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OCCULT REVIEW

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RALPH SHIRLEY

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CONTENTS

JANUARY

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | <i>The Editor</i> 1 |
| ROBERT FLUDD, PHILOSOPHER AND OCCULTIST | <i>A. E. Waite</i> 11 |
| " PHYSICALS ONLY " : A DREAM | <i>Winston Kendrick</i> 17 |
| SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE SPIRITS OF NATURE : | |
| PART II | <i>Franz Hartmann, M.D.</i> 25 |
| HOW WARTS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY REMOVED | |
| FROM THE HANDS | <i>David Gordon Morrison</i> 31 |
| GEMATRIA = 353 | <i>J. A. Goodchild</i> 35 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | 44 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 48 |
| REVIEWS | 52 |

FEBRUARY

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | 59 |
| ALCHEMY AND MODERN SCIENCE | <i>William R. Moore</i> 71 |
| A BATCH OF STRANGE STORIES | <i>A. de Burgh</i> 80 |
| THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH A MYSTICAL | |
| SOCIETY : A LECTURE | <i>The Rev. Holden E. Sampson</i> 85 |
| DIVINING FOR WATER | <i>J. D. L.</i> 97 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 102 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | 109 |
| REVIEWS | 114 |

MARCH

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | 121 |
| THE GHOST'S PATH | <i>G. M. Hort</i> 130 |
| STAR LORE AND STAR TRADITION | <i>Scrutator</i> 132 |
| MENTALISM | <i>M. Zumsteg</i> 141 |
| A ROSICRUCIAN IDEAL | <i>Mabel Collins</i> 146 |
| CONCERNING DREAMS | <i>H. A. Dallas</i> 153 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 159 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | 169 |
| REVIEWS | 174 |

| APRIL | | PAGE |
|--|-----------------------------|------|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | | 181 |
| SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS CONTAINED IN FAIRY STORIES | <i>Hereward Carrington.</i> | 188 |
| THE SHRINE OF A THOUSAND BUDDHAS | <i>A. E. Waite</i> | 195 |
| MRS. BESANT'S EDUCATIONAL WORK IN INDIA. | <i>Madame Jean Delaire</i> | 204 |
| WITCHES' UNGUENTS | <i>Arthur Gay</i> | 207 |
| A HAUNT OF TERROR | <i>J. Cranstoun-Seymour</i> | 210 |
| A PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC MYSTICISM | <i>G. de Mengel</i> | 215 |
| THE INFLUENCE OF INANIMATE THINGS: A TRUE STORY | <i>Virginia Milward</i> | 219 |
| A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR | <i>A. J. H.</i> | 221 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | | 224 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | | 235 |
| REVIEWS | | 238 |

MAY

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | | 247 |
| THE HOROSCOPE OF THE "TITANIC" | <i>A. J. Pearce</i> | 257 |
| A MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF SPIRIT | <i>W. G. O.</i> | 260 |
| THE DERVISHES: THEIR CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS | <i>H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc.</i> | 263 |
| DOES EGYPTIAN MAGIC STILL EXIST? | <i>Mrs. Frank Currier Jones</i> | 270 |
| THE SCIENCE OF SUGGESTION | <i>Scrutator</i> | 277 |
| PROFESSOR KNOWALL | | 283 |
| THE COMTE DE ST. GERMAIN | <i>Virginia Milward</i> | 284 |
| HEALING MEDIA | <i>B. P. O'Neill, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.</i> | 289 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | | 292 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | | 302 |
| REVIEWS | | 306 |

JUNE

| | | |
|---|--|-----|
| NOTES OF THE MONTH | | 313 |
| WOMAN AND THE HERMETIC MYSTERY | <i>A. E. Waite</i> | 323 |
| CHEIRO: A BRIEF SKETCH OF A MODERN SEER | | 331 |
| FRATRES LUCIS | <i>Meredith Starr</i> | 336 |
| THE MYSTICAL POEMS OF ROSSETTI | <i>Charles J. Whitby, M.D.</i> | 337 |
| PHENOMENA OF CONSCIOUSNESS | <i>Edward McNulty.</i> | 343 |
| ARE HUMAN SOULS RE-BORN ON MARS? | <i>Franz Hartmann, M.D.</i> | 346 |
| THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL | <i>Sydney T. Klein, F.L.S., F.R.A.S., etc.</i> | 348 |
| THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAETERLINCK: THE LESSON OF "THE BLUE BIRD" | <i>W. J. Colville.</i> | 357 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | | 364 |
| PERIODICAL LITERATURE | | 368 |
| REVIEWS | | 371 |

THE OCCULT REVIEW



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Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH: Dream
Problems

By the Editor

ROBERT FLUDD

By Arthur Edward Waite

"PHYSICALS ONLY": A Dream

By Winston Kendrick

SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE SPIRITS
OF NATURE. Part II

By Franz Hartmann, M.D.

HOW WARTS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY
REMOVED FROM THE HANDS

By David Gordon Morrison

GEMATRIA—353

By J. A. Goodchild

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

CORRESPONDENCE

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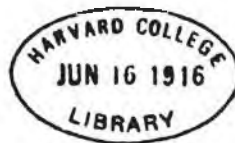
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OCCULT REVIEW

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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VOL. XV.

JANUARY 1912

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

I HAVE been asked to write again on the subject of dreams. The mystery surrounding the abnormal in dreams exercises an ever-fascinating influence, and the fact that in the phenomena of the dream world we may probably find a clue to many of the profoundest problems of psychical research, adds to the attraction of this recondite study. So far, however, the pursuit of this psychic clue has not been productive of very encouraging results, and it has seemed to many that those who were following this quest were pursuing a veritable will-o'-the-wisp which would lead them no farther than the analysis of the aimless and incon-

BACK TO
DREAM-
LAND.

sequential driftings of the mind divested of its steering apparatus, or alternatively to the study of the effect of diversities of food and drink upon the gastronomic organs and their reflex action upon the intellectual plane. But that these explanations do

not satisfy will be sufficiently evident to any one who has taken the trouble to make a careful examination of the subject under review. To argue as many have done that in view of the fact that presumably every individual dreams every night, the multitude of dreams dreamt must inevitably result in a fair number of coincidences, and that this will be quite sufficient to explain the occasional occurrence of the apparently abnormal in dream phenomena is at first sight a very plausible but, on further investigation as it seems to me, a most misleading argument.

In the first place, though the position that this argument assumes, viz., that every one always dreams in sleep, is probably a correct one, it is not one susceptible of ready proof, neither is it a view by any means universally held. Assuming it for the sake of argument to be proved, we are at least bound to admit that the normal person under normal conditions only remembers his dreams on comparatively rare occasions. The dreams experienced in the vast majority of nights' sleep leave behind nothing but the very vaguest impression and all recollection of them has passed away within a very few minutes of the time of waking. That this is the case will be apparent to those who will give themselves the trouble of checking their own experiences, and a curious confirmation will be found in the occasional instances in which some incident in the course of the day will suddenly

VIVID
DREAMS
ARE RARE.

bring back to the memory by force of association a dream of the night before that had to all appearance passed into the limbo of forgotten things. The dreams, then, that make a strong impress upon the mind are few and far between, and it is from these dreams only that we can draw our deductions. It might be argued that these dreams are sufficiently numerous to cover the ordinary class of coincidences, but it is clear that the mathematical odds would be enormously against their covering the very numerous records in which such dreams are at all remarkable for full and precise detail of incident. Still less would they be likely to cover dreams so vivid as to leave upon the mind of the dreamer the convinced impress that such and such a particular occurrence corresponding in nature to the dream had actually taken place

Dreams conveying abnormally acquired information may be most conveniently divided from one point of view into two classes, viz., (a) telepathic, and (b) prophetic, and it will, I think, be found that the former class are far more numerous than the latter. A cross subdivision of abnormal dream pheno-

mena may also be made into symbolic and non-symbolic. I do not propose to deal with this division in the present notes, but I hope to recur on a future occasion to the symbolic in dream phenomena, and its relationship to that allegorical parallelism which runs like a thread of gold through all the philosophy of the occult. I propose, then, in the first place, to give a series of illustrations of the telepathic variety of dreams. One such dream will probably be remembered by many readers. It was recorded at the time of the celebration of the Tsar of Russia's Coronation in connection with the disaster that took place at Moscow on that occasion. It is an excellent instance of the dream telepathic.

The Tsarina of Russia related that she was resting one afternoon during these festivities and had fallen asleep when she was wakened by one of her ladies who was startled by the way in which Her Majesty cried and moaned in her sleep. The Empress explained that she had been troubled by a dream in which an old moujik covered with blood appeared to her, exclaiming, "I have come all the way from Siberia to see your day of honour; and now your Cossacks have killed me!" The dream was so vivid that the Empress instituted immediate inquiries. The Tsar laughed at her misgivings, but to ease her mind telephoned to the Minister of the Household who reported the news of a terrible riot in which over two thousand lives were sacrificed, the slaughter being increased through the attempts of the Cossacks to restore order by riding into the crowds and using their whips and swords against the moujiks.

A correspondent records another dream of a telepathic character. Though unassociated with tragedy it is certainly no less remarkable in its way than that of the Tsarina. It runs as follows:—

A Birmingham gentleman named Evans relates a curious dream which he had whilst dozing in an armchair. He dreamed that he was in a country lane when a motor car dashed round the corner at full speed downhill where he stood at the bottom. Some one crossed the lane, but the car dashed into the person in question and passed on. On waking, Mr. Evans related his dream to his wife, who was sitting in the same room reading a book. "Look here," she exclaimed, "I have just reached the part of my novel where a motor car comes along and kills a child."

This dream it will be noticed is an exact parallel to other telepathic incidents which are recorded of waking life. Take this one, for instance. It has already appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW, and it occurred to a lady known to myself. She was sitting writing an article on some abstruse subject and had just thought out, without writing it, a phrase in which the words "eternal verities" occurred. Her little daughter was sitting

beside her and suddenly she chimed in with the words "Mummy, what *are* 'eternal verities'?"

A correspondent who signed herself "Truth" wrote some time ago to the *Daily Telegraph* stating that when she was a passenger on board one of Donald Currie's steamers en route to Durban she dreamed that she saw her only brother, to whom she was much attached, lying dead in his coffin dressed in the same clothes which he wore when he said "good-bye." On waking she mentioned her dream to her husband who made a note of it and of the date on which it occurred. It was found subsequently to tally exactly with the time at which her brother met with a sudden death through accident in Paris. Curiously enough he was buried in the clothes in which his sister had last seen him. A telegram announcing his death was handed to her on her arrival at Cape Town.

The evidence in regard to some of these dreams is greatly accentuated by the fact that they occur to more than one person at the same time. The following incident, also communicated to the same paper, is a case in point. It is sent by a correspondent who writes from Kentish Town and signs himself "H.H.S." He writes as follows:—

About seven years ago, when I was twenty-three years of age, I was greatly impressed by a dream I had. I was sleeping in a room next to my mother and my bed was against the party wall connecting the two rooms. About a quarter to five in the morning I awoke in a fright, as I felt, or dreamt I felt, a woman's skirts swishing over my face as though some one was crossing my bed and going through the wall. I looked at my watch and noted the time. Next morning at breakfast my mother said, "I believe M. died last night. She came and said good-bye to me. It was at a quarter to four." Sure enough a few hours after we had news that M. had died on that night.

The prophetic dream, though not nearly so common as the telepathic, is quite common enough for it to be possible to produce a large number of authenticated instances in confirmation of it. The incidents which are recorded in this connection are, as might be anticipated, of a far more startling character than those in the earlier category. Take the following, which is narrated by Mrs. Catherine Crowe, not in her well-known book *The Night Side of Nature*, but in a book which I fancy is now out of print, *Ghost Stories and Family Legends*. She cites a Dr. Forster as her authority.

