

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

IT is the fashion nowadays to label everything with the epithet "new"; but we frequently observe that the new article bears a curiously striking resemblance to the old, the main difference being in the qualifying adjective. Thus we have a weekly journal bearing the title of *The New Age*, but when we come to consider its contents, we notice that the shortcomings of the Old Age are only too liable to be reproduced in its pages. Thus, whereas we have the authority of Rudyard Kipling for the fact that Homer

THE NEW JOURNAL-ISM. was a plagiarist,* contributors to *The New Age* appear to be by no means free from this time-honoured, if venial delinquency. I question, however, if Homer was guilty of anything quite

so brazen as the performance of a certain Mr. C. M. Grieve, who takes credit for an article entitled "The Young Astrology" in the issue of *The New Age* for July 20. Or are we to assume that the numerous similarities between this article and a well-known essay on the subject of Astrology by the late Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., Keeper of the Books at the British

* I allude, of course, to the verses commencing "When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre."

Museum, are pure coincidences? I can only say that if this is the case the long arm of coincidence is very much longer than any one on this earth planet has ever hitherto suspected.

The subject of Dr. Richard Garnett's article, which originally appeared in the *University Magazine*, is the bearing of the astrological hypothesis on the much-vexed question of the pre-existence of the Spirit. It appears that a discussion had taken place in which the merits of Traducianism and Metempsychosis were respectively defended by two contributors signing themselves "A. B." and "J. P. B." Traducianism, I may mention for the benefit of most of my readers, who probably will not be familiar with the term, is the theory that the Spirit comes into existence along with the body, and is generated by the same physical act. Metempsychosis, which involves the reverse of this theory, it is obviously unnecessary for me to define further. I might, however, refer to the fact that, whereas the expression "Reincarnation" has come to be understood as referring solely to the passage of the *human* Spirit from one human body to another, Metempsychosis has taken, perhaps accidentally, the wider meaning of the passage of *any* living Spirit from one body to another, whether human or animal. Dr. Richard Garnett argues that if Metempsychosis is true, and the Spirit reincarnates

METEM-
PSYCHOSIS
AND
TRADU-
CIANISM.

in a body from without, there is no valid reason why the Ego "should assume the character of those who have provided it with a temporary dwelling-place any more than why a lodger at Brighton should take after his landlady." I notice that this rather audacious statement is omitted from the boiled-down reproduction of Dr. Garnett's article which appears in *The New Age*. The learned Doctor proceeds to add that while there is, in his opinion, this drawback to the theory of Metempsychosis, Traducianism, on the other hand, fails to offer any adequate explanation of the frequent dissimilarity between parents and their children and the mutual divergence in character and appearance between children in the same family. He proceeds to justify this dissimilarity by reference to astrological evidence. While, however, there can be no doubt on the part of those who have studied the question that the difference between children of the same parents is largely accounted for by the astrological hypothesis, it must be borne in mind that astrological evidence affects the matter in another way; viz., by showing that Astrology itself frequently works on hereditary lines, and that salient positions in the horoscopes of parents

are liable to be reproduced in the natal figures of their offspring. Not only is this the case, but there are striking repetitions observable on occasion from the horoscopical figures of grandparents to those of their grandchildren, and in the case of uncles and aunts to those of their nephews and nieces. Those who wish for further information on this most important scientific subject should refer to the work of Monsieur Paul Flambart entitled *Etude Nouvelle sur l'Hérédité*, published by the Bibliothèque Chacornac, Quai S. Michel, Paris, which gives numerous illustrations of horoscopes

HEREDITY in the same family, these being very frequently
AND taken from persons of celebrity and position, in
ASTROLOGY. support of his theory. Considering the difficulty
that must arise in the reproduction of such positions
after a long period of years, the repetitions of planetary positions
instanced by the learned French writer are not a little remarkable.
Obviously the astrological tendency, if chance were alone at
work in the matter of times of birth, would be most strongly
in favour of the differentiation between parents and children
and between one child and another. We may, then, look upon
the influence of the stars, if we accept the astrological hypothesis,
as the dominant agent in favour of this differentiation, without,
however, feeling ourselves compelled, like the late Keeper of
the Books at the British Museum, to regard Astrology as an
argument in favour of Traducianism.

I confess that, to me, this latter theory, that the human Ego originates with its parents as regards the life-principle as well as the body, appears of all theories that I have ever heard advanced, the most incredible and the most preposterous. There is, however, no doubt that it is largely held, and has been most extensively accepted for thousands of years. I should judge that it would find a much less ready acceptance if the weight of long tradition and the belief of ages had not been so strongly in its favour. We are used to the idea of accepting or quietly acquiescing in this theory from childhood upwards. Hence, when we reach a period of adolescence at which reason would revolt against so grotesque an hypothesis, our minds are too greatly biased to allow full play to the natural dictates of our judgment. I think, however, that if anything could justify human beings in the exalted notions which they so often appear to hold with regard to their own position in the universe, it would be the assumption that they are able to bring into existence of their own volition (or alternatively to refuse to do so) beings capable, when once reproduced, of enjoying a consciousness

which may be perpetuated to all eternity.* Surely this is the prerogative of gods rather than of men.

I cannot leave this subject of "The Young Astrology" as introduced to its readers by *The New Age*, without making some parallel quotations from this so-called article of Mr. C. M.

A GRIEVOUS
PERFORM-
ANCE. Grieve and Dr. Garnett's essay which, partial though they must be, will show to what extent the *soi-disant* author of the article in question has walked in the steps of his noted predecessor. It might have been hoped that the commencement of the article would at least have been his own. But even this is not the case. Here I give, side by side, the first sixteen lines of Mr. Grieve's article as it appears in *The New Age*, and a verbatim quotation from "The Soul and the Stars" as Dr. Garnett named his essay in *The University Magazine*. The quotations from Dr. Garnett's article appear on the right, Mr. Grieve's version on the left.

Day and night the seasons, the tides, the simplest phenomena earth offers would be unintelligible were no account taken of her heavenly companions. It is contrary to all analogy that their influence should stop there, and science, after a long aberration, now betrays a growing tendency to recognize it, alike where it was once admitted and where it has been unsuspected hitherto.

The magnetic storms which silently rage through the earth synchronize with corresponding phenomena in the sun; the rays of a particular planet exert a more powerful chemical influence than the rest; earthquakes occur most frequently when certain planets arrive at certain points in the zodiac; the relation of solar spots to commercial depression sends us to the sun for forecasts of the money market; and so on.

Day and night, the seasons, the tides, would be unintelligible were no account taken of her [the Earth's] heavenly companions. It is contrary to all analogy that their influence should stop there; and science, after a long aberration, now betrays a growing tendency to recognize it alike where it was once admitted and where it has hitherto been unsuspected. In this spirit one eminent physicist bids us notice that the magnetic storms which silently rage through the earth synchronize with corresponding phenomena in the sun; another author shows that the rays of a particular planet exert a more powerful chemical action than the rest; a third points out that earthquakes most frequently occur when certain planets arrive at certain points in the zodiac; while a fourth, connecting the solar spots with famine and consequently with commercial stringency and financial disaster, sends us to the Sun for forecasts of the money market.

I leave my readers to form their own opinion as to whether

* Presumably, however, the materialistic hypothesis is a necessary corollary of Traducianism.

the above is susceptible of explanation on the theory of coincidence. I will not, however, rest here, but will give two further quotations in parallel column, to show what little scruple the supposed author of "The Young Astrology" has in borrowing wholesale and word for word from Dr. Garnett's original essay.

The physical conditions of conception are substantially the same, but the face of the heavens alters from hour to hour. We add as a corollary from these views that a stupendous reincarnation is actually in progress on a much grander scale than, and in a very different manner from, metempsychosis.

It will be understood that we do not advance these opinions on the ground of their inherent reasonableness, though much might be said for them from that point of view. In these days of exact research, *à priori* arguments, like soldiers' swords and bayonets, are very pretty and not altogether useless things, but hard facts are bullets and shells that decide the battle. Our reasoning is therefore wholly empirical.

Having asserted that the moral and intellectual character is profoundly affected by the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of birth, we produce a number of instances in support of the proposition and leave it to the reader's decision whether they do or do not establish a *primâ facie* case. Beyond a *primâ facie* case we do not profess to go; we admit that counter-evidence may exist, and only request that it may be produced and not taken for granted.

It is the more necessary to insist on the strictly empirical character of astrology, inasmuch as it is generally regarded as an occult science.

The physical conditions of conception are substantially the same, but the face of the heavens alters from hour to hour. We add as a corollary from these views that a stupendous reincarnation is actually going on, on a much grander scale than, and in a very different manner from, that asserted by J. P. B. It will be understood that we do not advance these opinions on the ground of their inherent reasonableness, though much might be said for them from that point of view. We cannot, for we have admitted that J. P. B.'s doctrine of Metempsychosis is *à priori* reasonable enough, and have rejected it summarily on discovering that there was nothing else to be said for it. In these days of exact research, *à priori* arguments, like soldiers' swords and bayonets, are very pretty, and not altogether useless things, but hard facts are the bullets and shells that decide the battle. Our reasoning is therefore wholly empirical. Having asserted that the moral and intellectual character is profoundly affected by the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of birth, we produce a number of instances in support of the proposition, and leave it to the reader's decision whether they do or do not establish a *primâ facie* case. Beyond the *primâ facie* case we do not profess to go; we admit that counter-evidence may exist, and only request that it may be produced and not merely taken for granted.

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Not only does Mr. Grieve quote word for word from an unacknowledged original, but in justifying his arguments he cannot even find instances of his own, but goes direct to the astrological indications given by Dr. Garnett. "We begin by instancing," he says—in fact they both say this, and say it word for word—

THE
PLANETS
CAUSE
INSANITY.

"We begin by instancing nine sovereign princes notoriously insane or deficient in intellect, upon whose birthdays Mercury, the Moon, or both, will be found to have been affected by the conjunctions, quartiles, or oppositions of Saturn, Mars, or Uranus." The list of sovereigns follows and of course it is the same in both articles. I give it here as matter of astrological interest.

Paul, Emperor of Russia ; George III, King of England ; Gustavus IV, King of Sweden ; Ferdinand II, Emperor of Austria ; Maria, Queen of Portugal ; Charlotte, Empress of Mexico ; Charles II, King of Spain ; Murad V, Sultan of Turkey ; and Constantine of Russia (abdicated in favour of his brother).

It would be futile to carry this criticism further. I understand that the alleged author of the article was not paid for his contribution to *The New Age*. I can only suggest that he should send in a little account for the scissors and the paste. I will conclude by making a quotation from Dr. Garnett's original which, it seems to me, it is a pity, while he was about it, that Mr. Grieve did not think it well to copy. It will show readers of the OCCULT REVIEW the opinion held by one who occupied an eminent position in the literary world and held occultism generally in abhorrence, upon the scientific value of the basis on which astrology is founded.

The astrologer (he says) is considered as a kind of wizard and allowed the alternative of divination or imposture. . . . The fact nevertheless remains that astrology with the single exception of astronomy, is, as regards the certainty of its data, the most exact of all the exact sciences. The imperfection of the geological record may mislead the geologist ; an error in analysis may baffle the chemist ; the astrologer takes his data from observations which the interests of astronomy and navigation require to be absolutely faultless. He works, as it were, under the surveillance of his brother the astronomer, and cannot falsify his data without instant detection. The principles of his art have come down to him in essentials from the most remote antiquity ; they have been published in a thousand books and are open to the examination of all the world. His calculations are performed by no more cabalistical process than arithmetic. The influences he attributes to the heavenly bodies may be imaginary, but are in no sense occult, unless occult means that which is not generally admitted. It is the peculiar boast of his system, in its application to human things, to enthrone Law

where Law would be otherwise unrecognized, and to leave no opening for anything preternatural.

This very forcible language is undoubtedly as just as it is forcible, and I must thank the Editor of *The New Age* for offering me the opportunity of quoting it for the benefit of my readers. It is something to learn that this paper at least does not altogether discard the claims of astrology, and even in the form of a re-hash it is to be hoped that the essay of Mr. A. G. Trent,* under which pseudonym Dr. Garnett was in the habit of writing on this subject, will not have failed to produce some effect on the minds of its less prejudiced readers.

