of former incarnations. Theosophists say that every human ego incarnates alternately as man and woman, taking, as a rule, seven successive lives in each sex. One objection to this theory is that in the doctor dream I wore driving gloves and a fur coat of extremely modern make—and the high gig, too, I imagine, is a modern invention! But, in a considerably varied dream-experience, these four stand out with a clearness that marks them as of a different quality from all others, in a way that I cannot adequately describe or explain. Never in real life, or in any other dreams, have I been filled with such an amazing sensation of abounding life and strength.

While on this subject, I may remark that the flying dream (spoken of in "Notes of the Month" for May) was a common experience of mine in childhood. It invariably took place as I was coming downstairs. I would lay my hand lightly on the banister and glide rapidly down a whole flight of stairs. The sensation was most pleasurable, and so vivid that I have to bring reason and common-sense to bear on the question now, before I can persuade myself that I did not *really* possess the faculty of flying downstairs in my childish days! The nearest approach to it that I have had since, came a few weeks ago. I was lying on a high grassy cliff overlooking the sea, when suddenly a man who was standing near by called to me and my companion to look. Thereupon he leapt from the cliff, and reached the edge of the sea—which was at low tide, and very far out—in three immense bounds, springing from the ground, at each contact, like a cork. In my astonishment at this performance, I immediately awoke.

Is it a common thing for non-swimmers to dream that they can swim? I am quite ignorant of the art, but not long ago I dreamt that I was swimming down a broad and clear green river, and delighting in the sensation. Suddenly, I found that I was in danger of being carried over some falls. I tried to turn back, but the current was too strong, and I went over with a rush. "Now," I thought, "I am done for. I shall never come up again." But after a moment's unconsciousness I found myself rising through the water, and the next thing I was lying on the bank in the sunshine with a baby tucked under each arm! (I may say that I had not read Kingsley's *Water Babies* within some years of this dream!)

A rather strange experience is brought to mind by a letter in the June number of the OCCULT REVIEW, in which the writer quotes a musical phrase composed by him in sleep. In my case, the circumstances were somewhat different. It happened one year that I spent a holiday in Ireland, visiting, among other places, a lovely little lake hidden away among the Mourne Mountains. I was enchanted by the fairy-like beauty of the scene, and remember thinking to myself: "This would make a poem." But other things must have crowded the thought out of my mind, for the poem was left unwritten, and the memory of the place faded until only a vague remembrance of its beauty remained. Then, one night about four years afterwards, I quite suddenly, instead of falling asleep, found myself back in that mountain valley beside the fairy lake. No thought of it had been in my mind during the day; I had practically forgotten its existence, until all at once—I was there! I saw it again in all its beauty, with all the details that I had forgotten; the shapes of the mountains that encircled it, the glistening silver sands, the deep cool green of the water. I felt again its mysterious charm and the silence that brooded over it, and heard the low lapping of the water against the weed-grown rocks at one side of the shore. Then the scene began to form itself into verse in my mind; I had the metre and the number of verses quite clearly arranged before I fell asleep; and next morning I awoke with the whole poem * ready to be written down as soon as I was dressed, with only one or two trifling alterations.

On one other occasion I awoke suddenly in the night after a few hours' sleep, and without any warning found myself in a

* See *Poems*, by Eva M. Martin. Printed by hand at The Cedar Press, 19, Palace Gardens, Enfield, N. Price 2s. 6d. net.

foreign place which I had visited a good many years before, with some people, most of whom had completely passed out of my life in the interval. I kept saying to myself as I re-lived this old experience—for I seemed to be aware that I was not going through it for the first time—"Why, I had quite forgotten that we saw this—or that So-and-so said that—or that such and such a place looked like that." In particular was I struck by the peculiar and indescribable smell of a room at the back of a little foreign shop, where we ate a remarkably unappetising lunch of under-done veal. I sniffed this smell with the keenest recollection of having smelt it before in the same place, and I saw every detail of the room, of the shop, and of the street outside, though my waking self had entirely forgotten ever having been there. Even if I had been reminded of the fact the day before, I certainly could not have recalled any details of the place (which was one of many visited about the same time) or of the lunch!

I suppose these experiences may be explained as a sudden coming to the surface of the subconscious mind with its infallible memory. I can only say that the process was not in the least like the ordinary one of "remembering." I felt myself actually *to be in* the places, and I am quite certain that I was not asleep. On each occasion I awoke next morning with a strong feeling that something most extraordinary had happened to me in the night.

Premonitory dreams of an impersonal kind have been fairly common with me. Once as a child I woke in the night, terrified by a dream about fire, declaring that I could smell smoke and burning wood. I was pacified at last, but very early in the morning we were all awakened by the news that a large factory across some fields was on fire. From the window we watched the roof fall in, and as the odour of burning came towards us on the wind I realized again the sensations of my dream. Two or three times I have dreamt of shipwrecks, and next day have found a big one recorded in the paper; and a few weeks ago I dreamt that I was leaning out of a top window of a house in a London square, and saw a man in an aeroplane appear in the distant sky, and fly over the square and out of sight. Next morning I read of M. Prier's record flight from Hendon to Paris. Coincidence, no doubt, will be suggested here, but, though I have often enough, after vivid dreams, found no corresponding event described in the morning paper, the contrary seems to have happened sufficiently often to make it noteworthy. Supposing that these really are voyages of the astral body, as has been suggested to me, it is always possible that the occurrences may have taken place

somewhere, without getting into a London paper—for distance, we are told, has no existence on the astral plane.

Truly, one's dream-life is often very interesting, and I should be sorry to be one of those mortals who never dream, or never remember their dreams. But, knowing that while one's own dream experiences may seem intensely interesting, those of other people are apt to become boresome (though I must confess that I seldom find them so), I will here conclude with two instances in which it seemed as if happy dreams were sent as a direct compensation for the disagreeableness of real life. One case was that of a hospital nurse, who, while working very hard through a long, hot summer, was visited almost every night by dreams of shady country lanes where nightingales sang and everything was fresh and green. She gave up the hospital work later on, and the dreams came no more. Another friend, at a time when things were not going very happily, dreamt frequently of a wonderful country with magnificently wild and mountainous scenery and continual blue skies, where she met all her dearest friends—including some not known in her waking life. When outward circumstances changed for the better, the dreams ceased. No doubt similar instances could be multiplied.

WHAT IS MAN ?

BY MADAME JEAN DELAIRE

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him ? And the Son of man that Thou visitest him ?"

PSALMS viii. 4.

"WHAT is Man ?"—A miserable sinner, official religion has for many centuries declared, repeating this assertion until modern science substituted for the idea of a fallen Angel the ideal of an evolving Man. With one wide gesture modern thought swept away all the legends relating to the Edenic race: the story of Adam and Eve, of the Temptation, of the Fall, were no more than fairy-tales, or at best ingenious examples of ancient Hebrew symbolism. So far from Man having fallen from any high estate, he had risen from the slime; from the protoplasm of remotest ages he had won his way up to the animal kingdom, step by step, until one day, in some highly-developed ape, the germ of intellect had appeared, and Primitive Man entered upon the scene.

Almost all the great minds of the last century—Huxley, Tyndal, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Comte, and many others—adopted this conception, and, quite unwittingly, raised it to the rank of a dogma. With somewhat naïve faith in the latest *dicta* of science, they thought the eternal problem of man's origin and destiny satisfactorily solved, for all ages, in the last decades of the nineteenth century A.D.

For close upon fifty years this conception of Man as an evolving animal, an ape raised by chance—or mischance—to the level of humanity, was representative of advanced thought; so much so indeed that no man was considered quite rational, at least in intellectual circles, no man of science was deemed fit to hold a chair in any school or university, unless he believed in evolution in its most materialistic aspect. Man in his totality—mind or soul, as well as body—was believed to have been born of the play and interplay of unconscious force acting upon inert matter: no *Deus ex machina* was deemed necessary, or His presence in any way desired, to explain the advent of Man, or of the thinking principle in humanity, or of that soul that still, some-

times—despite the savants and philosophers—dreamed its golden dreams of a palace beyond the stars.