Some years ago (she records him as saying) two young friends of mine were staying at Naples, when one of them told the other that he had on the

preceding night seen in his sleep the face of a beautiful woman; but the features were disfigured by a horrible expression, and it was, somehow, impressed on his mind that he was in danger, and that he must be on his guard against her. The conviction was so strong as to create considerable uneasiness, and he never went out without scrutinizing every female face he saw; but weeks passed without any fulfilment of his dream or vision, and gradually the recollection faded. However, he was one day on the Chiaja, surrounded by several people, who like himself were observing a gang of convicts going to the Castle of St. Elmo, when something occasioned him suddenly to turn his head, and there, close behind him, he recognized the beautiful face of his dream. By an instinctive impulse he sprang aside, and at the same moment felt himself wounded in the back. The woman was seized and did not attempt to deny the act, but alleged that she had mistaken the young Englishman for another person who had done her an irreparable injury, expressing great regret at having wounded an unoffending stranger, and also at having failed in the revenge she sought. He told me that the dream saved his life; for that, had he not sprung aside, the wound would in all probability have been mortal.

Mrs. Crowe records another dream of a similarly prophetic character. The circumstances are as follows:—

A girl of fifteen had a school-friend who was about to be married, and she had been asked to be one of the bridesmaids. The wedding was planned to take place very shortly, though the exact date had not yet been fixed, when the girl in question, who was anticipating with pleasurable excitement the novelty of the approaching event, dreamt one night that

BRUTUS AS
PROPHET!

a person in a very unusual costume presented himself at her bedside and told her that he was Brutus. He added that he would be pleased to reveal to her anything she particularly wished to know. Upon this she thought in her dream that she begged him to tell her how soon her school-friend would be married. Brutus, who kept up his Roman character in the dream, replied in the most approved style, "Paulo post Græcas Kalendas." On awaking the next morning she clearly remembered the words, but, not having the faintest idea of what they could mean, she applied to her brother to know if he could explain them. He replied that they were an expression equivalent to the English word "never." The dream came true. Unforeseen obstacles arose and the match was broken off.

A very strange dream which I suppose I am entitled to describe as prophetic is sent to me along with the others by the same correspondent I have already alluded to. The peculiarity of this dream lies in the fact that though the circumstances foreseen arose corresponding in detail to the incidents of the dream, the main tragedy that was threatened never took place,

apparently because it was averted through a recollection of the warning given. The incident (and there are others like it) is in the nature of a reply to those who would have us believe that what is foreseen in such visions is in the nature of inevitable fate, and that such warnings cannot be used to avert the catastrophe. It is, however, dangerous to draw general conclusions in a matter like this and it may not unfairly be argued that dream predictions deal as well with the inevitable as with threatened but avoidable dangers. Here is the story of the dream in question.

The narrator, Mr. F. H. Martin, contributed his experience to a now defunct journal entitled *The Reader*. He dreamt that he himself and two gentlemen friends were together in a boat on a certain spot on a local river, when one of them leant over to look at something in a periodical (*The Idler*) which he, Mr. Martin, was perusing. In doing so he overbalanced, thus causing the boat to upset, and all its occupants to be thrown into the water. Mr. Martin, being unable to swim, was relieved to discover on waking that his experience was not a reality. On the following day he met the two friends he had seen in his dream and was astonished to learn from them that each had had precisely the same dream as himself, such details as that the periodical in question was *The Idler* and the name of the boat *Jessie* being compared and confirmed. It was not until two years later, when the dream was almost forgotten, that Mr. Martin and his two friends went for a row up the river of his dream. Mr. Martin was sitting in the boat reading *The Idler*. Suddenly one of his friends exclaimed, "I say, Fred! do you remember that dream we all had two years ago? It struck me when I saw you reading that magazine [*The Idler*]. You had better put it away, old man!" Mr. Martin looked up, saw the same bridge that he had noticed in his dream, and realized that this was the first time they had passed together over this part of the river. "At last," he says, "we were upon the very spot, and I began to feel a little uncomfortable. A few careful strokes of the oars in Ernest's hands and we had passed it."

One further touch serves to complete this remarkable story, for the exact truth of which the narrator positively vouched. The friends, on completing their journey, looked at the name of the boat and found that it was—*Jessie*.

The point which I have raised above as to whether the foreseen is in the majority of cases the inevitable is an extremely

difficult one as the evidence bearing upon it appears to be so contradictory. There are cases, for instance, in which experiences in dreams seem neither more nor less than extracts (if I may use the phrase) from a future which is already recorded on some astral film. It is as if one took a novel, and after reading the first few chapters, suddenly turned the pages over and began to dip into a later portion of the book. Take the following as an example :—

The daughter of a vicar when she was just merging into womanhood dreamed three times successively that she went into an ancient-looking house, passed through an entrance hall and a long passage with quaint carvings and foreign-looking furniture, and chests of oak elaborately carved. She then entered a room at the end of a passage and was greeted by a stately old lady who took her into an old bedroom with a spotless quilt on the bed and on it a lady's cloak flung down negligently. The old lady began to apologise for the absence of her daughter who she said was away at a water party. Years afterwards the girl in question was travelling with her father in Germany. In the course of their travels they went to an ancient-looking house which the vicar's daughter thought she recognized. She had by this time long forgotten her dream. They entered into an elaborately carved entrance hall and went up a passage. There the stately old lady of her dream met them, took her into a bedroom where the identical cloak was flung on a bed, and the old lady began to apologise for the absence of her daughter at a water-party. At this point the full details of her past dream flashed upon the girl, and she fainted away on the spot. No further developments were reported.

ADVANCE
SHEETS
OF THE
BOOK OF
FATE.

This story is not an isolated instance. It can be paralleled indefinitely. It will be remembered by students of Goethe that on one occasion, riding by himself, he met his own double coming to meet him, and particularly observed the style and appearance of the clothes that his double wore. When he was passing over the identical spot once more in an opposite direction after a lapse of some years this strange apparition flashed across his mind, and looking down he noticed that his clothes were identical with those in which he had seen his double dressed.

The *Daily Chronicle* some time ago recorded a very remarkable and obviously authentic incident which occurred at a Welsh church (Garth Church, Maesteg). The curate-in-charge was (and for all I know still is) the Rev. Meredith Morris. One Sunday evening, while preaching to a crowded congregation, he startled his hearers by telling them that he had a particularly solemn message to give them that night.

A CURATE'S
DEATH-
MESSAGE.

"I have (he said) in the past criticized adversely some who have said they have seen visions. I will not do so again. What did I know then? We have had our Easter Communion and there were absentees from it. There were some who told me they would come, but I looked into their eyes and saw they did not mean what they said. They did not come, and I afterwards saw seven of these gambling under a tree and one of them won 8s. 2d. There was one who saw me watching, and his accusing conscience made him run away."

"Now I have a message that I must deliver. I dare not keep it back. It is a message from God. I have seen in a vision seven young men, and one of these seven will be called to his reckoning by his Maker, and that very shortly."

The preacher paused and was convulsed with sobs. A deep impression was made on the congregation and nearly all eyes were moist with tears.

"Oh God! Oh God! wilt Thou save them? Wilt Thou save all the young men!" prayed the preacher. At this point the gas lights went out, and the congregation found the weirdness of the situation increased by this circumstance, and also the whistling of the escaping gas above the preacher's head.

The sequel to the story is that on the Monday afternoon one of the young men to whom the curate had referred was killed in a local colliery. It does not appear that the vision was seen in ordinary sleep—at least the curate when interviewed by the Press representative, said that it was Thursday afternoon, and he seemed to go off in a faint and then the vision came clearly before him. He saw the seven young men—four of them distinctly—and then saw one of them killed at a colliery. "I did not," he said, "know which of the young men it would be."

What conclusion can we draw from these numerous instances unless it be that there is that prophetic power inherent in the human spirit, the existence of which Paracelsus and other great occultists have maintained, and that it only requires suitable psychical conditions and a certain spirituality and tranquillity of mind to enable the individual to get *en rapport* with his presumable future destiny—or indeed, the future destiny of others. Are these future destinies presumable or are they inevitable? Is the edition of the book that is transcribed in the astral films susceptible of correction and modification? Or has it already to all intents and purposes gone to press? Who can say?

Two months ago I narrated a curious incident which occurred at the celebration of Sedan Day in the Saxon town of Artern, when the sword held by the statue of Bismarck, in the centre of the square, fell to the ground and was followed by the hand which held the sword. This is not the only incident which might be interpreted as an omen that has occurred in this con-

nection. The recent earthquake on the Continent of Europe had some curious results. One was the overthrow of the colossal statue of *Germania* at Constance. Another was the rending of the solid masonry of the towers of the Burg Hohenzollern, the ancestral castle of the reigning house. I have already alluded to certain astrological indications which are very threatening during the next two years to the welfare of the imperial family. I do not wish to express an opinion as to the credibility of the prophecies of the celebrated French seeress, Madame de Thèbes, but her references to Germany are at least worth quoting in this connection, if only for the curiosity of the coincidence. Here is what she says (I translate from her almanac for 1912):—

**WARNING
OMENS TO
GERMANY.** Germany menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When the war breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the war there will be no longer either Hohenzollern, or Prussian hegemony. This is all Berlin will gain by her violence, and the brutality of her political methods. I have said and I repeat that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany. I say the years of his reign. I do not say the years of his life.

Elsewhere the Parisian prophetess observes that everything points to the fact that as far as they (the French) are concerned it will not be possible to avoid the arbitrament of arms, but apparently rather at the end than at the commencement of

**MADAME
DE THÈBES.** 1912. The year 1913 seems to her to bring the crisis to maturity. Till then the chances of peace and war appear, she thinks, about equal. Madame de Thèbes sees troublous times in front of England too, but these, if her anticipations are right, have more to do with internal than external politics, and she does not indicate anything definite in the way of date. Well, as Mr. Asquith says, we must "wait and see."

The following record is in the nature of a footnote to my Notes of the Month which dealt with a book published by Messrs. Macmillan and entitled *An Adventure*. The book my readers will most of them recollect had reference to some strange experiences of two ladies in the grounds of Versailles. My informant in this case is the Hon. Mrs. Greville Nugent, to whom the lady and gentleman concerned in the episode are personally known. They are referred to here as M. G. and R. G., but their real names are in my possession and could be communicated in case of necessity to serious investigators. The confirmation of the experiences

**LE PETIT
TRIANON
AGAIN.**

narrated in the volume alluded to is not a little remarkable. Readers will note in particular the appearance of the woman shaking out a cloth at a window, who was also seen by the ladies who wrote their experiences in Messrs. Macmillan's publication.

About a year before the book called *An Adventure* was published, the lady and gentleman alluded to (M. G. and R. G.) who live for a good part of each year in Paris, happened to visit *le Petit Trianon*. As they came in at one of the gates they walked through what appeared to them to be a wood, at the end of which was a little hamlet of small houses; and as they came round the corner M. G. saw that out of the window of one of these houses leant a woman who was occupied in shaking out what appeared to be a large sheet or tablecloth, as they passed. M. G. thereupon said to her husband, R. G., "Why, I had no idea people still lived in these houses here." R. G. (who apparently had not seen the woman) replied: "Of course no one lives in them. Don't be so silly! I expect they are all locked up, and you couldn't get in even if you wanted to."

After the book *An Adventure* appeared, they were so struck by it that they returned to the Trianon; and to their surprise neither of them recognized a single thing. They found no trace whatever of either the trees or the houses they had noticed on the previous occasion. Instead of the thick wood they had traversed, there was only a broad path, and where the little houses had been, there was no sign of any dwellings whatever.

M. G., on reading *An Adventure*, recalled having seen both the ploughman and the gardeners mentioned in that work; but had not at the time called her husband's attention to them, thinking they were merely ordinary labourers whose presence there was an everyday occurrence; but she had remarked on the woman who was shaking the linen out of the window, and they had both noticed the row of houses and the trees.

Students of Astrology will be interested to learn that after a lapse of a number of years, Mr. A. J. Pearce's *Text-Book of Astrology* is again on the market. The second edition of this work contains the two volumes of the first edition in one. The

whole of the first volume has been revised and extensively re-written. New chapters have been added on Uranus and Neptune, new nativities given, and the rules for computing primary directions recast. Further chapters have been added on "Solar Revolutions" and on the "Practical Uses of Astrology." The tables of Right Ascension and Declination have been corrected for the present obliquity of the ecliptic. A full notice of this important reissue will appear in my next number. The published price of the book is £1 1s. net, and it can be obtained of Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Paternoster Row, E.C.

"THE TEXT-
BOOK OF
ASTROLOGY."