The following ghost story has been brought to my notice quite recently, and, as I think it may interest my readers, I will record it here. The lady who narrated this story to me is the widow of a clergyman who in 1899, at the date of the apparition first to be recorded, held a living in the county of Essex at a place which we will call by the name of Stoke. The rectory house where this took place is now known as the Old Rectory House, and is no longer used as a rectory owing to its distance

THE STORY
OF A
SPANISH
GHOST.

from the parish church. Mrs. Locke, as we will name the lady referred to, was waiting in the dining-room one evening expecting her husband in to dinner. It was dusk on an autumn evening, and she chanced to go up to the window to draw the shutters. As she stood before the window, her eyes glanced up at a rose bush which grew immediately in front of it, when she was surprised to observe just above it a filmy white vapour, in the midst of which there gradually appeared the head of a beautiful woman. There could be no mistaking her nationality, on account of the black hair, black eyes, and the loose Spanish mantilla thrown over her head. Mrs. Locke remarked that a rose was pinned in her hair. She was just on the point of speaking to the apparition when the whole thing disappeared. Her husband came in shortly afterwards, and she at once told him what she had seen. On hearing her story he begged her to make no mention of the occurrence to the domestics of the household or any one else, because he feared a difficulty in getting servants to remain if it should become rumoured that the house was haunted. The house, I understand, stands in a lonely lane, and there was no other within at least five minutes' walk.

* A. G. Trent is a very obvious anagram for Garnett.

Late in the autumn of the following year an old gentleman called quite unexpectedly and asked to see the lady of the house. On being admitted to the drawing-room he explained his errand as follows: Many years ago (he said) the building had been a school-house kept by a clergyman, and he himself as a boy had been a pupil at the school. (He was now between 70 and 80 years of age.) During the conversation he asked Mrs. Locke whether she had heard that the house had the reputation of being haunted, to which question she replied in the negative. He then proceeded to tell the following story:—On a certain evening at dusk the boys were all turned out of the school into the grounds (this was apparently a regular custom at certain times of the day, owing to the school-room being used for meals). The old gentleman proceeded to narrate how he had gone out and walked by the side of the rose-bushes outside the dining-room window, and as he passed along, had noticed, appearing out of a white background, the dark head of a beautiful lady with a loose shawl and rose in her hair, exactly as it had appeared to Mrs. Locke. On this occasion he was not at all frightened, but some weeks later he happened to see the same apparition, and followed it round the corner of the house until it appeared to pass through a hedge which divided the garden from the meadow beyond. This time he was thoroughly scared, and was subsequently discovered lying in a dead faint. On coming to he appeared quite ill and the next day a doctor was called in and his father sent for. The boy, who had refused to offer any explanation to the school authorities, told his father the whole story. The latter took the opportunity to make inquiries in the village with regard to the past history of the house, and ascertained that many years previously the rectory had been held by a young clergyman who, after a tour round the world, had brought back from Spain as his bride a Spanish girl of extraordinary beauty, of whom he subsequently showed himself to be extremely jealous. On coming home one afternoon he happened to see, himself unobserved, a young man in the act of kissing his wife's hand. Mad with jealousy he entered the house by a back door and came out pistol in hand. In the meantime the wife's admirer had disappeared, and finding her alone, he shot her dead on the spot. I would add that the old gentleman in question was quite unknown to Mrs. Locke, and she had at the time entirely forgotten the apparition, which was recalled to her mind by the detailed story of her visitor.

I take the present opportunity of drawing attention to an institution about which my readers may be glad to have rather more detailed information than it is possible for me to supply at the present moment. If so, they had better write to Dr. Stenson Hooker, at his Health Resort and Rest Home at Grove Court, Totteridge, Herts, for his descriptive booklet giving full information as to the facilities of the place, accommodation, terms, etc. There are not a few people nowadays who are glad to know of a "home from home" within easy reach of London (Totteridge is only eleven miles out), especially when it has at the same time all the attractions of a country place. Grove Court is antique in style, but is up-to-date in all its arrangements.

DR. STENSON
HOOKER'S
HEALTH
RESORT.

The rooms are light and airy, and the house stands in its own extensive grounds, which embrace some fine timber and a beautiful ornamental lake. In addition to numerous bedrooms there is a large recreation room measuring 45 by 24 feet, which is used for lectures, concerts, dances, etc. Cases of general debility, nervous diseases, heart troubles, anæmia, gout, rheumatism, and other kindred complaints, are, I understand, treated by Dr. Stenson Hooker, but it is quite possible to come down merely as a guest to take advantage of the rest cure and enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery at a spot within half an hour's train journey from town.* The methods of cure adopted include diet cures, mechanico-therapy, suggestion treatment, deep breathing and physical exercise, sun and air baths, Weir-Mitchell treatment, electricity, massage, etc. In addition to the special food supplied, ordinary diet is also obtainable. Among other habitués of this attractive resort may be mentioned Dr. A. T. Schofield, whose book, *Health for Young and Old*, my firm have just published, and who ought, if any one, to be a good judge of the merits of the establishment. I would add for those who are fond of golf—and at the present time they are legion—that the well-known South Herts Golf Links are within easy walking distance.

It may interest readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to know that the Publishing Business in connection with New Thought, Psychical Research, and Occult publications generally, which was taken over by my firm from Mr. Philip Wellby some three and a half years ago, has grown very rapidly, and that, in fact, the turnover is now nearly three times as great as when it was first pur-

* Take train from King's Cross Station for Totteridge.

chased. In order to furnish adequate capital to develop this new business, my publishers (William Rider & Son, Ltd.) have issued a series of 6 per cent. debentures repayable at par by annual drawings after January, 1918. The debentures CONCERNING in question have the somewhat rare merit of offering OURSELVES. a gilt-edged investment at a high rate of interest. Not only are they secured on the rapidly-growing new publishing business, but they also have the advantage of being a fixed charge on the most important of the other assets of one of the oldest-established firms in the City of London. The security, therefore, which the new business affords is merely a small portion of the total amount. As the debentures in question are limited to £6,000 and are also secured on the book debts of the Company, it will be obvious that they are covered several times over, and that even half the security offered would be ample to make them perfectly safe under any ordinary contingency. I think I have said enough to show that the investment is far superior to what could usually be obtained in the open market as regards both security and interest. The very considerable success which has attended my early efforts, as Director of the Company, in connection with the launching of this business makes it desirable to take advantage of the present favourable conditions to enter upon a somewhat more ambitious programme. In order to enable me to do this it will be necessary to issue certain further debentures, only £1,900 of the £6,000 having so far been disposed of. I am giving readers of the OCCULT REVIEW the first refusal in connection with this issue, and as the opportunity is an exceptionally good one, and the proposed issue small, I should be obliged if intending purchasers would communicate with me direct at the earliest moment, when I shall be pleased to supply them with full details in relation to the security and status of the debentures in question. I would add that the debentures are of the value of £100 each. No lesser amount can therefore be issued. In conclusion, I would particularly request that no communications on this matter be made to me other than by those who seriously entertain the question of investment. Letters should be addressed to myself personally c/o William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

THE MYSTICAL BASIS OF MASONRY

BY W. L. WILMSHURST

WHEN, in 1646, the founder of the Ashmolean Library recorded that he had been made a Freemason at Warrington, or when, some five decades later, the architects, contractors and superintendents of works engaged upon the reconstruction of the metropolitan cathedral foregathered after their day's work in masonic assemblies of another character at the Goose and Gridiron Tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, no one was likely to have foreseen that during the ensuing two centuries, and out of the then exiguous community of Freemasons, the enormous Masonic organization that now flourishes in our midst would have sprung into being. At the present moment, holding warrants from the central authority—the Grand Lodge of England—alone, there exist roughly some three thousand Masonic Lodges with an estimated aggregate membership of 150,000. The Scottish and Irish divisions of Great Britain work under separate constitutions of their own but upon similar lines to the English, whilst the British dependencies, the United States and every other civilized country in the world, with the exception of Japan, contain Masonic organizations, the total membership of which constitutes a great multitude which there is no opportunity of numbering, and which is annually increasing. It is thus obvious that the Masonic idea has caught and continues to hold a firm grip upon the imaginations of a very considerable body of humanity and that distinction of race and language has proved no bar to a universal appreciation of it. The inwardness of the phenomenon passes unobserved even within the Masonic community itself, although the external fact of the diffusion of the Masonic system throughout the world is, of course, not merely notorious, but is one of which large and agreeable advantage is taken by members of the Fraternity, and it may be profitable to accord a brief consideration to it here and to inquire what is the secret of the wide appeal Freemasonry has made during the last couple of centuries and still continues to make.

The problem is doubtless very complex, and to the question proposed a variety of offhand answers might be tendered, the value of which would depend largely upon the perspicuity of the

respondent and his friendliness, or the reverse, towards the Masonic system. That that system provides occasion for social, fraternal—and, to meet the claims of the cynic, I will add—convivial, intercourse amongst a number of individuals who choose to segregate themselves into a distinctive fraternity with no deeper purpose than this is, one may reasonably submit, an incredible motive to justify an organization so firmly entrenched, so robust and associated with such personalities of eminence and character as have been formerly or still are actively connected with it. That it is an instrument for furthering practical benevolence and philanthropy, which it certainly does and does handsomely, is a similarly inadequate pretext; Masonry was not intended to be, and is not, a high-grade Friendly Society and its charitable energies are merely an incident of, and not the motive for, its existence. That it is a school of morality, tending to promote peace and goodwill amongst men, which is also wholly true, again fails to suffice, for men need not join a secret society, or enter into the obligations of silence required therefrom, merely to learn rudimentary ethics which it is the common duty of the whole world to know and practise. That it is, as is not infrequently alleged, an engine for promoting the mutual temporal aggrandisement of its members to the prejudice of non-members; a cover for political intrigue, or a screen for propagating anti-religious ideas, are again idle suspicions. That political or other intrigues have in the past been conducted—as in connection with the pretensions of the Jacobites and Legitimists in both England and France in times of revolution—under the ægis of societies claiming to be Masonic, is doubtless a fact; but this, when established, proves merely that a fraud has been committed upon a system devoted to entirely different purposes. Speaking for British Masonry to-day it is as innocent of such purposes as a mothers' meeting and, indeed, is wholly untinged with even the political partisanship manifested, whether passively or actively, by the official churches of the land; whilst the notorious ban of the Roman Church upon the Masonic brotherhood as being a trespass against the exclusive spiritual and temporal rights of the former is, upon a moment's reflection, stultified by that Church's own insidious political record.

By an eliminative process, then, we arrive at the sole remaining *raison d'être* for the spread and attractiveness of the Masonic system, namely, the significance and implications involved within its ceremonial rites. Now if these, or some subtly-speaking voice in these, be not, when all irrelevant and accretionary considera-

tions have been removed, the fundamental essence and the secret of the vitality and the development of Masonry, there remains no justification for its existence worthy of account. It matters not that in the case of a large majority of the Fraternity that



ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617-1692).

voice is not a loud one or that the significance of its purport is but dimly recognized; and it may be admitted that among Masons themselves there are but few who have entered into a full intellectual realization of their own heritage. The fact remains

that something veiled, latent and deep down in those rites speaks to something that is latent and responsive, however faintly, in those who participate in them ; some remote *causa causans*, apart from the mere impressiveness and solemnity of the rites themselves, which for most remains unrealized and unformulated in the consciousness, but which, nevertheless, induces those who partake in them to feel that they are in the presence of a mystery that goes to the root of their being and that it is good for them to be there.

