

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri "

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

A STORY was told in the Divorce Court the other day of a woman who gave herself away by talking in her sleep and paid the penalty for this indiscretion of her subliminal self by having the verdict of the Court recorded against her. It

THE
SUBLIMINAL
ON THE
LOOSE.

is perhaps fortunate for us that we are most of us blissfully unaware of the fact that we are every day of our lives giving ourselves away in a similar fashion, if only among those who chance to meet us there may happen to be one who can read the story of our lives recorded by that automatic psychic register which can be interpreted by those who have the psychic sense developed and the psychic ear open.

An interesting record has recently been unearthed by a contributor to *The Word* * (writing under the pseudonym of F. G. D.), touching the intuitive powers of the noted Swiss novelist Zschokke, who records several of his own experiences in this connection as a kind of foot-note to Psychology. "It is acknowledged," he writes, "that the judgment we form of strangers

* Theosophical Publishing Co., 253, West 72d Street, New York.

on our first meeting with them is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance." The novelist attributes this to a natural instinct of the soul and says of himself that it has happened to him from time to time at the first meeting with a total stranger that his (the stranger's) past life up to the moment of the meeting, with every minute circumstance belonging to particular scenes in it, has entered into his consciousness like a dream, entirely unsought. "During this period," he states, "I am usually so plunged into the revelation of the stranger's life that at last I neither continue to see the face distinctly nor to hear his voice intelligently." For a long time, the novelist says that he was inclined to treat these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy until on one occasion (rather as a joke than seriously) he was impelled to narrate to his family the secret history of a sempstress who had just previously quitted the room. It proved in the sequel that his dream vision accorded accurately with the reality. After this discovery he was far more disposed to regard these waking visions seriously. One of them he narrates in full detail as follows:—

A PSYCHO-
METRIC
NOVELIST.

"On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Vine. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connection with the belief in mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions whose national pride was touched at their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candour, if I narrated to him the most secret passage of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond traveller's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the company learned the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls where to the right of the brown door there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance, even of the last, which I did not expect. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table and closed

my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet."

Zschokke not only relates this experience of his own but records the curious fact that on one occasion when travelling with his two sons he fell in with a Tyrolese lemon-merchant who had precisely the same power as himself. "He fixed his eyes upon me," states the novelist, "for some time, joining in our conversation, and observed that if I did not know him he knew me," then proceeding to narrate the history of his life, to the astonishment of his own children. Needless to say, the lemon-merchant was quite unable to explain how he had acquired this peculiar gift, or whence his knowledge came.

The late Dr. Thomas J. Hudson was wont to explain all subjective visions by telepathy, and no doubt some extended theory of telepathy (if a word in itself could explain anything) would account for many of these intuitional perceptions. Miss

THOS. J. AMANDA T. JONES, in her extremely interesting
HUDSON'S account of her psychic life (*A Psychic Autobiography*,
EXPLANATION. published by the Greaves Publishing Co., Tribune
Bldg., New York) makes exceeding merry at the
expense of this doctrinaire psychologist, especially

owing to the fact that his conclusions rule out of count all possibility of such intuitions having pre-consciousness of coming events. Like most theories of the kind, Dr. Hudson's logically demonstrated telepathy between living persons, applicable though it is in the instances cited, could only be maintained as an explanation of all psychic phenomena under the sun by ignoring half the facts. Equally with foreknowledge the personal element which figures so prominently in connection with certain alleged communications with the dead is ruled out of count altogether by this hypothesis.

Miss Jones tells the story of the warnings sent to herself of her father's impending death, in illustration of the inadequacy of the telepathic theory. The first and second warnings were in dream and took, as dreams so often do, a symbolic form that required interpretation.

"One came to me whom, in my sleep, I understood to be a 'disembodied spirit.' 'Come out now,' he said, taking me by the arm, 'and look at the sun.' I saw it, still high in the West, but less
A FATHER'S bright than it should be; and while I continued to gaze,
DEATH it faded more and more. At last it rocked violently and
PREDICTED. dropped down out of sight. I fell upon my face crying,
'It is a symbol. What does it signify?' And I trembled
and was greatly afraid. Then the one who had led me out answered:

G

'It signifies the death of your father.* But inasmuch as you looked upon the sun some time before it fell, his death will not be immediate.'

A year and a half later her father being still alive, she had a further dream in which she seemed to herself to be walking in a graveyard and came upon an open grave, very old and sodden.

" 'This seems to have been dug a long while,' I commented. A voice from the void, as it seemed, answered: 'It has been dug a great many years.' I walked on, and began to observe the many graves around me. To my astonishment the one-time occupant of each lay upon the surface, smiling happily upon me, and beautiful of appearance. Each one put out a hand, from which I took a paper, written upon with a name. 'These are all ancestors and relatives of my father and mother,' I said, and went on, wondering. I came again to that open grave. 'Will this ever be filled?' I asked. The voice replied: 'It will surely be filled.' Again I wondered and looked upon the living who had been dead. A third time I reached the empty grave. A heavy rain was pouring, in which I stood and meditated; then I questioned, with strong emphasis: 'When will this grave be filled?' and the swift answer came: 'In just three weeks.' "

These were the early days of Miss Jones's psychic experiences, and she was still somewhat sceptical. Her father returned home in indifferent health, but the physician's diagnosis did not suggest any cause for alarm. "A slight pneumonia, no danger" was the doctor's comment. His daughter determined to use what means lay in her power to check her previous psychic warnings.

Some months earlier three friends and herself had commenced to employ a form of *Ouija*, board, in which a small stand was tipped which pointed to letters of the alphabet and so spelt out coherent sentences. She resolved to try this instrument in the present case.

"I drew forward pencil and paper (she writes) being by this time quite neutral-minded and non-resistant. This message followed: 'The statement was true. Owing to conditions of which you are not aware, it was thought best to inform your mother at once. Give us an opportunity to prove that the tidings did not originate in your own mind. Put us to some test.'

"After a little study, I brought a large Bible and placed it on the shelf at my side. Then I said: 'A spirit should be able to read print without the aid of mortal eyes. I will turn my face wholly away, and do you, whoever you are—turn the leaves of the Bible and put my finger upon some text which will tell of a death.' With movements far more rapid than usual, my hand was made to whirl over the leaves. When my finger was held down firmly, I turned and read Genesis xxv; 'Then Abraham gave up the ghost . . . and was gathered to his people.'

* It is noteworthy that the Sun symbolises the Father in Astrology.

“ ‘Again,’ I demanded, and again the finger pointed : Genesis xxxv. 29 :

“ ‘And Isaac gave up the ghost, and died, and was gathered to his people.’

“ ‘Once more.’ And the finger selected Genesis xlix. 33 : “And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.’

“Even then I would not be satisfied. Perhaps ten other texts were found to tell the same story ; till, at last, all the leaves were flung over and my finger placed upon Revelation xxii. 20. “He which testifieth these things saith : Surely I come quickly : Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.’

“And now the tempest fell. Long time convulsed with sobs, I gave way to what seemed unendurable grief. *Not*, I affirm, because of all this attestation, but because of an inner, invincible conviction. I also was a spirit, and I foreknew.”

The daughter felt it her duty to inform her mother. Her mother, used to the daughter's psychic experiences, was just half sceptical. Two or three days before the end she turned to her daughter and inquired of her, “Why did you tell me that your father had come home to die ?”

“After a few minutes' delay for gathering courage, I replied : ‘Mother, I ought to tell you that I have become a writing medium.’

“She looked at me with evident contempt. But, presently, being fair-minded, she commanded : ‘Get a slate and pencil. If spirits can move your hand, they can read my mind. I will ask for one I used to know, and, should the name be written, I will ask another question. Should there be a false or inconsistent answer, showing that my thoughts are not known, that will end *my* investigation.’

“‘Did you ask for your brother John, mother ? The name written is John Mott.’ “Very well, go on.’ ‘But now the writing says : “I am your father.”’ ‘That is the one I asked for,’ she admitted.

“I had expected her to ask concerning father. Finding nothing in the writing that implied as much, I questioned : ‘Are these really answers to your thoughts ?’

“‘They are,’ my mother said ; but soon after put the decisive mental question : ‘Will Henry die of this attack ?’ ‘So soon,’ was written forcibly, ‘that if you do not send to Buffalo for your daughters by to-morrow morning, they will never see him in the flesh again.’

“We slid the slate aside and it was many months before I wrote for her again. My sisters, being sent for, reached home Saturday evening. One day's delay would have prevented their arrival until Monday evening, when they would have been too late.

One of the most curious instances of premonition narrated in this remarkable book is recorded anonymously in connection with the editorship by Mr. Stephen Albro of the Buffalo Republic, to which Miss Jones was a contributor. “Early in December, 1854,” she writes, “some one

rapped out a prophecy for Mr. Albro which he made haste to publish, challenging his fellow editors to publish in their turn. They did so merrily, but when fulfilment came they had no space for comment. This was its purport."

"In two and a half months the Russian Emperor Nicholas will die. The cause of death will not be given out, but there is one who will be greatly profited and leap at once to full authority under the newly-made emperor." There followed intimation of a crime inducing death but never to be proved.

Miss Jones is a very pronounced Spiritualist. Any supposed philosophy or scheme of thought she maintains that cuts man off from spirit intercourse is neither sound nor safe.

AMANDA T. JONES PLUMPS FOR SPIRITUALISM. "It makes of him an underling, a feeble-minded thing at best, a creature of the earth and nothing more. He asks for light: it gives him glow-worms for illuminants. He longs for liberty: it locks him fast behind impenetrable walls. He asks for mountain streams: it hands to him through grated doors some draft from wayside pools where common cattle drink. He dies for need of food: it thrusts within a mouldy crust or two and bids him be content."

But decided though she is in her views on spirit intercourse, the author of *A Psychic Autobiography* is certainly not a person to leave the rudder of her own ship to the guidance of other hands, a tendency which is all too apparent among many who cultivate the intuitive at the expense of the rational and more positive side of the individuality. Thomas J. Hudson claims to prove that only the subliminal consciousness survives at death. Miss Jones takes strong exception to this position, and no doubt rightly. There is a certain danger in many quarters to over-value the subliminal self at the expense of the rest of the personality, as if this alone constituted the entire spiritual being and incorporated the whole spiritual side of man. Mrs. Hume in her recent treatise on this subject, entitled *Psychism* (published by Walter Scott, Edinburgh), writes strongly on the same lines. Intuition she characterizes as at best only half the self, devoid, if left to its own devices, alike of will-power and sense of responsibility. The animals she declares (perhaps wrongly) have it more fully developed than we have. It is obvious, I think, that there is as much of the lower self in the subliminal part of man as there is of the higher. It is, at once,

DOES THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS ALONE SURVIVE?

both higher and lower. In sleep man is under the rule of his subliminal self, but he is not, therefore, necessarily in a superior condition of existence to when he is awake. The development of manhood involves the greater growth of the more positive side, the cultivation of will-power and reason, and all that goes to make up character. We may readily, and the world in general invariably does so, undervalue the intuitional qualities. But the tendency nowadays in psychic circles (for which I think the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers' celebrated work is to a certain extent responsible), to identify the subliminal consciousness with the personality surviving after death, is liable to lead us into an opposite error, quite as grave as the other. In anticipation of her death Dido, in an often quoted line from Virgil's *Æneid*, is made to say: "Non omnis moriar" ("I shall not all die"). "Magna mei sub terras ibit imago," which one may freely paraphrase "At least my subliminal self will pass to the shades below." This, however, has not been the teaching either of Christians or of Spiritualists. Their doctrine is that the real self, the true spiritual man, passes out of the body into a new plane of existence, and not merely a shadow or psychical remnant of the personality.

What we require to build up is not one side of the self whether identified with reason and will, on the one hand, or with intuition and imagination on the other, but the Perfect Man, "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." That the two types are not incompatible is clear from such instances as Miss Amanda

"THE
CHRIST
THAT IS
TO BE." Jones herself, and many others which we can doubtless all call to mind, and the true balance of character can only be maintained by evolving the "une being," the man in woman and woman in man.

There must always be the two poles throughout Nature; yes, and throughout Supernature as well—the positive and negative, will and love, centrifugal and centripetal. The Divine Power that has evolved humanity with all the worlds, works on no other principle, and an after-life where the subliminal consciousness alone survived would be in absolute contradiction to all the laws of life and death of which we have any conception either on this plane or on any other.

The recently inaugurated International Club for Psychical Research gave a Reception on July 12 to the Countess of Warwick, who has recently become a member.

In addressing a few words to the gathering, the Countess

said: "Everything must have a beginning, and I am quite sure such a start means a successful future. We who are interested in psychic things, are so much divided that a general meeting place in London will be most useful to us all. I can see great possibilities for such a Club."

The meeting was largely attended by a most representative gathering.

Since the opening of the Club in May the membership has rapidly increased and now numbers close upon 400 members.

THE INTER-
NATIONAL
CLUB. Among these many prominent names appear, such as Mrs. Annie Besant, Lady Corbet, Sir Eric Barrington, K.C.B., Major-Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., Dr. Abraham Wallace, the Viscountess Churchill, Col. Count Gleichen, D.S.O., Lady Torrens, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie, Miss Katharine Bates, the Hon. Everard Feilding, Mr. Bertram Keightley, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Lady Muir MacKenzie, the Rev. Sir Charles J. M. Shaw, Bart., Sir Francis Younghusband, and Mr. Robert Colgate and Mr. Lyman J. Gage, of New York.

Active Research work is being started in the early autumn and those interested in the development of an International centre for students and investigators in advanced thought should make application immediately, as the limits of the Club facilities are being rapidly approached.