ROBERT FLUDD :

PHILOSOPHER AND OCCULTIST

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE is every opportunity for the ordinary literate reader to know something at the present day, in a preliminary sense, concerning Robert Fludd, of Bersted by Maidstone in Kent, born in 1574, a reputed Rosicrucian and mystic. If a student of animal magnetism, the literate reader may come across his name and a summary account concerning him in Joseph Ennemoser's attempt to explain the whole history of magic by means of the force which Mesmer found or recovered at the close of the eighteenth century. If drawn alternatively to investigate the origin of the Masonic Fraternity, he will have seen some dubious and rather sensational references to Fludd in that fantastic exposition which Thomas de Quincey adapted from the German Buhle, under the title of *Rosicrucians and Freemasons*. But if his interest have been rather towards the mysterious and elusive brotherhood who united the Rose and Cross in a single symbol, he may have met with Fludd's literary and philosophical portrait at much greater length in my own history of the Rosicrucians, or with the connexion between Fludd and alchemy in my lives of the alchemists and elsewhere. Finally, he may have gone much further—but this almost suggests a sense of dedication—to the excellent monograph on *Doctor Robert Fludd*, by the Rev. J. B. Craven, of whose care and sympathy it is good to say a word in recognition.

I have mentioned here the available sources of information in what is practically a chronological order, and those who would pursue the subject must have recourse to the philosopher's writings, which are buried—with one exception—in Latin of the seventeenth century and are mostly books in folio. They perplexed the scholars of their own period and they perplexed rare readers in later generations, till it came to be understood tacitly that the author might be mentioned but not consulted. Yet a good deal of curious lore has accreted about his name and he now stands somewhat as a figure of philosophical romance. Mr. Craven has dealt as he could with Fludd's involved system,

taking the texts successively, and I do not propose to confuse my own readers by extracting from the biographer's pages or atoning for his reasonable omissions. The works treat of life, death and resurrection; the macrocosmos, or greater world;



PORTRAIT OF ROBERT FLUDD.

the world in little, or the microcosm; Mosaical cosmogony; the universal medicine; the claims put forward by Rosicrucians and the recognition due to these. In the words of his own letter, addressed to King James I, Fludd was a seeker in all

things for "the unknown basis of true philosophy and the supreme secret of medicine." At the beginning of the seventeenth century, as it did for some time afterwards, this quest signified the Kabalistical interpretation of the universe and the pursuit of alchemy. The theosophical tradition of Israel—represented by the word Kabalism—was a great intellectual puzzle and wonder of that time, and Fludd was one of its students, so far as its literature had passed into the Latin tongue. William Postel had translated the *Book of Formation*. Riccius, Reuchlin and Archangelus de Burgo Nuovo had brought back glad tidings from Hebrew and



MILGATE HOUSE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FLUDD.

Aramaic texts. Portent and comet of a season, Picus de Mirandula had flashed much earlier across the horizon of Europe and passed too soon. But he had left his *Theses Cabbalisticæ* and the report of Zoharic MSS. which embodied all mysteries of Israel from the days of the patriarch Abraham. Like all those who preceded him, Fludd construed the tradition in the light of Christian revelation. As to the alchemists whom he followed, "their voices were in all men's ears." Both subjects belonged to the romantic mind of the period, and, so far as England was concerned in the days of James, it was this romance which has taken name and shape about Fludd. It was not a time of toler-

ance, as people may know if they read or remember history ; but the Reformation meant qualified liberation, here and in Germany. The horizon was extending everywhere ; the study of different philosophies, of theosophical systems more than these, and above all of Nature, working in her secret laboratories, gave escape from the narrow measures of reform in official doctrine and practice without rejecting the reform and without ceasing to be " a true Protestant in the best sense of the Church of England," or of Luther.

It was further a period of great claims in the occult world, and not long after Robert Fludd " was at length returned to his Fatherland " after those " years of travelling beyond seas " mentioned on his monument at Bersted, the star of Rosicrucianism rose over the German world. Its story is known, and this is no place to repeat it ; but, in a word, it purported to be an association of masters keeping guard over those very possessions to which Fludd himself aspired—the basis of philosophy and the supreme secret of medicine. They were the healers of their day and though they concealed, by repute and their own hypothesis, many mysteries beneath their cloak, their agreement was this—that they should profess only to " heal the sick, and that gratis." Robert Fludd espoused their cause and supported it through the rest of his life, either on the faith of their statement or because he had reason to know that the sodality was not a fable and a *jeux d'esprit*. He was acquainted familiarly with one of the two persons whom there is a colourable excuse for connecting with the society itself at its headquarters, assuming its corporate existence. This was the alchemist Michael Maier. His own integration has been assumed, but an evidential basis is wanting, and the subject on several sides has been—as usual—in the worst critical hands. Even Mr. Craven reads an evasive statement of the work called *Summum Bonum* into an admission of Fludd's membership, whereas it is obviously the device of one who speaks but says nothing.

The *Tractatus Apologeticus*, which Fludd addressed to his not too worthy sovereign, that he might be cleared of suspicion in that over-suspicious mind, contains an autobiographical memorial in two sentences. First among these is that which mentions his dedications. I have quoted it already ; it is eloquent, as I feel, in simplicity and a little more than eloquent in gracious restraint. The second describes his manner of life as a Christian gentleman, who—for reasons which do not transpire—never entered into the bonds of wedlock ; he affirms,

in the sight of God and of his Majesty, that he has always lived as *virgo immaculata*. Was it because in undertaking to defend the Rosicrucians he modelled himself on the rule of the first members, who were all bachelors and of vowed virginity? Was it because he was incorporated and living under their rule? The question must be answered, according to personal predilection, because again there is no evidence. It is possible—and I think on my own part—that, as time went on, the brotherhood was



CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, BERSTED, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF ROBERT FLUDD.

for him more and more spiritually understood, and that he aspired, under his best lights, to be one of the "living stones" in its spiritual temple.

I have indicated that Fludd was born in the sunny and typical Kentish village of Bersted. The event took place in a lovely manorial house, which was standing some few years ago, much as it did in Jacobean days. I give the picture as I saw it in 1894, when I had an opportunity to visit it from roof even to basement. The church is also as it was in the philosopher's days, pleasantly situated on the pleasant slope of a hill above the village. We can picture the figure of Fludd traversing the

path over meadows between the place of worship and that of his home-life. We can picture him also at his city dwelling in Coleman Street, close by the headquarters of the Masons' Company, and we may remember—in this connection—that other dream which has allied him to the speculative fellowship. What we do know is that he practised as a physician in London, and it is said that he was eminent in his medical capacity. It was in Coleman Street also that he died, though he was buried in his native place.

In what large sense Fludd is to be understood as an occult philosopher his works remain to show. He has been called also a mystic, which is not one of his titles. I am sure, however, that he sought the divine ends, and we may agree, as regards his passing, with the words of his memorial inscription, that he "exchanged death for life on the 8th day of the month of September, A.D. 1637, in the 63rd year of his age."

“PHYSICALS ONLY ”

A DREAM

By WINSTON KENDRICK

LAST night I dreamed a rather remarkable dream. Let me say that my dreams sometimes afford considerable interest to myself and my friends, and this one seemed more than ordinarily instructive. I thought that I was standing upon a platform of a large and crowded railway station. With me was a woman I knew well, whom I will call Martha. She has been dead for several years ; yet never once in the course of my dream did it occur to me that she was not living.

It was early morning, and she was taking me, I understood, to spend the day with some people at a distance. We walked together to the end of the platform and stood there talking.

Martha was—as I had known her in early middle age—slender, capable, thin-figured, with the luxuriant blue-black hair I so well remembered coiled round her head. From her hat fell a grey gauze veil—just such a veil as Martha used to wear round just such a small velvet hat long years ago. When last I saw her in life, she had looked different—the face small, weak and wan, surrounded by snow-white hair, the form emaciated by illness. Of that last impression of her I seemed now to remember nothing.

“ Ah, you wear one of those veils still ! ” I said, “ as other people do in these days. Personally, I never care to have my head tied up in a bag. ”

“ It will be as well, though, to tie you up now, ” said Martha, smiling briskly. “ Never mind, I can do it. ”

And to my astonishment, she began pacing round me with fingers outspread, making curious movements as though binding something round me.

“ Now you are ready, ” she said, “ and we can start. Think hard, and we shall soon be there. ”

We were facing the edge of the platform, and beyond it the open railroad wound away through hedges into the country before us. Martha's directions for starting seemed to me inadequate and, being an argumentative person, I began to question them.

“ But where are we going ? ” I asked ; “ and how can I think

hard about a place I have never been to and cannot picture in my mind ? ”

“ No need to picture it in your mind,” she said. “ You’ve only got to think you are off and you’ll be off. If you are not quick, the train will overtake us. You surely don’t want to come along in a train like any slow, stupid person ? ”

I should mention that there were trains puffing and steaming, ready to start from the platforms on either side.

I still demurred, feeling helpless ; and she said, “ Here, I’ll think for you.”

Instantly I felt the power of her thought propelling me, and in a moment I rose off the edge of the platform and we were speeding in mid-air along the railroad. So startling was it at first that I seemed to lose consciousness, and only came to myself again after, as I thought, some time, finding myself away in open country. Then I felt that I was swathed round with bands of invisible matter or force—I don’t know how to describe it, for I could perceive nothing. Yet it was as though I were protected by foldings—swathings—of some soft material which reached up to my chin and covered my head, leaving only the face exposed. Indeed, the mouth was half covered ; and we were going so quickly through the air that otherwise the swift current would soon have impeded my breathing. But I felt no discomfort at first beyond the sense of extreme rapidity. I could take in a bird’s-eye view of the beautiful country around me ; only trees, fields, hedges, flashed beneath so swiftly that I could scarcely distinguish them. Beside me, at a little distance, sped Martha, and her eyes, twinkling humorously, yet with a gleam of anxiety in them—doubtless on account of my inexperience—turned continually upon me. I tried to speak to her, but directly I freed my lips from the folds of matter, the rushing sound of air in my ears deafened me to my own voice. Far below, I saw here and there, puffs of smoke from trains the speed of which was as nothing to our own. On and on we went, and gradually a feeling of discomfort grew within me. My heart seemed to be beating a million times to the minute, and every minute its action grew more laborious.

“ This won’t do,” I thought, “ I shan’t be able to bear it if it goes on much longer. I wish I had come by train.”

Suddenly before me I saw a house with large attractive grounds, and at the entrance gates nearest us a group of people, looking very tiny in the distance, were waiting and appeared to be looking out for us. We were going straight towards them ; and I

felt relieved and wondered if I could hold out until we arrived or whether my heart would burst before we got there. Martha was flying with perfect ease, and I knew that my own motion must be laboured and ridiculous. The tension increased as we drew nearer. If one could imagine oneself shot from a cannon it might give an idea of what that journey was like.

Breathless, unable to speak, I reached at last the party of waiting people. A dozen kindly hands caught at me and pulled me down into the group. I was in a half fainting condition and only heard dimly the welcoming voices. Deft fingers seemed to unswathe me ; and, opening my eyes, I saw a number of persons standing around. There were servants too—men in neat livery and maids in caps and aprons. One of these I recognized and in my exhaustion clung to her.

“ It’s all right, ma’am,” she whispered comfortingly. “ Lean on me. You’ll feel yourself soon.”

“ Why, Annie,” I gasped, “ how did *you* get here? Did you fly? ”

“ No, ma’am,” she said with a smile, “ I came by another way.”

Heads were bending over me and voices asking, “ Is she better? ”

“ She’ll be all right directly,” I heard Martha say. “ Such a difficulty I had to keep my pace to hers.” And there was a general laugh.

“ Ah! but *you* are not troubled with a physical body,” said a young lady whom I took to be a daughter of the host.

“ Oh, no,” Martha answered nonchalantly, much as she might have replied had one said to her “ You don’t wear glasses! ”

The lady turned to me. “ I suppose this is your first experience of flying? ”

“ Absolutely,” I said, and added, “ I assure you I am not in the habit of visiting friends in this manner.”

I spoke as though it were a thing to be ashamed of, and again there was a general laugh.

“ Never mind, you soon will be,” was the response, and the buzz of chatter went on, while I, left to myself, took stock of my surroundings.