To what element in the Masonic rites, then, is to be traced the effectiveness and subtlety of the appeal alluded to? Among the Fraternity, as well as among the outside public, there are many who, in the absence of better information, suppose Masonry to be a system of immemorial antiquity, one which, for some undefined reason or another, became instituted for no very definite object among primitive inhabitants of the East, and which for some equally indefinite purpose it is still desirable to perpetuate in the West. It is supposed also that the predecessors of the present Craft were concerned in operative building and erected, among other edifices of both earlier and later date, the national Temple of Israel at Jerusalem traditionally associated with the name of King Solomon. To dissipate the misconceptions inherent in these suppositions, to dematerialize the outward veils and exhibit the inward and real significance of the matter, would take me far beyond the limits permitted to the present paper. It is a fact of commonest knowledge that systems of initiation into certain spiritual secrets and mysteries have obtained immemorially ; it is doubtless true that guilds and trade-unions of operative builders possessing also elementary rites, secret signs, tokens, and privileges of membership, flourished from very remote epochs and subsisted until comparatively recent times ; it is the fact also that at least the superiors and chief architects connected with such communities were profoundly instructed, as the fanes and monuments of the past and the great cathedrals of Christendom attest, in the principles of deep-reaching symbolism, and that with consecrated minds and reverent hands they introduced those principles into the construction of religious edifices by way of emblemizing in stone the perfect temple man should build in his mind and body if ultimately he is to participate in another temple that is eternal and not built with hands. But this is far from saying that modern Masonry is the perpetuation, or the faithful, lineal image, either of ancient mystery-systems or of the operative masonic communities, though doubtless points of connection with both survive. Every Mason knows that his Craft purports to initiate

into certain secrets and mysteries ; every Mason knows that in that system the tools, tackle and terminology of operative masons are employed ; but a moment's reflection will tell him that the secrets and mysteries referred to are not those of any industrial trade (which, of course, can have none of other than commercial value) ; that the incidents of the operative trade have



JEAN MARIE RAGON (1789-1866).

been merely used as the outward apparel within which to clothe truths of a moral and spiritual order ; and lastly that the chief of the Craft degrees—that which embodies its great and central legend or traditional history, and as a preparation for instruction in which the antecedent degrees are, in theory, processes of purification—is devoted, from the first word of its opening to the last of its closing, to the veiled presentation of something which, upon

the one hand, is as unassociated with mundane architecture as the east is distant from the west, but which, upon the other, is an integral factor and root element of every system of religious initiation of antiquity.

In modern speculative Masonry, then, is to be traced a confluence of two distinct systems. Some time in the seventeenth century the elementary rites of membership used till then among the then virtually obsolete operative guilds became taken over, under circumstances now very obscure and by individuals almost equally so, and adapted to serve as the vehicle for the expression of a highly mystical and religio-philosophic doctrine disconnected altogether from mundane architecture and unrelated to any form of masonry other than that which, by employing metaphor, we may call the building—or perhaps the rebuilding and reintegration—of that incompleting temple, the human soul.

It may be stated at this point that the credit of reaching the conclusion just mentioned is attributable wholly to Mr. A. E. Waite, who first gave voice to it in some illuminative papers in his *Studies in Mysticism* and added some confirmatory words in his subsequent book, *The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal*. The facts involved in the conclusion had previously escaped the observation of historians of Masonry, who speaking perhaps without any, and certainly without Mr. Waite's extensive, knowledge of the movements in occultism and mysticism that were occurring behind the scenes of public history in Europe and England during the past few centuries, have been without adequate equipment for tracing the real genesis of modern Masonry. It is notorious that at, and for long prior to, that genesis this country and the continent were alive with occultists and initiates—of pretensions both meritorious and the reverse—connected with schools of alchemy, magic, Rosicrucianism and what not. The worthy name and written remains of Thomas Vaughan alone, apart from the wide testimony of contemporaneous literature to the prevalence of occult inquiry, testify that earnest students and genuine adepts were in the field at the date of the inception of the Masonic movement, and it is reasonable to deduce a connection between these and the movement itself. In the old operative system they, or some of them, found, as it were, a body prepared; they imported into that body a new spirit and gave it a transfigured life, a life which, in its maturer growth, is with us in such magnitude to-day. To use an expression of Mr. Waite's, "they made an experiment upon the mind of the age," and, be it remembered, it was an experiment made, and perhaps made with shrewd insight and foresight, at

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the commencement of an epoch when the tide of spiritual life and understanding in the official churches was about to run extremely low and the tide of rationalistic thought and scientific materialism to rise extremely high, and when, maybe, it was found



JACQUES DE MOLAY (1240-1314).

desirable, for the benefit of a few in the dark days that were to follow, to kindle a new beacon-light testifying to a truth and a doctrine that have never been absent from the world.

It being my purpose in this article to bespeak the attention

alike of those who are technically Masons and of those who are not to a further and extremely valuable work * upon the esoteric development and mystical aspect of Masonry and its numerous ramifications and allied rites, the foregoing considerations may perhaps not be misplaced, since their intention is to clear the somewhat befogged atmosphere in which the true history and vital purpose of the Masonic system have become involved in both the Masonic and the public mind. In the volumes referred to—and they deal not with the external and virtually negligible history of Masonry, but with its interior content, its mystical purport and its place in the long chain of occult tradition—Mr. Waite demonstrates after what manner Masonry, in both its Craft and High Grades and its cognate rites, is an expression, perhaps far from a full, but still an indubitable, one, of that Secret Tradition which throughout all time has been perpetuated with the object of instructing those that were keenly enough concerned with solving the riddle of existence to consent to adopt the methods which that Tradition accredits and guarantees. The quest after that solution is for ever proceeding, amongst however few. We may call it the quest of the Graal; we may call it the search for the Lost Word, or the guarding of an empty Sepulchre; we may term it the achievement of the Great Work, or the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone; or we may refer to it in the terms of the Platonist as the task of re-integrating the divine element in man with the Divine Basis of the Universe. The systems have been many, but the quest, and the goal of the quest, are but one. Many of these systems, expressed sometimes in terms of baffling ingenuity lest the pearls they contain should fall into unworthy hands, have long since passed away, to be replaced by others. Like the ever-renewed branches of the Tree of Life—*uno avulso non deficit alter aureus*; when one has served its day another has manifested without fail, as if (but is it not part of the Tradition that it is so?) there was watching over Israel—the small, but continuous body of dedicated, undaunted aspirants—that which slumbers not nor sleeps; a watch of unseen wardens whose concern is to keep ever open and illumined the pathway to that Centre whereto all experience leads and wherein all quests end.

* *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*; and an Analysis of the Interrelation between the Craft and the High Grades in respect of their term of research, expressed by the way of Symbolism. By Arthur Edward Waite. Two volumes, with 28 full-page plates and many other illustrations. Rebman & Co. £2 2s. net. The illustrations to this article are reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers.

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Mr. Waite defines the Secret Tradition as (1) the memorials of a cosmic loss which has befallen humanity, and (2) the records of a restitution in respect of that which is lost. It is innermost knowledge concerning man's way of return whence he came, by a method of inward life. But, by a paradox, that method of inward life is also one of inward death. There has been no accredited



LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT-MARTIN (1743-1803).

system of mystery-teaching but has proclaimed, whether in legend, symbol, or dramatic representation, the fact that death, interpreted in a mystical sense, is the gate of that life which is not merely *post-mortem* existence, but conscious, irrefragable union with the Eternal Basis of the Universe. It may be urged, and with truth, that this doctrine is, or was intended to be, that of official public religion. I am not concerned here to discuss to what extent

the churches have conveyed or failed to convey this truth in its plenitude to the consciousness of their adherents, and I am far from asserting that the collateral Masonic system can claim an advantage in this respect. But there is none among the millions who have received the degree of Master-Mason but may reflect that not only has he symbolically undergone an experience which has been the crux and centre of all the great Mystery-schools of the past, but that in so doing he has in his own person testified to a truth which is inherent in the moral fabric of the Cosmos itself. And herein lies the peculiar purpose and value of ceremonial initiation as against systems that are but didactic or mainly so. The doctrine imparted is given an immediately personal application. The imagination of the disciple is intended to be impressed through his being identified with, and made to enact ceremonially, that which it is essential for him to learn, to the intent that thereafter he may in his own life and consciousness become that which he has sacramentally portrayed.

Such being the nature and purpose of arcane rites, Mr. Waite, who appears to be in the probably exceptional position of being personally familiar with the entire range of those now extant, as well as with the records of many now in desuetude, has been enabled in this book to apply his well-known qualifications as a mystic to collating them and assessing their respective values ; a laborious task conducted with unflinching skill and tact, for in dealing with matters to which covenants of privacy attach he has been confronted upon one side with the difficulty of avoiding saying things to which those obligations would apply, and, upon the other, with that of saying too little to render an important subject intelligible to the non-Masonic inquirer. This twofold problem he has effectually surmounted. Faithful in respect of those matters which are the private prescriptions of secret communities, he has been abundantly generous in his exposition of those which exceed the range of all the instituted systems and can never become the monopoly of any since they are open to humanity at large. For this reason, although those who are officially Masons will in virtue of their inside knowledge stand at an advantage, the book need in no sense be deemed as restricted to their consideration, but is meant for a far wider public. The Mason of whatever rank will receive from it an illumination perhaps little suspected as possible in regard to his own science, which is now, and for the first time, subjected to an exegesis never hitherto undertaken ; whilst the non-Mason who may be interested no less than his initiated brother in the development of mystical

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knowledge and philosophy, and the forms in which these have found expression from time to time, will find ample scope for profitable instruction and reflection.

Space does not avail here for detailed reference to the contents of Mr. Waite's book, or to the interesting collection of illustrations of cryptic symbols and of portraits of some of those who have been conspicuously associated with the expression and transmission of mystical doctrine and rites, and of which a few are here reproduced. The two volumes themselves constitute an extremely handsome setting to an unique work which, as a Mason myself, I most gratefully welcome and commend to my brethren and all others whom it may concern as the most important contribution to Masonic literature that has hitherto appeared. I have preferred in this notice of it to limit myself to emphasizing a conviction of its value and to indicating the fact that it must needs mark an epoch in the history of a system which has developed as it were from a mustard-seed until it has overgrown the whole earth. Masonry in some at least of its grades may be, as Mr. Waite shows, an imperfect expression of the Secret Tradition, and the average Mason may, and doubtless does, enter into but an incomplete understanding of the full content of his system even as imperfectly expressed, although reasonable excuses for his so doing might perhaps be advanced. But the present work should make such excuses henceforth impermissible, and for this reason it may be destined in time to assist in transforming and elevating the whole conscience and motive of the Masonic body. In a system which hitherto, with so intangible and obscure a reason, has developed as Masonry already has done there lie, now that that reason is unveiled and a new motive is displayed, enormous possibilities; and in this regard I am thinking less of its future numerical strength than of the augmented spiritual stature of its adherents. Masonry may yet become an undreamed of power for good, especially when regard is had to the increasing decadence of the churches and the vapidty of their teaching. Connected with its future is the problem, already becoming urgent, of the admission of women, against which there is, of course, no *à priori* or other substantial objection. The natural conservatism inherent in vested interests and arising from long usage may eventually dissolve when a fuller realization of what is involved is attained. Upon the continent a few lodges are opening their doors to women, whilst the Co-Masonic movement working in connection with the Theosophical Society already numbers some dozen lodges admitting both sexes. Of this latter movement Mr. Waite speaks

somewhat impatiently, but rather because of its reputed supervision by an elusive entity described as the Comte de Saint Germain than from prejudice against feminine rights to participate in mystical rites and philosophy. In the words of the apostle-initiate, the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Divine Idea, and, besides abundant precedents from antiquity, there are good warrants for associating them together in any system whose ultimate goal is the conscious realization of that Idea. There was once, it may be remembered, a building which, through the mouth of a great prophet, was rejected and condemned by the Great Architect because it had been "daubed with untempered mortar."

My references to Masonry in this article are, like Mr. Waite's book, not meant to be restricted merely to the Craft grades and their extension, the Royal Arch; they extend to Masonic grades and cognate rites lying beyond these, and some of them are entirely beyond the range of the average Mason's present vision. Those whose existence is a matter of public knowledge are, as Mr. Waite observes, analogous to what in former days were known as the Lesser Mysteries. But as beyond these there subsisted the more withdrawn and Greater Mysteries for those who were proficient and well equipped, so also, we are assured in these volumes, the corresponding form of the latter is amidst us to-day. It is of the Masonic method and the initiatory system as a whole that I have written, and if in what is here said I have done less than justice to the important volumes under notice, the deficiency is due to a desire to exhibit in the space at my disposal the standpoint from which they should be read. They form the greatest contribution in the way of expository literature that Masonry has received. It remains now with the Masonic Fraternity—and with doubtless many eager inquirers outside of it—to take advantage of them and to enlarge their borders of understanding in regard to a momentous and underestimated subject.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A PSYCHIC—II

EDITED BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

THE STRANGE COIN.