THE SELF-EXISTENT

The All! The Deathless One! Concealed and still,
The dormant energy of worlds unborn,
Supernal Mystery in Creation's morn
Subsistent. Maker of the Cosmic Will,
Full pregnant Might, behind all fashioned thought,
Sublime Container—ever un-contained—
THAT which within the Primal Darkness reigned
Sole Entity! With Causal Being fraught.
One Love! One Light! One Life! One boundless space,
One wondrous EVER WAS THAT EVER IS,
One Self-evolved Sublime Mysterious Bliss
That knows no limit, hath no biding-place,
One Source, One Spring, One Primum Mobile,
ONE GERM of all things being and TO BE.

L. FLORENCE FFOULKES.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA*

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

I SUPPOSE that there is no form of verbal symbolism which is so profound and so full of pitfalls as that which describes (a) the union between Christ and the Church in terms of the bond in wedlock between Bridegroom and Bride ; (b) the union between Christ and the individual soul in the imagery of earthly espousals ; and (c) the Divine Union, which is the term of mystic life, as the mystic marriage *par excellence*. The latest biographer of St. Catherine of Siena has elected to salute the great character-in-chief of her narrative as the Mystic Bride ; the title is correct, and this perfectly, according to the mind of that Church which keeps the records of the experience and of its analogues without number ; to myself it is also useful, by the accident of things, as it provides an opportunity to offer certain reflections which may not be without practical interest as a clearance of issues on the general subject.

Catherine Benincasa, who was born in 1347 and died in 1380, had two especial experiences, one of which was the marriage in question, and the other her reception of the stigmata. Both furnish points of difference from recurring instances well known to every one in the annals of sanctity. Of the second I shall not speak, partly because it was an episode of purely inward vision, partly because it has little relation to the mystic subject. As regards the espousals, it is necessary to make a distinction before considering the case in point, and for this purpose I must be permitted to vary the tabulation which, following the authorities, I have just made above. For the school of which I am a spokesman there are two mystic marriages, one of which is celebrated in this life, while the other may be begun here but is only completed hereafter. To make use of accepted terminology, the first is the union of our psychic and spiritual part, and is a state of consciousness irradiated by the light and grace of the Christ-life. This description must be understood, however, as approximate to the truth rather than

* *The Mystic Bride : a Study of the Life-Story of Catherine of Siena.* By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Demy 8vo, pp. xii, 339. London: T. Werner Laurie. Price 12s. 6d. net.

truth exact ; it would require a considerable thesis to justify a less simple but more precise form of expression. The second is the ineffable union of the spirit with God ; it is the only real and eternal mystic marriage. That of St. Catherine belongs to neither class ; it was a matter of psychic vision, and it took place at the beginning of her spiritual life. What it secured to her was the presence of a teacher at need, of a guide in the likeness of Christ, who said that he was the Eternal Truth. He came to confirm her in the faith to which she belonged, and for her better assurance he appeared in the vestments and carrying the other insignia of that sovereign pontiff at Rome who was for her, in express terminology, the Christ on earth. He was that no less when—in virtue of the warrants which she held direct from her Divine Master—she was offering him religious and even moral instruction ; when she was denouncing his worldly policy ; when she was recommending his retirement from the papacy because his hesitation and delay imperilled the cause which she championed. He was that no less when he or his successor used her as the tool of his statecraft and closed the public side of her mission in comparative failure.

Let us look, however, somewhat more closely into the question of the marriage. Mrs. Aubrey Richardson has a few quickening sympathies with the spiritual side of a nature like that of St. Catherine, some little hindrance of worldly wisdom and shrewd sense notwithstanding ; but she has nothing of the mystic consciousness, and the distinctions with which I am concerned are quite outside her categories. She understands—perhaps for this reason—and has expressed exactly the particular set of sentiments which led her heroine to insist on a celibate life. The root of it was that Catherine was “ in rebellion against the notion of her personality being butchered to make a sultan-bridgroom’s holiday.” The feeling went back far into her life, for, at the age of six years, getting to know in some unrealized way that there was the bride of heaven and also the bride of earth, she had prayed to the Virgin that her Son might be the Spouse of her soul and had promised on her own part that she would receive none but Him.

The experience of her spiritual bridal took place at the close of a certain time of carnival. In answer to her prayers, fasting and other austerities, the Lord Christ appeared to her and said that, because of her denials and macerations—but not explicitly, be it observed, because she had renounced earthly marriage—He had determined to espouse her soul to Him in faith. It was

a ceremony of great pomp, performed amidst a concourse of the blessed, including Mary the Mother of God, St. John of Patmos and—somewhat out of expectation—David the king and psalmist. A ring set with earthly gems was placed on her



THE ECSTASY OF ST. CATHERINE.

By Domenico Beccafumi. Preserved in the Academia Siena.

finger by the Bridegroom, with the words: "Behold I have espoused thee to Me, thy Maker and Saviour, in faith, which shall continue in thee from this time forward, evermore unchanged, until the time shall come of a blissful consummation in the joys

of heaven." Mrs. Richardson says, with the best simplicity: "The vision disappeared and the ring also," but the maid always "beheld the sacred emblem on her finger," though it was only discerned spiritually.

It would serve no purpose to examine alternative hypotheses concerning the nature of this experience. I register my personal conclusion that, in the more inward world, it was true and real after its own kind, for St. Catherine was, all things considered, the sanest saint on earth. She appears to have distinguished roughly, among her many psychic happenings, those which were merely the formulated images of her own thoughts. This was of another order, and, as I have intimated, her Guide, her Teacher, her Friend, was thenceforward continually near her. With her He paced the cell, with her He recited the psalms, and at a later stage, in reply to her prayer that He should create a clean heart within her, He removed it altogether and two days later substituted His own in its place.

But now as to the tests of value in respect of the teaching which she received. As an example in the doctrinal order—and I think that this will suffice—she was told that the smallest offence against Him Who is the Infinite Good—being the speaker, *ex hypothesi*—calls for an infinite satisfaction. Here is the old stereotyped theological argument for eternal punishment, but carried to its final issue, since it swallows up the distinction between venial and mortal sin. As regards the Church and its ministers, it was impressed upon her (*a*) that those in religion have been placed where they are "to announce My word" in doctrine and in truth; (*b*) that the Religious Orders have been founded by the Holy Spirit; (*c*) that "I do not wish any temporal lord to be their judge"; (*d*) that they are the "anointed ones" appointed "to serve Me, the Eternal God." It is too easy to see from what recesses of Catherine's nature this voice issued. It was not, in my judgment, hallucination; it was not arch-deception; it was of those who speak at the psychic gates, who utter great things on occasion—even high things and holy—but for some reason are always in mask. The channel of the recipient's personality may be itself the veil.

It should be mentioned, as another illustration, that after the exchange of hearts—after and not before—St. Catherine entered upon that public and, so to speak, political life in which her capacity was shown so strongly. Here I can only glance at it to establish a single point. The mission was two-fold: (*a*) the removal of the papacy from Avignon to Rome, and (*b*) the con-

solidation of the temporal power by another Crusade. That these projects were near to the heart of Christ let those affirm who dare. She secured the one, but that which she most hoped for did not follow therefrom. The other scheme came, as it deserved, to nothing, and in the alternative event it would not have encompassed its object. In the course of her activities, the Divine Heart which she carried—by the assumption—



ST. CATHERINE IN ECSTASY, AFTER RECEIVING THE STIGMATA.
From Bazzi's Fresco, San Domenico, Siena. Lent by Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

within her, fell into a few errors of extravagance, of duplicity even, of believing that the end justified the means; but as it follows that what dictated such policy was only the eager, too zealous, human heart of Catherine, there is no need to dwell on these things. Of her native purity of intention, utterly impersonal detachment and singleness of purpose, there is and can be no question. There can be none also that she was an

important political figure for a few years, and one of great astuteness. That which followed in failure did follow not by fault of hers, but because there was greed, insincerity and the craft which is not statesmanship on the other side.

And now in recurrence towards the chief point with which I am concerned in this notice ; from any study of the life of St. Catherine it is clear that she was a most holy woman in herself, and deservedly a popular saint ; but she was not a mystic, and she had little conception as to the real nature of the Divine Union. She was a true daughter of the Church of power temporal, and she made the grave mistake of believing that the kingdoms of this world were the rightful appanage of him who claimed to hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Perhaps if she had served less zealously the power, spiritual and otherwise, of the papacy, she might have been more truly the bride of Christ. She was a woman on occasion of high, clear and convincing insight belonging to the spiritual-intellectual order ; she was also a woman of psychic visions and communications which were characteristic of her period. Her literary remains are of unimpeachable value as records of greatness in womanhood, and this statement is with especial reference to her correspondence. The belief that earthly marriage is inimical to the mystic marriage is another characteristic of her place and time : the first should be a path to the second. Whether she herself might have become a spouse of heaven had she been a wedded wife on earth is another question ; but it does not really arise because she was not on the path of the union. She was on that of the joys of Paradise or of the Beatific Vision in its secondary sense. There is for this reason a specific misconception about her title of the Mystic Bride, but it must be condoned because it is inevitable. Presumably I need not add that the nuptial state on earth is seldom entered now, and was perhaps more seldom then, in the spirit which may lead to realisation on the planes within. Had Catherine met with a man like unto herself as woman, there might have been one of those marriages over which earth and heaven would have rejoiced.

I conclude that a holy maiden in the early ecstasies of prayer and the ascetic life does not attain to the true mystic espousals, nor does bachelor, wife or husband. It is a high prize at the end of a long journey. But there are certain substitutes, and some also of these are in the path of sanctity.

HEXAGRAMMATON !

I

THE mazes of my life are spun in curious threads of gold and
grey ;

Bright sunshine from some hidden day, and grey that knows
no star or sun.

See how the monsters of the deep toss their great crests of whirling
foam,

And dive to their dark hidden home, and curl their giant limbs
in sleep :

Even so the monsters of my brain arise and shake themselves
and roar,

As though there were no secret shore their maddened fury could
sustain.

II

Though new desires have dimmed the flame that flared around
the ancient face,

The olden madness grows apace and calls me by my secret name.

It calls, I follow ; far away, beyond the veils that yet divide
The Olden Beauty from my side, I see the bright approach of
day.

I see the Brilliance which descends upon the hoary head of old ;
It mingles with the grey and gold that have fulfilled their hidden
ends.

MEREDITH STARR.

REINCARNATION

A LECTURE BY MRS. ANNIE BESANT

Delivered before a Private Audience at 116, Oakwood Court, Melbury Road, Kensington, W., June 19, 1911.

A FEW weeks ago a friend of mine, who was talking to a dignitary of the Church, said that that particular dignitary did not like the idea of Reincarnation because he did not like to think of his congregation coming back again to the world as mice and rats. I don't suppose that any one who is here will quite have taken that view of what Reincarnation means. May I, however, put over against that, an answer which was given, not by a Church dignitary but by a bricklayer, not in the West but in the East? An English visitor to Benares was speaking about the teachings of the Hindu faith and said they could not be intelligible to the ignorant masses of the people. A friend who was with this gentleman said: "Well, you can put it to the test. Suppose you ask that bricklayer why he is laying bricks, and why you are going about in a good coat and hat." The Englishman spoke to the bricklayer and put the question to him. And the answer of the bricklayer to his inquiry was: "Because in my last life I lived in a way which made it necessary for me to lay bricks in this. You lived along a better line, and if I do my work well now I shall be born in a better condition next time." It was quite clear that our bricklayer had a better idea of this doctrine of Reincarnation than had the gentleman whom I first quoted.

Let me try to put to you this afternoon, however imperfectly, just a few of the points that you might take and think over, so that you may make up your minds whether or not Reincarnation is a reasonable hypothesis. A person cannot have firsthand evidence upon it until he is able to remember. Until he reaches that point his idea of Reincarnation must always be in the nature of a belief if he holds it, and not a fact of experience of which he is absolutely sure. It always seems to me, therefore, a fairer thing in speaking on Reincarnation to other people, rather to put it to them as a rational hypothesis, with more to recommend it than any other theory of immortality. For the right way of looking on Reincarnation is that it is a theory of immortality, a

theory of the way in which the human Spirit unfolds his powers in an endless life. In some ways the word *eternal* would be better than the word *immortal* when speaking of the Spirit who is man ; because immortality, at least in the minds of most people, only implies a perpetual going on, and a going on of something or some one who began to be. Now, as Hume pointed out long ago, that is not a possible hypothesis. That which needs a body in order to come into existence, cannot philosophically be regarded as going on when the body which it came into existence to animate has been struck down by death. But the word eternal means far more than that. It means that in nature and in essence the Spirit has neither beginning nor ending, that it is part of the Universal Life, a fragment, as it were, of the Divine Being, a seed or germ of the Divinity unfolding the powers which are inherently within it, as the acorn from an oak tree gradually unfolds into the likeness of the parent oak. And if you look upon it in that light you will begin, I think, to regard it in the most rational way ; for the human Spirit must either be newly created, produced by natural conditions, or inherently eternal, as a part of the Divine and Universal Life. I cannot think of any fourth hypothesis. The first, that it is specially created, is that which during the latter part of the Christian era has been generally accepted. I am obliged to put it to you in that way, because in the Primitive Church, and for many centuries in the life of the Church, various theories on Reincarnation were generally taught (although not always in the same form—sometimes simply as the pre-existence of the soul, which for some reason not very clearly or definitely explained, had to come into the physical world as a consequence of some ill-doing in its own past) ; and from that view, onward through various theories that were held at different times, you find this idea of the human Spirit as coming into this world in order to unfold its powers very generally held throughout the first five centuries. It was natural that it should be so, if you will remember that Christianity took its rise among the Jews, though rapidly spreading itself outside them ; because among the Jews it was a popular belief. That you can find for yourselves if you will turn up the *History of the Jews*, by Josephus, where you can read of a small body of men who were surrounded in a fort which it became impossible to defend ; the question arose whether or not to surrender, and their captain, in arguing against surrender as being dishonourable, pointed out that if they acted dishonourably it would mean a miserable life next time, while if they died patriotically a good birth in the future would be secured. I mention