We were in the grounds of a large house, which could be discerned through the trees ; and when the faintness and exhaustion passed away I began to move about. Now I became conscious of a sense of extraordinary lightness. My body seemed to be of the nature of a soap-bubble and my spirit to have become of a mar-

vellous youthfulness. Left to myself, I chose a green secluded alley in which I thought I should be free from observation and amused myself in testing the buoyancy of my movements. I began tentatively to dance and, as the desire increased, found myself waltzing and polkaing wildly up and down and round about the paths, out of sheer joy in existence, when I was stopped by a passer-by.

"You seem particularly exuberant," said this person.

"Yes, I feel so," I answered. "Why is it?"

"I know," said the other, nodding sympathetically, "I was like that too, when I first learned to fly."

Wandering on about the grounds, I crossed a broad carriage drive along which many carriages with occupants were being driven. Some one pulled me hurriedly out of the way of one of these. "Be careful," I was told sharply. "Remember, they can't see you." I pondered upon this thought to myself, not liking to ask an explanation. *Why* could they not see me?

Rounding a piece of shrubbery, I came upon a spacious lawn where a cold collation was spread and went near one of the tables. Then suddenly I was overswept by a wave of past association, carrying me back to a part of life spent with Martha in the hills of India. For the table was decorated most beautifully with a certain large-leaved maidenhair fern and with a small cluster rose, both of which grow on the slopes of the Himalayas. This maidenhair is not the common kind, but loose-fronded, peculiarly delicate and growing tall out of beds of moss on hill-sides down which the mountain rills trickle. I smelt the damp earth-smell of those mossy glades. I saw again the sunlit mountain sides and the huge dignified forest trees, wreathed with that climbing white rose which I used to think was like the love of a frail beautiful woman clinging round a very strong man. That always seemed to me one of the anomalies of life and of nature—the virility of the man sustaining the loving, dependent woman, and the great forest tree giving support to the wild white rose, which without such support the beasts of the forest-world might have trodden underfoot.

As I leaned over the table I felt myself literally steeped in the atmosphere of the past. This impression was so extraordinarily vivid that I cannot help dwelling on it.

By the way, I should remark that in my dream I had no idea it *was* a dream. Now it often happens that I am conscious I am dreaming and say to myself, "I shall wake presently." But on this occasion the only time I thought that might be possible was

when my beating heart warned me I could not sustain the flying impetus much longer, and I said to myself then, “If I am dreaming, I shall awake the instant that I cease to fly, because then I must fall; and when one falls, one always awakens.” On the contrary, when I descended to earth I did not wake; and though the flying had ceased, other incidents seemed only beginning.

Finally we were gathered round one of the larger luncheon-tables. I can recall every detail of that well-spread repast—the piles of chicken and salmon mayonnaise, daintily arranged plates of cold ham and others of slices of cold tongue scattered over with dice of golden jelly. I remember wishing that a friend was with me who particularly likes cold tongue.

Soon my plate was served, and I found myself, almost unnoticed, at a quiet corner of the table listening to the conversation that went on around me. I gathered that we had all come to take part in some afternoon festivity, and that at the house numerous other guests were being received—guests who preferred to arrive by carriage or train in everyday fashion, while we of this special coterie favoured the simpler method of flying. Martha had for a time deserted me and was talking away at the other end of the table. Round me, however, were various cheerful young people; and at the end of the table, near me, I saw, to my great joy, a certain dear friend who has recently died, but who again, in my dream, seemed very much alive. He looked, as he had always looked, faultlessly tailored in his favourite shades of grey. The well-known touch of red was there in his tie and in the scarlet carnation in his buttonhole. I beamed on him, and he seemed equally pleased to see me.

“How nice to see you here!” I exclaimed; and we had much talk, of which, however, only the following two or three sentences stand out in my mind.

“You see, I never had time to travel about before,” he said. “Now I can do so as much as I like.”

“And do you fly too?” I asked.

He shrugged and smiled, the well-known shrug and smile. “How else should one get about? One adopts the customs of the country.”

We spoke of his son. “He seems to have stepped into your shoes,” I said, “and to have taken up life just where *you* left it; and all you did has just gone to make up his position.”

My friend smiled again a little sadly, a little wistfully, and shook his head.

"A—— deserves his success," he said. "He has worked far harder than ever *I* did in my young days."

Our talk, which was more of the close personal description, was here broken in upon by the rather noisy voices of our companions. The question of flying was being discussed. Much of the talk was technical, and I cannot reproduce it. But I heard with amazement that in the discussion flying seemed to be regarded as a settled and accomplished factor in existence.

"Aeroplanes! Biplanes!" some one said contemptuously. "What does anybody want with them? When once the world has mastered the art of practical flying, it will have no need for such contrivances."

I ventured to observe that even when the world had mastered practical flying, many people might not care to fly about, as, for instance, in the fashion that *I* had come here!

They laughed. "No, because you were hampered by your physical body."

"Oh!" put in Martha, "*I* had to arrange all that for her."

"You see," said somebody, "the first thing you have to learn is how to manage your physical body. When man has learned that he can step out of his physical body as out of a sheath or garment, dropping it, as it were, from him, he will find it perfectly easy for him to accomplish his journey in the body best suited for travelling."

"Then may I ask what that is?" said I. "For instance, in what bodies did we come here?"

Every one looked at every one else with smiling faces.

"*I*," said Martha, with, I thought, rather unnecessary pride, "came in my astral body, because I am living in the astral at present."

"You see," some one tried to explain, "we go about usually in the body we happen to be occupying at the time. But you, of course, had to bring your physical because you didn't know how to leave it behind. So Martha had to wrap it round you."

"Was *that* the swathing?" I asked.

"Certainly. You see the physical body is heavy and naturally clings to the heavy form of matter of which it is composed. Now Martha had to transmute it into a sort of filmy form of matter, which, as it could not be dropped, was wrapped round you and came with you."

"Am I in it here?" I asked.

"Well, at present, it is a part of you," they said, "so you could not very well leave it behind."

I should have thought I *had*, was in my mind, for I felt so extraordinarily light. I said aloud—

“ But surely all those other people who are here to-day came in their physical bodies ? ”

“ Those in carriages and trains have done so, of course, because they can't yet do without them. But those who have learned how much simpler it is to be free, have come flying.”

“ Well,” I said, “ I suppose you mean to tell me that individual, personal flying is to supersede the use of any machine such as the aeroplane ? ”

“ Why certainly ! ” They smiled.

“ But,” I said, “ the idea is that the flying machines should be able to convey not only individuals and parties of people, but their belongings as well, about the world and should be used, for example, to supersede the ordinary postal arrangements.”

“ Quite so ; and that will be done,” they said. “ The use of the aeroplane will be perfected until man finds that he wants something better—something that will render him individually more independent.”

“ Then will there be no more trains or ships or omnibuses ? ”

“ Oh, yes, they will go on. Man always impedes himself with baggage—quantities of unnecessary things he could learn to do just as well without ; and so for centuries yet he will not be content to move without his personal paraphernalia. Trains and ships do very well for luggage. And then, of course, there are the physical bodies to be considered. Man will be glad to accomplish a journey without burdening himself with his physical body. At the same time he will want it when he arrives at his destination, therefore, naturally, he will make arrangements for its transit.”

“ You mean that the physical body will be sent packed like any other luggage ? ” I asked.

“ Well, not exactly. There will be trains and ships specially for the physicals. They will be labelled ‘ Physicals Only,’ much as you see trains labelled nowadays ‘ Local ’ or ‘ For Passengers only,’ and so on. There will be an attendant on every train in charge of the physicals.”

“ And ? ” I inquired breathlessly.

“ And—well, the bodies will be lifted on to the train and put to sit on the seats in rows, while the attendant walks up and down the corridor—there will always be corridor trains then—to see that everything is right. And on arrival each physical will be handed over to its legitimate owner.”

Instantly I pictured to myself those long lines of carriages labelled "Physicals Only," and filled with the forms of men and women having eyes that see not and ears that hear not and idle hands meekly folded on their knees, while the attendants walked up and down the trains, guarding them till their rightful masters, who would have accomplished the journey in a tithe of the time, should receive them at the other end.

"Clearly in those days," said one of my companions, "no one would dream of being burdened with his physical body on a journey, any more than, nowadays, you would think of carrying your own portmanteau!"

I was silent, absorbing the new idea.

"But," I asked suddenly, "what would happen supposing there were an accident to one of those trains labelled 'Physicals Only?'"

Alas! at that very moment the scene faded, and thus my question went unanswered.

Sometimes, however, in my dreams I hear a voice which explains to me the things of my dream. Once this voice said to me—

"There is no such thing as accident. The events are ordered by which, of a sudden, human lives are cut short."

And that voice I now heard saying—

"Get all this taken down. You may think it a ridiculous experience, but it will prove a true one and the telling of it may interest others besides yourself."

So here it is.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE SPIRITS OF NATURE

PART II.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

UNDINES.

THE loveliest spirits of nature are undoubtedly the water-nymphs, or *undines*; their habitation is the "element" of water, which means to say, the ethereal part of it, of which visible water is its outward and visible manifestation. The belief in water-nymphs is almost universal among unsophisticated people living in solitary places near rivers or lakes, and it is said that persons born between the days of November 20 and 24 are sometimes endowed with the faculty of hearing their songs, it being the pleasure of these spirits to dance upon the waves at the time of sunset or during moonlit nights, and to enjoy themselves with singing, laughter and merriment. Those people who have watched them during their frolics describe them as being very beautiful and their voices as sounding like those of birds of paradise. Some clever and sceptical scientists, being intent to discover the source of this "vulgar superstition," caught a dugong or halicore, and as this fish sometimes emits a noise resembling the barking of a dog, they thought they had explained the mystery; but the halicore is a fish and the undines are water-spirits, whose voices resemble the noise made by a halicore no more than the song of the nightingale resembles the bellowing of an ox.

Theophrastus Paracelsus says:—

"As there are in our world water and fire, visible bodies and invisible essences, likewise these beings are varied in their constitution and have their own peculiarities and conditions of existence, for which human beings have little comprehension. Nevertheless, the two worlds, ours and theirs, intermingle and cast their shadows upon each other and thus it happens that events taking place in the invisible world may sometimes be seen in the visible one. As the fish lives in water, so each spirit lives in its own element. The element in which we breathe and live is the air, but to the Undines the water is what the air is to us, and if we are surprised that the water is their element, they may be surprised that we breathe the air. The human and animal kingdoms are not the only ones on the wide expanse of nature. The omnipotence of God is not limited to His taking care only of those, but abundantly able to take care also of the spirits of nature and of many other things, of which men know nothing."

The nymphs and undines have human forms, and their ethereal residences and palaces within the ethereal element of water. They live in communities, but some may be found in isolated places in a secluded spot in some spring, or they may be seen in the foam or spray of some cataract. They are on the whole kindly disposed towards such human beings as are simple-minded and unsophisticated; but they avoid and fly from the presence of conceited and opinionated persons, inquisitive sceptics and quarrelsome or cantankerous men.

There are cases cited in which an undine has fallen in love with a man and married him, and had children by him who grew up as human beings. They are said to make very faithful wives; but they are also jealous, and woe to the lover of an undine if he proves unfaithful to her. She will then not only return to her own element, but revenge herself upon her betrayer.

The nymphs have no human souls and are, therefore, not able to attain immortality; but they may become immortal by uniting themselves with man. For this reason they seem to be instinctively attracted to man.

There is a story told about a nobleman, Count Stauffenberg, who was married to a nymph.

One evening towards sunset the Count was returning from a hunting excursion, and as he rode through the woods he heard a sweet voice singing very beautifully; he stopped and listened. The song was not in any human language; nevertheless, he understood its meaning, and it may be translated as follows:—

“ Oh, what is this secret longing
 Welling up within my heart?
 Unknown powers, surging, thronging,
 Rending solid rocks apart.
 New-born joys and dying sadness,
 Bursting clouds and opening sight!
 Something whispers full of gladness:
 This is love, is life and light.”