IN the forties, my grandparents removed from Kentucky to the Far West, bought land from the Indians, and settled down to frontier life. Grandfather died, leaving a family of small children, and an inexperienced wife in business matters. Certain papers, necessary in settling up the estate, could not be found. One afternoon, tired out and worried, grandmother threw herself on the bed and slept. She dreamed that her husband came to her and told her the missing papers were in the old clock, fastened behind the face of the clock. Grandmother remarked that it was only a dream and that he was not really there. "Oh, yes, I am," he replied. "I am here, and here is proof of it. Keep this as a lucky piece, and never part with it as long as you live." He placed a coin in her hand, closing her fingers over it. Grandmother said that when she opened her eyes the red marks of his fingers were still on her hand, and that a copper coin of unknown origin was tightly grasped in her hand. I have seen it many times and even drew it on paper, both sides, to find out what kind of a coin it was, as she would never allow the coin to leave her possession. She willed it to me, but I never got it. All I have is the drawing on paper, which I will send to you as soon as I can get it. It is in Connecticut in a trunk. The papers we found in the clock, which saved considerable trouble. I have the old clock in my possession.

No one could ever account for the coin, away from civilization and railroads. The Indians traded with gold and skins, and the presence of the coin has always been a mystery.

HEARING VOICES.

The night before mother died, uncle retired early to a back room on the second floor. We were on the first floor front. He asked me to call him if I saw a change for the worse. Dolores, my old nurse, a West Indies Islander, was sitting near the bed and the open door leading to the hall. I was holding mother's hand; she seemed to be sinking. The doctor said he would return on his way home late; if she should have a sinking spell, to

give her a small tablet (nitro-glycerin) in a few drops of water to revive the action of the heart. I had everything prepared within reach. At ten o'clock the heart seemed to stop; she was nearly dead. As I reached for the medicine a loud angry voice rang out, as if from some distance, "Tom, go down to Lillie." The other six words I couldn't understand. Dolores ran to open the front door, thinking it was the doctor. Uncle Tom was aroused from a deep sleep in the back room. He said the words were distinctly from his bedside. He reached the foot of the stairs, and Dolores opened the door. I called to her to run to the side door, thinking it might be the doctor, and that his services might help mother, who was just faintly breathing again. Dolores reached the side door, followed by uncle, and just as she placed her hand on the knob a most terrible thump sounded through the house, and shook the whole door. Dolores threw open the door, to find nothing but the still night outside. The house was surrounded by acres, and no one could disappear in the second between the thump against the door and the opening of the door. The three of us heard the voice. Uncle was too nervous to remember more than a few words—his name called, and the order to go downstairs. Dolores could remember less, but I heard more distinctly, and remembered the exact words. The voice was husky, but strong. No one in Maryland called Uncle by his first name. The impression was that it was uncle John's voice, who died in the Memphis home (I wrote you about it before) years ago—a man of violent temper. Uncle said that it was his brother's voice, as if indignant that he should sleep while his sister's life was ending. Dolores and uncle are both living here in Washington, and will testify to the truth of the above experience.

VOICES HEARD IN NEW YORK.

While boarding with a lady in Columbus Avenue, near 71st Street, I slept in an inside room. One night I woke up—hearing writing going on near me on the desk. I could hear the pages turned over, and the scratch of the pen distinctly. The room was very dark, so I could not see anything. It lasted nearly an hour. In the morning the desk was closed, and no indication of writing. In the same room, on two occasions I woke up, and heard the end of a conversation. It seemed to be a man and a woman at the end of the room (small room). I only caught a few words. The next and last time that I heard it the woman seemed to be standing very near me, and the man sitting on the floor,

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his head on a line with my face. His voice was very deep and he spoke with an effort. The woman's voice was very high. It was the end of a conversation about something that would happen, or had happened, on Eleventh Avenue. I made inquiries next day, to ascertain if there was an Eleventh Avenue, as I had never heard of it during my short stay in New York. (There is one.—H.C.)

I was restless, and, continually having experiences of that kind in the flat, I left. Later on, the lady with whom I boarded tried to kill herself, so I imagined that it was all a warning of some kind, only I did not understand it, or how to make use of a power that might benefit myself and others.

AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

I met a lady in a class of elocution. We became friendly. I knew there was something peculiar about her—a strange look in her eyes at times. Yet she was one of the most intellectual women I ever met. After knowing her some weeks I visited her for a few days at her flat in Harlem. I could not sleep, the same restless feeling (that I know so well now) came over me. I felt that some presence was there, near the bed. I heard distinct breathing, finally an exclamation, as if some one was angry, impatient; a gasp, so near my face that I got up and sat up the rest of the night. Next day the artist's wife was followed twice into the room; I heard the trailing of a dress, and a light step the whole length of the hall. The second time she heard it and turned in amazement to see who could have entered while the front door was locked. It came right up to us, but neither of us could see it. I made up my mind to leave there the next morning. It was dark when this happened.

The two nights' loss of sleep wore me out, so I slept the third night. Towards morning I woke, half suffocated, managed to reach the window and throw it up. All the gas jets were turned on in my room. My door was unlocked (I had not locked it). Why I ever woke up, half stupefied by gas, and worn out from the two nights' loss of sleep is unexplained. I learned that the artist's wife had been confined in an asylum, and had attacks at times, in which she tried to kill herself. I never found out who turned the gas on, but I attributed it to her, as the door was unlocked and I was too sound asleep to hear any one enter my room.

I repeat to you that I am not a spiritualist, not hysterical, nervous or unhealthy; never fainted in my life, not excitable, never imagine anything, must have proof. A busy business

woman, never felt afraid ; always want to investigate anything I cannot understand. What is it ?

Respectfully,

(Signed) LILLIAN F——.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,

March 19, 1910.

On receiving this document, I wrote to Miss F——, asking for corroborative statements, if possible, from the other witnesses ; and suggesting various explanations—such as hallucination, etc. The following is her reply :—

Mr. Hereward Carrington.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter received upon my return from Maryland.

When I first posted that " Last Edition " to you I was on my way to a hospital to undergo a very severe operation. No one ever thought that I would survive it, as it was one of the most dangerous ever performed in the Baltimore City Hospital. I never suffered any pain, my pulse never changed ; the twelfth day I walked around my room. I never needed stimulants or narcotics. The doctors never came in contact with such nerve and strength in a woman. I am telling you all this because you speak of hallucinations in your letter. I really do not think I am capable of hallucinations of any kind.

The most remarkable experiences happened when others were present. The Memphis house experience my uncle can vouch for. He is living in Virginia. I can send you a signed affidavit also as to the night mother died (the voice we heard). My old nurse was present, and can testify to the truth. The New York experiences Mrs. G—— and Captain V— K—— can vouch for. I would like to know if the captain ever called upon you and gave you a copy of the papers I spoke of, written by a Doctor Abe Fanning through me. As to the table remaining suspended in the air and small articles being placed upon it from different parts of the room, this happened in the presence of Captain V— K——, Mrs. G——, a gentleman since dead, Mrs. Lillian M——, and myself. I had never had such an experience myself, and attributed it all to the wonderful power of Mrs. M——. She has had some remarkable experiences in that line. Her place of business is —— . She can give you Mrs. G——'s address, and Mrs. G—— can give you Captain V— K——'s, if you have not seen him.

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I will leave here in a day or two, to live in Clarendon, Va., until I am strong again. I am well, but weak yet. I will certainly see you when I return to New York, which I hope will be in the early Fall. In the meantime I will send the affidavits I mentioned.

Very respectfully,
LILLIAN F——.

Some four months later, I received the following letter:—

July 22, 1910.

Mr. H. Carrington.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose four affidavits from people who were connected in some way with my strange experiences. (I sent you a full account in December.) It has taken me some time to hunt the people up and get their signatures. I would like you to write me if Captain V— K—— sent or gave you a copy of the papers written by Dr. Fanning in the Fifty-Second Street house through me. If he has not I will send you a copy.* The drawing of the coin is taken from a pencil copy my mother made of the coin by placing it on paper. It only gives an idea of what the coin is and the exact size. As to the New York experiences, The Artist's Wife and the Voices I heard, I am sorry that I have no witnesses. The lady in whose flat I heard the voice, and who attempted suicide later, is living in New York somewhere. Her name is N——. The flat was on Columbus Avenue, near —— Street. The artist's wife was Mrs. B——. The flat was on Eighth Avenue, near the end of Central Park. I have lost trace of her completely. Mrs. M——, one of the ladies present at the circle, and a wonderful medium, writes that she is located at 27 West 26th Street. She is Mrs. M—— W—— now. I believe that I can do no more now, unless I forward a copy of the doctor's papers.

Very respectfully,

Clarendon, Va.

(Signed) LILLIAN F——.

Affidavits.

This is to verify the account given by my niece, Miss Lillian F——, of the Memphis, Tenn., home situated on Walnut Avenue. The house has been demolished. The memory of strange happenings in my boyhood home is very vivid and unaccountable.

Clarendon, Va.

(Signed) T. J. H——.

* These papers I have never received, either from the gentleman in question, or from Miss F—— herself.—H. C.

This is to certify that on the night of September 23, 1899, at Jessups, Md., during the last illness of Mrs. R. F—, at 10.30 o'clock, a voice, unknown and unnatural, was distinctly heard by the three persons in the house. One was waked from deep sleep (Mr. Healy). The other two (Lillian F— and Dolores Montgomery) were sitting by the bedside. Miss F— has given an accurate account of what happened.

(Signed) DOLORES M—, Washington, D.C.
T. J. H—, Clarendon, Va.

July 15, 1910.

We, the two daughters of the Mrs. "J." referred to in Miss F—'s article, wish to verify her statement in regard to our mother seeing the little boy on the stairs in the Fayette Street house, Baltimore, Md., 1888. We were in the house at the time, but not in the hall at the time the boy appeared. We frequently heard our mother tell it as a remarkable experience.

(Signed) EMMA L—.
NETTIE G—.

Jessups, Md.
June 10, 1910.

THE POWER OF NUMBERS*

By SEPHARIAL

BY Number we understand a certain quantitative relation of things. Figures are the symbols by which we express number.

When the great philosopher of Crotona said that the universe was founded on numbers, he intended to express the idea of that pre-established harmony for which Leibniz has since so effectively argued. And if this be true then we shall find that a study of numbers is the key to an understanding of the universe and its laws.

If we search the ancient records and traditional teachings we shall find that all nations have been affected by a sense of the important functions of number, primarily in cosmogony and afterwards in human thought and polity founded upon cosmic laws. Thus the ancient Hebrews constructed the letters of their alphabet on the forms of the chief constellations, using the signs of the zodiac for the first twelve letters, Aleph to Lamed, and the constellations north and south of the ecliptic for the remaining ten. From the first and last letters of the zodiac, they formed the name of God, "Al," while the reversal of this form stood for the void of negation expressed by the word La (not). In their concept of the Divine Power they made use of mediation, expressing the name of the creative forces in the masculine-feminine-plural by the word *Alhim*; euphonically, "Elohim." They regarded this Power as sevenfold, having two aspects—active and passive, male and female, positive and negative, force and matter.

The entire circle of existencé in its sevenfold aspect was thus divided into two parts, the spiritual and the natural, the noumenal and phenomenal, as a circle divided by its diameter. This concept was expressed in a single glyph or symbol by the word Elohim.

The Greeks, Hindus and Chinese, likewise employed numbers as glyphs or symbols of universal principles and laws. Thus

* *The Kabala of Numbers: a Handbook of Interpretation.* By Sepharial. Crown 8vo, 168 pp., cloth gilt, 2s. net. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

we find the Hindus have made use of the great year or age of Brahma to express the cosmic periods and at the same time to embody the idea of the relations expressed by the Hebraic term Elohim = π , or 3.141592, which is derived by dividing 355 by 113.

In our study of the constitution of the universe we make use of formulæ which express definite principles, laws and relations in terms of number. We see that the distances of the bodies of the solar system from their common centre, their periodic times and velocities, bear a definite relationship to one another and these can be expressed in numbers. What is known as Bode's Law is a popular expression of this discovery of Kepler, which law was, however, thoroughly understood and used by the Hindus in their *Suryasiddhānta* some centuries before it was propounded by Kepler. Astronomy invites us to regard the solar system as one held together by the attraction of gravitation, the planets moving around the sun in elliptical orbits and the whole system going at a great velocity through space around some remote gravitating centre of attraction as yet undefined. This concept is referred to as science regardless of the fact that we cannot describe an ellipse around a moving body without being left behind in space. Yet if we inquire as to the origin of the idea of the elliptical orbits of the planets we shall find that it was advanced because it accommodated all the apparent motions of the planets and answered to observations from the point of view of a stationary sun. But so did the epicycles of Ptolemy, and therefore in accepting the solar system as modernly represented to us, we do so on the express understanding that it is a convenient symbol. The same may be said of the symbolism of chemistry or any other empirical science, which expresses certain quantitative relations in terms of numbers.