that in order to show you what I mean when I say that the idea was very generally spread among the Jews. You have other particulars of it in the Gospels themselves where, both in the case of the Christ Himself and in the case of St. John the Baptist, a question was asked as to who they were, whether one of the prophets and so on, coming back again into birth in Judæa. It was natural that Christianity, growing at first within those surroundings, should take Reincarnation for granted, as did all the great pagan religions, among which both Judaism and Christianity grew up. It was not a point, apparently, at that early time very much discussed. It was taken for granted as the one rational philosophical view of life ; so you do not find much discussion of the subject, but simply a taking it for granted. Then controversy arose at some later date, and it grew stronger until at last, in one of the Councils of the Church, it was condemned in the form in which Origen taught it, or rather Origen was condemned as a whole and his view of Reincarnation with him. But the condemnation of that particular Council, while it made Origen's teaching unorthodox, by no means destroyed it. You can trace it right down through Europe in many a heretical sect. You find it among the thinkers of Europe who cling to the Pythagorean teaching in opposition to that of Aristotle. From Pythagoras and Plato you can trace a certain line of thinking running through Europe, until it comes very much more to the front again in the time of Charles II, when the chaplain of the Court at the time preached it. And I have a little pamphlet written by a clergyman of that time (circa 1660) in which he argued for the pre-existence of the soul as necessary to the Divine justice, and pointed out that it was part of the original Christian teaching which had only dropped out in a time of ignorance. There are many reasons (if you believe that all religions are Divinely guided) why that teaching should drop out for a time. It was important that the whole of man's thought during his life should be centred on the enormous importance of the human soul, in order that the individuality of man should be developed as it had never been developed before, until the impetus of Christianity with its value of the individual came to influence the thought of the race. That view of human life, that everything depended on the life here led, stimulated that sense of individuality. As that was necessary for the growth of man, it seems reasonable, looking to a providential guidance, that that doctrine should for a time drop out of sight. It came up again very strongly among the German philosophers ; always was found more or less among the poets ; and

in our own day has again been put forward quite outside the Theosophical Society as a rational view of human life. Professor McTaggart, in writing on theories of immortality, after analysing the various theories, concluded that Reincarnation was the most rational. So Huxley, agnostic as he was, said in his latter days there was nothing in the analogy of nature against it, but very much to support it. And when, to that very brief sketch of the doctrine in Europe, you add the fact of enormous importance testified to by Max Müller, that all the great minds of humanity have believed in Reincarnation, you will see that at least it comes to you with a very heavy weight of authority behind it. But in matters of individual belief authority is not the final appeal. The man must ultimately judge for himself whether he can or cannot accept a particular view as a basis for conduct. No authority is strong enough to overbear the inner conviction of the human intellect and the human conscience. That is the final tribunal for each individual. And therefore my reason for mentioning authority is not to overbear your own judgment, not in any way to coerce your own opinion, but only to make you think it worth while to examine into a theory which has been believed in and taught by the greatest of our race.

Turning aside from that question, let us for a moment think what Reincarnation really means, before we see whether of the three theories of immortality mentioned, it is the most rational. Now Reincarnation means this : Man is fundamentally a spiritual being. He comes into the world to develop his powers which, as I said, are inherent in him. Just as you sow an acorn in the ground, so is the human Spirit, as it were, sown in the soil of human life. By experience the faculties of the Spirit begin to unfold, stimulated in their unfoldment by the various forces that play upon him from outside. Coming for the first time into a human body, after brooding over bodies of lower types for innumerable ages, the Spirit enters into a human habitation and man appears ; then he is in the lowest form of ignorance, a mere germ of Spirit, of intellect, of will. The experiences of one brief life are clearly not sufficient to unfold everything contained within that Spirit. Place your savage of the lowest type beside your most highly civilized genius, and you will at once realize the enormous possibilities of the Spirit in man as unfolded in the one and infolded in the other. Put him equally beside some marvellous saint, and you will see the moral difference is as great as the intellectual. When you put two people side by side like that, you must ask yourself : How do they become so different ? And, according to the theory of

Reincarnation, the difference is chiefly due to age—that is, the point at which the Spirit enters into a human body for the first time, which was not at all the same for people now at different stages of evolution. The experience gained in one life, according to this theory, is carried on through the gateway of death. In the Intermediate World, that which is against the Divine Law in the life which has just closed brings an inevitable result of suffering. Purified by that, or at least the lesson being learnt that those ways are not conducive to happiness, the man passes on into what we call the Heaven World. There everything that he had of good in thought and in emotion is gradually changed into character, into faculty, mental and moral. When he has used up the whole of his gathered experience and changed it into faculty, then comes the time for his rebirth to gather more. He comes back with more unfolded Divinity than he had originally ; goes through a similar life ; once more gathers experience, suffers in the Intermediate World, assimilates again in the Heaven World ; and so life after life builds up more and more power, more possibility of achievement, climbing step by step the long ladder which separates the animal from the man become divine. That is the theory of Reincarnation. It is simple enough if you look at it—passing from life to life gathering experience, and, out of the body in which experience is gathered, assimilating the whole of it, so that it becomes the faculties of the soul. If you look at it like that you will realize that such a theory is eminently just. It puts no one man at a disadvantage over against another. And it makes every one's position depend, first, on the time that lies behind him—a necessary factor—and then on the efforts that he makes to lead the human rather than the animal life. You must always remember in man that he is climbing upwards towards Divinity out of the animal life, and that the human life for a long time is a struggle between the two forces, the one working on the soul through the body, the other working on the soul through the Spirit. So he may either climb up or slip down, as the one or other influence is the stronger at the time. Looked at thus, the highest genius is only the victor in innumerable combats ; similarly the noblest saint is only the conqueror in innumerable battles. There is no partiality shown anywhere. The character that a man brings with him at birth is the character that he has made during his past. Emphatically every one is self-made, made from within, building character life after life.

Now for the two other theories as to how man is what he is. The theory which at the time of Darwin and Huxley was held by

Science was that man gradually evolved mentally and morally as he evolved physically ; that just as the human body became physically more complicated and more perfect, so did the human conscience and intellect gradually develop by the countless experiences of the past. Looking at them as the results of the Law of Heredity, the scientist must say that qualities were transmitted from parents to offspring, and that was the general theory of the evolution of mankind some thirty years ago. Darwin held that view very strongly. William Kingdon Clifford held it in an enthusiastically moral way, and he based upon it a most magnificent appeal to the men and women of his time to live their noblest and think their best, in order that they might enrich the human heritage and hand it on greater than they had received it to those who came after them. But before Huxley died questions arose which challenged that view. It was all very well, so far as the physical evolution was concerned, because the struggle for existence between bodies developed strength, vigour, agility, and all the other physical qualities around us ; but, as Huxley himself pointed out in his last lecture, the struggle for existence seems the most unfit way of all to develop the human qualities that we regard as essentially the qualities of Man : tenderness, compassion, the using of strength for service, the helping of the weak instead of trampling them down—everything, in fact, which we call Humanity. And he pointed out that these qualities were a great disadvantage in the struggle for existence, that the man with a scrupulous conscience was the man likely to fail ; that the doctor or the mother or father who sacrificed himself or herself for the children died, did not live ; that you had to face the difficulty that these qualities were a weight on people in the struggle for life. And he finished up with a famous sentence which he took from a great Theosophical Teacher : “ The Law of the Survival of the Fittest is the law of evolution for the brute, but the Law of Self-Sacrifice is the law of evolution for the Man.” Now that is perfectly true. But then you must remember that it is only true if the man who sacrifices himself continues to exist. If he dies in his sacrifice then he cannot hand anything on to those who come after him ; but if he can carry on the fruits of that into another life, and then bring them back to earth changed into powers, then the act of self-sacrifice becomes distinctly evolutionary, and the man who has sacrificed himself will have more to give on his return. Another point which is of very great importance is that the noblest human qualities are developed in the family, and that the men or women who have brought up

children, have thought for them, cared for them, suffered for them, are very much higher beings when they come to be middle aged or elderly, than they were in their early youth. They have developed these qualities by the training of the family, but when they have developed them by that training they are past the time when children are born to them. The children are born to them in the undeveloped stage. When the training of the family is over, they are at an age when they can no longer contribute children to carry on the progress of the race. Another difficulty (looking at it from the standpoint of heredity) is that, as a bald matter of fact, great intellectual genius cannot be transmitted. The children of the genius do not share his genius ; in fact, it is rather the other way. Has it never struck you, in studying musical geniuses, that the supreme musical talent has always appeared in the family after one or two generations of preceding minor talent, and then has disappeared ? A very significant fact, for Music is a thing that wants more than the inner genius ; it wants also a certain delicacy of nervous organization, in order that the ear and fingers may be trained to a very high pitch of perfection. It does need physical heredity, for by physical heredity bodies are builded ; hence the necessity, if a great genius is coming presently to earth, that there should be a physical preparation for the body which that genius is to inhabit. When a generation or two have built a suitable body, a great musical genius appears ; but he does not hand on his talent to his children. Take the cases of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and so on ; these names have all vanished from European Music. Genius is, as has well been said, sterile. It does not hand itself on. Again the question arises : whence does it come ? And Science at the present time has no answer to give. Sir Oliver Lodge has tried for an answer, and in his last book, *Reason and Belief*, speaks of the pre-existence of the Spirit, of his entering into a human form, in a few most interesting paragraphs worthy of serious consideration. Certainly he does not commit himself to the theory of Reincarnation, but all his remarks point in that direction. Science at the present time is dumb on the question as to how great moral power is evolved.

Can you, then, take refuge in what is called Special Creation ? On that point there are some very great difficulties. First of all, nobody believes in Special Creation now, except on the one point of the human Spirit. Everywhere else it is ruled out of court. Evolution has everywhere replaced it. One thing alone it has remained in, and that is in the creation of the Spirit, in the idea

that all souls come fresh from the hands of the Creator. But see what a terrible difficulty you come face to face with in that theory. On the mere question of Justice, to say nothing of Love, can you believe that the Spirit of a congenital criminal and also the Spirit of a saint have both come direct from the same Hands? If you believe that, how do you reconcile it with Justice? That is the terrible problem that faces people who have not thought out the question, and take for granted that the human Spirit comes direct from God. So it does in its origination, but not in its unfolded condition. Think that over at your leisure, and see how you can reconcile that to yourselves. For remember that the greatest element in human happiness is character. There is nothing that plays so great a part in the happiness of men and women as the character with which they come into the world. You find perfectly happy people amongst the very poor, whose circumstances are most unfortunate; you find very unhappy people amongst the very rich, who have everything in the world to make them happy. Happiness is not a question of external possessions but of inner character, and if the person has nothing to do with that character, has it stamped upon him from outside by Divine hands, then surely it is difficult to reconcile that with any notion of Divine Justice? Politicians, Socialists, and Reformers call out for equal opportunities. That is their one cry: "Give men equal opportunities!" But equal opportunities will not make people happy: it is power to grasp the opportunities which constitutes the fundamental difference between man and man. No giving of equal opportunities will give equal happiness, for one man will seize them and another will let them go by; one will have the power to grasp, the other will be unable to hold. It is a question of quality. What is the quality of the man when he comes into the world? And while I admit that good surroundings may do very much to improve, they cannot radically change the nature. Robert Owen found that out when he tried taking people from evil and putting them into good conditions; but he had at last to give up the attempt in despair because he found his efforts unavailing, and "nature stronger than nurture." You can do much by education, but you cannot change the fundamental type of character that comes into the world. And so the problem faces us in regard to Special Creation. People, for instance, are born criminal. You cannot do anything with them which will get rid of those criminal instincts. I will give you an instance of a criminal, not one from the slums, but the case of a little savage child. It was only a baby

at the time when a neighbouring tribe wiped out the village in which this child was living, but somehow the little one was passed over and escaped. That child, a girl, was found by a missionary lady who took the infant into her care and brought it up. All went well for the first few years, but when the little girl, brought out of the savage surroundings, came to be between eleven and twelve years of age, she became the despair of the mother who has adopted her. That lady could not get the child to realize the difference between right and wrong, could not make her feel, for example, that to steal was wrong. She might abstain when she thought she might be found out, but there was literally no moral sense, nothing to appeal to; and for this good lady, who had no ideas about Reincarnation, the problem was heartbreaking. Now Reincarnation, of course, solves all these problems at once. You have taken a young soul who has had very little experience, who has nothing inside to answer to the education that comes from outside, who has not had the experience which makes what we call conscience. For what is conscience in your children but the answering at once to a high ideal? The child answers to a great and inspiring thought, but why? Because the conscience in him, the result of past experience, has learnt the difference between right and wrong, and for the consciousness in the new brain the only thing that is needed is to speak it out, and then the inner self will answer to the word addressed to the brain. You need not argue with the child, it sees it at once; but the young soul that has not been through the experiences cannot see, and therefore cannot answer. The truth is, you can only teach a child that which is already in it. If the faculty to understand is not within it, your education fails, for there must be an answer from within as well as instruction from without. And that is not explicable on the theory of Special Creation, except by attributing to God an injustice which would be blasphemy if it were deliberate. The idea, is, of course, the result of not thinking, and so the person, in that sense, is not to blame.