But one day the thinking world was startled by the sudden outbreak of a curious form of superstition. First in the New World, then in the Old, an attempt was made to revive the ancient necromantic practices of the Middle Ages under the name of Modern Spiritualism. The madness spread, attacking men and women of all classes. Seemingly intelligent people fell a ready prey to the delusion, and believed themselves to be, through the help of "mediums," in touch with loved ones long since dead.

The scientific and philosophical world at first shrugged its shoulders, and looked on in mute disdain: it knew the many aberrations to which the human mind is subject. But the steady advance of this wave of superstition and folly at last stung it into vigorous denunciation. The devotees of the new cult—for already in its earliest days Spiritualism had become a religion—replied by inviting their opponents to meet them in open field—in other words, to attend their séances and witness their phenomena.

The invitation was deemed almost an insult. What, men of science, serious thinkers, to countenance by their presence such miserably puerile tricks as table-rappings or slate-writing in a darkened room, with appearances of "ghosts," i.e. the medium and his accomplices, swathed in fold upon fold of white muslin? It was unthinkable.

Not so, however, spake one bold inquirer who, irritated by the obstinacy and impudence of the Spiritualists in affirming and re-affirming the most palpable absurdities, such as action at a distance, movement of objects without contact, levitation, and so forth—all in flagrant contradiction to the known laws of nature—decided to accept their invitation, witness one of their séances, publicly expose their trickery, and so deal a death-blow to this new-old superstition.

The savant went—once, twice, many times. He asked for test séances, and they were granted him: the phenomena continued. He brought with him his own instruments; he studied the abnormal manifestations of the séance room in the same spirit of rigorous investigation, of calm, unbiassed judgment, of closest, minutest observation, with which he would have examined a new fact in physics or chemistry: and still the phenomena continued.

The savant, on leaving the séance room at last, said, in substance,

to his colleagues: What it is that causes the phenomena known as Spiritualistic I cannot say; but this I know: the phenomena are real. They are in seeming contradiction to the laws of nature; yet they take place. The only conclusion, therefore, to be drawn from them at present is that our knowledge of natural laws is more imperfect than we deemed, and we must reconsider our views as to what is possible and what impossible. The supernormal is not of necessity the supernatural, the unknown need not for ever remain the unknowable. Let us study these new manifestations with an open mind.

A howl of derision greeted these words. Hitherto this man's conclusions had been listened to with respect by the scientific world; now his name became a byword among his colleagues: he also, the hitherto sane inquirer, had fallen a victim to the table-turning, spirit-rapping frenzy!

The fate of all pioneers became his. In earlier days he would have been burned at the stake, or stoned on the market-place; in the nineteenth century A.D. wilful misrepresentation, calumny, jibes, insults, have become the favourite weapons of warfare—words only—and

" Words break no bones!
—Hearts, though, sometimes—"

Robert Browning.

But the martyr of Free Inquiry soon had his followers, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in America. The little band of seekers for Truth, realizing the urgent need for that union which ever makes for strength, and the necessity for collective observation, collective evidence, formed themselves into a society, pledged to examine all supernormal phenomena by scientific methods, and by scientific methods only. For years they laboured faithfully, striving to disentangle the objective from the merely subjective, real visions from simple hallucination, Truth from its many veils.

Thus was born and grew the Society for Psychical Research, which is still among us to-day, albeit its work is well-nigh done. It has given to the world a stupendous array of facts, incontrovertible facts, leaving to all thinking men the task of drawing their own conclusions from these facts.

But the world of to-day is clamouring for just what the Society for Psychical Research cannot give it—the eternal Truth that lies beyond, within, these facts. Telepathy, clairvoyance, clair-audience, multiple personalities, lucidity in the trance state, all

these phenomena have been proved to be true: they are as real as any other known fact in nature. But—*what do they mean?* What message do they bring to humanity, to the race that seeks before all else to know itself, to realize whence it comes and whither it goes after its brief span of life upon earth?

This is the question of all questions, the first and last problem that confronts thinking humanity. *What is man?*

In the light of the most recent psychological research, man is seen to be more than a mere creature of flesh and blood, more than a body *plus* a mind or soul; yet modern thought decides that he cannot be what religion declares him to be, a fallen Angel, for this idea contradicts the universal Law of Evolution.

What, then, is man?

From the East an answer has come, an answer at first little heeded by the thinkers of the modern Western world; for years known only to Orientalists and to that body of earnest, devoted students known as the Theosophical Society; by them popularized and made intelligible to the masses; to-day accepted by many of the leaders of advanced thought; quickening every branch of intellectual activities, broadening religious views, widening the field of scientific inquiry. . . . And this is the answer given by the ancient wisdom of the East to the query of the ages: What is man?

Man is a God in germ, and thus both evolved brute and "fallen" Angel; a dual being, on the material or form-side, an intelligent ape, risen through countless ages from the protoplasm of primeval days; on the spiritual or life-side, an incarnation of the Divine, "Breath of the Endless Breath," one with the One that is the All, the Supreme Self of the universe; a Son of the Gods, and as the Gods unborn, undying, eternal.

Coming from the Divine, returning to the Divine, he appears for a day (or a series of days, admitting the principle of re-incarnation) upon earth to unfold, through stress and suffering, all the God-like powers latent within him, to become consciously what he has ever been unconsciously, a living drop in the shoreless ocean of Divine Life.

Looked at in the light of this conception, those powers which to us, at our present stage of evolution, appear miraculous, are seen to be nothing more—nor less—than the natural unfoldment of our divine selfhood, the putting forth tentatively, timidly, as it were, of those divine attributes as yet latent within humanity—the first halting steps of the awakened child-God in the world of manifestation. Omniscience, omnipotence, immortality, these

are man's as well as God's, for God and man are one, one in essential being, if not in actual potentialities.

When, under certain conditions, less *abnormal* than *supernormal*—conditions studied in the East from time immemorial, but as yet little understood in the West—man becomes clairvoyant or clairaudient, sees sights normally invisible to human eyes, hears sounds usually unperceived by human ears, is aware intuitively of a coming event, or is able to impress his unspoken thoughts on the mind of an absent friend, then is it that the Ego, the spiritual, divine being that is the real man, is partially freed from the prison-house of his physical body—that prison-house with five dim, narrow windows opening out to the Infinite. For a brief spell of time he takes possession of his kingdom—no matter how fitfully or faultily—and stands on the road to omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence. Above all during prayer, meditation, aspiration, ecstasy, does man become conscious of his divinity. As the "God within" awakens, the world is at his feet, the material universe is seen to be no more than a vestment of the Spirit, and man *knows* that he is one with this Universal, Supreme Self—not one with the forms which It assumes during Its day of manifestation—one with the One, the Infinite, the Eternal.

Yet brief is the hour of ecstasy. The animal in man is not yet vanquished, the dust of earth is not yet transmuted into pure gold. The brute that has emerged from the slime of primitive ages clings to the earth which it loves. It clings to it with all its mighty strength, the strength of soulless things, and cries to the Spirit: Let me be, let me live my own life, careless, untroubled by your dreams of a life to come, of an unending, impossible bliss in some far-off Paradise!

Yet—may not this be the true meaning of evolution—not merely the evolving of man, physical man, from the brute, but the emerging of the God in man from the brute in man?

Man is two-fold, as all religions have more or less clearly taught; his body, with all its desires and passions, belongs to the phenomenal universe, to *Mâyâ*, as they would say in the East, to the "veil of Brahm," to that which is ever-changing, ever-evolving, and therefore is not *real*, in the supreme sense of reality. But the true man, the spiritual entity, is he not the eternal Son, "very God of very God"? Has not the divine Life, which throbs in every atom of the universe, entered the heart of man, become *individualized* in humanity, and thus is not every man a God incarnate in the flesh?

And may not this be the true answer to the world-old question :
 What is man? From the view-point of physical evolution; a
 reasoning animal, a brute that has climbed its upward way from
 the protoplasm that formed it, born of the dust and to dust re-
 turning. From the view-point of spiritual enfoldment, a "fallen"
 Angel; an eternal Spirit, "spark from the Great Flame," tied,
 for a brief time, to matter; a God imprisoned—self-imprisoned—
 in the veil of flesh, slowly emerging from its sheath as a flower
 opening out at dawn. . . .

Already this dawn is at hand: are not these its heralds upon
 the mountain top?