If then we regard number as symbol there should be no objection to its being used to signify characteristic, potential, environment, etc., in terms of human life. And this exactly is the purport of Kabbalism.

The Kabbalists veiled their ideas of God, the universe and man under symbols, and these symbols they expressed in certain terms, which, when converted into numbers by the rules of their art, expressed their views in geometrical and numerical quantities. It is indeed the failure of modern critics to understand the methods of the Kabbalists which has given rise to the conflict which for a long time has raged between religion and science. Had the Kabbalism of the Genesis been understood,

the popular concept of the creation would never have passed into currency, nor ever have been upheld in its literal form to a better instructed public.

If further we regard the universe as symbol we shall find that it is expressed in terms of numbers, i.e. quantitative relations. It can therefore be expressed by figures and hence we may regard figures as expressions of the creative mind. The idea is conveyed by the Law of Correspondences wherein spirit is to Matter as Force is to Form. For matter is the ultimate expression of Spirit as form is that of Force; and hence for every *spiritual force* there is a corresponding *material form*. The embodied universe therefore comes to mean only an expression of the spiritual universe and is in that regard merely a symbol. It will be convenient so to regard it continually. The language of the Kabalists may at first sight appear fictitious and *outré*. The terminology and symbolism of any department of knowledge will so appear to those who are ignorant of it. If we accept the symbolism and the formulæ of the astronomer and the chemist, we ask in return that they will also accept ours. Thus if I say Deity = 1, and humanity = 9, I may with equal reason continue to the point of saying 1 = .9, which is mere symbolism for the fact of humanity being the expression of Deity, and, like all symbolism, defective in expression. Instead of figures we may employ letters—a practice that is at the root of all Kabalism, and by giving to letters a certain numerical power, express in sound what otherwise would be only silent form.

And whether we employ letters or figures, sounds or forms, we are making use of symbols to signal something to one another. It is our means of conveying ideas. How else do the gods speak to us but by symbols of form and sound, of colour and number? If we would understand their language we must study the universe, its laws and quantitative relations. In fine, we must learn the use and power of numbers since the Creator has elected to speak to us in terms that are numerical. We view the universe in terms of our own laws of thought and these are not only numerical but as we shall see decimal also. Unity and zero are the Alpha and Omega of our conception of things. Man is not in terms of the universe, but the universe is in terms of man; since the universe as such exists for us only in terms of our own thought, and man as cognizer of the universe is thus cognizer of himself. Hence it has been said that "the proper study of mankind is man," and if, as the Kabalists affirm, man is "an epitome of the universe," a veritable microcosm, we may

perceive the true significance of the Athenian inscription " **Man, know thyself!** "

This anthropomorphic conception of the universe appears to have animated the Kabalists in all their speculations regarding cosmic laws, so that the Adam Kadmon or Grand Man became also a symbol of the Deity, the universe being the expressed imagining of the Creative Mind ; and man, made in the image and likeness of the Deity, a microcosmos. To this analogue we have no objection, nor yet to the anthropomorphic concept of the Deity, providing that it is limited to the Lord of our universe, the Viceregent of the omniscient and omnipresent and omnipotent God, the Unmanifest and Inscrutable. When therefore the Kabalist refers to the Lord, he speaks of that manifestation of the Deity in time and space who presides over the destinies of this universe, whose habitat is the Sun and who is to all humanities of this universe the sole revelation of the Deity. This idea is conveyed in the Gnostic saying : None hath seen God at any time, save the Lord, the Son of God, and he to whom the Son is the revelation.

Space is the seminary of God and Time is the great cultivator. The lords of the worlds are the products of past evolutions, they are the Elder Brothers of humanity, and to them is delegated the power to create as Logoi and to rule as sovereigns over their special creations. The creation, evolution and resolution of worlds has been going on in the infinitudes of space throughout the whole of the great Outbreathing. It will go on until all have attained " the fulness of the stature of the Christ," and new gods will create new worlds, and the heavens and the earth will pass away, but the creative Word will remain with those who have attained. In infinite Space and infinite Time the creations will be infinitely numerous and varied, for as Giordano Bruno has wisely said : The omnipotence and omniscience of God is better expressed in the creation of an infinite variety of worlds of different dimensions than in a single world of infinite dimensions. For infinite variability is the eternal juvenescence of the Deity.

HAUNTED BY A HUMAN CAT*

BY ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

I WAS on my way back to England, after a short but somewhat bitter absence, and I was staying for the night at a small hotel in San Francisco. The man who related the anecdote was an Australian, born and bred, on his way home to his native land after many years' sojourn in Texas. I was sitting on the sofa in the smoke-room reading, when he threw himself down in a chair opposite me and we gradually got into conversation. It was late when we began talking, and the other visitors, one by one, yawned, rose, and withdrew to their bedrooms, until we found ourselves alone—absolutely alone. The night was unusually dark and silent.

Leaning over the little tile-covered table at which we sat, the stranger suddenly said: "Do you see anything by me? Look hard." Much surprised at his request, for I confess that up to then I had taken him for a very ordinary kind of person, I looked, and, to my infinite astonishment and awe, saw, floating in mid air, about two yards from him, and on a level with his chair, the shadowy outlines of what looked like an enormous cat—a cat with very little hair and unpleasant eyes—decidedly unpleasant eyes. My flesh crawled!

"Well?" said the stranger—who, by the by, had called himself Gallaher,—in very anxious tones. "Well—you don't seem in a hurry, nor yet particularly pleased—what is it?"

"A cat!" I gasped. "A cat—and a cat in mid-air!"

The stranger swore. "D—— it!" he cried, dashing his fist on the table with such force that the match-box flew a dozen or so feet up the room—"Cuss! the infernal thing! I guessed it was near me, I could feel its icy breath!" He glanced sharply round as he spoke, and hurled his tobacco pouch at the shape. It passed right through it and fell with a soft squash on the ground. Gallaher picked it up with an oath. "I will tell you the history of that cat," he went on, as he resumed his seat, "and a d——d queer history it is."

Pouring himself out a bumper of whisky and refilling his pipe, he cleared his throat and began: "As a boy I always hated cats—God knows why—but the sight of a cat made me sick. I could not stand their soft, sleek fur; nor their silly, senseless faces; nor their smell—the smell of their skins, which most people don't seem able to detect. I could, however; I could recognize that d——d scent a mile off, and

* From *Byways of Ghostland*, published by Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd.; 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

could always tell, without seeing it, when there was a cat in the house. If any of the boys at school wanted to play me a trick they let loose half a dozen mangy tabbies in our yard, or sent me a hideous 'Tom' trussed up like a fowl in a hamper, or made cats' noises in the dead of night under my window. Every one in the village, from the baker to the bone-setter, knew of my hatred of cats, and, consequently, I had many enemies—chiefly amongst the old ladies. I must tell you, however, much as I loathed and abominated cats, I never killed one. I threw stones and sticks at them ; I emptied jugs, and cans, and many pails of water on them ; I pelted them with turnips ; I hurled cushions, bolsters, pillows, anything I could first lay my hands on, at them ; and"—here he cast a furtive look at the shadow—"I have pinched and trodden on their tails ; but I have never killed one. When I grew up, my attitude towards them remained the same, and wherever I went I won the reputation for being the inveterate, the most poignantly inveterate, enemy of cats.

"When I was about twenty-five, I settled in a part of Texas where there were no cats. It was on a ranch in the upper valley of the Colorado. I was cattle ranching, and having had a pretty shrewd knowledge of the business before I left home, I soon made headway, and—between ourselves, mate, for there are mighty 'tough uns' in these town hotels—a good pile of dollars. I never had any of the adventures that befall most men out West, never but once, and I am coming to that right away.

"I had been selling some hundred head of cattle and about the same number of hogs, at a town some twenty or so miles from my ranch, and feeling I would like a bit of excitement, after so many months of monotony—the monotony of the desert life—I turned into the theatre—a wooden shanty—where a company of touring players, mostly Yankees, were performing. Sitting next to me was a fellow who speedily got into conversation with me and assured me he was an Australian. I did not believe him, for he had not the cut of an Australian,—until he mentioned one or two of the streets I knew in Adelaide, and that settled me. We drank to each other's health straight away, and he invited me to supper at his hotel. I accepted ; and as soon as the performance was over, and we had exchanged greetings with some half-dozen of the performers, in whisky, he slipped his arm through mine and we strolled off together. Of course it was very foolish of me, seeing that I had a belt full of money ; but then I had not had an outing for a long time, and I thirsted for adventure as I thirsted for whisky, and God alone knows how much of THAT I had already drunk. We arrived at the hotel. It was a poor looking place in a sinister neighbourhood, abounding with evil-eyed Dagos and cut-throats of all kinds. Still I was young and strong, and well armed, for I never left home in those days without a six-shooter. My companion escorted me into a low room in the rear of the premises, smelling villainously of foul tobacco and equally foul alcohol. Some

half-cooked slices of bacon and suspicious-looking fried eggs were placed before us, which, with huge hunks of bread and a bottle of very much belabelled—too much belabelled—Highland whisky, completed the repast. But it was too unsavoury even for my companion, whose hungry eyes and lantern jaws proclaimed he had a ravenous appetite. However, he ate the bacon and I the bread; the eggs we emptied into a flower-pot. The supper—the supper of which he had led me to think so much—over, we filled our glasses, or at least he poured out for both, for his hands were steadier—even in my condition of semi-intoxication I noticed they were steadier—than mine. Then he brought me a cigar and took me to his bedroom, a bare, grimy apartment overhead. There was no furniture, saving a bed showing unmistakable signs that some one had been lying on it in dirty boots, a small rectangular deal table, and one chair.

“ In a stupefied condition I was hesitating which of the alternatives to choose—the chair or the table, for, oddly enough, I never thought of the bed, when my host settled the question by leading me forcibly forward and flinging me down on the mattress. He then took a wooden wedge out of his pocket, and, going to the door, thrust it in the crack, giving the handle a violent tug to see whether the door stood the test. ‘ There now, mate,’ he said with a grin—a grin that seemed to suggest something my tipsy brain could not grasp, ‘ I have just shut us in snug and secure so that we can chat away without fear of interruption. Let us drink to a comfortable night’s sleep. You will sleep sound enough here, I can tell you!’ He handed me a glass as he spoke. ‘ Drink!’ he said with a leer. ‘ You are not half an Australian if you cannot hold that! See!’ and pouring himself out a tumbler of spirits and water he was about to gulp it down, when I uttered an ejaculation of horror. The light from the single gas jet over his head, falling on his face as he lifted it up to drink the whisky, revealed in his wide open, protruding pupils, the reflection of a cat—I can swear it was a cat. Instantly my intoxication evaporated and I scented danger. How was it I had not noticed before that the man was a typical ruffian—a regular street-corner loiterer, waiting, hawklike, to pounce upon and fleece the first well-to-do looking stranger he saw. Of course I saw it all now like a flash of lightning: he had seen me about the town during the earlier part of the day, had found out I was there on business, that I was an Australian, and one or two other things—it is surprising how soon one’s affairs become public property in a small town—and guessing I had the receipts of my sales on my person, had decided to rob me. Accordingly, with this end in view, he had followed me into the theatre, and, securing the seat next me, had broken the ice by pretending he was an Australian. He had then plied me with drink and brought me, already more than half drunk, to this cut-throat den. And I owed the discovery to a cat! My first thought was to feel for my revolver. I did, and found it was—gone. My hopes sank to zero; for though I might have been more than a

match for the wiry framed stranger had we both been unarmed, I had not the slightest chance with him were he armed, as he undoubtedly was, with my revolver as well as his own. Though it takes some time to explain this, it all passed through my mind in a few seconds—before he had finished drinking. ‘Now, mate!’ he said, putting down his glass, the first **WHOLE** glass even of whisky and water he had taken that night, ‘that’s my share, now for yours.’