Another curious problem arises:—The question of a child who only lives a few hours or days. From the standpoint of Special Creation how to deal with this? Human life is either valuable or not, as an experience. Take it for a moment from the orthodox standpoint, because those who believe in Special Creation will also generally believe in the everlasting future depending on the present life. Now, if that human experience is valuable through life everlasting, then the child who has died without gaining it will always be at a disadvantage, having

missed a lesson that was valuable for it to have learned ; whereas if you say : " No, it does not matter, the child naturally goes to heaven, you need have no anxiety about its future," then you come on the other horn of the dilemma :—That you and I have had to live through a long life at the risk of making great trouble for ourselves in the future, a risk the child escapes by not going through human life. Then the injustice comes to be ours. It is we who risk all on the other side of death, because we have been unfortunate enough to survive ; while the baby, slipping easily out of life in its infancy, is secure of everlasting happiness. There are many difficulties of this kind that meet us. " Well," you say, " but is it not a difficulty for you too ? " My answer is : " No, not at all ; because for us, who believe that every event has a cause behind it, that each of us reaps exactly as we sowed, we see that the reaping of death at such an early stage of life means the sowing of a seed in a previous life which demands that forfeiture in the life that follows. I will give you an illustration. A man is smoking. He throws away a match without taking care that the match is entirely extinguished. It happens to fall on some inflammable material which blazes up. It sets fire to some house, and perhaps someone is burned to death. Now, that is not murder. There was no intention on the man's part to take a human life, and the moral blame is only the blame of an act of slight carelessness. None the less, he has taken a human life, and in the scales of Divine Justice that debt must be paid. It is paid with that brief experience, which only means a few years' delay ; but the greater part of the pain comes to the parents of the child ; there is the real suffering, the child taken away from those who love it. And tracing that back, we find that such suffering comes into the life when in a previous life the parents have been careless, thoughtless, unkind to a child ; when they have contracted a debt which has to be paid by learning the lesson of pain, which will make them gentler and more sympathetic hereafter. I came across such a case where the early death of a beloved child was traced back to unkindness, cruelty, to a relative who came into the hands of these two people in a previous life ; the child then had died from their unkindness and neglect, and the same child came back again to those who had ill-used it ; he passed away from them when their heartstrings were wound round him, and those parents thus learned the lesson that tenderness and compassion to the young was the law of happiness. Becoming parents to the helpless child, they reaped out of their pain the good fruit of compassion, learning the lesson that the

loss had taught. And the understanding of this makes life so much more intelligible. It takes away from us that terrible weight of bewilderment which is one of the troubles of life—the intellect that cannot find a reason, and tortures itself in trying to understand.

But then you will say: "Why don't we remember?" That is the natural question that arises when this theory is put. "Why don't we remember? If I was here before, why don't I know it?" The answer is one which I think you will grasp at once. First of all, think how limited your memory is in your present life. How much do you remember of your childhood? A few events. But what you learned in childhood remains with you, although the acts whereby the lessons were gained may have been forgotten. But they are not really forgotten. The memory of all the events of childhood can be regained in the hypnotic trance, showing that the memory has not disappeared, but has remained in a deeper stratum of consciousness. Apply that same thought to a past incarnation. You have forgotten your childhood, though you have your same physical brain now. In another life you had a different brain. Your brain is new, your astral body, your mind, are all new. It is only the Spirit which passes from life to life, with its three great qualities of Will, Cognition and Activity. The whole of the rest of you is new with each birth, and before the Heavenly Life is over all the experience which has been changed into character is handed on to the Spirit that dies not; then, on the coming forth of that Spirit again, the new bodies are built, the new mind body, the new emotion body, the new physical body. If, then, you are to remember, you must reach the memory of the Spirit; for memory does not exist in the mind, nor in the brain, which have not gone through the experiences. How to reach that memory will be the next question. By withdrawing from the activities of the outer world and the busy activities of the mind into the quiet region of the Spirit; turning inwards, instead of outwards. You are always running out. Turn inwards for a time, for half an hour daily, if you are serious in wanting to gain memory, shutting out the world, ceasing to think of the things outside that interest you. Turning your mind inwards instead of outwards and silencing all thought and emotion, in the inner silence listen for the voice of the Spirit. Slowly and gradually in that silence a new consciousness will arise. Slowly and gradually, in proportion to your past knowledge and your present ability, that consciousness will assert itself as yourself, and when the spiritual consciousness is awakened then the memory of the

past is recoverable. I do not mean that it will all be in your brain at one time, but that when you turn your attention to any point you want, you will find you will be able to live again the life of the past. That is how some of us have gained the memory of the past. I saw a ridiculous statement in a paper the other day to the effect that I remembered every day of a past life! Ridiculous! If I want to remember any particular point of a past life, I go back into it, turning inward, and willing to reach the life whereof I desire to know something. That can be done, as many of us have done it. One form of memory you have, although you may not have recognized it as such. Have you never met a person for the first time and at once felt attracted, so that you knew that person better in an hour than you know perhaps a brother or sister who has grown up beside you? What is that but memory stretching across the gulf, the Spirit knowing the other Spirit again, recognizing the old ties and the old connections? And similarly with dislikes. Sometimes you meet a person and instinctively shrink back. It seems foolish. But you would do well to take warning from the Spirit, whose memory is larger than that of the brain, and who knows the ancient enemy and the danger that may come to you from such a foe. These are the glimpses and flashes thrown down, by which some memory is made to touch the physical brain, indications of a past not otherwise to be understood.

And if, working along these lines (and there are many others also which you might take up), you will consider the whole question without bias, I think that you, like thousands of others, will come to see in this theory of Reincarnation sufficient reasonableness to make it influence your life. For, after all, that is the test of a belief—its power over the life; and once you feel that Reincarnation is rational, is true, your whole life changes, your attitude to the world changes, your attitude to the people about you changes. If a person does you wrong, it no longer makes you feel vexed, or annoyed, or even sorry. "It is some one to whom I incurred a debt in the past. I am now repaying him. Let me do it cheerfully." If you live with any one who makes you unhappy, you say to yourself: "Very well, it is my own fault that in the past I have made this unhappiness. Let me bear it bravely." It makes life so easy when you know that you are eternal, that every friend you have has links with you in the past as well as in the present, and that you will not lose them again in the future. And then in trouble, distress, and anxiety, this great truth gives strength, and patience to endure. The troubles of

life appear comparatively unimportant in the light of your own eternity, and your power to make your future.

Now, very roughly, that is the idea of Reincarnation. I have indicated some of the lines of thought which may lead you to accept it. Many others there are that you will find in the various books written on the subject. I have only picked out a few of the arguments. Not to convince you : I never want to convince people in one lecture, I only want to make them think ; for it seems to me that if you convince a person by talking to him, he is just as likely to lose that sudden conviction again with the next person who talks to him. Such people are hardly worth convincing. So I only try to give people food for thought. If they are ready to take up that particular line of thinking, then the lecture is just the stimulus which makes them begin to think upon it, and then there grows up that sense of reality which can only come from individual thought. When you make the truth your own by study and by thought, and it is no longer hearsay from another, then it becomes a conviction based on reason, and therefore worthy to shape and mould your life.

STOKE WOOD

WOODS are life's roots. No minute tendril here
 But holds the cisterns of the world in fee ;
 As weeds, in shore-caves, imperturbably
 Watch, till the punctual tide doth re-appear—
 Who in this place but meets delicious Fear
 Pan's herald ? Here we sink, as in a Sea,
 Into earth's inmost wells of mystery,
 Gulfs perilous and unplumb'd fathoms sheer.
 Into earth's wells we sink ; where life breeds death,
 Death life. The humid stillness of this spot,
 Its lichen and its leaves, its moss and mould,
 Its holiness, its indrawn breathless breath,
 Whisper the key-word of the cosmic plot ;
 Though men pass by, and must not hear it told.

MAGIC AND MIRACLES

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE definition of Magic according to a standard dictionary is : " The science of the Magi. The pretended art of producing marvellous results by the aid of spirits or the secret forces of Nature. (3) The art of working wonders by a superior knowledge of the powers of Nature." The same dictionary defines "*Miracle*" as " anything wonderful. Anything beyond human power or away from the common action of the laws of Nature."

The magician and the worker of miracles are both mystics, though their power may come from different sources. Mysticism is a peculiar vital apprehension of spiritual principles and energies and of their functional operation in and through man and Nature. It is the merging or sublation of our alien and separative self-consciousness into the Divine and Universal Life.

The magnetic forces dormant in Nature and latent in the human system are incalculable and infinite, but the secret of using them is known to very few. The secret of performing miracles which was known to the ancient Magi was due to mental and psychic magic, using the medium of *Magnetic Force*, which is the very foundation of life in all things animate and inanimate. This force can be drawn from earth, air, water and vegetation (especially trees) as well as from human beings and animals. When concentrated in a human organism and then directed by a strong will, it is capable of infinite power and the performing of miracles and the exhibition of magic. If we could draw the electric forces from that exhaustless generator the earth, we could perform all miracles.

There is the closest possible connection between mind and matter, and all the great miracle workers and magicians have recognized *Faith*, *Imagination* and *Will* as the three prime mental and spiritual factors in the controlling and operating of the magnetic and semi-material forces of Nature. Christ always insisted on *Faith* as the great essential, but Faith depends entirely on *Imagination* and *Will* for miraculous results.

Imagination is the faculty for forming images in the mind,

and by putting into motion the combined forces of Faith, Will and Imagination all things are possible.

To have faith (or believe), you must first see in your mind's eye or *imagine*. "Believe or *imagine* yourself to be well, and you will be so," were Christ's directions to those He cured of diseases, "or have faith that I can cure you and you will be cured." In those places where the people did not believe, He was not able to exercise this power "because of their unbelief."

When the woman in the crowd touched the hem of His garment and was at once cured of her disease, she had perfect faith in Christ's healing power and put in motion the occult laws controlling it, at the same time drawing magnetic force from Christ's person, so that He at once felt that "*virtue* [i.e., power] had gone out of Him."

St. Peter was able to walk on the water directly he had sufficient *faith* (i.e. when he saw himself in his imagination as able to do so). When he doubted (and this mental conception faded) he at once sank. A modern instance of walking on the water is shown in the case of Mr. Jacob, of Simla, India, who walked several times across a deep pond near his bungalow in the presence of several reliable witnesses (but this was ascribed to Black Magic).

Paracelsus (one of the greatest of the magicians of the Middle Ages) also laid stress on Faith as a factor in magical operations. "Believe yourself to be invulnerable as Achilles, and you will be so," was one of his maxims.

The great General Gordon, one of the most spiritually minded men of modern times, had wonderful faith, and thus in the thuck of the fiercest battles bore a charmed life. The Chinese put him down as a magician who could turn their bullets aside. Both in China and Egypt he exposed himself fearlessly whilst bullets and shells showered around him—a target for all the marksmen of the enemy—but escaped unhurt. His friends constantly remonstrated with him about his reckless courage, at which he would smile in his placid manner and tell them that bullets could not touch him until he had done his work. Napoleon Bonaparte bore the same charmed life, and his faith in occult powers was the reason for his immunity. The same may be said of Joan of Arc, though her magical powers were far more in evidence, so much so that (when at last her mission was ended) they burnt her as a witch. Moses, we are told, "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," i.e. in magic and the occult sciences.

Human nature is exactly the same to-day as it was then, but we have lost vital secrets. The occult world has long ago been closed to us, and with it the great mysteries of Life and Death and the world to come.

The age of miracles never ceased, it is the human race who have ceased to comprehend the *modus operandi*. Wonderful spiritual and psychic powers were not confined to "Bible times" or to Christ and His apostles, but have always existed latent in human beings and the forces of Nature around them, and are with us to-day awaiting the efforts of the pioneers in psychical research for their re-discovery. In these modern times we have persons appearing at intervals endowed with supernormal powers, whose marvellous achievements are generally discredited by the mass of their ignorant and materialistic fellow creatures, or attributed to trickery and conjuring.

In the Middle Ages any one possessing powers out of the ordinary was at once denounced as a witch and sorcerer and put to death in the most cruel manner, and thus occult powers were to a great extent stamped out and performers of miracles and magic ceased to exist. There is no doubt that a great deal of harm was done by the use of magical powers for evil purposes and the repression of this was urgently necessary—but to make a clean sweep of all psychic powers without any discrimination was an egregious blunder. Had Marconi and Edison lived then, they would probably have shared the same fate.

We must not forget that there is a vast difference between a magician and a medium, as the one controls and the other is controlled, though these are some who have been both one and the other. The famous medium, D. D. Home, showed the power of a magician when he took red-hot coals from the fire in his bare hands and placed them on the head of Mr. S. C. Hall without burning either himself or Mr. Hall, or even singeing a hair of the latter's head, though he drew the long grey locks close around the scorching embers. That was magic. When, on another occasion, Mr. Home went into a trance at Lord Dunraven's house, and floated horizontally out of a window of a third-storey room into space, and later re-entered by another window and came out of his trance without being conscious of what had occurred, he had not performed any magical feat himself, as he was merely an instrument in the hands of spirits, having been "controlled" and then carried by their power. That was mediumship.

The American Society for Psychical Research two or three years ago was devoting attention to the marvellous powers

of Mr. Fred Foskett (who did not claim to be either a magician or medium). Mr. Foskett is a young machinist of Orange, Massachusetts, whose remarkable feats were witnessed by Professor James of Harvard and other scientists. Mr. Foskett performs every feat of the Hindu fakir and Buddhist adept, but has never been in India or studied native exhibitions. He could pour a quart of alcohol into a basin, light it, and then wash his hands, immersing his hands for ten minutes at a time in the blazing fluid, throwing it up over his arms and on to his face, literally bathing himself in burning alcohol, without injuring himself in the least or showing any sign of a burn. Professor James called him a human salamander, and said that science could offer no reasonable explanation of the phenomenon. Physicians examined Mr. Foskett, but could find no trace of burn or blister. Mr. Foskett told them that the flames did not give him any sensation of burning, and he felt comfortably warm and pleasant, nothing more. Experts who saw the tests said they must see them again before discussing them. One scientist affirmed that Mr. Foskett was dematerialized and seemed to dissolve into thin air as they watched him. He was gone for forty seconds and then materialized. It was so startling that he feared they had lost sight of the test conditions and so asked him to appear before them again. The whole thing seemed so incredible that they hardly knew what to think of it. Mr. Foskett was in a passive condition during the tests. Those who examined him discredited the idea of hypnotism and believe he has some latent psychic force which has never been studied.

The most remarkable wonder-worker of modern times was undoubtedly Mr. Jacob, of Simla, India, who is said to be the original of "Mr. Isaacs," the weird character in Marion Crawford's well-known novel of that name.