SOULS

By NORA CHESSON

SILENCE around me in the little town ;

Afar

The lightship flashes lest the sailors drown,

A fallen and an anchored star.

Under my feet the sunburnt grass is brown

And o'er me purple lifts and looms the Down.

There is a sound of singing in the street

Hard by,

Becalmed, the vessels of the fishing fleet

Out in the sheltered harbour lie.

Out of the clover-blooms the breath comes sweet,

And trodden thyme sheds fragrance on my feet.

The ghostly moths out of the hedges fly,

I greet

In each a soul that cannot till I die

With speech and motion meet

My duller mind the world of sense across,

And there—some sailor's soul! an albatross!

AN EARTH-BOUND SOUL

By OLARA E. A. MOORE

IN the autumn of 1907 I was asked to spend a few days at the house of two old friends, who had lately entered into possession of a delightful old farmhouse on the Chilterns. They had received no records of the past history of this house, but it needed no archæologist to read the age of its walls and of the oak beams that ran at all angles through it.

Before my visit, my hostesses had been so taken up with the rearrangement of the house and grounds that they had had no time to try and acquire any knowledge of its past history ; but as there was staying with them at this time a friend, who, like myself, was making a first visit to this house and who was able to obtain the psychic happenings of her surroundings, she was asked if she would give us a little history of this ancient abode.

Mrs. S., as I will call the lady, is not a medium, but she can at any moment and in any place write at the dictation of her "ego," whom in this narrative I will indicate as "S. E." Mrs. S. asked "S. E." if anything could be written of interest about this house, and on hearing that very much of the greatest interest was to be seen, Mrs. S. began to write, and wrote out in course of time quite a lengthy history, a part of which I will now set forth. Mrs. S. wrote that in the early days the house had been occupied by people whose time was spent in preying on those who passed near and despoiling them of their goods. Later on, the property had come into the hands of the Church, when the atmosphere of the place had improved to a great extent ; and then, much later on, "S. E." recorded through Mrs. S., that a dreadful tragedy had taken place in the house itself. A beautiful girl had been murdered by her relations to obtain possession of her wealth and jewels. This dreadful thing had happened in a small bedroom, which was minutely described, and into which Mrs. S. herself had not at that time been, but which our hostesses at once recognized as a servant's bedroom with a peculiar sloping wall which looked like the back of an old fireplace or chimney. "The young girl was murdered there," wrote Mrs. S., "and she is begging that you will take charge of her jewels, which are hidden

by the side of the sloping wall, so that she may be set free from earth and go on her way."

Now began a long and curious conversation between Mrs. S. and her "ego" and Mary le Thewon, as the poor earth-bound soul said her name had been when on earth.

Mrs. S., not being a medium, as were none of those present, could see or know nothing abnormal, so the *answers* to the questions asked of Mary by those present being heard by "S. E." were given by "S. E." to Mrs. S.—it was, in fact, a triangular conversation—Mrs. S. asking the invisible Mary questions, hearing nothing in return of Mary's answers, but writing them down automatically at the dictation of her ego ("S. E."), who could see poor Mary and hear all she said. What was gleaned in the course of time was that her name, as has been said, was Mary le Thewon, that she had lived in this house with her mother when Henry VII. was king, that her mother had shown her a hiding-place in the little room upstairs with the sloping chimney back, in case at any time she should need to hide her valuables. Only too soon that time had come, for when she was not much more than eighteen years old her mother died, leaving her in charge of an elderly cousin and his son. Her cousin, wishing to become possessed of Mary's wealth, tried to force her to marry his son, but she would not consent and had had barely time to secrete her jewels in the hiding-place she knew of, before she was murdered in her sleep and her body was buried in the garden, her cousin telling their very few neighbours, who lived at great distances apart, that she had gone on a long visit to some relations. "Now," entreated Mary, "do find my jewels that are hidden in that little room, and take care of them, that I may be released from my long watch and go away from here."

The ladies of the house were so impressed with this history that they volunteered, if Mrs. S. really thought the soul could thereby be released, to unbrick the wall indicated by Mary and seek for her jewels. Mrs. S. wrote that Mary le Thewon felt quite sure that she had placed the jewels where she had said, and that it would set her free if they could be found and taken over by those present. So our hostesses settled that this should be done, and I was invited to be present when this took place, as, of course, was Mrs. S.

About six weeks later we were invited with two gentlemen—old friends but not psychics—who kindly undertook to do the manual work (the ladies of the house not wishing this under-

taking to be noised abroad) to be present at the search for Mary's treasure. We were all packed in this one small room of tragedy to watch the proceedings. We should not probably have felt—even interested as we were—so keenly anxious to watch every brick taken out and the delvings and diggings that followed—had we known the hours that we were to be onlookers. The work was begun about 11 a.m., and only at dusk, after long searchings and probings, was anything found on the floor of what later proved to be a "priest chamber" in this false chimney, accounting for the chimney that could be seen from outside, but to which no fireplace could be ascribed. What a disappointment to most of us it was when at last an old gauntlet with its fingers half eaten away and a long almost black piece of rag were fished out! The gauntlet, said one of the helpers, was that of some hedger or ditcher of yesterday and the rag—well, that was certainly linen and a bag, some 18 inches long and 9 inches broad. As the hole had to be bricked up again and the two heroic workers were much in need of refreshment, our hostesses decided before doing more (especially as Mary emphatically declared to Mrs. S. through "S. E." that *this* was the hiding-place and *this* bag should hold her jewels) that the glove and bag should be shown to some scientist to report what he thought of the age of the same.

With feelings somewhat depressed that this should be all the "find," the things were shown to some one in authority, who at once declared the bag to be of *old* hand-woven linen, and the gauntlet to be of later date, but at least some 200 years old. This seemed to us all to promise something richer in interest than we at first thought, and the two châtelaines determined to ask a psychometer his opinion about them. It fell to my lot to find some one who would do this, and knowing a very clever and reliable psychometer—Mr. K.—I wrote him a short note, saying that friends had unearthed some old things in a house where a tragedy was thought to have taken place and would he psychometrize them for us. This he consented to do, and he met one of the ladies of the farmhouse and myself in town. The gauntlet and bag were produced, and now comes the most interesting part of the history, for, holding the two "finds" in his hand, Mr. K. gave us a most rapid and striking description of the house on the Chilterns. He had no knowledge up to this time of the house or its whereabouts, and word for word he corroborated the history already written down by Mrs. S., of which also he knew nothing. He described, amongst its other

inmates, a middle-aged, well-preserved lady, known as *Mistress Mary*, wearing a ruff and stomacher (*Mary le Thewon*, it will be remembered, lived, she said, in the time of *Henry VII.*), who kept her jewels in this house, where after her death she had been for some time earth-bound, as was also the one who followed her, a young girl who had met with a very sad end here, and who was still earth-bound as her thought-forms about the jewels she had hidden in this place attached her to the spot, said *Mr. K.*, as a balloon is attached to the earth by ropes. The bag, he said, had contained many articles of feminine jewellery and stones, cut and uncut. It had been originally placed a little to the right and deeper down than where it had lately been discovered. It was emptied of its contents about the middle of the eighteenth century by a man who had come across it quite accidentally—a big man he was, with a thick neck and a red face, who had the appearance of a farmer. On removing the treasure from the bag he had hastily thrown the bag back again into the place where he had found it, and with it his gauntlet, and there they had been lying ever since untouched, thus enabling *Mr. K.* to so easily “see” the history attached to them, as well as the history of the house.

Mr. K., amongst much else, told us that the house where they had been found was teeming with astral influences—to break up which as well as to help the sometime owner of the bag it would be well to thoroughly *cense* the place. This was done, and when some nine months after unearthing the hiding-place, *Mrs. S.* was again on a visit to these friends, she wrote at “*S. E.’s*” dictation that *Mary le Thewon* had passed on, but that the grateful thoughts she had left—towards those who had done so much to help her—had radically changed the astral influences of the house, and the blessing given by this innocent but ill-used girl was working, as it seemed, a beneficent psychic change on all around.

IN DEFENCE OF JUGGERNAUT

BY BEATRICE WOOD

AFTER years of misrepresentation, it is possible that the aspect of Jagannath as a peaceful god has never been even remotely contemplated by most people. Regarded as a bloodthirsty avenger, we find his rites described by Southey in these words :—

“ A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh with might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
And calling on the god,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.
On Jaga-Nant they call,
The ponderous car rolls on, and crushes all.
Through flesh and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard: the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.”