As the Count listened, a strange feeling arose within his manly breast, which heretofore had been inaccessible to the promptings of love and affection; he stopped, and after descending from his horse he crept nearer and looking through the bushes he beheld a little lake and the songstress in the shape of a beautiful maiden combing her long streaming hair, while her naked body seemed to be clothed in a halo of glowing rose by the light of the setting sun. Now, for the first time in his life the Count felt the power of love and an exclamation of joy escaped his lips. The apparition vanished, but the Count, being now deeply in love, went day after

day to that solitary lake, hoping to see the maiden again. His constancy was rewarded ; for, after he had made many fruitless attempts to meet her, she at last appeared to him in a nebulous shape, which, however, grew denser and more visible every day, until at last she stood before him, a glorious material body, solid enough to be grasped in his embrace.

It does not take a long time for lovers to understand each other, and the Count took her to his castle and made her his wife. There was a great festival and all the guests admired the beauty and loveliness of the Countess Adalga von Stauffenberg and the amiability of her ways.

Thus the pair lived together in happiness for several months ; but however constant and true the heart of woman may be, the heart of man often proves fickle and craves for new experiences and sensations. Thus it happened that the Count one day met a pretty peasant girl and fell in love with her. He now began to neglect his wife and thought of means for getting rid of his matrimonial obligations. Finally he consulted the parish priest and confided to him that his wife was a water-nymph and not a human being. The priest, who was a frequent guest at the castle, was only too willing to accommodate the Count and to gratify his wishes ; so he pretended to be horrified and told him his wife was a devil, that no legal divorce was necessary, but that he should simply pay a certain sum as a penance to the Church and without hesitation drive the woman away. This the Count did and took to himself the peasant girl ; but on the morning after their wedding they were both found strangled in their bed.

SYLPHS.

The spirits of the air consist of several classes and are, as a whole, not very communicative. There are giants among them and it is dangerous for mankind to deal with them, especially when they are connected with the spirits of fire ; but there are also some of them kindly disposed towards man. The spirits of the air are not all alike, which is to say that the god of the winds manifests himself in different ways. We welcome him, when in the shape of a refreshing breeze he affectionately caresses our cheeks on a hot summer day ; but we dislike his appearance when, surrounded by dark and threatening clouds, he appears with thunder and lightning as the god of storms and destruction. Every occultist knows, that behind every manifestation of power in nature there is hidden a conscious origin and that even the powers of the air may be propitiated by sacrifices or even subjugated by

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the power of the spirit, provided we have that divine power at our command. The Christ-spirit in us can control the storms of passion when they arise in our mind, and the same spirit may control the storms arising within the macrocosm if they arise within its dominion. Therefore, it is claimed that saints and adepts have in times of old given proofs of their power of controlling the elements, and the *Secret Doctrine* teaches that high planetary spirits guide all the cosmic forces in nature,

Another story is told about a certain gentleman who fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. She was a stranger and no one knew from whence she came or who were her parents. Nevertheless, he married her and the only condition she made for her consent was that he should never attempt to find out who she was ; for she said : " The very moment you would find out who I am, I would have to part from you ; you would lose me and never see me again."

Now this girl was a water-nymph, and it was a condition of her existence, that on certain nights she should return to her native element. For a long time she lived happily with her husband ; but in the course of time he became aware of her mysterious disappearances, and curious to know the secret of them. One night he therefore pretended to sleep, but watched her with half-closed eyes. Seeing how she transformed herself and assumed her natural state, he made a start of surprise, whereupon the lady, with a cry of despair, disappeared and was never more seen.

SALAMANDERS, OR FIRE-SPIRITS.

The elemental spirits of fire are a dangerous class. They are sometimes the cause of otherwise unaccountable incendiarisms and conflagrations, as the following instance may go to show :—

During my stay in India in 1885 there occurred many apparently causeless house-burnings at a village named *Vallam* in the Tanjore district. Almost every year some of the thatched houses took fire spontaneously, while nothing of that kind took place in the neighbouring villages, although the houses there were of the same construction ; and it is said that such fires broke out before the eyes of observers and without any visible cause. Sometimes while the fire was being put out in one place, it broke out in some other part of the house. The inhabitants unanimously ascribed these phenomena to the action of a fire-elemental named *Avâri Amman*, to whom they make sacrifices at certain times of the year, and which is said to inhabit a little temple at the edge of the village. If these sacrifices are made promptly, all goes on

well ; but if the elemental finds himself neglected he takes his revenge by setting houses on fire.

These elementals seem sometimes to take possession of a mediumistic person and combine and co-operate with his will. I knew a poor miner in Colorado ; he was a red-haired villain, a drunkard and beggar ; but he seemed in possession of certain occult powers, or rather obsessed by them, for he told me that whenever it was his earnest desire that this or that house of the town where we lived should burn, it invariably took fire. He said that he had made several such experiments for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity to see whether he had actually such a power, and they invariably turned out to his own satisfaction.

If we study the history of witchcraft and modern spiritism, we find accounts of phenomena where some apparition or ghost has grasped some object and left the brand-marks of its fingers upon it. Devas of the fire or fire-elementals may sometimes be the cause of volcanic eruptions, a theory which does not exclude the known fact that such things can be explained by known physical or chemical causes, because each phenomenon requires certain conditions for its taking place. The cooking of a dinner can be explained by the action of the fire upon the hearth ; but the presence of the cook should not be left out of consideration in investigating the subject.

The salamanders live in the element of fire and enjoy themselves therein. They may assume various forms. They seem to be of a low kind of intelligence, but perhaps they are lovers of musical sounds, because the flames of fire have been seen to rise and sink and dance to the tune of some song or whistling done by a person endowed with occult powers.

At the present time the city of Berlin seems to be visited by an epidemic of incendiarism. Fires break out daily in lofts and garrets of houses sometimes in several places at once, and the police has not yet been able to discover the incendiaries. I do not claim that this mischief is done by fire-elementals directly and without any human co-operation ; but we might suggest that the perpetrators are weak-minded persons, who may be made subject to the influence of such elementals, without knowing it, and thus act accordingly. The spirits of nature have their dwellings within us as well as outside of us, and no man is perfectly master over himself unless he thoroughly knows his own nature and its inhabitants ; for man is an exact image and counterpart of the great outside world, in his own nature is contained his heaven and also his hell.

CONCLUSION.

With this discussion of the elemental spirits of nature, the subject under consideration is by no means exhausted ; for there remains a great number of various classes of fairies and elves, hobgoblins and imps for our consideration, a description of which would require the writing of an encyclopædia, for the whole of the universe is a manifestation of life and consciousness expressed in innumerable different forms. There is nothing that lives without " soul " in the universe ; because soul itself is the life. Some of the most lovely apparitions are, as may be imagined, the spirits of flowers, and I will, in concluding this article, mention the experience of one of my friends. He writes :—

" Last summer I had a flower-pot in my bedroom with a most beautiful *campanula*. The stem was covered with leaves and between them appeared the violet-coloured buds, emitting a faint but very agreeable odour. One morning I awoke in a somewhat unusual manner. It seemed to me that I had been awakened by something. It was still dawn and a strong odour coming from the *campanula* pervaded the room ; but it seemed as if this odour had become separated from the plant, and were resting like a cloud in the vicinity of my couch. The next morning the same thing happened again ; but now that cloud had become less nebulous and taken the shape of a most beautiful female form, enveloped in a transparent violet veil. The face of that angelic being had an expression of indescribable loveliness and innocence, while she was looking at me with her blue eyes full of spiritual light, affection and tenderness. For a long time I regarded her, not daring to move, for fear that any motion on my part might cause the apparition to disappear ; but finally the normal every-day consciousness took possession of me, and I fully awoke to the supposed realities of external life. For one moment more I beheld the fairy. She disappeared, and with her the cloud of that sweet odour was gone. Only the faint odour of the *campanula* was now perceptible. It seemed to me that the ethereal form of that fairy had withdrawn itself within the *campanula*, this being her material body. This experience was repeated for several days afterwards. Each morning the apparition grew stronger and I felt that a strong friendship existed between myself and the fairy of that *campanula*, which I loved so much. For some reason the plant had to be taken to another room, after which it soon withered and faded away."

Everybody knows that sympathies exist between human beings and plants and even minerals, and that those who love flowers seem to be loved by them and that the flowers keep fresh, while they soon fade in the hands of another. Thus it may be with all the elemental spirits of nature. Love binds all beings together, and if we wish to get acquainted with these spirits of nature, we must approach them not in a cold spirit of scientific investigation, mixed with suspicion and scepticism, but with a simple receptive mind and a heart full of love.

HOW WARTS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY REMOVED FROM THE HANDS

By DAVID GORDON MORRISON

THOSE of your readers who are to-day passive adherents of the occult or imaginary "sciences" which were peculiar to the Middle Ages, and which related to the supposed action or influence of "supernatural" powers—such as alchemy, magic, necromancy, and astrology—may, perhaps, discover some grains of the mysterious in the following narrative.

I must state, as a preliminary to my tale, that, although I have now reached the rosy autumn of life, I have at no period of my existence been interested in what is known as Occultism. I freely confess that I am entirely ignorant of the nature of those mysteries which are said to be associated with the practices of Occultism and which are supposed to be hidden from the eye or the understanding even of those who exercise their powers in this way over many persons. I believe, however, we are encompassed with much that is mysterious and as yet beyond our ken.

This narrative will contain only a plain and unadorned, yet truthful, account of the incidents which I have to relate, and will be given without bias or prejudice. When I was a boy I suffered very much from unsightly corneous excrescences—commonly called warts—which so disfigured my hands that my companions called me "Warty." They no doubt thought that this nickname was fairly descriptive of my condition. My mother had tried all the remedies known to the pharmacopœia to remove those hardened protuberances, but without success. When I had reached that age at which I had to begin to earn a little to help the family exchequer, my initial efforts in this direction were in the humble capacity of message-boy to a shoemaker. A few weeks after I had started in this way, I was sent to a gipsy encampment with a pair of shoes which had been ordered by the "Queen" of this contingent of Romanies who periodically visited Brechin, where our family then resided.

"When you enter the camp be sure that you ask for the 'Queen.'" Such were my instructions, not because my employer did not know the family name of this lady, but because this was the recognized etiquette of a gipsy encampment. I looked forward with much interest to this visit, as I fancied it would

bring me no inconsiderable distinction among my companions, we as boys having from a respectful distance often viewed with inquisitive eyes this particular encampment of peculiar people.

With the parcel tucked under my arm and feeling big with importance, I wended my way towards the gipsy camp. Before entering within its precincts, however, I was accosted by a big burly chap, who demanded of me, if I knew where I was going. To his inquiry, I told him that I had a message for the "Queen." "Oh! indeed," said he; "then follow me." He guided me to a tent, at the entrance to which he stopped and whispered something to some one within in a language that I did not understand. A voice from the tent politely requested me to enter. I did so with some hesitancy, and at the same moment—clumsily, no doubt—handed to the lady the parcel which I had been commissioned to convey to her. The "Queen" desired me to sit down on a skin-mat spread on the floor of the tent and to open the parcel immediately. While I was struggling to undo the string which bound it, in my nervousness one of the loops kinked on my warty hands, causing them to bleed. Noticing the state of my hands, the "Queen" carefully examined them. While she was thus engaged, I shyly looked at her through my half-closed eyes. Her quiet manner impressed me with feelings of awe unmingled with fear. When she spoke, her voice sounded sweet and mellow, like the cooing of doves.

"Your hands," she remarked, "are in a very bad state, and must cause you much pain and trouble."

"Yes, mem," I replied.

"Would you like these unsightly things removed?" asked the gipsy.

"Yes, mem," I again replied.

She, suspending her examination of my hands for a moment, eyed me keenly, and seemed satisfied with this close inspection of my face and general make-up.

"How old are you?" she then asked.

"I am twelve years of age," I replied.

"You are very small for your age," she observed, as if whispering to herself.

Then she inquired if my mother had tried anything to remove the warts from my hands.

"Ay! but she cannot cure them," I said.

"Just what I expected you would tell me. I can, however, do something," said the gipsy.

This for me, as a boy, was a somewhat prolonged conversation.