“‘Wait a bit!’ I stammered, pretending to hiccough, ‘wait a bit. I don’t feel that I can drink any more just yet! Maybe I will in a few minutes.’ We sat down, and I saw protruding from his hip pocket the butt end of a revolver. If only I could get it! Determined to try, I edged slightly towards him. He immediately drew away, a curious, furtive, bestial smile lurking in the corner of his lips. I casually repeated the manœuvre, and he just as casually repeated his. Then I glanced at the window—the door I knew was hopeless—and it was iron barred. I gazed again at the man, and his eyes grinned evilly as they met mine. Without a doubt he meant to murder me. The ghastliness of my position stunned me. Even if I shrieked for help, who would hear me save desperadoes, in all probability every whit as ready as my companion to kill me.

“A hideous stupor now began to assert itself, and as I strained to keep my lids from closing, I watched with a thrill of terror a fiendish look of expectancy creep into the white, gleaming face of the stranger. I realized, only too acutely, that he was waiting for me to fall asleep so as the more conveniently to rob and murder me. The man was a murderer by instinct—his whole air suggested it—his very breath was impregnated with the sickly desire to kill. Physically, he was the ideal assassin. It was strange that I had not observed it before; but, in this light, this yellow, piercing glare, all the criminality of his features was revealed with damning clearness: the high cheek-bones, the light, protruding eyes, the abnormally developed forehead and temporal regions, the small, weak chin, the grossly irregular teeth, the poisonous breath, the club-shaped finger-tips and thick palms. Where could one find a greater combination of typically criminal characteristics? The man was made for destroying his fellow creatures. When would he begin his job and how?

“I am not narrow minded, I can recognize merit even in my enemies; and though I was so soon to be his victim, I could not but admire the thoroughly professional manner, indicative of past mastery, with which he set about his business. So far all his plans, generated with meteor-like quickness, had been successful; he was now showing how devoted he was to his vocation, and how richly he appreciated the situation, by abandoning himself to a short period of greedy, voluptuous anticipation, fully expressed in his staring eyes and thinly lipped mouth, before experiencing the delicious sensation of slitting my windpipe and dismembering me. My drowsiness, which I verily believe was in a great measure due to the peculiar fascination he had

for me, steadily increased, and it was only with the most desperate efforts, egged on by the knowledge that my very existence depended on it, that I could keep my eyelids from actually coming together and sticking fast. At last they closed so nearly as to deceive my companion, who, rising stealthily to his feet, showed his teeth in a broad grin of satisfaction, and whipping from his coat pocket a glittering, horn-handled knife, ran his dirty, spatulate thumb over the blade to see if it was sharp. Grinning still more, he now tiptoed to the window, pulled the blind as far down as it would go, and, after placing his ear against the panel of the door to make sure no one was about, gaily spat on his palms, and, with a soft, sardonic chuckle, crept slowly towards me. Had he advanced with a war-whoop it would have made little or no difference—the man and his atmosphere paralysed me—I was held in the chair by iron bonds that swathed themselves round hands, and feet, and tongue. I could neither stir nor utter a sound,—only look, look with all the pent-up agonies of my soul through my burning, quivering eye-lashes. A yard, a foot, an inch, and the perspiring fingers of his left hand dexterously loosened the gaudy coloured scarf that hid my throat. A second later and I felt them smartly transferred to my long, curly hair. They tightened, and my neck was on the very verge of being jerked back, when between my quivering eyelids I saw on the sheeny surface of his bulging eyeballs,—the cat—the damnable, hated cat. The effect was magical. A wave of the most terrific the most ungovernable fury surged through me. I struck out blindly and one of my fists alighting on the would-be murderer's face made him stagger back and drop the knife. In an instant the weapon was mine, and ere he could draw his six-shooter—for the suddenness of the encounter and my blow had considerably dazed him—I had hurled myself upon him and brought him to the ground.

“ The force with which I had thrown him, together with my blow, had stunned him, and I would have left him in that condition had it not been for the cat—the accursed cat—that, peeping up at me from every particle of his prostrate body, egged me on to kill him. My intense admiration for his genius now manifested itself in the way in which I imitated all his movements, from the visit to the door and window, to the spitting on his palms ; and with a grin—the nearest counterpart that I could get, after prodigious efforts, to the one that so fascinated me—I approached his recumbent figure, and, bending over it, removed his neckerchief. I sat and admired the gently throbbing whiteness of his throat for some seconds, and then, with a volley of execrations at the cat, commenced my novel and by no means uninteresting work. I am afraid I bungled it sadly, for I was disturbed when in the midst of it, by the sound of scratching, the violent and frantic scratching, of some animal on the upper panels of the door. The sound flustered me, and, my hand shaking in consequence, I did not make such a neat job of it as I should have liked. However, I

did my best, and at all events I killed him ; and I enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of knowing that I had killed him—killed the cat. But my joy was of short duration, and I now bitterly regret my rash deed. Wherever I go in the daytime, the shadowy figure of the cat accompanies me, and at night, crouching on my bedclothes, it watches—watches me with the expression in its eyes and mouth of my would-be murderer on that memorable night."

As he concluded, for an instant, only for an instant, the shadow by his side grew clearer, and I saw the cat, saw it watching him with murder, ghastly murder lurking in its eyes. I struck a match, and, as I had anticipated, the phenomenon vanished.

"It will return," the Australian said gloomily ; "It always does. I shall never get rid of it !" And as I fully concurred with this statement, and had no suggestions to offer, I thanked him for his story, and wished him good-night. But I did not leave him alone. He still had his cat. I saw it return to him as I passed through the doorway. Of course, I had no means of verifying his story ; it might have been true, or it might not. But there was the cat !—thoroughly objective and as perfect a specimen of a feline, occult bestiality as I have ever seen or wish to see again.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There is one occult subject, universally familiar in fact, of which I never remember to have met with any satisfying explanation, although it is of the most profound interest to all but the very young and the callous or vulgar-hearted.

I refer to what a Scottish writer has called "that awful and beautiful peace which is the farewell of the soul to its servant"; the noble beauty which the human face takes on, sometimes just before, usually directly after, natural death.

The deeply religious are content either just to know the fact, or to give to it a beautiful explanation which the present state of our knowledge does not enable us either to prove or to disprove. That it *has* an occult significance, and that no material explanation in itself can possibly satisfy any thoughtful and refined mind either religious or philosophic, is simply self-evident, as the starting-point of inquiry, to any one who has sat by a quiet death-bed either before or for a few hours after the parting between the personality and the outworn bodily vehicle it has inhabited during this earth-life. But what is its *real* significance? *Why* should a departing soul leave this strange seal of nobility on the face it has just quitted? It is not confined to those who have been of an exceptionally pure and upright life; although there are degrees from the merely purified up to the awesomely grand and beautiful. *Why* is it?

Yours faithfully,
INQUIRER.

"SPACE AND SPIRIT."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sorry if this book does not appeal to your able reviewer, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, in his desire for experimental

evidence rather than theory. I had hoped some of its ideas would have been a support, or guide, to those whose efforts were directed to the securing of such evidence.

I am, however, somewhat puzzled at his statement that my "divergences from the lines of the work criticized do not seem to be of much practical importance," the more so in view of the opinion of "Scrutator" and others that the book suggests "many new issues." Doubtless I am to blame for not having provided a more efficient summary.

It is true that there are few matters of direct conflict between the two books, although such as there are seem vital. But the divergences by way of development are marked, and I hope not illogical.

First as to matters of conflict. The more important are as follows :—

- (1) LIFE AND ENERGY.—Lodge regards these as separate entities, "Life" as the "directive" agency, and "Energy" as of itself directionless. I hold them to be inseparable, and "Life" to be intrinsically energetic (pp. 53-58, "S. & S.").
- (2) ORIGIN OF ORGANIC LIFE.—Lodge appears to hold that "Life cannot enter into union with a body until a certain stage of complexity or organization is reached." I submit that "Life" is in operation from first to last, and, in fact, generates the organism (pp. 62 and 32).
- (3) FUNDAMENTAL PROPERTIES OF THREE-DIMENSIONAL MATTER.—He considers "weight" and "inertia" as fundamental, and that their absence would mean the annihilation of matter. I point to properties more fundamental, viz., Extension, Impenetrability, Divisibility (p. 15).
- (4) FREE-WILL.—I cannot reconcile the author's views with a consistent doctrine of "Free-will" (pp. 58-60).
- (5) GOOD AND EVIL.—Lodge seems to think that it is necessary to *do* evil before we can *know* the difference between good and evil. I do not (p. 37).
- (6) HAECKEL.—There are one or two matters in which the author either has not done justice to or has been too lenient with Haeckel, viz., "Internal Forces," "Free-will," "Chance" (pp. 27-28), "Confession of Faith" (p. 38).

Then as to matters of Development. Are the following views to be regarded as "making no difference"?—

- (7) Absolute matter has no extension, this property being wholly due to motion (pp. 15, 16).
- (8) Energy exists in three states: "Motion," "Change" and "Strain." In the first it is both timeal and spatial; in the second it is spatial but timeless; in the third it is both spaceless and timeless (pp. 17-19).
- (9) Absolute Space is the "capacity" of Spirit. Three-dimensional Space, which is but an incident of absolute space, is that which has extension, penetrability, indivisibility and fixity (Pref. 2nd Ed.; also pp. 17, 63).
- (10) Matter, Energy, Space, Will and Consciousness are "powers" of "Spirit," and as such are inalienable, although able to be "used" or restrained from "use" separately or together. Thus was evolved the concept of the "Spiritual Pyknotom" (pp. 26, 27). I offer this "Spiritual Realism" to replace the three brands of Monism—Materialism, Idealism and Unknown Realism—mentioned at pp. 9, 10.
- (11) "Free-will."—The infinite powers of the Spiritual Pyknotom provide a rational basis for the doctrine of Free-will,—power to create its *own* motive, power to respond or not to *external* motive. Free-will is not reconcilable with "Fore-knowledge" other than the fore-knowledge of the individual exercising the free-will. Nor need fore-knowledge exist even there, for the motive may arise *simultaneously* with the act of will (Prefs. and App. Also pp. 22, 23, 58-60).
- (12) Omnipotence and Omniscience.—These attributes have been shown to be consistent with the creation of Free-will beings only in so far as the attributes are regarded in a potential sense (Pref. and p. 60).
- (13) "Monism."—I have similarly maintained this doctrine to be true only in a potential sense (Pref. and p. 25).
- (14) "Soul" and "Body."—Soul is defined as the "Individual Spirit," and it is shown that "Body" may bear a similar relation to "Soul" that "effect" does to "cause" (p. 47).

Yours obediently,

R. A. KENNEDY.

83, ADDISON GARDENS, W.

RE TELEPATHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In response to your note respecting the advertisement in *The Times*, my husband and I think it may interest your readers to hear the following story of our telepathic experience in August, 1908. At that time we were not married, but there was a wonderful sympathy in our ideas, thoughts, and projects. On the afternoon of August 21, 1908, I was in my flat in London writing some special work for Harmsworth, when my pen suddenly wrote the words: "Consciousness," three times. (Then rapidly) "I am stuck over chapter. Consciousness, vegetables, flowers."

Immediately I realized I was receiving a "wireless" from my husband, Hugo Ames, who was then at Lysways, staying with Sir Charles Forster, Bart., in Staffordshire. I had to put down my own theme, and went to my library and took down a book lent to me a day before containing an article by Annie Besant on Bose's Consciousness. I then sat down and wrote an article on Consciousness, comparing it with my own experience and recalling other incidents. I caught the country post and sent it to Mr. Ames, and below I copy facsimile of telegram received from him early next day—

"Wonderful. Letters crossed. Discovered Bose's theory yesterday. Writing."

Then came my husband's letter, showing that at the very moment I was writing on consciousness he had called upon me to help him. I have therefore sent this example of telepathy to Mr. Matthew Jarvis, the solicitor, who has asked for evidence. Since Mr. Ames and I were married many people have noticed this extraordinary sympathy between us, the result of a complete affinity. As these harmonious results seem a little rare I venture to think it will interest your readers. But since this event numberless incidents have occurred to verify the immortal truth—

Life beats in Life when Spirit thus is roused
 To send its message with both Love and Power
 To an expectant soul.
 Thus unseen Powers hover in the very air
 To whisper, murmur, and endear
 Each soul to soul speaking thus afar
 In words that space or distance
 Cannot check or hold in chain.