Jagannath's evil reputation has been constantly tended by many writers, until his name has become the very synonym of one who rides roughshod over believers and infidels alike. The poor god, however, hardly deserves this treatment, and his peace-loving soul must writhe at the epithets bestowed on him by Western writers. Natives of India, who undertake pilgrimages to his shrine, to pray for skill in all the arts of peace, must wonder at the distorted vision which beholds him as possessing a reckless disregard of the lives of his faithful worshippers. “ Vishnu,” of whom Jagannath is a form, “ impersonates the higher evolution; the upward tendency of the human spirit,” says Sir A. Lyall in his *Asiatic Studies*. Nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu-worship than self-immolation or the principle which enjoins self-sacrifice. According to Chaitanya, the apostle of Jagannath, it is a sin against the Creator to destroy the least of his creatures. Taking into account the immense number of cities and villages throughout India, at which this festival annually takes place, it is not improbable that a number

of deaths do occur then. Sunstroke (for the festival is in July) may claim many victims ; suddenly struck down, unconscious in the midst of the thronging multitude, they may be trodden under foot before their more fortunate companions have noticed their plight. It probably is not unknown, too, that some diseased person, whose life is a torment to him, seeks suicide under the chariot wheels as a means of securing a hoped-for reward for his sufferings on earth : it is not unlikely that the relatives of such an one, seeking to ignore the utilitarian motive of his act, should endeavour to invest it with the heroism necessary for an act of self-immolation to a god.

Puri is the chief place of the worship of Jagannath. There are various legends to account for the form in which he is worshipped, the most popular being that described in the *Ain-i-Akbari*. A Rajah desired to found a city and sent a Brahman to choose the site. The Brahman, in the course of his wanderings, reached the seashore. Here he saw a crow make obeisance to the sea. The Rajah, on learning of the occurrence, built a large city on the selfsame spot. One night, the Rajah dreamed that he heard a voice saying : " Gaze at the sea, the water will throw up a large piece of wood ; this is the deity to be worshipped, and this its true form. Hide it seven days, and of whatsoever shape it is then, set it in the temple to be worshipped." The Rajah did so, and gave the name of Jagannath to the image he had received from the sea, and set it in a temple in the city.

Jagannath is not only worshipped in his temple, but he is exposed to view three days in every year. His worshippers speak of " seeing " Jagannath, for they believe that only by seeing him can they obtain remission of their sins. On the first day, the " Bathing " Festival (*Suan Jatra*), the idol is taken from its shrine and bathed by the priests ; on the second day of the Festival, which occurs ten days after the first, the *Rath Jatra* or " Car " Festival is held. The idol is taken on a huge car to the nearest temple, not his own, and is brought back from thence after a week to be restored to his own temple : this constitutes the third day, or " Return " Festival.

The writer had the good fortune to witness the end of a " Return " Festival in a native State. The journey performed by the god on his car must have been long, for it was evening. Arriving in the city at about 9.30, the writer noticed that the entire population appeared to be rushing in a given direction. Hurrying after them, she observed that actually they were in the wake of a Jagannath procession. A great multitude was

taking part ; but as there was neither order nor discipline, and the night was very dark, it was at first difficult to establish the identity of the most important members and even of Jagannath himself. When she became accustomed to the glare of two huge torches, which were being waved aloft by attendants of the god to the accompaniment of cries and gesticulations on the part of frenzied adorers, the traveller descried a gigantic erection on wheels, surmounted by a large and hideous effigy. A vast multitude surged before and after, those before occasionally running back, thereby adding to the confusion, but on the whole the mass moved forward. To do honour to the god his attendants were attired in mediæval chain-armor ; his worshippers, however, wore for the most part a minimum of clothing, the well-oiled surface of their brown bodies gleaming in the glare of the torches. The writer learned afterwards that she was the only white person in the neighbourhood of the procession that night. She was recognized as a European by the Rajah, and was invited to take a seat on the terrace near His Highness. Gladly availing herself of the courteous offer, she was soon in a position to enjoy an uninterrupted view of the surging crowd below. Booths of sweetmeat-sellers lined the route, and it appeared that their holders also did a lively trade by deputing youths to hawk their wares for them in the heart of the multitude. These carried on their heads little trays, laden with sweetmeats, illuminated by *chirrag*s or tiny lights kindled in a saucerful of oil carrying a little wick. These hovering points of light, reflected in the half-rusty armor of the attendants on horseback, added to the weird picturesqueness of the scene, while still further enhancing the disorder of the procession.

It would not have been surprising if some accident had happened in the middle of that unwieldy crowd, thereby swelling the evil repute the god enjoys : but to the relief of the European and the obvious satisfaction of the Rajah, nothing untoward occurred, and the idol was installed in his temple for another year's repose, with acclamations from the multitude.

THE RED AND THE WHITE

I

THE roses of my life are laid on beds of lilies passion-pure,
For ever ice must flame allure, or else is passion unallayed.

Red stains upon the spotless white, a bleeding breast upon the
snow,
Whose perfect pallor soon will glow with noonday fervour as the
light.

The Lion and the Lamb lie down, white Winter sleeps in Sum-
mer's arms,
And Life is freed from Death's alarms, the Serpent coils around
the Crown.

Lo ! like a snake's destructive kiss, the fangs of freedom strike the
soul,
While pent-up seas rise up and roll through portals of transcendent
bliss.

II

Dark drops of blood are falling on the ground with soft, insistent
drip ;
From brow to cheek, from cheek to lip, red stains mark where
my life has gone.

Soft lamps of light glow through the gloom, they bathe my mind
in rosy rays ;
White wonders gleam in wanton ways, meet, mingle in the dusky
room.

Dark images of sin are traced like slime upon the shifting light
By holy hands so wondrous white that sin itself seems pure and
chaste.

MEREDITH STARR.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the June number of the OCCULT REVIEW it is said: "The real problem we have to solve is not what *death* is, but what *life* is."

To attack this problem I think we must go back to first principles; we must try to find out what we do know and what we do not know about life and death, before considering different forms of life or modes of death. Let us first consider life.

At the outset it must be admitted we are sheerly ignorant of what life itself is; no one, not even Herbert Spencer himself, has ever attempted to give a definition of it. If any such definition be analysed it will be found to consist of no more than a definition of the effect on forms of matter of something unknown which is *termed* life. For instance, man, as a form of the material, differs from a stone, as a form of the material only in the complexity of his form. But this form (of man) *manifests* life, whereas the stone does not. We have human experience of forms of matter, some of which do and some of which do not manifest life. We have no human experience at all of life itself, distinct and separate from forms of matter.

Again, life is manifest in many differing forms of matter, from the most simple to the most complex and—a fact often ignored—it is as fully manifest in, for example, the amœba as in man himself. This confronts us with a difficulty which I think should be fairly met.

If we refer the personality of man to his particular complexity of form and specialization of function, then death puts an end to his personality. But if we do *not* refer the personality of man to his material form, in what way does he differ from an amœba? At first thought there would appear to be no difference, for the life which animates both the amœba and man is the same one principle.

So far we must admit the argument of the materialists : death puts an end to the personality of man as surely as it puts an end to that of the amœba.

But the argument of the materialist is based on contradiction : he assumes that the death of any organism puts an end to life and at the same time defines life as no more than a general principle *manifest* in differing forms of the material. The reply is simple :—

If life is a general principle manifest in differing forms of the material, then the death (or dissolution) of any particular form from that of the amœba to that of man, can affect life in no way. The death of an amœba or of a man simply puts an end to the *manifestation* of life in or through the particular material form. Life itself is affected in no way. It is strange that this *ignoratio elenchi* is to be marked in the arguments both of the materialists and idealists. *Death*, as known to us in human experience, results in no more than the dissolution of a particular material form. Destroy a particular chair, destroy a particular man—say, Plato: What you do is to put an end to a particular form of matter—the form no longer exists. You may destroy both by the same material means—a sledge hammer, for example.