It was getting on my nerves, and I was beginning to feel the wet hand of fear closing round my heart. Observing that my eyes were moist with rising tears, the Queen, to reassure me, gently stroked my head and gave me bread and honey to eat. I nevertheless became restless and fidgety—it may have been from ungrounded apprehensions of danger arising from the unusual position in which I found myself. The bread and honey did not taste as pleasant to me then as it would have done on a special occasion at home. She, however, succeeded in diverting my attention from the subject of my warty hands by showing me several very curious things, by means of which, together with her kind and gentle ways, she soon gained my confidence and restored me to a state of composure.

"You are yourself now, are you not? so listen to what I have to say," said the lady, in a somewhat imperative manner. "I will tell you what you must do in order to remove those warts for ever from your hands. You must, however, promise me this much, that you will never divulge to any one—not even to your mother—what I am about to tell you," said the gipsy.

I felt for a moment that, in giving such a promise, I should be placed under the necessity of concealing something from my mother, and this to me did not seem the correct thing to do. Reluctantly, however, I gave the gipsy the desired promise. As this adventure with the gipsy occurred more than fifty years ago, and as its results relieved me from continuous pain, I can now, without fear of consequences, not only divulge the nature of the "spell" that ended, as it did, in the removal of the warts from my hands, but also discharge an obligation to those who may suffer from similar afflictions, and who may be inclined to try the effects of this charm.

"You must," continued the gipsy, "steal from some woman's knitting basket—but not from that of your mother—a length of grey woollen thread. On this thread you must tie a knot for every wart now on your hands. You, moreover, must hide this knotted thread under a stone. When you have done this, you must endeavour to forget about me and also this hidden charm."

This finished my interview with the gipsy Queen; then she unceremoniously bundled me out of the tent. As I trudged homewards, my mind began to fill with conflicting thoughts regarding this gipsy and the "spell" that was to work such wonders. I seemed urged to think that she was serious in her desire for my good. I felt some compunction in regard to stealing the indispensable piece of woollen thread, as I was afraid of the

punishment that would inevitably follow should this nefarious act of mine be discovered by my mother. Spartan-like, however, I risked the danger of being caught in the act, and so purloined the necessary piece of thread. In order to avoid discovery while preparing this "mystic spell," I secluded myself in a neighbour's garden tool-shed, where I proceeded to tie knots corresponding in number to the warts on both hands—there being eight on my left and nine on my right hand. Then I hid this knotted woollen thread—this so-called mysterious charm—under a stone. The next thing was to take heed to the gipsy's injunction, and that was to forget all about the "charm" and even the gipsy. A very few days sufficed for this purpose, for very soon all remembrance of the gipsy, the spell, and even of my warts slowly faded from my active brain into my subconscious being without any mental effort on my part. I have often since that period of my boyhood regretted that I did not take particular note of the number of days which intervened between the cause and the effect. My recollection, however, is that the "spell" accomplished its desired results within the limit of a few weeks. My mother incidentally remarked that I had ceased to complain of my warty hands, and asked to see them. She was surprised and pleased to discover that all the warts which had formerly disfigured my hands had entirely disappeared, and that not even a trace of them was left to indicate their previous existence. I had been quite successful in excluding from my mind any thought concerning them, and was surprised that the gipsy's "spell" had been the means employed in securing to me such wonderful benefit. Since that time, now over half a century, no warts, big or little, have grown on my hands or on any other part of my body.


I give this narrative for what it is worth. To me it has meant and means a great deal. I have told how my relief came about. Whether it was due to any virtue possessed by the gipsy Queen or in the "spell" itself, which necessitated me doing as I was bid, or whether it was rather due to a natural process in the growth of my organic being, I know not. Occultists may say that they themselves cannot account for the exercise of the influence which they declare they possess, and accordingly they ascribe it to "supernatural" agencies. Be that as it may, it seems to me now that my young mind may then have been affected by contact with the gipsy, and that my mental attitude therefrom may have had something to do with my physical condition. Some of your readers may be in a position to enlighten me.

GEMATRIA = 353

BY J. A. GOODCHILD

GEMATRIA, the union of the Word (by which all things were made) with the Number (by which they were arranged in Method and Order), is the oldest and most universal of the sciences. Even to-day no lowest race but recognizes at least the divine significance of the two letters I, O, and feels dimly their promise of the Creator's Name, and their measurement of His visible works. Amongst civilized men at the earliest ascertainable date the Names and Numbers of the Divine Powers were calculated by the *litterati*. Sumerian tablets, and the prehistoric pottery of Egypt and the Mediterranean basin, bear witness to this fact. The principle on which these calculations were made has never varied. The first ennead of letters which the teachers in any language attained to as their knowledge grew, represented the *units*, the second the *tens*, and the third the *hundreds*. In the East, and amongst the Greeks in the West, the numeric system as applied to the letters was taught more or less openly to all the *litterati*; but in the West (possibly from a very early date indeed, but certainly from the time of the revision of the Western alphabets, as seen on the Formello pot, about 800 B.C.) the science of Gematria was reserved for the few, and arbitrary selections were made and promulgated for the use of the vulgar. Firstly, the Latin numerals were used for this purpose of concealment, and later the present Arabic figures. The above Formello alphabet is practically our own, though Greek forms are preserved in one or two letters, and it became universal in Western Europe with the rise of the Latin. It consists of our own capital letters, identical with those on the prehistoric pottery which antedates the first Dynasty in Egypt by probably somewhere about 3,000 years; but it wants the $w = 500$, which was replaced in the occult Latin teaching by the sign $+$ = PLUS, by the word *UT*, or later and corruptly by a form of the letter *Q*, or the vulgar *D*.

Until the end of the last century the secrets of this Western form of Gematria were very jealously guarded, but it is itself a very simple matter, in its beginnings at any rate, and might be taught in the board-schools as the best of mnemonic systems. It is, of course, far more than this; but the subject is too wide

for present discussion, my own object being merely to refer to one or two key numbers in the hope that some may find interest in them, and if they study them themselves be able to set forth their results openly. I do not propose to examine the number "353," that of the word GEMATRIA; but I will set down some of the English words upon the same number to indicate how suggestive that number is of the neglected science itself. Its shortest expression is in the word CNU, $3 + 50 + 300$. This in Celtic meant "Nut," and the word is much insisted on by Irish cabalistic writers as giving a key to the riddles of the Word. In English we have: 353 (LUCK), + (CROSS),  (ANSATA), ⊙ (CENTRE) ⊙ (MIDST), ⊕ (THE CIRCLE), ARCHMASON, RECONFIRM! GEMATRIA! balanced by the contrary imperatives BAULK! and ABORT! which one may apply to FUDDLED, RECKLESS, THINKING. The number is weighted for allied thought from ancient days, as witness the Egyptian NU-AB, the "Creator's Heart," NETER-AB, the "Divine Heart," and the Babylonian NABU, the "Teacher." This last combination finds its counterpart in the Celtic in the word BUAN, "Victory" (feminine), much insisted on by Celtic writers. By the Hebrew calculation נָנָרָא (NANNARA) the feminine form of יְיָ [SIN], 770, the God of Abraham, is also on this Number, which is marked in English by two gems to be worn for LUCK, the old British God of Light, namely the GARNET and the SAPPHIRE, strengthened by the hardest form of the Master Stone or Adamant, the BOART, whose hardness subdues all other stones, and grinds the old Adam-Stone, or Ruby, to powder.

In all the alphabets, more or less perfect, certain phenomena repeat themselves. We pass from the unknowable point A to the consideration of AB the "Parental Heart," and its transposition into BA, the "Winged Soul," and as we go onwards knowledge increases. A Jewish boy who knows that AB = 3 "Father" + AMA = 42 "Mother" equal ADM = 45, "Adam" and is taught the meaning of those words, knows more of the wisdom of his fathers than any English schoolmaster whom I have met. When he learns further that similarly "Adam" and "Eve" together equal Noah, and that whilst the root of the number of Noah represents the whole Circle of Creation, the name "Noah" itself implies the centre of that circle, he has a certain contempt for translations of his Scriptures which convey no such teaching upon the origin of things. Thus thought grows from the progressive study to the Word until we reach its centre or PIVOTAL = [∧]770 point, "The Number of the Name." It is impossible to say much

on this great subject here, even were I qualified. Here, thought concentrates and balances itself, to read by THE GREAT LIGHT Λ of the MASON-ARCHITECT Λ . Here, the Hebrew Prophets placed Ψ [ON], the Stone of Bethel, whose memory is preserved in English in the form THE STONE OF JACOB, 213 + $\overset{\wedge}{415} + 66 + 76 = 770$ and also $\text{י} \text{ו} \text{ד}$ [SIN], the God of Ur and Harran, whom Abraham worshipped, and may be similarly memorialized in English as ADAM AND EVE'S SIN Λ . Upon the Stone of Jacob, expressed by the two letters ψ [Ayin] and ν [Nun] (final) they set up $\psi \omega \tau$ [O SH TH], the "Foundation of Numbers," and its transposition $\tau \omega \psi$ [TH SH O] their "Completion" in the number 9, under the influence of $[\text{N SH K TH}]$ the Spirit of Joy. On this number the Greeks placed ops [$\omega\psi$], the Divine Feminine *Word* of Gods and Immortals, which inspired the Logos, Her Mouthpiece amongst Men, and sought for soph [$\sigma\phi$] the Unknowable *Wisdom*. Here, later, they set up the form [IHEY-MAPIA], a fact alluded to by Hippolytus, who does not seem to have understood the meaning of the cross which they fashioned with these letters. Here in the West, py is the simple duad upon the Number of the Name, and implies the whole body of the Letters and Numbers in their every combination, as indicated in the English "*Printer's Py*," usually intentionally corrupt in its spelling.


The Latin readings upon the Divine Number are exceedingly interesting, both the pre-Christian and post-Christian forms indicating that their Craft was beyond that of the Greeks and Hebrews as Builders of the Word. For occult purposes they had a close approach to the Name in jouv , the Nominative of Jovis, the Name itself being tabooed, and replaced by "Diespiter," etc., as the Jews replace it by the word "Adonai"; but jouv might be transposed into the verb juvo , in building the MURUM of Rome, and jouv in both His aspects aided their WORKS Λ in the forms ROMA JOVIS , ROMA JUNONIS , ROMA IN OVO , ROMA IN TOTO , ROMA DE NOVO , ROMA IMMORTALIS . "Roma" being transposed as "Amor," at the will of EST-NON-EST , 'He who is and is not.' The early Roman Christians found the Name JESU MESSIAS Λ in harmony with the Divine Number, and the British Foundress of their Church, BRUCHA-FILIA-CARACTACI Λ (better known as Claudia the wife of the Senator Pudens) baptized her eldest daughter PRAXED. Λ , a name correctly rendered by the instructed bard Robert Browning. I cannot enter on our English readings upon the number of the name here, but may mention that what

I may call the second British Church, that of Patrick, placed here here the SPIRUTA, or feminine Spirit, in agreement with the true Hebrew teaching on that head, as may be seen in the Irish Commentary on the Psalms, written originally about the year 700; whilst this is varied by the form A SPIRUT, "O Spirit," in the list of invocations of the Spirit by Mugron, Abbot of Iona. A very interesting survival of this invocation of the Spirit upon the Divine Number remains to the present day in the double Gaelic form N' AINM N' ATHAIR (509), N' AINM NA MHC (261) = 770, where the words "in the Name of the Father, in the Name of the Son," give the Number of the Name when combined, whilst the invocation of the Name of the Spioraidh Noeb, or "Holy Spirit," followed by the final AMIN = 100, gives the same number by itself. As a last hint to those interested in this number and its Latin use, I may advise them to consult Ducange's *Glossary*, vol. 5, Article P, where it is given as a key to the ultimate use of the training Latin numerical alphabet supplied elsewhere under the various letters. From this it appears that the centre of this occult teaching in the eighteenth century was at the Church of St. Saba in Rome, where the Central Number was given on the tomb of John of Nepessa, in a guarded form readable only by those acquainted already with Greek, with the arbitrary monkish form taught in the Middle Ages as a preparation for fuller light, and also with a special value given to the letter P, supplied only to those whom it was desired to enlighten further. I looked for this tomb of John of Nepessa last October, but it appears to have been removed, and the church is now in the hands of the Germans, who have made some interesting discoveries of documents there recently, but how far these are available to outsiders I do not know.