Yours faithfully,
 FLORA AMES.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AS an illustration of the clash of opinion, the *Revue du Psychisme Expérimental* has done an interesting thing recently. Having published in one of its issues a striking and highly controversial article by Dr. Joseph Ferrua, in which it was maintained that mediums and hypno-magnetic subjects are abnormal from the mental point of view, it has now given space to rejoinders on the part of the French psychological press and independent specialists. More explicitly, it has begun to do so and the end is not yet in sight, for after Colonel de Rochas, Camille Flammarion, the President of the Psychical Society at Nice, the Vice-President of the *Société Magnétique* of France, and Gabriel Delanne, we are promised in later issues the views of yet other luminaries. The opinions are as varied as the personalities. M. Delanne, who represents spiritualism of the Kardec school, says that no experimental proof is offered, that suppositions or reveries take the place of realities, and that on such grounds it is concluded by Dr. Ferrua that "the spirits are hypothetical creatures of pure fantasy." The Vice-President of the *Société Magnétique* proceeds with considerable subtlety to draw from the history of spiritualism a great deal of credit for the methods of mesmeric research which preceded it. He maintains also that the medium, if he pursues his vocation honestly, is a candidate for mental alienation. In a word, he not only agrees with Dr. Ferrua but carries his thesis further. On the other hand, Dr. Gustave Geley, Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine, affirms, as a matter of daily observation, that the exercise of mediumship demands a satisfactory—if not a perfect—state of health, that persons with seriously disordered systems and proved victims of hysteria are generally very bad mediums. Dr. Breton also differs, questioning whether we have at present sufficient materials for judgment and affirming that, so far as the evidence goes, hypno-magnetic subjects are not abnormal as a class, though a section among them may claim to be so regarded. Meanwhile Dr. Ferrua continues his contributions to the periodical in question, and it must be said that they are arresting in character. He sets forth how, from his point of view, the optic nerves and the nerves of other centres are replaced in their physiological functions by the cerebral centres which preside over the phenomena of nervous affections

manifested in mediumship. He explains on this basis how automatic writing may be produced in languages unknown to the subject, by the intervention of ancestral memory in the subconscious part of the medium. So issues atavistic psychism out of the *tohu bohu* of the world of wonder. The hysterical who are capable of being hypnotized, the mediums and the convinced spiritualists are classed together in a single category. It is fortunate that there are other canons of criticism for the psychic nature of man and its phenomena than appear in the alternatives of this debate.

The International Bureau of Spiritualism, having its place of session at Liège, is issuing an *Official Bulletin* which contains an interesting summary of proceedings and a list of associations incorporated from time to time. We get in this manner some curious particulars of the principles recognized by some of the latter, as for example, that in the opinion of a Johannesburg society the brotherhood of man is a root-doctrine of spiritism. It may be noted further that this institution forbids its members to exercise mediumship for remuneration. We learn also that New Zealand has a National Association of Spiritualists and that they are seeking from the State (a) the recognition of spiritualism, (b) protection for sincere and qualified mediums, and (c) the suppression of imposture and fraud. The State must be already illuminated in no ordinary degree, as this hypothesis presupposes its ability to distinguish the sincere medium from his imitations and substitutes.

We do not recur to our friend *The Harbinger of Light* so often as its general merits deserve. It is a grave and dignified representative of its particular cause—that of spiritualism—in Australia. In the last issue which has reached us there are certain editorial notes which seem to be wholly admirable. They are a recognition that the knowledge of God can enter into the consciousness; that in this sense God is to be sought within; that individuals and nations perish for want of the Divine Vision which is thus attainable; and that the realization of the very presence of God in the soul is the heart of all religion. The editor of our contemporary is a woman; we offer our congratulations to her. She is of those who know wherein and whereby is “the growth and development of the individual soul.”

We have drawn attention previously to the fact that periodical literature of the Theosophical type is reverberating with intimations concerning the coming of another Master. The tendency is to formulate the feeling more and more as a second advent

of Christ, though the conception is to be distinguished presumably from that of any expectation which the churches may be held to maintain among them. As a fact, official Christendom, as such, has no expectation of the kind at the present time, not even among the obscure sects and twentieth-century forms of revivalism, where stultified prophetic interpretation, at last perforce discarded, has deadened it for a period, if it have not indeed destroyed it. *La Revue Théosophique Belge* devotes the bulk of its current issue to a prolonged animadversion on the subject from the pen of M. Jean Delville. The question is hypothetically capable of separation from specific Theosophical aspects, which would appear to be less or more collected about a specific personality. It should be noted, however, that generally it is a Theosophical sentiment, or for the believer, if we like, a kind of dawn in consciousness. Other schools of thought which, by predication, belong to the same kinship seem outside this interest and remote from the longing of which it is an embodiment. There is no place for it in the camp of spiritualism; to occultism as conventionally defined it is a thing unknown; and the many phases of Christian mysticism would seem to have no place for it. Some of them have possibly had enough and to spare of the external saviours and have ceased to look without for that which, by all their faith and in all their experience, is to be sought only within. This notwithstanding, the expectation is a thing of interest, to be marked and watched as such. Some element of it may not have been wanting behind the welcome to Abbas Effendi on his unobtrusive visit to London, as the leader of the Bahai movement. Unhappily, M. Jean Delville does little more than register the fact of expectation within a cloud of words and the not too satisfying consideration of several side issues—as, for example, whether the churches are likely to recognize one who, by the hypothesis, will not come in the name of any forerunner, especially that of Christ. Still there is something behind even his cloud, and that is his sincerity—whatever the titles of his faith.

A writer in *The Word* expends many pages in a putative consideration of the inner life and a fourfold scheme of salvation according to Christian notions. It is a little disappointing in matter, because no thesis is less concerned with the inner life, as this is properly understood. It is a little disappointing in manner, which is too largely that of diatribe rather crassly worded. There is of course only one scheme of salvation according to official Christianity, and that is by the blood of Christ. It is perfectly idle to separate the Epistle of James and distinguish it as a distinct

phase. This, however, is classed first among the four folds or aspects enumerated by the writer. The second, he says, is Gnostic, but he skips over it with a single reference, and we stand therefore where we were. The third is the Church, not otherwise specified, while the fourth, rather out of expectation, is evangelical Christianity, which is surprisingly described, as if the doctrine of the Incarnation were peculiar to movements classified indiscriminately as those of "Moody, the Salvationists, Methodist ranters, and the like." It is a pity that this kind of stuff continues to get printed. The author, Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard, confesses that he has "said so often." Among self-constituted teachers, those are surely of the worst kind who have a gift of putting even true things as if they were falsehoods.

Without using much better materials, a writer in *The Path* produces a different impression in his discourse on the Soul. He speaks of consciousness opening to the Divine, and despite faulty wordings and slipshod metaphysics, we feel that he has not waited vainly "for the spark from heaven to fall."

The Open Court is devoted to the science of religion and the religion of science—not to speak of something described as "the extension of the Religious Parliament idea," which is permitted to pass out of sight, so far as the periodical is concerned. The other dedications are elastic, and there is no question that religious archæology and folk-lore are entitled to inclusion therein. Our contemporary's tendency, however, is so much in these two directions that the life of religion itself seems almost apart from its pages. The last issue contains the conclusion of a prolonged monograph on Idols and Fetiches, and an editorial on Pagan and Christian Love-Feasts, with some excellent reproductions from the antique. It is interesting and learned, in the compiler's sense; there are also symbolic aspects of the Eucharist of Bread and Fish which are important rather than curious, though they are not developed; but that which the paper really demonstrates unintentionally is (a) that no one gets nearer the essential mystical conceptions behind the sacrament by studying its early history; (b) that the spiritual message of apostolic times is not increased by research; and that only in its development does Christian doctrine appeal vitally to the soul. St. Thomas Aquinas is worth all the ante-Nicene Christian Fathers.

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REVIEWS

CHINA'S STORY. By William Elliott Griffis. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE purport and scope of this work is well displayed in the preface where the author says: "History shows that the human nature of the Chinese and of ourselves is the same. I have gone below the surface, letting the Chinese speak for themselves, chiefly through their myths, folk-lore, art, literature, institutions and annals." As concerning all that is vital to the life and evolution of the oldest living nation in the world, it is impossible for it to be without interest. Mr. Griffis takes us back to the origins of what is now the great Chinese nation and extends his survey of its development to the opening years of the present century, and though at all points his valuations are not beyond the domain of controversy, yet it is evident from the sympathetic attitude maintained throughout, that the author has been at pains to invest his work with accuracy. After completing a history of over forty centuries, the Chinese have established themselves anew in all that is essential to the modern welfare of a nation and as Mr. Griffis truly remarks: "China will in the long run wear out and overcome every conqueror that tries to conquer her people," but to those who gain the Chinese heart and sympathy China will prove an efficient and willing servant. The book is embellished by some fine photographs and is in every respect an attractive and interesting volume.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ADVENTURES OF HATIM TAI. Translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes, A.M. Madras: The Theosophist Office, Adyar.

A THIRD edition of this book is to hand, a fact which speaks well for its popularity.

Somewhere in Arabia there is a tomb that is visited by all who have passage through the country and set a proper value on generosity, chivalry and bravery, for which the name of Hatim bin Tai is a synonym. He is immortalized in the *Rosat-ul-Sufa* in these words: In the eighth year after the birth of his eminence the Prophet, died Noushirwan the Just and Hatim Tai the Generous, both famous in their lives.

The book contains seven narratives in which is a fair sprinkling of the occult and supernatural, a feature that is indigenous to all romance of chivalry in the literature of the East. But despite the fairy tales in which the nobility of Hatim's character is depicted the original has a true and interesting place in the history of the Yemen. In many respects Hatim is a more considerable person than the Prophet who opposed his tribe, for he alone, among the many who contested his power, gained a complete victory over Mohammed. The manner in which this victory was achieved is characteristic of the great heart of Hatim.

It is greatly to be regretted that both the printers and binders have shown undue haste in the work of producing this book, for we are accus-

tomed to look for only the best output from the Theosophist Office, and it is to be hoped the defects were discovered before the Edition had proceeded far. But for my own part, I would rather read *The Adventures of Hatim* piecemeal and in topsy-turvy form than much of modern fiction in *édition de luxe*.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LIFE OF HUIEN-TSIANG BY THE SHAMAN HWUI LI. By Samuel Beal, B.A., D.C.L. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Gerrard Street, W. Price 10s. 6d.

THE efficiency of this work is guaranteed by the reputation of Professor Beal, of the University College, London, and the publishers have contributed to the excellence of the book in a form that is altogether creditable.

Huien-Tsiang left China in the seventh century A.D. for India, whence he returned with over 600 volumes of Buddhist literature, and twenty horse loads of relics. It is the story of this great pilgrimage and evangel that Hwui Li tells us in these fascinating pages which are conveniently divided into five books. The work is intended to supplement the *Buddhist Records of the Western World* which embodies the *Si-yu-Ki*, and perfectly fulfils that purpose. There is an excellent Preface written by Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng, which presents the work of Professor Beal in a very inviting light. Mr. Cranmer-Byng shows how Yuan Chwang, or Huien-Tsiang as he is called by his patronymic, " bore witness, if unconsciously, to a time of transition and a noble faith in decay, and the swift silent growth of jungle mythology around the crumbling temples of Buddha. His record of these sixteen years of travel is a priceless one, for through it we are able to reconstruct the world and ways of Buddhist India of the centuries that have passed." It is, as has been well said, not a history of Buddhism, but the story of a dauntless soul who faced " the perils of the bone-strewn plain and the unconquered hills " with a courage and devotion which speaks mightily for the inspiring nature of his faith and creed. There were pilgrims before Yuan Chwang, and there have been others since, but there are no records so replete with material of historic and philosophical interest as that of Hwui Li, the disciple of Huien Tsiang.

SCRUTATOR.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DRAGON. By Laurence Binyon. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 2s. net.