When you “kill” the chair, what happens? You destroy the form of the chair, but the “stuff” (material) of the chair remains: When you “kill” Plato, what happens? You destroy the form of Plato in just the same way that you destroyed the form of the chair, but the stuff (material) of Plato remains. But, again, when you “kill” Plato, you are said to destroy his life. To say or believe any such thing is erroneous.

To prove that it is erroneous, consider first the argument of the materialist. He holds that the personality of Plato consists in his particular complexity of form and specialization of function—especially in the form of his brain. To kill Plato, then, puts an end to his personality. But the life of Plato? There *was* no life of Plato : what we called his life simply consisted in the manifestation of life through the particular organism of Plato. By killing Plato we affected life in no way ; we affected only the manifestation of life through a particular organism. If ten thousand electric lamps are supplied from some central station with electricity and one lamp dies, this affects the central supply in no way—unless it increases it ! To make the meaning clearer we may here use analogy.

At Niagara there is installed a system of 20,000 horse-power of energy, used for turning pigs into sausages at Chicago. The

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power is so manifest. A divine millionaire in New York makes one million of money in speculation and, incidentally, ruins the pork factory. The pork factory stops; the energy originating at Niagara is no longer manifest in the production of sausages. But the energy itself (lying idle for a time, it may be) *remains exactly the same.*

If life is a "general principle," as the materialists allege, death affects it in no way; it affects only its particular manifestation in particular cases.

But the idealists? Do they not also confound the problem of death with the problem of life? I think they do.

The idealist refers the personality of man to something which is not material. Why, then, should he trouble to argue that death does not affect this personality? Surely, if he be right in theory, then death cannot affect the "life" of personality. For death merely spells the dissolution of a particular material form.

The materialist who assumes life to be a general principle—or even a function of matter—must treat death as causing merely the dissolution of a particular form of matter—death affects life in no way.

The idealist, on the other hand, is faced by the fact that there is a general principle which we term life and which animates *all* forms of so-termed living things. So far he cannot find the personality he seeks in life—he is thrown back on some theory more or less like to pantheism. But some idealists find a surviving personality for man in what they term life, apart from known material form. This life, which gives personality to each of us, cannot be life as a general principle.

At this point I must leave the idealists. For if we should continue to consider their theories we should find ourselves involved in outside questions of consciousness, will and ~~cognition~~ in relation to forms of the material. copy 4

I suggest that death has nothing whatever to do with life. Every form of the material is conditioned in time and space and so can only have passing existence. So every "living" form must die. But the death of any living form means no more than the *dissolution* of the form. Life is affected in no way by such death—the dissolution of the form merely means that life is no longer manifest through it, if it happened to have been a "living" form.

As to life, I think we must contemplate the possibility that science will sooner or later prove it to be a function of, what we term, matter in material form.

Is, then, personality lost for man? In other words, does his personality come to an end with the dissolution of his bodily form?

Most certainly not.

In the first place, reason informs us that consciousness and will exist, and nowhere can I find that they are necessarily functions of life as known to us.

In the second place, we have *human experience* of telepathy, and, as I argue at length elsewhere, telepathy points unerringly to the fact of personality in each of us which is not affected by the dissolution of our bodily form.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your May magazine contains a letter which is a wonderful expression of my own innermost feeling with regard to astrology, but which I have never been able adequately to put into words.

I should like very much to thank Madame Bielski for her letter, which has been a great help to me, and which I hope very many will read and appreciate as I have done.

I am quite convinced of the truth of her statement that "there is a deep philosophy which is the soul of the Great Science," and like so much her method with her students of reducing all the planets to their *principles*.

Astrology studied from this point of view is a tremendous help in moulding character, the knowledge it gives enables the earnest student to change the whole condition of life. It helps one to live up to the good influences and to turn the so-called evil ones to good account by learning how to adjust one's life and character to natural law and live in harmony with it.

I am,

Yours sincerely,
"SYBIL."

"THE DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to thank Mr. H. F. Woods, M.R.C.S., etc., for his interesting letter on the above subject

in your issue of June, 1911. I am still of the opinion, however, that the Doctrine of Signatures is a belief which "has been practically given up in these scientific days." Homœopathy, if I understand it aright, teaches (whether rightly or wrongly is another question) that those drugs are cures for a disease, whose symptoms they themselves produce in a healthy person if administered in large doses; and although there is a certain similarity between them, this is certainly a different theory from that of the Doctrine of Signatures. Consequently, I think that the use of the drugs Mr. Woods mentions cannot be put forward as a proof of a general belief in the Doctrine of Signatures, because homœopaths, presumably, use these drugs *not* because of their *external* likeness to the part affected or some symptom of the disease in question, but because of the effect of these drugs upon healthy persons. As to the *truth* of the Doctrine of Signatures: certainly such cases as Mr. Woods mentions might be advanced in evidence of this, but personally I think that coincidence is sufficient to explain so few instances: many more would be needed to prove the truth of the doctrine. As to my statement that the old belief in the Doctrine of Signatures was "of an essentially magical character": this is merely a statement of fact, since it was thought that the efficacy of drugs was spiritual or quasi-spiritual in nature, derived from the stars, through the *symbolic* agency of the drug; the expression is not *in itself* a criticism of the Doctrine; there is a true magic as well as a false—perhaps I may refer Mr. Woods to an article on Magic by myself in your issue of April, 1911.

Very faithfully yours,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

THE POLYTECHNIC,
REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading the letter of Mr. H. E. Sampson in the OCCULT REVIEW, and it recalls many interesting experiences of my own, as well as of some of my friends. In a suburb of one of our Eastern cities dwells a man who is not only clairvoyant in a rare degree but who also often leaves his body to go down into the lower states to assist the spirits in darkness, besides helping those who come to him in his home. His house is known

to the Invisible Helpers as the House of the Awakening, and there are little flames of light along the top of it to guide the seekers, as all souls which pass out in that part of the country are brought there by their attendant spirits for some touch of love, some helpful word, whether they died "in the odour of sanctity" or by the hand of the law; there is always some one there—spirit, angel or man—to help them as they pass on. When the Brother himself goes out into the purgatorial states he is given a golden cross to wear, which shows the unhappy ones that he is from earth and they may follow him home for further instruction if they desire; whereas those who descend from higher realms wear a star, and cannot be followed. When I came West and mentioned this Brother to one who is an Initiate, doing a great work, he drew from his pocket a gold chain, and showed me the cross attached, with a most significant smile; he often "goes inside," but without leaving his body. Neither of these men are Catholics, far from it.

Once I had some correspondence with a lady who was not only excessively religious, but was also a believer in the literal Second Coming of Christ. As I opened a letter from her one day I heard a singular rushing sound and realized that a great number of spirits in a state of excitement had surrounded me; at the same time a Voice of Authority said distinctly, "Insane, insane!" I soon discovered that they were the spirits of some of the followers of Wm. Miller, the fanatical Second Adventist, some of whom had even put on ascension-ropes and waited on the house-tops for Christ's appearance; they had died after many disappointments, but were still waiting for Him to appear, hovering about those who attracted them by similar belief, thus strengthening the delusion of the living. I asked them why they had followed the letter and come to me? "We saw your light, and thought you could explain to us; we have never seen Jesus, and we don't understand," they exclaimed in chorus. I instructed them at length, explaining their mistakes, and bidding them not to return to the writer of the letter until they take to her a more enlightened influence. This they promised, listening with the most intense interest and eagerness. Finally they said that there were thousands of others waiting as they had been, and they must hasten to explain to them, and they departed, much happier and more intelligent than when they came.

There is at this time a good deal of excitement in Los Angeles on account of the arrest of three of the men accused of complicity in the destruction of *The Times* Building, October 1, 1910, causing the death of nineteen employees. One evening, not long after

the disaster, I was reading *Collier's* under a bright light when the paper seemed to change to a page of *The Times*; surprised, I looked up, and saw that there were a number of spirits present—men who were evidently in great distress, wringing their hands, and displaying grief, anger, and desire for revenge. The one who seemed to be the leader, and who was the most awakened and conscious, was one who had not been instantly killed, but had died a few hours afterwards in a hospital; he gave his name, and I remembered the circumstances, but could not recall the other names; whereupon he reminded me that I had put away the sheet of *The Times* issued a few hours after the explosion, from their auxiliary press, on which were printed the names of the victims; (how did he know about it?). I found it, and slowly read aloud the names, each ghostly form responding to his own—the strangest saddest roll-call!