Particulars of one or two of Mr. Jacob's magical feats were recorded in *The Autobiography of a Magician* by "Tantriadelto" (quoted by Mr. Stead in *Borderland*). The author (who was known to Mr. Stead) vouches for the absolute accuracy of his statements.

This gentleman was invited to dine with Mr. Jacob at his bungalow, about a mile from his own abode, and he and a well-known General drove there together.

After dinner, when they were smoking, the General asked Mr. Jacob to show them some of his tricks. Their host did not at all like the word "trick," but simply said: "Yes, I'll show

you a trick!" and turning to a servant told him to bring in the sahibs' walking-sticks. Selecting a thick grape-vine stick with a silver band round the handle, he asked: "Whose is this?" The General said it was his, whereupon a glass bowl (similar to those in which gold fish are kept) was placed on the table, some water poured in, and Mr. Jacob held the stick upright on its knob in the water for a few moments. After a time they saw numbers of shoots like rootlets issuing from the handle till they filled the bowl and held the stick steady, Jacob standing over it, muttering all the time. A continuous crackling sound was then heard, and young twigs began to appear from the upper part of the stick. These rapidly grew, became covered with leaves and flowered before their eyes. Then the flowers changed to small bunches of grapes, and in ten minutes from the beginning a fine vine laden with bunches of ripe black Hamburgs stood before them. A servant carried it round and they helped themselves to the fruit.

In case the whole affair might be due to hypnotic delusion, the writer placed half of his bunch in his pocket to see if it would still be there after he had left Mr. Jacob's house. The vine was replaced on the table and covered with a sheet, and in a few minutes it was changed back into the General's stick.

Many other equally interesting feats were performed and equally inexplicable and astounding, which cannot be quoted here. Then, as they were about to depart, Mr. Jacob requested a few words privately with the writer before he left. They went out on to the verandah and conversed on occult subjects for a few minutes. Then Mr. Jacob offered to give him a special experience which would give him something to think about. His guest replied that that was just what he wanted, so Mr. Jacob said: "Shut your eyes and *imagine* that you are in your bedroom in your bungalow." He did so; and then Jacob said: "Now open your eyes!" He opened his eyes *to find that he really was in his bedroom—a mile in two seconds!* Jacob then told him to shut his eyes again and they would rejoin their friends; but this he firmly refused to do, as he thought it might all be a hypnotic delusion, and he wanted to see how Jacob would get out of the difficulty. However, the magician simply laughed good-naturedly and said: "Well, since you won't come, I must go alone, so good-bye!" and saying that he vanished, and the subject of this feat was left alone in his room. Looking at his watch (as he had done at the commencement of the experiment), he found that the whole affair had not lasted two minutes. He then walked straight out of his bedroom into the dining-room,

where he found two of his friends, who were astonished at seeing him and wanted to know how he had managed to get into his room without their seeing him pass. He then sat down and told them all about it. One of his friends (Dr. B——) asked to see the grapes; accordingly he felt in his pocket and there they were sure enough, so he passed them to him. The doctor turned them over very suspiciously, smelt them and finally tasted one. "They are the real thing, my boy; genuine black English Hamburgs," he said, and proceeded to devour the lot. Then the Captain said: "But where's the tat?" He replied that he had forgotten all about it, but supposed he had better send for it. Calling a servant, he told him to go to the stables and send a syce up to Sahib Jacob's bungalow for the tat. In a few minutes the bearer returned and said that the tat was at that moment safe in his own stable. They stared at one another in amazement, then went out to see for themselves. Sure enough he was there. *So the horse and cart were also levitated!*

Another of Mr. Jacob's feats was to fill the air around his house with myriads of butterflies of every kind, which would vanish as suddenly as they appeared, at his word of command.

Lord Lytton, the author of *Zanoni* and other works, was an expert magician and occultist and very few Westerners have ever known more about magic than he did, but his magical feats were kept very secret and only his most intimate friends were allowed to witness them. He had the power of projecting his astral form at will and appearing wherever he pleased at long distances from his body, and this astral counterpart was so life-like that it was sometimes mistaken for himself in the flesh. The feats of modern magicians generally come under the heading of Black Magic and Sorcery, and Mr. Jacob and Lord Lytton would be termed wizards and sorcerers, and yet what is the difference between their magic and that of Elijah, Elisha, Moses and other Bible characters?

Of the magical power of *Will* we know practically nothing, but it is the very root and mainspring of magic. *Will and believe* was the solution Puysegur gave of his magical cures. Many writers of the sixteenth century were well acquainted with the magical power of *will* and to this was attributed the good or evil influence of blessings and curses. They believed it to be of great effect in curing diseases.

The motto of the ancient magi was: "Know, *Will*, Dare; but keep silence." They carried on their researches in strict secrecy, and observed absolute silence regarding their discoveries. They were strong, silent, masterful men, with powerful wills and

great courage and daring, living much apart from the world amid the solitudes of Nature or in Hermetic cells and cloisters. Their lives were devoted to the solving of great mysteries, the study of Nature's occult forces, communion with the unseen world, contemplation of the sublime and beautiful, observation of the heavens, alchemical research and herbal lore. They were respected and feared by all and none dared oppose their wills. They taught that the astral light is the key of all dominion, the secret of all powers, the universal glass of visions, but they did not reveal the secret of mastering this agent in such a way as to profit by and to direct its currents.

That was where they kept silence. The secret of this direction was undoubtedly possessed by some of them. It is the Great Magic Arcanum, in the knowledge of which all magical science consists.

To know it and dare to make use of it is human omnipotence.

It is by *Imagination* that human beings are able to gain access to the astral light. What are clairvoyance and prevision but pictures in the astral light reflected and impressed on a highly sensitized imagination?

Imagination is the eye of the soul, by which we behold the reflections of the invisible world; it is the mirror of visions and the apparatus of magical life.

It is therefore by means of *Faith, Will and Imagination* that the astral light may be controlled and directed, and herein lies the key to all Magic and all Miracles.

STRANGE STORIES

A JEW AND A PRESENTIMENT

[The subjoined story is told by the well-known Palmist and Occultist, Cheiro, in the American Register of July 2. It is reproduced by kind permission of the author.—Ed.]

AT about the middle of my first season in Boston, writes "Cheiro," I came in contact with a family of Jews who for more than a hundred years had held one of the highest positions of honour in that city.

First the eldest son came to see me, and, among many other things which I told him, was that he would lose his father within a year, and that he would have to take over, although not more than eighteen years of age, the full responsibility of his father's firm.

A few days later his mother came (of course, without giving me any intimation as to who she was). What I told her fitted in with what I had indicated for the son, especially on the point that she would be a widow within a year.

Some days later I received an invitation to dinner at their house and met the head of the family, a hale, hearty-looking man of about fifty-eight who looked less like dying "within a year" than any person I had ever seen.

During dinner I was subjected to a good deal of chaff as to my predictions, but when dinner was over my host and myself retired to his splendid library, and to my astonishment I found that he was the least sceptical member of his family on the subject of my predictions.

As far as his religious views were concerned he was in every sense a Jew of the Jews. To him every ceremony had a deeper meaning than was even guessed at, he told me, by the very priests of his religion themselves. He knew the occult meaning of every act of ceremonial, and the foot-prints of his race in the dust of ages were to him open pages in which Destiny as the servant of the Creator had written her decrees.

He had lived his life so as to bring honour to his religion and respect to the name of Jew. He had won his enemies to become his friends, and his name stood in the business world for all that was straightforward and above reproach.

It was with pity in his voice that he spoke of the shark race of degenerate Jews that had risen up as bastards to usurp the place and name of their fathers, the great Hebrews of the past. To him "the return to Zion" was the return of his race to the true meaning of their own religion—to the rebuilding of that Temple whose stones would be the white marble of great lives—whose service would be the message of the Divine Mind to the Human. And to that Tabernacle "not built by hands" would the Messiah come, and the darkness of the night of persecution would be no more.

Then in his enthusiasm, as the dreams of the past and the visions of the future rose in his brain, he seemed to forget that I was a stranger, and in a half whisper he confided to me the desire of his life—namely that he might see and visit Jerusalem before he died.

"I have put it off year after year," he said, "for engrossed as I am in business it has been hard to give up the helm to another, but your strange prediction to my wife and my son has made a deep impression on me, even more so than they or you have had any idea of.

"Now let me tell you a strange coincidence. Some years ago I dreamt that my life would fulfil its course on the 4th of August, 1894, which is exactly one year from now.

"I had completely forgotten about this until I heard my wife and son joking over your prediction, but to my way of thinking it is another warning for me 'to put my house in order,' which I intend to do at once. My belief is that what is called our 'sub-conscious mind' is *all conscious* of the actions of our life from the cradle to the grave, and that under some circumstances it impresses its knowledge on our conscious brain, and so presentiments and dreams are often given us in advance.

"In the same way when you met my wife and son the intensity of your will placed your brain in communication with their subconscious mind, and so you made the statement you did about my death.

"In any case, although we will joke about the matter before them, yet I am determined to get to see Jerusalem before the 4th of August next year."

* * * * *

The following year I was back in London, when one afternoon my three Boston friends called to see me.

They were *en route* for Jerusalem, "Father's whim that they had to satisfy," they said. After passing a few days in London

they left for the Continent, and the rest of the story is better told in the following letter from young Beyfus than in any words that I might use.

JERUSALEM,
5th August.

MY DEAR CHEIRO,

You know that father got into his head that he had to be in Jerusalem before the 4th of this month as he was firmly convinced that he would die on that date. Well, after leaving you in London, mother and I persuaded him to travel about the Continent for a month, or so, and when we reached Palestine we spent some time in seeing other places of interest before we reached here.

As both mother and myself believed that father's idea of the 4th August was simply some form of auto-suggestion, we easily managed, while travelling in this country, and helped by a few days' illness that father had in Jaffa, to put back the calendar, and so make him believe that we would arrive on the first instead of the 4th in this city.

Our plan was to keep him in ignorance of this change of dates until the 4th was over, and then, of course, we thought all would have been well. We succeeded so splendidly that on our caravan arriving here he said in the greatest of joy, "Well, I have four days to the good yet." Instead of driving to the hotel he preferred to walk, and as Rabbi ——— had met us he commenced to show him the points of interest that surrounded us on every side.

We had almost reached the hotel, and mother and I were congratulating ourselves that all was going on as we had planned, when, as father turned to see something that the Rabbi had called his attention to, he seemed to slip, and falling heavily he struck his head on the curb stone at the very door of the hotel.

With sinking hearts we carried him inside, everything was done that could be done, but he never recovered consciousness, and exactly as the last rays of the setting sun were pouring through the windows he turned over towards the light and passed away.

The strangest thing of all was that a moment before he died his hand took a pencil the doctor had left on the table by the bed, and as the fingers stiffened they wrote the fadic words—

4th August, 1894.

Truly, my dear Friend, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth that have been dreamt of in our philosophy."

I am too broken-hearted to write a longer letter.

Ever your Sincere Friend,

DAVID BEYFUS.

MYSTICISM AND MONASTICISM

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

OUR own age is constructive, progressive: that age which is termed "mediæval" was concerned rather with the appropriation of its intellectual inheritance from the past, from the patristic period and the times of Roman culture and philosophy. Our age looks forward, and asks the many questions it has to ask of Nature herself directly: the Middle Ages looked back, and asked their questions of Augustine and Aristotle; they looked in bygone books and closed their eyes to Nature—her beauty, her truth and her goodness. For these and other reasons the thought and mental outlook of no period in the history of the civilized world is quite so alien to our own as that of the Middle Ages, and it follows, therefore, that for any modern writer of critical acumen to deal with the history of mediæval thought and emotion sympathetically is an exceptionally difficult task. Yet, it must be admitted that it is only by a sympathetic treatment of the subject that anything of value is to be derived therefrom; only thus is it possible to search out and discover "those human qualities which impelled the strivings of mediæval men and women, informed their imaginations, and moved them to love and tears and pity." Subject the superstructure of mediæval thought and emotion to too caustic a criticism from the modern standpoint and it will crumble to pieces before one's eyes. It is the former of these modes of treatment that Mr. H. O. Taylor has very wisely adopted in a recent work* upon the subject in question—a very elaborate piece of work, the result of an undoubtedly wide knowledge of his subject. The book constitutes, perhaps, one of the most informing works on the psychological history of mediæval culture that has been written; and its literary style and sympathetic attitude cannot but commend it to the reader's taste, even if there are times when he is inclined to think that the writer gives his sympathy too free a rein; and although there are some chapters which the average reader may find a trifle dry—as when Mr. Taylor conducts us through the some-

* *The Mediæval Mind: a History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages.* By Henry Osborn Taylor. 2 vols. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. xv. + 613 + viii. + 589. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 21s. net.

what arid wastes of Aquinas's dialectic—the book is well leavened by others—such as that dealing with the sad love-history of Heloise and Abelard—in which, though philosophy be not absent, romance is the leading theme.

Mr. Taylor's work, he explains, deals with "the more informed and constructive spirit of the mediæval time" rather than with "the lower grades of ignorance and superstition abounding in the Middle Ages." Consequently, he is very largely occupied with monastic thought and monastic ideals, for, chivalry excepted, there was very little cultured thought and emotion in these days outside the monastery walls. For the same reason, though Mr. Taylor barely mentions Magic and Witchcraft, he has much to say concerning mystics and Mysticism. And although his definition (or perhaps we should say description) of Mysticism does not bring out the essential rationality of the mystical attitude, and is admittedly limited to a certain phase of Mysticism, it is by no means altogether unsatisfactory.

Like all books that are valuable, Mr. Taylor's *The Mediæval Mind* raises questions in the reader's mind which lie without its immediate scope; and it is on one such question—namely, that of the relation between Mysticism and Monasticism—on which it is proposed to say something in the present place.