The last Number upon which I shall set down a few notes here is the Number 1642 Ⓢ , the Master Number of Christ and His followers. It has but two factors, 2 and 821. Those readers of the *Didache* who have read the rule there given for the transliteration of the letter Yod from Hebrew into Latin as a dotted *i*, or *j* counting *ten*, may have appreciated this attempt to associate the first letter of Christ's Name with the Decalogue, without being quite able to follow the example further given, and intended to point the rule for distinguishing the *u* and *v*. The Name of Christ referred to is the authoritative triad ' (Yod), ψ (Shin), υ (Vau) = 316, and not the form commonly used in which the letter γ (Ayin) is added. Although the transliteration of these three letters ' ψ υ as [J S U] = 410 = CHRIST is that which

has been most used, they are evidently here transliterated [J S V] = 510 = "DECALOGUS," the Keyword given. (It is interesting that JESU = 415 = DECALOGUE.) After this rule has been given, comes the Doctrine of the Ekpetasis [ΕΚΠΕΤΑΣΙΣ] = 821, or the "Extension of the Name of Jesus from the Head of the Cross (East and West) through the letter Yod ὶ. This doctrine has baffled all the modern commentators whose writings I have met with ; but the hint is given in its Greek title, which, doubled, gives the Number of the Pleroma of Christ. I think the secret is still readable, though obscured, in the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. The fragment of Pilate's inscription preserved there is in all probability genuine. It is certainly that which was sent to Rome by the Empress Helena, and though little remains save the Greek word "Nazarenos," and the Latin "Nazarenus," there are sufficient indications of four or five Hebrew letters to identify the position of the words to which they belonged. All three languages occupied but one line each, and were written from right to left. The Latin and Greek lines would be about equal in length, but it is quite evident from what remains that the form "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews" alone would have left a long gap at the end of the Hebrew heading. The early belief then, founded probably on this inscription, was that the words "King of the Jews" were placed as a title above Christ's head, and His Name, "Jesus of Nazareth," repeated symmetrically upon either side of it, Yod ὶ being thus the Initial and Final letter of the whole line, thus

| | | |
|-------------|------------|---------|
| 736 | 170 * | 736 |
| † [ישועצרי] | מלך יהודים | ישועצרי |

A consideration of the above fact will enable commentators to assign its proper value to the Doctrine of the Ekpetasis, but the numerical value of the whole 1642  raises the very interesting question as to whether the one coin which was struck for Jesus as the Messias, and bears as its date an Aleph for the Year One, was struck immediately before His crucifixion, or after it. This coin was certainly in use in the very earliest days of Christianity, and appears to have been carried as a secret warrant by the Apostles and others, notably by St. John. There are three or four specimens of the original issue still extant, and many reproductions and adaptations have been made from it in different

* 170 is the number of the Greek "INPI," which replaces "Mlkhihudim" on the Head of the Cross.

† [iShUONTzRi MLKHIHUDIM iShUONTzRi=1642.

countries and at different dates. The most accurate reproductions of all were made twelve years ago in Paris by Messrs. Falize, and were engraved in our illustrated papers, but good ones were produced in silver nearly a century back in Dublin, and various others of earlier date may be seen at the British Museum.

Upon the obverse of this coin is the head of Christ, with the Aleph of the year *One*, and His Name, the total numerical value being 317. The reverse has His titles in three sets of seven letters, each with a special terminal form of the letter. The titles are—

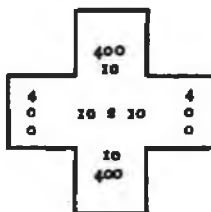
מלך משיח [M Sh I Ch-M L K = 448], Anointed King.

בשבת [B A B - Sh L U M = 381], Way of Peace.

אדם ראשון [U-A D M-A D M = 96] and Adam-Adam (first and second).

The joint numerical value of these terminal titles is 925, = **IEPOΣOAYM** in the Greek, and **JESUS CHRIST** in the Western alphabets. These are the twenty-one letters employed in forming the Cross Potent or Cross of *Jerusalem*, and they are followed by the words [עשׂו (O Sh UI), וי (Ch U) = 400 = ת (Th)], so that the entire numeric value of the reverse is 1325, the number of **JESUS CHRISTUS**, and of **RUFUS PUDENS**, Founder of the Latin Church. The twenty-seven letters, four of them in the Head, eleven in the Crossbar, and twelve in the Stem, form the Latin Cross as seen in the Mother Church of Rome, **SANTA PUDENZIANA = 1642** ✠, originally consecrated about A.D. 54 as **ECCLESIA TITULI PUDENTIS = 1642** ✠ and called by Hermas Pastor, who resided in the Pudentine Mansion, **AMPLISSIMA PUDENTIS DOMUS = 1642** ✠. The numbers to be chiefly remembered then are 316-7, and 1325, 317+1325 = 1644 ✠. But there are various subsidiary numbers obtained by making crosses of the various titles, etc., and the four numeric crosses obtainable by arranging three numbers in such fashion as to make a cross have always been recognized as important, particularly when transliterated. These four crosses, quartered in the Arms of Jerusalem, are formed by the numbers 2, 10, 400. 6, 9, 400; 10, 8, 400; and 30, 3, 400. The first three are

תיב "Bith"



30. 400. 3.

O
 V
 CVLVC
 V
 C

strictly Christian, whilst the fourth forms the Cross of the Illuminati, and is represented by the three letters LVC, which may be seen carved in deep Roman capitals on the capstone of the great trilithon at Stonehenge, together with a sign for its reversal, LVC representing "Light" and cvl "Darkness."








I will merely mention here that in the New Testament the keys to the number 1642 are given in various places, but notably in the Greek of **ΒΗΤΑ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ**, and also in its Latin Colophon, which is usually suppressed, and has been copied somewhat erroneously in some MSS. Probably search would reveal frequent use of it in Revelations. As a specimen, the saying **ΤΑ ΒΑΘΕΑ ΤΟΥ ΣΑΤΑΝΑ = 1642** may be quoted, St. John condemning this as a misapplication. In the recently discovered Acts of John, his use of the word **ΒΑΤΟΣ = 573** instead of Stauros, probably originated in the fact that added to his own name it gave the Master Number in the Greek.




Matthew is said by Clement of Alexandria to have been the only Apostle fully instructed by Christ Himself in this matter, and to have been himself the instructor of Basilides. It is probable that Matthew was the only Apostle with sufficient education to follow the Master's teaching in Gematria, with regard to which we may say to-day as He said to the Scribes, "The Key of Knowledge ye hid, and to them that were entering, ye forbade them." Basilides founded his teaching on the **ΜΟΝΑΣ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ** 1642, a fair translation of a form upon the same number which means the Unknowable Spheric Point.



 ראשית נקדה ראשונה

In studying this Greek gnosis the word **ΙΩΝΑ**, which Christ named as His sign should be remembered. It forms the Greek word **ΑΙΩΝ** [Aion] = 861, to which Sophia, the Spirit of Wisdom, gave birth [**ΑΙΩΝ** (Aion) + **Σοφία** (Sophia)] = 1642 in Greek, (whilst **ΠΑΥΝΟΣ** [Paulos] = 781 = **Σοφία** [Sophia]) giving rise to the idea that Paul himself was this Aion or Man of the Age.

The Hebrew Gospel of Matthew, which may have contained much, has been suppressed, and the present Greek version foisted upon the Churches. Even Jerome's translations of it have been suppressed also, and an apocryphal pedigree of Joseph has

been tacked on to it, whilst that which St. Paul made, and which he is presenting to Christ in the fourth-century mosaic at *Santa Pudenziana* has been suppressed also, being no doubt in accord with his teaching in his Epistle to the Romans; but though he was called the Wolf during his last sojourn in Rome, he is represented in the mosaic upon Christ's right, and Peter upon His left in the *MATER ECCLESIAE*  ORBIS, the seat of the Papacy down to the fourth century, from which the Chair and Altar of Peter were then removed by the Vicar of Christ, the holder of the *MAZZA*  1642, or silver mace which the Pope holds as Vicar of Christ when in secret conclave anent the *Rota Romana*, and by the power of which he is summoned thrice by the Name and Titles of Christ in their fulness before orders are given for the election of his successor. In the British Church the word *EGLUWYS*  applied to the oldest Western Church gives this number; and St. Patrick got his own copy of this medal from a young man in whose family it had been kept since apostolic times. From it he appears to have constructed the eight-rayed cross known as the "Bacul Isu," and his nephew Seachnal wrote a Latin poem still extant on the Numbers 1325 † in honour of himself and his Latin teaching. It is at least possible that this coin held by Patrick may be that in possession of Mr. R. Day, of Myrtle House, Cork. At any rate we English may recall St. Patrick's feat by the phrase *SAINT PATRICK'S MASTER-CROSS* , and draw nearer to the greatest of the Christian Churches if we remember that the words *BLESSED VIRGIN MARY = 1642*  are not incompatible with *ORTHODOX TENETS* , and are included in this summing up of *TOTAL CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE* .

One last word as to the modern use of this number by our neighbours and friends across the Channel. When they recoined the  [JESU] Luck Penny in gold, silver and copper in 1899, they issued with it a very simple and unpretentious pamphlet bearing the title *NOTICE SUR LA MEDAILLE DU CAMPO DEI FIORI = 1642* , and below this the words *ADAMAS ET MARGARITA,—FALIZE = 1642* .

I cannot go fully into this now, but may hint that (*La Medaille du Campo dei Fiori*) = 825 = *JESU CHRIST*, whilst from very early days the Last and First letters of the Name  [JSU] have passed respectively as the Diamond, the chief treasure of Earth, and the Pearl, chief gift of the Sea. Later, copies were issued at cheaper rates in which, whilst the features of the Master and His Name were faithfully preserved on the obverse, the reverse bears the word *LIBERTE = 341* with the implied countersign *LA CROIX*

D'OLIVE = 1301 + 341 = 1642 ☉. This latter medal all Catholics are exhorted to wear openly, but at present the priesthood does not appear to be willing to enter into open argument upon the doctrine of the reverse, except in private, and under amicable compulsion. Our own clergy for the most part decline to look to the features of the Master, or to study His Name. This is less the case now than it was a dozen years back, but it still obtains in many instances, and the same is the case with many private individuals. On the other hand there are many curious instances, some of which may be recorded later, of persons who have diligently sought this presentment of the Master until they have found it, or have come by it as a possession under very mysterious and instructive circumstances. I may mention in conclusion that as a rule when the head of Christ has been taken as a model by Latin medallists, the words EGO SVM LVX ☉ are worked into the inscription, in which the letter U is given in the V-form in order to count 400. This set of nine letters is upheld by the figure of Christ which crowns the external decoration of the west front of SANTA PUDENZIANA ☉: in English the "PUDENTINE (693) CATHEDRAL (342) CHURCH (412), ROME (195) ☉ 1642."

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|----|
| 1 | + | 2 | + | 3 | + | 4 | + | 5 | + | 6 | + | 7 | + | 8 | + | 9 | = | 45 |
| A | | B | | C | | D | | E | | F | | G | | H | | I | | |
| 10 | | 20 | | 30 | | 40 | | 50 | | 60 | | 70 | | 80 | | 90 | | |
| J | | K | | L | | M | | N | | O | | P | | Q | | R | | |
| 100 | | 200 | | 300 | | 400 | | 500 | | 600 | | 700 | | 800 | | 900 | | |
| S | | T | | U | | V | | W | | X | | Y | | Z | | & | | |

111 222 333 444 555 666 777 888 999
 45 + KEY 725 = [^]770 = PY = JOY[^]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE place of importance in *La Revue Théosophique Belge* is given to an article on the symbolic festival of Christmas, by Dr. Rudolf Steiner. It is presumably translated from some contemporary German periodical, and develops a very curious hypothesis which may be summarised briefly as follows: (1) The Divine Master Christ is the Regent of the Sun, and this fact, whether clearly or in part only, was known or divined by the initiates of the old mysteries, who, on the shortest day of the year, were said to behold the glory of the sun at midnight. (2) It is owing to a principle of initiation and not to accident or caprice that the birth of Christ is referred approximately to the period of the winter solstice. (3) The blood shed at the Crucifixion marks an event which is the real basis of Christianity. (4) The Christ-Ego, which was resident previously in the sun, was joined thereby to the soul of the earth, becoming its central spirit. (5) Love of the spiritual order, apart from that which belongs to flesh and its attractions, came upon the earth with Christ—a new motive, a new principle, a new life in the race. (6) The birth of Christ is not an event particular to a certain place and time, for that which began at Bethlehem is repeated every Christmas in those who conform their lives to the Christ-idea. Part of this speculation, and that especially which concerns the mystery of blood, is not unfamiliar to certain schools of mystical thought in the West, and its primary interest is its evidence of Christian dedications in the leader of German theosophy. Having regard to his influence, the effect may be far-reaching, and it is indeed traceable throughout the whole society.