Some of them were much distressed about their families; I said what I could to comfort and help them, and saw them several times afterwards. Now that three suspects have been captured they show the deepest interest in the proceedings, but seem to appreciate the difference between justice and revenge.

There are many phases of this work, some very beautiful; for instance, when some loving and beloved friend brings a message of tenderness and cheer to a grieving survivor, containing intrinsic value understood only by the recipient, a great blessing often follows; I have known a wonderful change to take place in consequence of such communications.

On the other hand, there are some so blinded by prejudice and doubt they will not accept even the sweetest, most wistful, messages from their lost dear ones, believing them to be only "the delusions of Spiritualism," if not actually the work of the Devil! How much they lose, who, having ears, *will* not hear!

Very sincerely,

HELEN M. BARY.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE is a Spiritualist Alliance in France as there is one of far older foundation in London, and a monthly review has been founded recently at Paris for the official representation of the former. The defined objects are to establish a bond of relationship and understanding in common between all schools of spiritualism ; to develop the principle upon which they are based indifferently ; to study the secret laws of nature but especially the psychic and spiritual powers of man ; and to express the attitude of spiritualism in the face of materialistic philosophy, regarded as a force in dissolution. The latest issue of the review contains the report of a general meeting and includes certain papers presented thereto. The subject for consideration was spiritualism and public instruction, but something was also said of the light which is cast by advanced psychical research on the world and its problems, and on the destiny of man. Spiritualism was put forward as a light of redemption for humanity in general but particularly for France, which was characterized as the genius of the nations. It must be said that the discourse of the president was perhaps more rhetorical and sentimental than convincing or even persuasive ; things that are better, in the sense of being more to the purpose, are found in less official discourses ; but the issue is exceedingly interesting as a whole ; and it is possible that, aided by its periodical record, the Spiritualist Alliance may mark an epoch in the movement, so far as France is concerned.

M. Pierre Piobb, who is President of the *Société des Sciences Anciennes*, and Vice-President of an International Congress of Experimental Psychology, raises a new consideration regarding the treatment of mediums, and his remarks appear in the *Revue du Psychisme Expérimental*. He points out that current opinion, founded on flagrant cases beyond number, has decided that all mediums are less or more given to the production of fraudulent phenomena, and hence experimenters take it for granted beforehand that they are about to be deceived. Out of this come those rigorous conditions devised for the elimination of fraud. When, such precautions notwithstanding, the psychic happenings occur, there is a conviction that they are genuine. But a question still arises whether the tests have been really adequate and whether the degree of certitude would be increased if the conditions were rendered twice as stringent. It would be more

simple, in M. Piobb's opinion, to let the medium follow his own bent and even to make it additionally easy for him to simulate ; the object would be to watch how he does it and then attempt to reproduce his devices in the same manner. If a medium is guilty of assisting table-turning by pressure of the thumb, we ought not to prevent this but endeavour to ascertain whether it is not indispensable. M. Piobb, having no preconceived opinions concerning such phenomena, has taken this course and inclines to the conclusion that the initial trick is a kind of impetus for much which ensues without any further artifice. Things of a surprising nature have on occasion resulted, and he believes that it is often a nervous fear of failure which prompts some mediums to open the *séance* at need by means of a device of such kind. There is probably a ground for this view, but it will be welcomed by some of us as another illustration of the wayward genius which rules over the most inexact and treacherous of all paths which count as those of scientific research.

There is nothing to compare in its graces and lights with the real spirit of interpretation, but when texts are cryptic or obstinate in other respects, it may be the path of a thousand pit-falls. The interpretation of Omar Khayyam continues in *The Path* and offers an occasional comment on a quatrain or a single line which is not without insight, but for the most part it is disquisition that is foreign to the text and not infrequently tears it into rags. It is one thing to lift the veil of symbolism and another to rend it. When Omar prays for " a book of verses underneath the bough," a jug of wine and a mutton-bone, together with a singing-girl in the wilderness, the commentary suggests that the bough is the Tree of Life, the verses are any sacred scriptures, and it is these that communicate the Bread of Life, because it so happens that Fitzgerald, being a poet, converted the bone into bread. This kind of thing is nonsense.

Probably by way of translation from some other periodical, *La Revue Théosophique Belge* gives us, over the signature of Mrs. Besant, a short and comprehensive guide by which it is possible for unversed people to understand the existence of the Masters. You accept the hypothesis that a number of exalted beings have come down from the planet Venus, that they have formed for themselves bodies suited to their manifestation on this earth, and that of such were those who founded the great religions of the past. The guide is simplicity itself, but whether it is otherwise persuasive may be left an open question.

The French occultist who under the name of Sédir is an inces-

sant contributor to psychic periodical literature, and is further—if one may venture to be definite—rather more entitled to consideration than the rank and file of his compeers, reminds us of several things in an article contributed recently to *Le Voile d'Isis*. It was Emerson, for example, who propounded the idea that humanity produces from time to time, as if out of due season, certain advanced types representing the future development which will be later on attained by the race. These are the super-man of Nietzsche, the artist of Sâr Péladan, and the *surhumains* of M. Izoulet. He recalls to us also a contrast attempted by Emerson between Boehme and Swedenborg, rather to the disadvantage of the latter. The revelation of Boehme may be a confusion of plans, but when Swedenborg goes up to heaven, he brings down none of its language, while Boehme, discoursing of love as more even than God, conveys such a sense of his living heart beating under a leather jacket that the pulsation still reverberates through the centuries. Most of us have read this already, but it is good to be brought back to the distinction.

The Open Court has always some feature of interest, and its most recent issue offers a considerable field for praise as well as for criticism. A study of the Jonah story and some legends regarded as kindred is an example of both alternatives. It is exceedingly good as a statement of facts collected and is illustrated by reproductions from antique sculptures, coins, vases, and so forth. The direction in which it is open to criticism is naturally that obvious direction which belongs to the scholarship of the subject. That scholarship may be satisfactory within its own limits, and the inferences drawn therefrom may be received tolerantly, if not favourably, by those who judge with authority in the expert circles; but there are other issues. After contrasting the story of Jonah with that of the classical dolphin in connexion with Apollo, Eros and Dionysus, with that of Arion, with the legend of Melekirtes, and with Jason coming out of the dragon's mouth, the inference, apart from scholarship, conveyed to the non-expert mind, is that the stories have the least analogy possible with the biblical narrative, due allowance being made for the fact that they are all stories of the sea, its denizens and a certain hero who has dealings with these. Moreover, nothing follows from the comparison if we agree to tolerate it. In the same issue there is a paper on the carpenter of Nazareth which raises the question whether the original name of the Galilean preacher has not been lost.

REVIEWS

CREATIVE EVOLUTION. By Henri Bergson. Translated from the French by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street. Price 10s. net.

IN writing *Creative Evolution* M. Bergson has performed a Herculean work of art. All the important aspects of evolution are minutely discussed, from Galileo to Darwin, from Kepler to Kant. Each theory of evolution corresponds with a certain aspect of the process of evolution, that is, each is true in its way. The mistake which most philosophers, from the ancients upwards, made was to think that their particular theory embraced *all* aspects of evolution. But as M. Bergson writes, the reality of which each of these theories takes a partial view must transcend them all. To reach reality we must transcend all opposite concepts, as for instance the mechanistic theory and the doctrine of finality. Both these points of view, while purporting to explain the drift of evolution, *do not touch reality itself*. Opposites are complementary to each other; they cannot contain that "infinite and unknown factor" which runs through all movement, and which is *reality itself*.