Mediæval theology seems to have been obsessed with a radically erroneous idea of evil—a metaphysical as contradistinguished from an ethical theory,—which placed evil in matter and not in the soul that loves only itself. Sensuality is the root of all sin, it declared, and sensuality is sin not because it is selfish but because the pleasures that are gained through the senses are essentially evil. Of course, this idea was not so crudely or so explicitly stated as this by orthodox theologians; but it was there, back of the consciousness of mediæval theology. It was this idea that lay at the root of Monasticism, which declared that the world and the flesh are snares of the devil, and that only in escape therefrom might one hope to attain to eternal blessedness—a view of life in which, perhaps, we may see the inevitable reaction from the sensualism of the days of Rome's decadence. Consequently, mediæval theology looked with disfavour on human love between man and woman, for even if such love (in the genuine meaning of the term) is love between soul and soul—and that this is true, there have always been true lovers to proclaim—yet its natural outcome is that which is termed passion, its consummation in marriage is an act of bodily joy. It is true that Marriage was declared to be a sacrament, but it stood upon a very

different footing to the other sacraments, such as Baptism and the Eucharist. So far from being considered as essential to man's salvation, it was regarded as involving a sort of venial sin, allowed man on account of his frailty; and it was (as it still is by the Latin Church) forbidden those who dedicated their lives to God. Mediæval theology failed to realize that Marriage is a true Sacrament, in all things most holy; and that unchastity (and we use the word not as the mediæval theologian used it as opposed to the state of celibacy, but rather as contradistinguished from the essential chastity of the marriage-state) is evil, not because matter is evil, but rather for a reverse reason, because it is the desecration of the elements of this sacrament.

Indeed, there was a certain tendency in the Middle Ages to look with suspicion on all human love. There were not wanting those who held that that soul that truly loves God has no room in it for human love: St. (!) Elizabeth of Hungary so loved the Lord, we read (and may God forgive the blasphemy), that she sent her children away from her, that she might not be distracted from loving Him alone. Not only had mediæval theology no perception of a human union within a divine, no perception that the soul of man or woman is by itself incomplete, and that it is only by the love-union of a soul with its complement of opposite sex that the *complete* human being is formed capable of entering into the divine union between God and the Church, i.e. regenerated humanity in the complex; but it also failed to realize in a full and complete manner that to love God is to love one's fellow men—that apart from the love of the neighbour there is no true love of God. Instead of the pure love of God as Goodness itself and Truth itself, the mediæval religious mind tended towards a false love of God that was, so to speak, personal and restricted in the bad sense of both these terms. In the Appendix on "The Mystical Interpretation of the Song of Solomon" to his *Christian Mysticism* (1899), Mr. Inge has some excellent remarks which may well be quoted in this connection. He says:—

"The headings to the chapters in the Authorized Version give a sort of authority to 'the 'mystical' interpretation of Solomon's Song, a poem which was no doubt intended by its author to be simply a romance of true love. According to our translators, the Lover of the story is meant for Christ, and the Maiden for the Church. But the tendency of Catholic Mysticism has been to make the individual soul the bride of Christ, and to treat the Song of Solomon as symbolic of 'spiritual nuptials' between Him and the individual 'contemplative.' . . . There is no doubt that the enforced celibacy and virginity of the monks and nuns led them, consciously or unconsciously, to transfer to the human person of Christ

(and to a much slighter extent, to the Virgin Mary) a measure of those feelings which could find no vent in their external lives."

The union of the sexes in Marriage is a holy symbol—symbol of the spiritual union between soul and soul, symbol of the most holy union between Goodness and Truth underlying all things that are of God,—else were not Marriage a sacrament ; but like all symbols (and because of its holiness, more emphatically so) is it liable to abuse, and was subjected to abuse by those who used it in the erroneous manner Mr. Inge indicates. As he further remarks, "The employment of erotic imagery to express the individual relation between Christ and the soul is always dangerous ; but this objection does not apply to the statement that 'the Church is the Bride of Christ.'" Of course, it may be argued that a good many of the erotic effusions of a particular type of so-called mediæval "mystic" (e.g. Mechthild of Magdeburg) are to be understood only spiritually. But as Mr. Taylor writes of this extraordinary personage: "Jesus was a man, Mechthild a woman. Her love not only uses lovers' speech, but actually holds affinity with a maid's love for her betrothed. If it is the soul's love of God, it is also the woman's love of Him who overhung her from the Cross." The attempt to live according to an unnatural system of morality resulted in an unnatural immorality—it is but another example of the workings of the principle of action and reaction. The subject is nauseating, and we would have welcomed harsher words from Mr. Taylor than those in which he has written of it.

Now it is this, this which we would term the evil side of the monastic spirit, that is so frequently mistaken for Mysticism. And yet we venture to assert that to this spirit is the true spirit of Mysticism altogether opposed: the mere fact of the close association of Mysticism and Monasticism during the Middle Ages proves nothing as to any other than an accidental relationship between them ; for all intellectual and moral culture was associated with Monasticism in these days, even chivalry not being exempt from its influence, as we see in the cases of the Templars and Hospitallers. Later, Mysticism emerged from the unhealthy atmosphere of the cloisters into the pure air of God-created Nature, shaking off those monastic accretions which were really contrary to her genuine spirit. The true mystic quests for God, not, as did so frequently the monk, because he fears future torments, but because he is inspired by love—the love of God as Goodness Itself and Truth Itself and the Holy Source of all Existence, not the false "love" of which we have spoken. He may seek

for God within the hidden ground of his own soul, or he may seek for God immanent in Nature's beauties, but if his Mysticism be a right Mysticism, if it be healthy and not deformed, he will engage in both these quests; for in truth they are but one. And the realization of the immanence of God in all things will save him both from sensuality and from asceticism. He will neither disdain nor abuse God's gifts to man of Nature and sense wherewith to taste of her delights; but use them, treating the things of nature at their true worth, as symbols of spiritual verities, of sacramental efficacy in drawing him towards God. The life of the mystic is the life of human love in every genuine meaning of that expression. It is the life of marriage love, because of the mystical significance of marriage; it is also the life of devotion and sacrifice to the welfare of fellow men and women because to perform such sacrifice is the happiness of him who is true mystic, the true lover of Christ, of Him Who is Goodness or Love Itself.

Mysticism frequently appears as a revolt against the established and orthodox, when such has become form without life and love inspiring it from within. But it is not to be expected that Mysticism should have immediately freed itself from the alien shackles of Monasticism and its laudation of the useless life. It is, indeed, no small matter to break utterly away from the spirit of one's age.

We have spoken of the evil aspect of the spirit of Monasticism: it must be understood that we are censuring Monasticism itself rather than those who lived according to its creed. There were bad monks and there were good. There were those of whom it is not for us to speak in praise—it would be presumption to do so. Noble men, loving men—Bernard of Clairvaux, Victor of St. Hugo, Bonaventura—an inventory of their names is hardly needed. They were men of their age, not untouched by the errors of their age—but who is free from all the errors of his age?—and perhaps their sincerity in their errors proves the more strongly the force of their devotion. Such men did love God, truly and with no equivocation; and thus they have a mighty message for us of this twentieth century, so much concerned with frivolities and useless things that matter nothing. We owe no small debt of gratitude to Mr. Taylor for making known to us their message.

LIGHT ON THE PATH

A NOTE

BY MABEL COLLINS

TO those who read and love *Light on the Path** this note is addressed. To the many who have never even heard of that treatise, to those who regard it as impracticable and unintelligible, these words will come also as something unintelligible and will only add further obscurity to the darkness already reigning, so far as they are concerned, in respect to this whole matter. Therefore I ask them not to trouble about it until that day dawns when they will desire to do so, and then this note addressed to the public of the little book will interest them. It is time such a note should be written, for I know that I am spoken of as its author, and it is possible that by some students and readers I am regarded in that light. These students and readers are to be found in all countries; they are of all nationalities. In Russia, Poland, Finland, Australia and America they are to be met with; in France they are as numerous as in England, the land of its birth on this plane. So that in writing now I am addressing an international and cosmopolitan group, many of whom are general students of occult literature, and are not members of the Theosophical Society.

It is many long years since the wonderful stanzas of this brief treatise were given to me, and arduous labours have filled those years, during which the book has been always with me—sometimes as a conscious companion, one that held my hand and held also a torch to light the path, and sometimes as an unseen friend in the darkness that encompassed me. I cannot now picture life without it. And yet there were years of life before it came to me, years in which I had no guide, no star in the heavens.

The expression I have used is no accidental one—it is correct. The stanzas came to me: my effort was not towards them, for I did not know they existed, just as countless multitudes still do not know that they exist. Yet, at a certain moment in the life of the disciple, he is led to them—they are given to him and become part of his life, his star in the heavens.

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At the time when I first became aware of the existence of these stanzas Mr. Finch was the President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and when I had written down the lines I showed them to him. I had not at that time obtained the grasp of their value which appeared to come to him at the first glance. "These must be published," was what he said at once. I said "No," my feeling being that they were very obscure, very difficult to understand, so difficult indeed as to become stumbling blocks in the way to many who might look for help from them.

But Mr. Finch was determined, and overruled my doubts and my great desire to wait until we understood more about these mystic aphorisms. He hurried them into print, and they were immediately published, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. From that moment the life of the book has been independent and assured; it stands alone and cannot by any critic accustomed to occult literature be compared to other volumes in the whole range of such writings, or be classified with them. They are not the work of any brain, human or ethereal; they are not inspirational teachings or the rules laid down by any one Teacher on any plane known to us. They are there in their own place, for those who can go to see them, always, just as the Himalayas and the Riff mountains are there always for those who can go to see them on the earth plane. The journey involved in going to see *Light on the Path* where it stands always for those who can travel, and can read, is an ethereal journey. That is difficult in itself, as it necessitates leaving the body, and leaving it consciously. This is not all, however; it is the simplest part. That which is required of the disciple in order that he shall be able to make that journey and read those stanzas is a great act of self-sacrifice and renunciation, something which frees him from the bondage of jealousy and hatred on the plane of the earth life. He cannot attain this by his own effort; it must come in the development of his nature, in the perfect outcoming of one event from another, as the flower opens its bloom from the sheath which held it.

Human life and its complexities result from this mystic development which allows the spirit of man to appear continually in new forms, and enables it continually to see the world under new aspects. At any moment in this perpetual play of life and change of condition, during which human beings act one upon another to the great end of evolution, the disciple may find himself compelled to hate or to forgive. The drama of develop-

ment has so placed him that he must do the one or the other. If, without any thought of results or of reward and punishments, he chooses the better road, he may find himself in that path where the light is. And then—all so simply that it will not seem to him at the time it happens to be at all wonderful or unusual—he will be taken by the hand and led to the sacred place where the stanzas of *Light on the Path* are written on the wall in jewelled letters more permanent, more certain, more indestructible, than the great mountain ranges of the earth. For they are fixed and fast in the place where spirit touches matter most clearly, on the borderland of the ethereal world where man and nature and God stand revealed and know each other for what they are.

It will be perceived that in no sense can I be regarded as the author of this book. Since the day on which I first saw the jewels flaming on the wall, and then became aware that these jewels were words of priceless wisdom, I have returned countless times to that place and seen them again in their beauty. And when I look upon them there and see the disciples who come to gaze upon them—the spirits of deep students of occultism all over the world—it is strange to think of the little volume which has travelled far and wide with my name upon it.

It was not until many years after I had first seen the stanzas that I became aware that they referred to the great changes in the nature of man which can be completed only at the end of the incarnations when he becomes more than man. I perceived then that the great difficulty in understanding them comes from the natural tendency to apply them to ourselves as we now are, instead of to ourselves as we shall be in ages to come, after countless incarnations have been lived out. They indicate the direction in which we have to go rather than any condition now attainable. In the far future when we have again and again experienced poverty and riches, love and hate, despair and happiness, and have learned the lessons of these states, we shall grasp the full portent of the mystic paradoxes, the seeming contradictions which are contained in these sentences. The disciple recognizes in them the great promise of the future and the study of the mysterious words help to keep him in the right direction. That is the object with which they were brought down into human language; their mission is to cast rays of light far ahead, and thus indicate the Path.

It must be borne in mind that to read the words in human language, however intelligently, and to see them in their own place, flaming like jewels, are two entirely different acts.

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 subjoined letter was inadvertently held over. It seems, however, appropriate to the present issue in connection with Mrs. Besant's article on Reincarnation.—ED.*]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—My letter in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW re "Immediate Reincarnation," has been taken serious exception to, in *Light*, in the following words: "What we have pilloried,—and we think rightly—have been some of the extravagant assumptions put forward as theosophic truths—assumptions which in some cases (such as that referred to in our notes on p. 157) seem to be *invented* for the express purpose of explaining away the phenomena of Spiritualism, and which we cannot think have any support from Theosophists of the more sober-minded type."

May I be permitted to state in your correspondence columns what you already know—that the belief in "Immediate Reincarnation" which I ventured to write about, is a theory held by a clever Italian thinker, a Signorina M., who, I should add, has had considerable personal experience of psychic phenomena. I merely asked, with her permission, if such a theory had been, or was, held by any school of thought in ancient or modern times! Surely, if Spiritualism is founded on the rock of Truth, it has nothing to fear from a theory held by independent thinkers, neither of whom belong to *any* of the Theosophical societies. There would seem to be some strange contradictions in both Spiritualistic and Theosophic teachings. Continental Spiritism, founded by Allan Kardec, teaches reincarnation as a fundamental truth, all their communicating spirit intelligences proclaim it as a law in evolution; whereas the English Spiritualistic Society, both from the Unseen and Seen, repudiate and deny reincarnation. One wonders what proof could be brought forward, as to *which*

of these two branches *possess* the truth and *nothing but* the truth !

The great hidden *Masters* of Knowledge and Wisdom, founders of the Theosophical Society, have taught through Mme Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant of a wondrous summer-land at the North Pole, but Arctic exploration has proven this *assumption* to have no solid ground of foundation ; it may be some of their other teachings are equally mistakes.