THE lover of art may extend his horizon to the remotest regions of space and find in the star clusters the same general relations of colour and form as he notes in the common daisy or a frond of maidenhair. But he must look with the eyes of the artist, informed and focussed by knowledge. The flight of the Dragon involves an ethnological sense of the Oriental character, as well as a local sense of colour and form evolutions. Those who are interested in art, and especially the genesis and development of the genius of the East, will find in this admirable essay on the theory and practice of art in China and Japan, a most entertaining and instructive piece of work. The author takes his cue from a colour-print by Harunobu, whose works have so vigorously and yet sympathetically depicted the common life of the century, a picture of a boy displaying a mouse to

his young sister, while on the screen behind, the shadow of a pine branch is traced with exquisite effect. For Harunobu had taken inspiration of the poet in these words: "See, I have dusted the paper-shutter clean of every speck: how perfect the shadow of the pine-tree!" How many would have attempted the sun or the pine-tree and failed to catch the suggestion of both in the shadow on the screen. For, as the author says truly: "We guard ourselves against impressions, we entrench our minds in habits, we refuse simply to see with our eyes, to trust our senses, but must continually be referring to some external standard or other which, perhaps, is not only not valid in itself, but has no real correspondence with our own intuitions and experiences." And this is why we have hitherto failed in the magic of suggestion of impressionism, so essential to and vital in the art of China and Japan. But to trace the flight of the Dragon one must follow the author past silent pools and bubbling streams, across the heron marshes to the rocky gorge and mountain pass, beyond the crystal waterfall and its bridge of fallen pines, to some almost inaccessible peak far up among the sunlit clouds. There he will behold the Dragon itself and perceive whence comes the inspiration of Oriental art. The scope of the work is such as to preclude any adequate review within these limits and the book may be confidently referred to the appreciation of a discerning public.

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THE MOTHER OF THE GODS. By Fitz Siegmund Dhu. London: Hugh Rees, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE book is dedicated to Euphrosyne, "the Goddess of the Righteous Mind and of the Merry Heart." The author questions whether the myths and traditions are not echoes of events which had place in prehistoric times between the Baltic and the Black Sea. He connects also the name of the great philosopher Pythagoras with the rectangular arena of these great events in which the Troy of Scythia was involved.

The author traces by philology and symbolism the sources of civilization in the West and the origin of the ruling nations or dynasties by reference to the seal of the Eddas. He shows the artificial composition of the Eddic names and their employment in ante-national times before their introduction as classic names in the European languages. The introduction of prehistoric symbols into Christian ornamentation, the use of Eddic names in the sacred books of the nations, and many other features of extreme interest to antiquarians and symbolologists fill up a volume of singular fascination, and the undoubted scholarship of the author in this particular field is a warrant for much that the lay mind must take on trust. To philologists the work will prove more lucid and instructive and the premiss of this construction will, I think, be readily accorded. Briefly it is thus stated: In every new realm there is a period of national development, where language has its permanent outlines fully defined. But in all invaded countries there is a residuum of local terms and names belonging to the native idiom which, although forming part of the national language, cannot be explained by it. In this way we have traditional tributaries to a language which are regarded as mythical, but which may well have had a historical basis with the ancients. The development of this

idea makes a fascinating study, into which the present work is a valuable initiation.

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CHRIST AND HIS SLAVES. By the Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A.
London: Robert Scott, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS is an earnestly written volume appearing in Mr. Scott's "The Treasury Library," which has included, and will no doubt continue to include, a number of fervently prepared booklets which make an appeal, and a very convincing one too, to all the orthodox and devout who take their religion seriously and as having a deep personal connexion with every thought and action in their life. It is our belief that Mr. Scott's enterprise, perhaps we ought to say thoughtfulness, in scheming out this little series of books, is meeting with its right reward; and that is not surprising when we look at the titles and authors of the previously published volumes. This new book of Mr. Lees is made up of a series of devotional studies from the Egyptian Papyri, and even to the unorthodox the little volume will be interesting. The proof of a person's sincerity as regards his own religious beliefs is to be found in the degree of toleration which he extends to the devotee of some other faith. There are numerous readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who will not sneeringly, but perhaps very indifferently, pass by without taking the slightest interest in this little book by Mr. Lees. There are many others of our circle, however, who, in their search for Knowledge, in their anxiety for Truth, *will* take an opportunity of reading it. Mayhap, there will be a large percentage of these earnest folk who will reject Mr. Lees' plea; but no matter: they will be all the better, and more broad minded for getting into touch with a view from the other camp. Mr. Lees holds our unbounded respect for the way, the frank, sincere way in which he deals with his subject; and for this atmosphere alone it has been a pleasure to spend a few minutes with his little message.

M. C.

HEALTH FOR YOUNG AND OLD. By A. T. Schofield, M.D. London:
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UNTIL quite recent days there has been a regrettable tendency on the part of writers upon Health subjects to lay stress upon the insidious nature of disease, the complexity of its nature, the dangers attending upon disregard of its premonitory symptoms, the invisible hosts of malevolent germs waiting to take advantage of the least sign of weakness, and a thousand other terrors which depend for their existence upon our powers of imagination and for their realization upon a morbid auto-suggestion. A wise psychology which has regard to the originative faculty of the human mind has condemned these methods. In a bright and altogether entrancing work, which puts the reader in good humour with himself and keeps him there, Dr. Schofield gives Nature the benefit of the doubt. He insists upon good health as normal and general, not as exceptional, and aims with great skill at making considerations of health subservient to the uses of health. He asks us to forget our morbid selves and remember a few simple things. It is seen that of nine persons one may reach the age of 70, while eight others die prematurely from preventable evils,

viz., carelessness, ignorance and wilful neglect. Between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries we have lifted the average age at death from 13 to 43 years. Dr. Schofield aims at 105 as a reasonable expectancy. He regards life force as an asset which is squandered by the extravagant, hoarded by the miserly, and economized by the prudent. We have 300 foot-tons of energy to our credit every day. A very little study of daily habit will point out who is accumulating, who economizing, and who squandering this gift of energy.

Unlike the majority of medical writers, Dr. Schofield has respect to the psychology of life. Man is compounded of body, soul and spirit, and not all diseases are those of the body. Indeed, it is a question whether in a primary sense any disease originates from the physical part of us. "The two higher natures of the man are as often diseased as the lower," and each part of us needs its own remedies, but unfortunately "these three modes of cure seek to form themselves into hostile camps and rival schools, and mutually exclude each other, instead of working in perfect harmony." The old lady who had a broken leg, a rick in her back and a hacking cough, but who felt "quite well in herself," was nearer to the recognition of the true relations of things human than those who ascribe all melancholia to a sluggish liver and prescribe podophyllin. According to our author, the best way to preserve health is to avoid doing so. He warns us against the fatal practice of introspection, and wisely reminds us that physical unconsciousness is health. There are some extremely useful and witty things said of fresh air and pure water, those commodities so greatly insisted upon and so seldom met with. There is an excellent section on the Health of Girls and Boys, and indeed Dr. Schofield has useful counsel to give us from Babyhood up to Old Age. A more sensible, instructive and practical work on Hygiene it would be difficult to find. Most of us are born in possession of normal health, and by our author's teaching it is only our own fault if we do not retain it.

SCRUTATOR.

SPIRITUAL HEALING. By Robert Reade. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., 3 and 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., and 44, Victoria Street, S.W. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THERE are some very interesting pages in this little book. The Rev. Robert Reade earnestly advises the use of *oil* in healing the sick as "an outward and visible sign." Certainly there is a very great deal to support the view Mr. Reade takes of healing. The Bible in every way confirms it. Also in *Spiritual Healing* there are some fascinating chapters on the Report of the Lambeth Conference, praising where praise is due, condemning where condemnation is due. Mr. Reade is not a fanatic, nor is he a Christian Scientist. He is a sane, practical thinker with earnest spiritual ideals which he strives to make real.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE PATHWAY OF ROSES. By Christian D. Larson. Chicago: The Progress Company. Price 6s. 6d.

COMPARED with the writings of Ralph Waldo Trine, Mr. Larson's writings are as crystal to glass. There is much really sound and helpful advice in *The Pathway of Roses*. Every page teems with illuminating

remarks. Although I scarcely think it probable that Mr. Larson has studied the Cabalah, much of his teaching is cabalistic, as is the case with Judge Troward and others who assimilate the aspects of truth that are grounded on universality, necessity and analogy. One of Mr. Larson's many messages to his readers is " Desire to the utmost, be strong, be merciful, but above all, desire : the more you desire in the right way, the nearer you get to God." The soul of man is the soul of God, only man has to realize it.

MEREDITH STARR.

OUR LADY OF THE LEOPARDS. By Albert Dorrington. London: Mills & Boon, Ltd. Price 6s.

AMONG the thirty-three score of deities with which James Mill credits Hinduism the simian god is perhaps more famous than his deific rank warrants; and an admirer of Pasht, the cat-goddess of Egypt, does not find in this sensational novel any reason for preferring "the sacred bandar" to the pre-eminent puss. For, if it had not been for her Hunimania, the princess described in Mr. Dorrington's title might be ajive to-day. She believed unfortunately that she was the custodian of her god in the person of a stealable bandar, coveted by showmen; and in its service she was ingeniously cruel. Hers is a tragic story; but as a whole the book is not tragic, being a skilfully prepared dish for the multitude who enjoy a laugh, a shudder, and a kiss. An Irishman, who escapes with his companion in roguery the maw of a tiger, is allowed to blossom into a gentleman and a lover. The operation of the magic, which avenges the insult of a Dutch ruffian to the "sacred bandar," is picturesquely described; and the money-grubbing spirit that sometimes occupies the place of regret in the relatives of dead people amusingly animates two of Mr. Dorrington's Hindus.

W. H. CHESSON.

EPISODES FROM AN UNWRITTEN HISTORY. By Claude Bragdon. Rochester, N.Y. The Manas Press. Price 50 cents net.

THE writer of this interesting booklet, which we notice has now passed into a second and enlarged edition, has woven a story of fascinating romance about the early days of the Theosophical Society, albeit his materials have been "gathered from sources for the most part available to any one." Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Judge, these live and move again before us, and out of the tangled skein of conflicting reports the author has succeeded in unravelling "strands which some day may weave into a pattern which shall amaze mankind." Those who are acquainted with the early history of the movement only from hearsay, or a few chance newspaper reports, would be well repaid by a perusal of these pages.

H. J. S.

THE ART OF HEALTH. By Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams. London: "Health and Strength," Ltd., 12, Burleigh Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE good work done in the cause of public health by Mr. Upton Sinclair should form a powerful lever in bringing this work into general notice.

It is well deserving of public appreciation and constitutes one of the most effective efforts to place the scientific dietary on a popular basis. In the first place it runs full tilt against the "proteid" fiend with which the public has recently been fed up. The virtue of good eating is made a subject of scientific importance.

It may seem a matter for regret that we should need to make an art of what is primarily the natural gift of heaven. But we are paying the price of our civilization and, as Edward Carpenter reminds us, there are many races that have attained the luxury and security of civilization, but history has yet to furnish us with the record of a nation that has safely passed through it. Civilization and corruption are synonymous terms and we pay for the national holocaust by easy instalments. Why? Because there has been adaptation to environment in everything but diet. The authors of this book show the case plainly, and illustrate the value of the new dietary by practical results. The scientific value of Fletcherism, which requires the thorough use of the mouth, teeth, tongue and salivary glands, in the preliminaries of ingestion, is insisted upon. The values of various kinds of food are displayed by reference to the Yale experiments. The hygiene of breathing, bathing, and dentition are also carefully considered. The great value of lactic ferments such as are produced in sterilized sour milk is conclusively shown and the proteid diet is condemned out and out. It is shown that while proteid is an essential element of nutrition, it is yet the one that should be kept strictly in abeyance, since it is never wholly consumed as are fats, sugars and starches, but solid matters are left behind which act like clinkers in a furnace. They may accumulate beyond the power of the organs to deal with them and they then become germ cultures from which disease is bound to follow. The work as a whole is well arranged and forms good reading, while as a means of initiating a much needed reform in dietary and hygienic methods it may be regarded as of national importance. It is even right to say that in the eyes of those who value health as the best of wealth this book may assume the importance of a classic.

SCRUTATOR.

LA SORCELLERIE PRATIQUE. By René Schwaeblé. Paris: H. Daragon, Libraire-Editeur, 96-98, rue Blanche, 96-98 (ix). Prix 3 francs 50 centimes.

HERE we have a book written in the twentieth century by a professor and advocate of black magic. The author seems to be a most outspoken Satanist; he has in fact penned a most sublime prayer to the Prince of Darkness. I must say, I admire his outspoken originality, but it seems a pity that he should waste his brains in writing about what does not exist elsewhere than in the human brain—namely Satanism. The most interesting pages in this book are those occupied by quotations from the great Paracelsus. Also there is a not unattractive chapter in which he claims to give recipes that will enable the reader to do some interesting things, such as to procure natural flowers at any time of the year, and also gives various prayers against diseases and other ailments. In one part of his book he writes of the delights of various drugs, and certainly contrives to invest them with all the illusive glamour which they possess.

MEREDITH STARR.