The first chapter discusses Mechanism and Teleology and the various views of philosophers relating to these subjects. The second chapter is a magnificent essay on the divergent directions of the evolution of life, and the characteristics of Torpor, Intelligence, Instinct which are the main directions of life. The relation of plant to animal, and animal to man are analysed with mathematical exactitude, and are explained and commented upon with an ease which shows that M. Bergson has thoroughly mastered his subject. The third chapter deals with the why and wherefore of life, the order of nature, and the form of intelligence. M. Bergson regards life, in the sense of division, as reality *unmaking itself*, whereas the tendency to return to reality and the process whereby this is accomplished is reality *making itself*. In other words, evolution and involution. The vital movement is therefore "a reality which is making itself in a reality which is unmaking itself." But where I emphatically disagree with M. Bergson is that he seems to admit "accidents" into the scheme of evolution. Instead of accident I should prefer "reflection," "ambiguity" or "unforeseen variation." What is unforeseen is not an accident. It is the extension of the seen just as a higher form of consciousness is an extension of a lower form. To admit an accident is tantamount to saying that the Absolute is a bungler. The fourth chapter deals with the cinematographical mechanism of thought and the mechanistic illusion, and also with real becoming and the theories of false evolutionism, such as are announced by Spencer and others. This chapter criticizes in a brilliant and masterful manner the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. The difference between ancient and modern science is defined thus: "Ancient science thinks it knows its object sufficiently when it has noted some of its privileged moments, whereas modern science considers the object at any moment whatever; modern science must be defined pre-eminently by its aspiration to take time as an independent

variable." The radical mistake of Spencer was to attempt to reconstruct and explain evolution with and through *fragments of the evolved*. He was merely playing with *the ready-made*. A child who pieces together a fragmentary puzzle-picture, does not either make or explain the picture, which is ready-made.

Much of M. Bergson's writings are eminently cabalistic, and as such should possess a marked attraction for sincere occultists. The concepts of the Cabalah are here expressed in the terms of modern scientific thought. The truths underlying the altered expression are, as they will ever be; the same.

MEREDITH STARR.

JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON: a Memoir of his Life, with a Selection from his Letters. By Clement John Wilkinson. Demy 8vo, pp. vi + 303 + 1 plate. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Price 10s. net.

THE nineteenth century is generally accounted to have been a materialistic age. But, although this judgment concerning the last century is, in the main, correct, it should be remembered that the general gloom of its materialism was here and there enlightened with the bright lights of those transcendentalists whose eyes were capable of seeing more deeply than the outer husks of things—the names of Emerson, Carlyle, Browning . . . at once occur to one's mind. And let us not forget that of James John Garth Wilkinson, or if we are in danger of so doing, here is an excellent account of his life, which, if barren of adventures on the physical plane, is full of spiritual interest, to remind us of that century's debt to him.

Garth Wilkinson is chiefly known as a translator of the works of Swedenborg, and it is as such that he received an encomium at the hands of Emerson, in the latter's lecture on "Swedenborg; or the Mystic." Wilkinson was thoroughly saturated with the noble philosophy and theology of the Swedish seer. He was, as Mr. Clement Wilkinson well indicates, a mystic in the best sense of that much misused term, the sense implying the quest of God and the spiritual, springing from a pure love thereto, and a keen perception of the immanence of God and the spiritual in all things material. He had a most vivid perception of the truth of what in Swedenborg's system is called "the law of correspondences," the principle according to which material things correspond to spiritual as effect does to cause; and he developed this principle in several of his works, both as regards the inner meaning of the mythologies of various lands, and the spiritual significance of the physical organization of man.

Garth Wilkinson's chief faults were, perhaps, an extreme individualism which sometimes led him into what seem inconsistent positions; and an impatience in his writings to get *in medias res*, which sometimes gives difficulties to those unacquainted with his particular views. But although we may not always agree with him in all his opinions, we can well sink minor differences on the present occasion in the waters of a general agreement. Let us conclude by expressing our conviction that Garth Wilkinson was a transcendentalist of no mean order, whose works and whose life cannot prove otherwise than of much worth to the lovers of spiritual wisdom.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE KEY TO YOUR OWN NATIVITY. By Alan Leo. London : Modern Astrology Office, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 10s. 6d. net.

SOME years ago the public were invited to make a test of Astrology by means of a shilling horoscope. The number of applications gave instance of the wide interest taken in this subject by men and women of intelligence. The work, conducted upon the usual lines, got out of hand, so large was the demand for the " Shilling Test," and consequently a synthetic method was employed which fell under much adverse criticism.

The method followed was that of writing out delineations according to: (a) the rising sign; (b) the positions of the planets in the signs; (c) those of the luminaries; (d) house positions; (e) chief mutual aspects. These, when brought together, formed a synthetic horoscope. It is argued that if there be any truth at all in the astrological arguments, their employment in a synthetic form as here indicated would yield abundant proof of the fact.

According to our author the success of this scheme was instantaneous and conclusive, general satisfaction being expressed by those who made test of it. Needless to say, the delineations were chiefly of a general nature, having regard principally to character and only secondarily to the course of events. A person might " secure a legacy " or " gain an inheritance," might experience complications in regard to finance, or overcome all difficulties and rise to a high position, being, as the case would indicate, either fortunate or unfortunate, happy or unhappy in marriage. But no specific dates or particular crises in the life are assigned. It would be too much to expect that they should be. Sufficient was said to carry conviction of the general claims made for the science of foreknowledge.

This volume embodies the whole of the synthetic system employed in the tests and in itself forms a compendium of astrological judgment under every possible condition. If anything is lacking in this system of delineation, it is what I may call the " atmosphere " of the horoscope, a factor more likely to be appreciated by an experienced astrologer who has the intuitive sense in cultivation than by a student who is seeking solutions by rule-of-thumb methods and cross-references in the pages of a compendium such as this. Yet it is just that which conveys the potential of any horoscope and gives the astrologer his direction from the outset.

The further fact that the interpretations are quite individual detracts somewhat from their final value, though to criticize them either collectively or singly would be supererogatory and quite beyond the limits of a review.

In fine, it may be said that few exponents of this ancient art have done more than Mr. Leo towards rendering it accessible and intelligible to the public, and in the several bulky volumes of the series to which this one belongs there is a great deal of material gathered together which will prove of use to both the advanced student and the tyro.

By the employment of numbered paragraphs it is possible to immediately find the effects due to any conceivable position or aspect of the celestial bodies and the reader is thus charted through the otherwise dangerously navigable waters of the ocean of astrology. In the belief that the reader will experience the same satisfaction in the use of this volume that the author had in its construction I have no hesitation in citing it as a work of great utility, the only one of its kind in publication.

A VISIT TO A GĀNI. By Edward Carpenter. London: George Allen & Co. Price 1s. 6d.

A BOOK which will be able to give the average reader some idea of the esoteric and exoteric differences between East and West. It is fascinating in the extreme, written with beauty and insight, coupled with no mean discernment and *concentration*. Thought in the East is static, here it is dynamic. The East dissolves personality, in the sense of separateness, the West exalts and strengthens it. The former is as a whole chiefly concerned with the doctrine of will and self-control which produces emancipation, while in the West the light of Love is seen brooding beneath the surface. Yet the great teachers of both join hands across the abyss of time.

A Visit to a Gāni will be of marked interest both to students and casual readers. Much information is crammed into this little book, and much of wisdom can be found in its pages by *those who see*.

MEREDITH STARR.

TRIUMPHANT VULGARITY. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D., Cantab. Author of "Makers of Man," "The Wisdom of Plotinus," etc. Stephen Swift, 10, John Street, Adelphi. Price 3s. 6d. net.

I REMEMBER the peculiar delight with which I read that Napoleon said of Goethe, "Voilà un homme!" and that Abraham Lincoln, on seeing Walt Whitman, uttered the words, "He looks like a man." So, he who reads this book with insight will feel impelled to exclaim, "Dr. Whitby is a man." While he scourges the vulgarity that is invading our life everywhere like a noisome flood, he is clearly visible himself as a true dancer of the spirit, alive in every nerve, a kinsman of Nietzsche, whose watchwords of self-mastery and ironical determination, *not* ironical resignation, he also proclaims. Our author holds no brief for either the Haves or the Have-nots, and he says, "I do certainly consider, and science will endorse my claim, that the upper middle class is, upon the whole, the most intelligent class, and that, in its ranks, there will be found a higher percentage of superior minds than in any other. Whatever cause, therefore, threatens the existence of this class must be held conducive to a general deterioration of the national intelligence and a debasing of the national ideals." And further on he says, "The quest of Art's Holy Grail conducts not into, but out of the crowd of Radical stalwarts and horny-handed sons of toil." And still again, "True wisdom is the privilege of the few; it is, say what you like, an *aristocratic* function. Enormous courage is required for the resolute facing of the hard facts of life, which it is always easier and more popular, in Chestertonian fashion, to ignore or huddle out of sight. And enormous courage is, *par excellence*, an aristocratic virtue." In the last chapter, "The Gentle Art of Intrigue," Dr. Whitby counsels the children of light as to the method they should adopt in order to maintain their existence and triumph in the end. It is impossible to do justice to the vigour and eloquence of this book in a short notice. Let me conclude with one more quotation: "Not peace, but conquest; not mediocrity, but excellence; not equality, but contrast; not stagnation, but aspiration; are the trumpet calls to which brave hearts respond."