The writer did not bring forward the theory of " Immediate Reincarnation " as a proven truth, but merely as a theory containing the possibility of truth ! It may be, when the sixth sense, or soul memory, is more fully developed, the little children of the future will spontaneously give the most valuable testimony and *proof* of the survival and immortality of the individual ego or soul.

Yours truly,
E. L. P.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in the correspondence regarding " Flying Dreams " and wonder if the " Swimming dream " is equally common. I constantly dream I am swimming with the greatest ease and enjoyment, and when I wake have the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that one experiences after bathing. Though part of the year I live near a river, I dislike going on it. I am really rather a coward on the water and cannot swim at all. In my dream I am a splendid swimmer !

Yours faithfully,
C.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE place of honour is given by *The Hibbert Journal* to Sir Oliver Lodge, who writes on the *Christian Idea of God* and puts forward a plea for simplicity. The selection thus made commands our whole concurrence, for though other articles are numerous, and some of them considerable in their importance, this opening paper is so much in the first rank, in respect of its claims, that one is disposed to question whether in the rest there is anything that can count as second. It is full of things admirable in matter, admirable in clearness of expression. It is to be read and not to be summarized; no ordinary quotation, and certainly no short description, could do justice to that which is advanced concerning personality in the Godhead, free will, and modern superstitions regarding the universe. They would not be of less intrinsic importance if they came from another source, yet the great fact of the article is that a writer of this eminence in the path of physical science is not only on the side of God and of Christ but on that of the most popular and elementary conceptions respecting Christ and God. In comparison with this fact, it matters little that the mere plea for simplicity is not the most important part of the paper or whether the reduction of doctrine to its barest formulæ is satisfactory *per se* or not. Another interesting article is Professor Bacon's *Mythical Collapse of Historical Christianity*, with which may be taken the *Pre-Christian Jesus* of the Rev. W. Wooding. The one is written as a defence of the historical aspects and the other reduces them to a vestige. The debate is always with us in these days, and the more we reflect and balance the rival contentions, the less are we disposed to grow weary, because the interest is never exhausted. Yet are there a few of us at least who must confess to a sense of dissatisfaction, for the exponents of the Christ-Idea, apart from that of the human personality, so frequently, and almost invariably, miss the vital points, while the great opportunity which is thus given to the opposite party is missed equally thereby. In other words there are no mystics in either camp. The Rev. S. Udney, who writes in the same issue on Dante and the New Theology, has, however, some intimations which give a strange living value to his thesis. He indicates the limitations of modern commentators on Dante and gives the reason, which

is their "ignorance of the Mystic's consensus." On his own part, he has something to say of a "Christ-consciousness" in man and the revelation of the "universal Christ." He sees therefore that, whatever the last word on the historical aspects may prove, the one thing needful to realize is the Christ made personal in each of us.

The last number of *The Quest* has several titles of excellence, and one turns almost automatically to the article by Mr. Mead on *Spiritual Reality in Progressive Buddhism*. It offers (a) some comparison between the thesis of Bergson that Reality must be sought in "perpetually becoming" and the definition of Nirvana, by a modern Eastern thinker, as also an ever becoming; (b) an appreciation of this conception in contradistinction to the Western idea that the state in question is either one of extinction or changeless rest; (c) a conclusion that Buddhism at its best teaches the attainment of Reality, which is found in the world of becoming. The present issue is, however, more especially remarkable for its long report of a discussion, at a general meeting of the Quest Society, on the question whether a great religion can "admit the spiritual equality with itself of the other great religions." Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedanism were represented by exponents of each. There was much able speaking, and the reports have a ring of sincerity, but the feeling brought away from their perusal is that the real question—or the life of it—was almost throughout evaded, and, where it was not, that the leaning was towards the negative. The Christian did not think that it was his business, and he left it to God. The Mohammedan quoted the Koran, which says that God tries man in that which He allots to each; but when we return to Him, He will give us a canon of criticism on the subject of our disagreements. It was all curiously interesting, and it was recognized throughout that there are many paths to the Divine; but the question itself remains—as we should expect—much about where it was.

The Open Court has a very long article on the Hebrew theosophical tradition known as the Kabalah. It seems to derive from several modern authorities rather than from firsthand research; but in this manner it may be held to represent critical feeling during recent years on a variety of points, some of which are important. The remarks on Christian aspects of the Kabalah are just in their way, but they overlook the real reason why the literature came in the end to be neglected by Christian students. It was not so much the intervention, as suggested, of other and

more practical interests, but the fact that the great supposititious instrument for the conversion of Jewry *en masse* proved to be of no substantial value.

The Metaphysical Magazine, which has several serious contributions, discusses in one of them that is briefer the question of the *Continuity of Life*. The thesis is on the necessity of reincarnation, and the speculative question is dealt with in a temperate manner, the absence of the doctrine being regarded as a great loss for the Christian Church. A true note is struck when it is suggested that the many Saviours of the world are still our elder brothers and that we can trust in their continued love and compassion, as we struggle on our own part in the ascending scale of being. Our contributor, Mr. H. S. Redgrove, has an interesting letter on the intellectual conception of space. He regards space and time as forms of consciousness which impose many limitations and suggests that God is infinite in the reverse that He transcends these.

By the evidence of our contemporary *Le Voile d'Isis*, it appears that French occultism is divided on the question whether certain entities denominated collectively *les Égrégores*—presumably, Watchers—should be classed as good or evil. According to the *Book of Enoch*, they are those Sons of God who espoused daughters of men, and so became evil spirits. But certain French theorists have settled to their own satisfaction that the creatures are not only good but act as angel guardians. The age, however, is restless, and M. Ernest Bosc—who is a light of knowledge—has attained another certitude. For him the *Égrégores* are artificial entities created by man—not after the manner of Paracelsus in respect of *homunculi*, but apart from design and consciousness. Every act of speech produces minute ephemeral beings in the likeness of our thoughts. If these are frivolous and idle the simulacra vanish in a breath; but it is otherwise with serious speech and thought rooted in faith. The beings begotten therefrom have great vitality, are gregarious in disposition and may be taken under the rule of some powerful spirit, when such battalions of the unseen can become aids to humanity. The products of idle thoughts may also acquire a longer span of existence as *larvae*, at the expense of him who is their author. When the orator grows weary it may not be owing to the obvious and natural cause, but because he is vampirized by his own *Egrégores*. M. Bosc is no maker of hypotheses; he has seen these dubious creatures, and especially in the district of Lyons. For our part, we are on the side of Éliphas Lévi,

who preferred the "sacred and beautiful kingdom of the sky," and the pantheon of official Christianity, to the "ghosts of Cabagnet and the wandering *larvae* of Allan Kardec." But this is how occultism evolves in the most *spirituelle* city of the cosmos.

La Revue Théosophique Belge is original after another manner and has discovered that Giordano Bruno was not only one of its precursors but (a) an adept of occult science; (b) an initiate of the Rose-Cross; (c) a student of alchemy in London; where (d) he was in close relations with a group of philosophers, at the head of whom stood John Dee, having Francis Bacon numbered among his disciples. It is probable that at the period in question Dr. Dee, who was never at the head of any movement, and was absent from England, which absence extended over six years.

Dr. C. J. Whitby, whose *Makers of Man* attracted some attention recently, though he is better known to readers of THE OCCULT REVIEW by his excellent work on Plotinus, has a long article on Hegel in the last issue of *The Theosophist* which has reached us from India. He has already suggested that Hegel, in his doctrine of logic, was an arch-revolutionist, and knew himself indeed as such. Now he presents the philosopher in the further light of a bureaucrat, while so far from regarding his system as one of absolute idealism, he suggests that it is "absolute philistinism" and the philosophy of the middle-class man. The criticism is more interesting—on account of its novelty—than convincing, and the middle-class man, taking up Hegel, is likely to be more surprised than any one.

It is only from time to time that our valued contemporary *The Expository Times* includes among its contents an article which appeals especially to our own interests. There is one in its last issue on *The Twelve Stones in the Apocalypse*, and the writer, Miss E. F. Jourdain, should consult the Transactions of the Philadelphian Society, which appeared at the end of the seventeenth century. She will see how the discrepancies in Exodus, Ezekiel and Daniel are treated from a mystical standpoint, and how another symbolism of the whole subject is formulated.

REVIEWS

THE TWO RELIGIONS OF ISRAEL: with a Re-examination of the Prophetic Narratives and Utterances. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., etc. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

It is gratifying to Dr. Cheyne's many friends and admirers that the infirmity which led him to resign his Professorship prematurely has not interfered with the quality or quantity of his literary output. The new volume shows no falling off in any respect as compared with its predecessors.

Like those predecessors it contains a great deal of mysterious information, of which the source is unfortunately obscure. Our knowledge of history depends on the statements of chroniclers, who are sometimes trustworthy, at others untrustworthy; when they are the latter, we can gain from them nothing but a negative result. Prof. Cheyne endeavours to discredit much of the information which the Old Testament contains, and to substitute very different information for it; it is conceivable that he may have been successful in the former endeavour, but it would be presumptuous to assert the same of the latter, since, where nothing is known, there are no canons of probability to guide us.

One or two examples of the process may be given. Elijah is called in the Old Testament the Tishbite, "of Tishbe in Gilead." The name Tishbe or Thisbe is otherwise known both in Palestine and elsewhere; since it was found in Homer's time in Bœotia, it is probably Phœnician. "It is not likely," says Prof. Cheyne, "that such a personage as Elijah should have been connected by the legend with a place so little known elsewhere and bearing so incomprehensible [?] a name"; hence for Tishbite we are to substitute "Shimeathite," a half-way house on the road to Jerahmeel, whither in Prof. Cheyne's reasoning all roads lead. It is conceivable that Prof. Cheyne may be thought to have discredited the statement of the Kings that Elijah came from Tishbe, though he does not appear to have done so; but if Elijah was not of Tishbe it appears useless to guess whence he did come, since the possibilities are endless.

Another case is that of Isaiah's son Shear-Yashub. The text of Isaiah tells us that the prophet had a son of that name, which means "a remnant shall return." Prof. Cheyne thinks it unlikely that Isaiah would have called his son by such a name, and therefore re-christens him "Asshur-Ishmael." Here again we must apply the same canon as before. "Shear-Yashub" may or may not be a fiction; Asshur-Ishmael is quite certainly one. We may abandon history which is found out to be badly attested; but we cannot substitute for it history which is not attested at all.

These examples appear to be characteristic of Prof. Cheyne's Biblical criticism, and, as was said above, even if the negative results could be accepted, it is not obvious how the positive results could be; it would be different if Prof. Cheyne claimed to have had them communicated to him by a "control," though even then some tests would have to be applied. In regions less thoroughly searched than the Old Testament it is sometimes

possible to compare the authoritative explanations of difficult passages with the conjectures of scholars, when the former are discovered after the latter have been published ; in most cases the conjectures are shown to be absolutely wide of the mark. Still if additions can really be made to our knowledge by conjecture, and Prof. Cheyne has mastered the process, the world has reason to be grateful to him ; for he has now re-written a large portion of the Old Testament in the interests of Ishmael and Jerahmeel.

D. S. MARGOLIOUTH.

THE LIFE OF THE LEARNED AND PIOUS DR. HENRY MORE. By Richard Ward, A.M. Edited with Introduction and Notes by M. F. Howard. Cr. 8vo., pp. xii. + 310 + 3 plates. London : The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street. Price 5s. net.

It is a curious fact, and one which is not favourable as indicative of the quality of modern mysticism (or what is so termed), that, notwithstanding the modern revival of interest in mystics and mysticism, so little is heard of that seventeenth-century school of mystical divines known as the Cambridge Platonists. But that there is not entirely wanting, nowadays, some interest in their lives and teachings, is evidenced by this excellent reissue of Ward's *Life of Dr. Henry More*, first published in 1710 ; and if the book serves to arouse a wider interest in what is one of the noblest schools of idealistic philosophy that England has produced, it will have accomplished a most useful purpose.

The editor provides a long and useful introduction, which is critical but by no means inappreciative in tone, and which here and there shows the influence of modern "theosophy." Ward's book itself, like other works of its period, is discursive in style. Certain digressions and unessential quotations have been omitted in the present edition, which contains three particularly excellent illustrations, including Loggan's portrait of More. The work is rather a character-sketch of More, freely illustrated by quotations from his works, than an account of his life ; but, indeed, of outward incident there is hardly anything to tell, More's life being that of the scholar whose ways lie apart from those of the world. A second part was written dealing with More's works, but it has never been printed.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is a collection of extracts from More's own works. More was certainly not without his failings : Mr. Howard is probably correct when he writes, "His aloofness from the everyday world accounts for many of his failures in authorship. His abundant leisure led him to write too much . . . too widely, and sometimes enigmatically and carelessly " ; and a certain credulity as to ghost-stories has also to be mentioned. To all More's views we should hardly like to give assent. But this at least is true ; that More was a true mystic, a man rightly denominated both learned and pious ; and it is difficult to conceive of any one reading his two exquisite poems, "Resolution" and "Charitie and Humilitie," without wishing for further acquaintance with his works.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. By Rudolf Steiner. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. 1911. Price 1s.

A MOST valuable and fascinating little book. The occult conception of education is here clearly set forth in a fashion—lucid and masterly—which does not admit of misapprehension. The chief point about education is to do the right thing at the right time, a matter which Dr. Steiner seems to have a genius for expounding. This will appeal to scientific rational circles no less than to students of the occult, which is invariably the case with the true tenets of occultism when properly expounded. Many are the subtle elements involved in education of which the average parent is in total ignorance, and it is to be hoped that *The Education of Children* will do much towards emphasizing their importance. Unless a child is given the full benefits of education it cannot do justice to itself in life. There are many aspects of education, such as Dr. Steiner has delineated in this little book, which are not yet recognized by physical science, but which, nevertheless, are of the utmost importance to the child. It is the duty of all who are responsible for the education of children to read this book. Perchance it may be the means of introducing them to that glorious life which transcends the physical as the ocean transcends the river, so that they may become active links in the salvation of the world by raising the ideals of mankind until at last it collectively realizes the Four Powers of the Sphinx; to know, to dare, to will, and to keep silence.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION. By Eustace Miles. London: Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 1911. Price 3s. 6d. net.