B. P. O'N.

THE SCHROTH-EBBARD TREATMENT. By Richard J. Ebbard. London : The Sanum Institute, 59, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W. Price 2s. 6d. net.

ALMOST every writer upon pathological subjects lays his professional finger upon a special form of disease with the certain statement that here is the root of all evil. Unfortunately we of the perishable flesh have too many roots in us that are potential sources of disease and mortality. One more or less seems hardly a matter of serious concern.

In this instance it is the functions of the kidneys which are at fault and, with an abandon of professional secrecy that is quite surprising, the learned author has demonstrated in these pages how to eradicate uric acid and other blood poisons by self-treatment without medicine, and that with a lucidity and particularity that is altogether charming. The Schroth, Cantani and Lahmann methods of treatment are discussed with some detail, and it is these, with some modifications suggested by Dr. Ebbard's practice, that form the basis of the present exposition. It is at least satisfactory to learn that thousands of cases have been self-treated with satisfactory results "after exhausting all medical treatment."

There is an excellent opening made by the author in a chapter on "Our Modern Conceptions of the Nature of Disease," and this is followed by a treatise on the origin of blood poisons which is very informing. The "elimination of blood poisons" by the Schroth-Ebbard treatment follows appropriately next in order and is supplemented by a demonstration of the curative effects due to this treatment. The work is brought to a very satisfactory conclusion by a statement in detail of various menus suitable to both meat-eaters and vegetarians and of a nature designed to the end in view—the elimination of the chief of blood impurities.

This publication appears rather in the light of a philanthropic effort than that of a professional essay, and in this light the author would doubtless have us regard it. That it will do much good can hardly be doubted when we consider how prevalent are the evils arising directly from blood poisoning and learn from Dr. Ebbard's work how near to hand is the remedy. Both to orthodox and unorthodox students of medical problems it will give much food for thought, and its publication at the present time is appropriate to the keen and widespread interest taken in all the newest methods of treatment. It is a book sincerely to be recommended to all and sundry.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF RELIGION. By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co. Price 5s. 6d. net.

THIS important work by Dr. Patten aims at the socialization of religious thought. It is shown that degeneration, whether individual or social, is objective and economic while regeneration is psychic and personal. Religion, thus viewed, may be given a scientific basis and transferred from a traditional basis to that of social science. The author had designs for a consideration of this subject on pragmatic lines, such as had been successfully employed by Professor William James based on the economics of Mill, but it was felt that it would deflect the work from a religious to a philosophical ground and the need for clear religious thought appeared imperative. It is demonstrated that personal pragmatism has relation

to present desires and interests, while social pragmatism, which is here related to religious thought, is concerned only with future results. The author employs a number of tests, both objective, personal and social, and seeks to set aside the dogma of universal law. He shows that scepticism offers no test of truth, and argues that the psychic test is defective. The work, while in many respects critical, is designedly constructive, and offers a basis for a new concept of the religious ideal on pragmatic and social lines.

SCRUTATOR.

PERSONALITY AND TELEPATHY. By F. C. Constable, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Dryden House, Gerrard Street, W. Price 7s. 6d. net.

IN a large volume dedicated to Mr. Edmund Gurney it is sought to prove that the experience of telepathy will serve as a demonstration of the existence of the spiritual Self. Belief in such an ethical self is universal, but, according to our author, there has hitherto been lack of evidence to prove it. With the recognition of Telepathy as a fact of experience by scientific men, new factors in reasoning have been imparted. Mr. Constable argues by induction that we are so related to the external that we have experience of it otherwise than through the normal organs of sense and shows that psychology already assumes an ego in relation to the externalized universe. He goes a step further, however, and makes the human personality, that is, the subject or psychological "I," a partial and mediate manifestation in our universe of a Spiritual Self, i.e. an intuitive self. He argues that intuition is not a general and immediate presentation to humanity from God or Nature, but from the intuitive selves to their manifestations in our universe. As collective arguments Mr. Constable uses the time and space concepts, the imaginative faculty, dreams, memory and other forms of psychic phenomena, finally reverting to telepathic experience to maintain his general proposition. The work is well done and the argument carefully sustained. The style, however, is very involved and parenthetical and the work loses some of its power by the strain put upon the reader. The book is of importance to students of Psychology.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. By Gaston Leroux, Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. London, Mills and Boon, Limited, Pp. 385. Price 6s.

UNDER the heading of "Ichthyosis Intra-Uterina," the student learns facts that tend to excite a dread of the secrecy in which Nature forms the human body between its begetting and its birth. Thus Dr. Lewins tells of a child born at Haddington whose fissured face "was most horrible to behold," though "the infant appeared viable enough." It is natural to speculate upon the manner in which such a human eyesore would comport himself if he were to arrive at maturity in possession of reason and passions. M. Leroux, in this fantastic and occasionally brilliant tale endows a human eyesore with genius both musical and mechanical, makes him pose successfully as a ghost, kidnap a diva, and quit our sight in a mood of self-abnegation amidst (one fancies) a rain of French tears. There

is nothing in the story which is definitely occult, but the glamour of the mysterious is on it. The vast Parisian opera-house with its five subterranean stories and innumerable trapdoors in which the "Opera Ghost" criticises, terrifies and blackmails, has the interest of that of the mountain into which the Pied Piper led his victims. M. Leroux is a master of the art of arousing curiosity by the unusual as distinct from the sensational. He has in him the promise of a perfection in romantic art against which his Gallic exuberance militates. If materialists could really be convinced by the natural explanations which he offers us, they would never on this side of death believe in ghosts. But despite the length of his bow M. Leroux is a marksman to whose arrows dulness inevitably succumbs.

W. H. CHESSON.

CHRIST AND HIS CRITICS. By the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A., B.D. London: Elliot Stock. Cr. 8vo., pp. xii. 180. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE zeal of the house of theology is a sincere and holy zeal. It is receiving exemplification continually in memorable works and in many more which are good within their especial limits, though they can scarcely lay claim to a high place among intellectual achievements. They offer much that one is glad to have seen, much that is of wholesome and cleanly service in the lesser ways. Perhaps all of them raise inevitably larger aspects of the problems with which they attempt to deal, and this is likely to continue till some great new angel of schools unknown to the past shall furnish a more perfect restatement of all Christian doctrine. It has long ceased to embrace the whole field of spiritual consciousness, and those of us who continue to love it—and in some sense to hold thereby—are ever seeking, but so far in vain for ever, to stretch the old glorious canvas so that it shall cover that which exceeds it. Mr. Montgomery Hitchcock, in this, his latest book, has made a brave attempt, and it is no hostile criticism to say that he leaves us rather starving than unsatisfied, nor does Dr. Bernard, the Dean of St. Patrick's, who attaches to the text a few cordial words of introduction, give expression to one thought that is vitally helpful. He speaks of the venture of faith and its possible confirmation by the findings of reason, when we know in our hearts that the great need is a light on that clouded way wherein and whereby the high speculation of doctrine can reach some term of demonstration in experience within. And Mr. Hitchcock, who is concerned more especially with the Incarnation as the Key of Christianity, exhibits at every point his considerable acquaintance with modern criticism, as with past theology, but he discourses of theology notwithstanding apart from any intimate awareness. The chapter on the Virgin Birth is informing within its own external lines, but it brings no message to the spirit; it passes over the true reason why the gnostic heresy concerning the mode of conception is out of count on the symbolism, and it misses the true essence of the orthodox view because it endorses the old iniquitous feeling that the possible paternity of Joseph is of necessity abhorrent to those who believe in the Sonship. I would that Mr. Hitchcock had known or remembered the simple solution of St. Basil which I have quoted elsewhere—that "Mary conceived in her heart before she conceived in her body."

A. E. WAITE.