To borrow from both Napoleon and a remark Mr. Miles has made in *The Power of Concentration*, I should say he is certainly approximating to what he preaches, namely, an ideal shopkeeper in a nation of shopkeepers. Mr. Miles' ideas on the subject of concentration are at times greatly at variance with the accepted meaning. He remarks that "concentration is not necessarily an effort." The word means to con-centre or focus consciousness to a point. Now this particular state, even after half a life-time's practice, is never induced without effort. It is a Herculean effort at any time to think of one thing only for five minutes and to pour all one's mental strength onto that one thing. And this is precisely what concentration implies. In most cases the thought-breaks that fit in and out of the brain are so numerous and subtle that the average person will not notice them at all, and will be inclined to think that he is practising ideal concentration. Not so, however. If Mr. Eustace Miles had carefully studied the numerous systems of the East (which knows far more about concentration than the West), he would realize that what he is writing about is mental application and not concentration. But, none the less, *The Power of Concentration* contains many helpful pages. Mr. Miles' general outlook on life is sane and practical, and he certainly has contributed valuable information on the dietary question.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE. By Annie Besant. Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. 6d. net.

GIVEN a quantity of letterpress equal to the average sixpenny edition of a novel, together with an additional quantity of coloured plates, one naturally wonders "how it can be done" for the nominal price of sixpence. It may be taken, however, as some indication of the intense earnestness and conviction underlying the Theosophical message. In this wonderfully succinct exposition of the Theosophical answer to the riddle of life, Mrs. Annie Besant, the world-famous exponent of Theosophy, contrives to give in twelve chapters (reprinted from *The Theosophist*) an account of the constitution and evolution of man and his bodies, and of the universe of which he forms a part. Four full-page reproductions of the astral body in various stages of development and emotion as it appears to clairvoyant vision, embellish the work, whilst the type and paper leave nothing to be desired. We really know of no more suitable book to put into the hands of the inquirer, or to arrest the attention of those who may hitherto have remained unacquainted with Theosophical ideas. May it attain the widespread circulation it certainly deserves!

H. J. S.

THE SOUL OF THE MOOR. By Stratford D. Jolly. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 2s. net.

IN many ways a fascinating book. Owing to inexplicable Karmic entanglements a certain Moor falls in love with the wife of an Englishman. He abducts her and so causes much suffering and anxiety to both husband and wife. Finally, the Englishman, aided by friends, wrests his wife from the Moor's power by sheer mental and spiritual effort. He pits the whole strength of his will against the Moor, and wins. The Moor gradually dies through lack of vital power plus intense disappointment. Before he dies he grows to love the Englishman and gives him certain mysterious directions to be fulfilled after his death, and which will ultimately result in restoring to the Englishman's wife her reason, which she had lost, or rather which had been deadened since her abduction by the Moor. Then follows a chain of circumstances which will make the reader wonder whether instead of reading a novel written in the twentieth century he is not really listening to tales of enchantment in some dusky Aiden, far from civilization as we know it, when the world was yet young—a time of strange happenings and stranger men. Suffice it here to remark that he who is known as the Moor gives his very soul to atone for the wrong he had unwittingly committed in the past. "Greater love hath no man than this—to lay down his life for his friend."

MEREDITH STARR.

AN EXCHANGE OF SOULS. By Barry Pain. London: Eveleigh Nash. Price 2s. net.

THE interest of this story centres round Daniel Myas, a doctor with an unusual and original personality. He is engaged on scientific experiments concerned with the demonstration of the ego. He meets a girl, Miss Lade, whom he selects to be a partner in an experiment which, had it been successful, would have astounded the world. The idea was to exchange personalities completely; that is, each should inhabit the body

of the other. But something goes wrong at the critical moment, and the result of the experiment is that the soul of the girl, Miss Lade, vanishes he knows not where, while he finds himself in her body gazing at his own dead body huddled up on the floor. He is overcome with the horror of what he has done. He is possessed of a curious double personality at first, but as the days pass the body of Miss Lade assumes all the personal characteristics of Daniel Myas. The story is cleverly told by a friend of Myas and has a peculiar ending. The theme is an intensely interesting one and is treated, as far as possible, scientifically. All interested in psychology will delight in studying the abnormal phases of consciousness which this daring experiment gives rise to.

MEREDITH STARR.

PSYCHOLOGY. By Annie Besant. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. 1911. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a collection of various addresses delivered by Mrs. Besant in various places. Some chapters constitute contributions to certain periodicals. It is written in Mrs. Besant's usual delightfully lucid style and comprises many matters of both public and private interest. The address on Individuality contains many illuminating remarks on the pronounced selfishness of the age. Mrs. Besant says what she means, and hits straight from the shoulder. Many of the individuals who call themselves men would do well to cultivate both her fearlessness and her strength of character. She tells us in *Psychology* that few of us ever really *think* at all. Our minds are more like rubbish-heaps than centres of ordered thought. Let all those who wish to improve themselves in this respect read, mark and apply the principles contained in *Psychology*. The divine spark is latent in all. In most it is scarcely conscious at all. In a few it has expanded into a glorious light. These few—of whom Mrs. Besant is one—are the teachers of the multitude. All who earnestly apply themselves can attain to that kingdom of happiness and peace which is within; the trouble, of course, being to show people the necessity of applying themselves. As long as man thinks himself an animal, he will be content with an animal's estate. However, even a careless perusal of *Psychology* will convince the reader of average intelligence that he is *not* an animal, but a dreaming God.

MEREDITH STARR.

BELL AND WING. By Frederick Fanning Ayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; The Knickerbocker Press. Price 10s. 6d. net.

As this book of verse, without the index, numbers 1,261 pages, it must be conceded that Mr. Ayer is a daring man. The most striking characteristic of the volume, after its size, is its reminiscence of the mannerisms of Robert Browning. The author is full of awkward and ungainly expressions which remind us of Browning at his worst. He also has little music but, on the other hand, he has an alert and bold intelligence and a way of probing to the heart of a matter which make many of these verses worth reading. Some of his pictures of love are delightfully fresh and he has a true enjoyment of natural scenes, while to keen insight he adds a spirit of genuine aspiration and power; so that, on the whole, we would caution

the hesitating reader not to be too much frightened by the portentous weight of the book.

B. P. O'N.

SPACE AND SPIRIT. By R. A. Kennedy. London: Charles Knight & Co., Ltd., 227, Tooley Street. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THIS is a second edition of the book published last year and reviewed in this magazine, March, 1910. It is a kind of running commentary on Sir Oliver Lodge's *Life and Matter*, and for the most part is in accord with the views therein expressed, though dissenting here and there on points of metaphysics. Mr. Kennedy thinks conscientiously, and writes clearly; but his divergences from the lines of the work criticised—even if those divergences are logically sustainable, which may be doubted—do not seem to be of much practical importance. In these pragmatic days, that which "makes no difference" is regarded as *nil*. Pure metaphysics is therefore becoming, as Karl Pearson says, a pseudo-science. The study of a lot of particulars will make us wiser than the excogitation of the most impressive abstractions.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY. By Claudes Bragdon. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press.

THE only book of its kind I have ever seen. It presents the esoteric aspect of architecture in a way that can only be described as masterly. Without going into abstruse mathematical calculations it nevertheless gives one a very clear bird's-eye view of what may be termed the geometry of architecture. Primarily the whole of that noble art is divided into masculine and feminine elements. Every curve and convolution is feminine, every line and perpendicular masculine. This is symbolized by the Egyptian and Doric modes of architecture respectively. Architecture—Ruskin's "Frozen Music"—can also be translated in terms of music; that is a piece of architecture should by its very form suggest its analogy in music. Architecture is music in space, music made visible so as to be touched and felt. *The Beautiful Necessity* is an exceedingly remarkable book and should do a great deal towards ennobling the science and art of architecture.

MEREDITH STARR.

MAGIE PRATIQUE. Par Jules Lermina. Paris: Henri Durville fils, 30 Boulevard de Strasbourg.

A BOOK on practical magic would prove attractive to the average student of Occultism, and therein is the fascination of the title of this work, which, when carefully read, resolves itself into a *résumé* of occult philosophy, with some account of the spiritistic phenomena and of the Theosophical, Rosicrucian and allied movements in recent times. In no sense can it be called "Practical Magic." The work is divided into two sections: I. The Supernatural; II. The Living and the Dead. The first section deals with the advanced positions of modern scientific thought and certain spirit phenomena with which everybody is familiar owing to the fearless integrity displayed many years ago by Sir William Crookes. The second section treats of the First Principle, the constitution of man,

elementals and elementaries, the Hebraic and Hindu concepts of man and the universe, the Buddhistic view-point, occult science, Theosophy, moral philosophy, the basic unity of Matter and the universality of Life. It is all interesting and offers some new reflections upon old subjects, but it is not practical magic, and while the subject-matter is well treated the title of the book is certainly badly chosen.

SCRUTATOR.

CHRISTHOOD AND ADEPTSHIP. By F. E. Gariner and Dr. Swinburne Clymer. Allentown, Pa., U.S.A.: The Philosophical Publishing Co. 1910.

ON careful consideration one feels inclined to say of this book that what is true in it is not new, and what is new not true. It seems to be the presentment of a doctrine evoked by reaction against certain tenets of "New Thought" and "Christian Science." Thus the authors insist that Mind is not the ultimate reality and so far are in agreement with most representatives of occult lore. But in calling the highest principle "Soul," and in assigning to soul a purely passive rôle during earth-life as a sort of spiritual storehouse or sensorium for the reception of the products of mental activity, they are surely wide of the mark. There is the usual slurring of the problem of evil and of the tragic aspects of existence. Thus we are told that the power of love is boundless: it would be equally true to say that love is the most helpless of all things, a naked child lost in a wilderness infested by ravening beasts of prey. It is perhaps better to err on the side of optimism: hence the book may prove helpful to some discouraged and groping wanderers from the orthodox fold.

C. J. WHITBY.

BIBLIOTHECA ASTROLOGICA. By F. Leigh Gardner. London: 14, Marlborough Road, Gunnersbury, W.

FOLLOWING the production of a bibliography of Rosicrucianism, now quite out of print and obtainable only at a premium, Mr. Gardner has given us an admirable volume dealing solely with the literature of Astrology. Judging by the extent of the catalogue—there are over 1,300 descriptions of separate works—it seems quite futile to regard the predictive art as in any sense obsolete or moribund. Along with the works of Claudius Ptolemy written in the second century and those of Proclus in the fifth century, I find the modern works of contributors to the same teachings. I may even go back to the time of Julius Caesar and cite from this catalogue the Five Books of Manilius, and the work of Aratus from which St. Paul was heard to quote in his oration on Mars Hill. Thus without intermission the subject of astrology has found exponents from times pre-Christian until the present day. In review of the intellectual status of those whose works are included I find nothing suggestive in the least degree of vagrancy or itinerant fortune-telling, so frequently associated in ignorant minds with this ancient and noble science. On the other hand we have fine intellects of such as Albumazar, Kepler, Tycho, Cyprian Leowitz, Paracelsus, Julius Firmicus, Bonatus, M. Palingenius, Cardan, Lord Napier, J. B. Morin, Dr. John Butler, S. Arnold Mackey, Sir Christopher Heydon, Fr. Giuntini, Dr. Richard Garnett and a host of others, all advocating the study of astrology and, in fact, teaching its principles in volume after volume.

Now this work by Mr. Gardner is exceedingly valuable not only because of its inclusiveness but also and mainly on account of its authoritative accuracy, most of the extensive catalogue having been in the personal possession of the compiler, who is thus in a position to give literal quotation of the title pages. Mr. Gardner has further enhanced the work by biographical, literary and critical notes upon the several volumes, and though he is not always without fault in his ascription of authorship where pseudonyms are used, yet such slips are venial and excusable in a work of this nature and extent.

A History of Astrology of considerable interest is written by way of introduction by Dr. Wynn Westcott, whose recondite works, although not purely astrological, are by compliment included in this Bibliotheca.

In his preface Mr. Gardner refers to the influences of Neptune and Uranus to be found in some modern works on astrology, stating as his opinion that their periods are too long to have been included in any modern experience and any interpretation of their effects must therefore be fanciful. But Mr. Gardner has left out of sight the fact of possible retrogressive calculation, and consequently of a review of the influences of these planets through many complete revolutions. This, in fact, is the basis of the modern empiricism. But we are concerned only with Mr. Gardner's work and not his opinions, and nothing but praise can be given to such painstaking labour as is here represented and which will meet with much appreciation among a large and increasing body of students, the book outliving, in all probability, many of the works mentioned in its pages.

THE SCRUTATOR.

SOUL SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Dr. Swinburne Clymer. Allentown, Pa., U.S.A.: The Philosophical Publishing Co.

THIS is an "authorized text-book of the Church of Illumination." It embodies a good many theosophical doctrines (e.g., those of Karma and Re-incarnation) in a theological terminology which may render them attractive to many who would otherwise regard them with mistrust. So far, well; the pity is that the terms used lack definition, and that the claim implied by the title ("*Soul Science*") is hardly justified by the nature of the contents. Needless to say that blessed word "vibration" is greatly in evidence: all self-respecting mystics and occultists should really take a vow to abstain from the use of this word for at least ten years. To call an unknown and unmeasured force a "vibration" adds nothing to our knowledge; it is one of those mystical explanations which, so far from being really profound, "have not got the length of being superficial." As a sign of the times, this book is however by no means devoid of significance. It is one token more of the world-wide sense of imminent change and transition, of the determination to re-interpret the letter in terms of the spirit. Thus the "second coming" is here anticipated not as a personal visitation but as the "Advent of the Christ Principle," that is, as a step upward on the great ladder by which we climb from the valley of illusion to the realms of truth and power.

C. J. WHITBY.