Miss Marguerite Pollard makes some useful, though now familiar, distinctions in her plea for the recognition of Mysticism, which appears in the last issue of *The Theosophist*. She points out, as we have all realized, though it is good to hear again, that the occultist may be described as one who follows the path of knowledge, and the power which resides therein, but the mystic, that of devotion. The lower occult gifts, including clairvoyance, clairaudience and telepathy, are classed as illusory on the authority of mystics—a reference no doubt to the trend of actual opinion and criticism. It is true that the mystic may and does often possess psychic gifts, but such possession

does not constitute a mystic, whose impelling force is love realized in the highest. Finally, it is suggested that the unity of mystic experience in all places and times should act as a check upon those who are inclined to exalt one school—as, for example, that of Christianity—at the expense of others. It would seem, however, that German theosophy discerns in the birth of Christ a divine event which is different from any other in the world.

It will be scarcely within the knowledge of the general reader that for a period of twenty-five years, or thereabouts, our French neighbours have been in possession of what is probably the only periodical which exists to promote the downfall of the Masonic Brotherhood. It is entitled *La France Antimaçonique* and is the official organ of a council confessing to the object mentioned. It loomed rather largely at the period of the Leo Taxil conspiracy for the exploitation of Masonry and the Church of Rome concurrently; but since that hoax was compelled to unmask itself, our contemporary must have sought a title to existence in more general fields than those of its especial election. An instance in point is provided at the present moment, when the subsisting connection between Theosophy and the Co-Masonic institution has provided a pretext for reviewing the former movement at great length. The writer of the articles calls himself Swâmî Narad Mani and claims to be Chief of the Secret European Observatory of the "true Truth Somaj" (*sic*) at Adyar. These credentials are curiously suggestive of a masked personality unearthing some mare's nest, comparable to a dozen others already produced for the benefit of anti-masonry; but the account proves to be merely a réchauffé of old accusations and very old history. Portraits of many theosophical celebrities are inserted, including one of J. Krisna-Murti, the Indian youth who is called otherwise *Alcyone*, and as it is readable and entertaining in its way, the tinkered story is likely to serve its purpose. *La France Antimaçonique* exists in the catholic interest, which in such matters does not go very far for the verification of alleged facts.

Appearing in the form of a newspaper, but described as devoted to *la défense immatérielle*, there is a good deal that is fresh in *La Fraternaliste*, which has just completed the first year of its existence. It is a spiritistic periodical, but its dedications differ from those of *La Revue Spirite*, as it declines to recognize the Kardec doctrine of reincarnation. It is also Christian in its complexion and seems disposed to lay stress on the importance of animal magnetism as an aid to mediumship

and a corrective of its characteristic defects. At the present season it unbends a little quite naturally, giving space to prophetic intelligence, and those who care may note the following excerpts from coming events in France. (1) The prospects of 1912 are, generally speaking, unfavourable ; (2) a theatre will be destroyed by fire ; (3) theatrical scandals will be prominent in the month of March ; (4) there will be the death of an important personality in the literary world ; (5) in 1913 we may look for some kind of brush with Germany, but it will not be the great war, the date of which is still in the darkness of futurity.

The larger continental periodicals which reach us are, for the most part, theosophical in complexion and they have many points of interest, whether within or without their particular subject. The *Neue Lotusblüten*, which is edited by Dr. Franz Hartmann, and quotes very often from our pages, has articles on higher spiritual knowledge and on the *Imitation* of St. Thomas à Kempis, whose work is regarded as a manual of illumination, embodying a practical method which is in close correspondence with Rajah Yoga philosophy. But, in the opinion of the writer, the Jesus of the four gospels is not an historical personality ; He is the light of the world, which is present in all mankind and in virtue of this presence is personified everywhere. . . . *Prana* is an organ of practical occultism and gives prominence in its last issue to a study from the occult standpoint of Catherine Emmerich, whose life has been held to resume the chief phases of divine mysticism on the phenomenal side. They are those precisely, which, according to a higher understanding, have been termed the burden of sanctity. A miraculous cross was imprinted on her bosom and blood exuded therefrom ; she was also a stigmatic ; and towards the end of her life the Eucharist was her only nourishment, except for a little water. . . . The *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau* is providing in monthly instalments the first German translation of Eliphas Lévi's epoch-making work on the *Doctrine and Ritual of Transcendental Magic*. A study of the symbolical Tarot, by Dr. Papus, is being rendered in like manner. . . . *La Verdad*, a Spanish magazine, published at Buenos Aires, must be doing good service to its readers, remote from the centres of Europe, by providing translations of Schuré on the philosophy of Nietzsche, of Dr. Steiner on the principles of initiation, and of Anatole France on the Garden of Epicurus. . . . There is also the substantial theosophical review which appears at Rome under the title of *Uetra* and has important claims within the lines of its own interests. Articles on Yoga, by the editor,

and on the occult psychology of Egypt, by Professor Buonamici are noticeable in the last issue. *Le Voile d'Isis* concludes its twenty-first volume and completes its publication of Éliphas Lévi's posthumous work—from one of the autograph MSS.—entitled *The Book of the Sages*. Some aphorisms of the final chapter on the idea of God, which lies behind the formal definitions of great religions, are admirable and in the best manner of the brilliant French occultist.

The principal feature of interest in *The Open Court* is a contribution from the editor himself under the title of *A Buddhist Veronica*. That title notwithstanding, it is concerned more particularly with the Christian legend and is remarkable in three senses: firstly, for the excellent illustrations of the *sudarium*, or face-cloth, as depicted in paintings from the beginning of the fifteenth century; secondly, for the Buddhist parallel, being the healing of King Ajatasatru by a picture illustrating the life of Buddha; and thirdly, for the exceedingly helpful and sober comments of the editor on the fact of the parallel. He recognizes that the first inclination is to think of the story and its motive as having migrated from East to West or alternatively from West to East; but he concludes (a) that the accounts originated independently; (b) that their similarities are due to corresponding conditions; and (c) that they are therefore a remarkable instance of "parallel formation in religious lore."

An article entitled *The Writing on the Hand*, by Mr. C. W. Childe, appears in the last issue of *T.P.'s Magazine* and is of unusual interest as an outline of the general theory on which the art of reading the hand is held to rest by one of its serious exponents. In the first place, Mr. Childe gives a persuasive account of the reasons which have brought the subject into disrepute and, in the second, he states his own views respecting palmistry—namely, that a careful study of the "writing on the hand" will not only reveal temperament, mental and physical qualifications, but may "afford a valuable guide as to the most suitable course of action in many emergencies." The argument is based on the instinctive nature of the hand's movements, its direct service of the brain, its important place among the sensitive members, its accurate reflection of sensation, and the consequent significance of its markings. These are the language of the hand, and palmistry is the art of reading it. The article is accompanied by many plates showing hands of living celebrities.

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.*]

WAKING VISION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—An incident has just occurred which may interest some of your readers. It is typical of a large class of psychic experiences that are a puzzle to every seer, because of their seeming total disregard of the ordinary limitations of space and time; the shock of their sudden appearance; and the difficulty of interpreting them as events taking place now, or having already happened, or as being still in the future.

Sunday, November 5, between 8 and 9 p.m., I was alone and reading with fixed attention. On raising my eyes I found myself watching a scene of terrible disaster. An open sea lashed to fury by the wind, and at its mercy a steamer trying to ride the gale. This vision faded, and immediately another took its place. I saw the same steamer struck by a mighty sea; it heeled over, and was engulfed by the raging elements. Next morning at breakfast I spoke of this thing that I had seen, and in the afternoon wrote about it to my boy, who is interested in such matters.

I now copy from the *Morning Post* of to-day, November 7:—

“A Lloyd’s telegram states that a wireless message has been received from the Dutch steamer *Grotius* announcing that the Greek steamer *Lordos Byron*, belonging to Andros Island, bound from Theodosia for Antwerp with grain, was struck on Sunday night by a heavy sea, and sank at 8 p.m. Twenty-two of the crew were drowned. Three men were picked up by the *Grotius*.”

Now, there are three ways of “seeing” things that are taking place where you don’t happen to be, and cannot therefore make use of your ordinary powers of vision. (1) A curious direct vision, a sort of “wireless” seeing. (2) Your soul wanders off on its own, sees for itself, and brings back word of what it has witnessed. (3) You make the vision yourself—you create out of very fine stuff a living picture, an exact representation of the thing occurring at any distance off. If you are made the way that all seers, prophets, and mystics are made, you are

in tune, in touch with sea and sky and mother earth; with crystals and plants, and animals, and men. They affect you at a distance, you "feel" their influence. The sub-conscious intelligence, the "wisdom" that is in them all, the mental wireless telegraphy which we have dubbed telepathy, communicates by means of this universal language of wordless meaning with your sub-conscious self, with the wisdom that is in you.

Think of the agonizing despair! the terror! the sights! the sounds! the horror of it all! That doomed vessel became the transmitter of wireless messages innumerable, and wherever a receiver happened to be, sensitive to such messages, the whole scene was re-enacted in its full horror; and the accurate brain picture, seen, not inside one's head where it was formed, but externally—a cinematograph transmitted, received, and transmitted again so as to be observed objectively. And this is how, I suppose, I witnessed the foundering of the *Lordos Byron*.

Yours faithfully,

M. HUME.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I offer the following account of my experience in occult matters, thinking it may interest your readers.

I was leaving our church one Sunday, thinking I was the last in the building. Finding some one was speaking to the sacristan, I waited, and looking at the sitting immediately behind my own, I saw our late rector's granddaughter, a girl of about thirteen, seated there. I just smiled in recognition, and she returned the smile. I stood long enough to notice how much better she was looking, and also to see how she was dressed.

During the week I was walking with her aunt, and remarked how much stronger her niece looked. She asked where I had seen her, and I told her all particulars. The aunt seemed surprised and said that the child would not sit there.

I then described her dress, which was somewhat striking, viz. a long scarlet cloak and a large white felt hat. The aunt said that certainly this was what her niece wore; but as she still seemed surprised, I suggested she should ask her sisters, who, being at church, would be able to confirm my statement. To my astonishment, they said that this sitting had been unoccupied during the service.

I had not heard the child's dress described by any one, and the attire in which I had usually seen her was quite different to what she appeared in at church. I made careful inquiry as to

whether any one dressed in a similar fashion. I was told, no.

This is my third experience of such visitations, and in the last two cases they have been followed by the death of one closely related to the person whose astral body I had seen.

You are quite at liberty to give my name and address, to enquirers.

Yours faithfully,

A. S. G.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last issue my friend, Madame de Steiger, has contrasted statements of mine which are separated by long periods of time. The eighteen years that have elapsed since the publication of *Azoth* and the twenty-three years since that of my *Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers* represent a continuous life of thought and research ; there should be no need for surprise that I have changed some critical opinions expressed so long ago. What I said of the *Suggestive Enquiry* in 1888 and 1893 was in the light of my knowledge at those dates ; that which I have recorded since has been under a fuller and clearer light. I shall always regard the book as remarkable for its period and within its own limits, but the " clue " which Madame de Steiger sees therein is not the clue that leads to the heart and centre of the Hermetic Mystery. The subject is one which cannot be pursued in a public journal, and if my friend continues to think that the view here expressed is the result of some misapprehension on my part, I shall remain under this imputation rather than prolong the debate. There are certain things at least over which we seem to be agreed, namely, the *impedimenta* of the quest. I consent fully to her catalogue, though I do not know what transcendental school is, in her opinion, merely of a sentimental kind. It is not one of my frequenting, and its mental or spiritual state seems beside the issue under notice.

Yours sincerely,

A. E. WAITE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the letter of Mr. W. H. Edwards, regarding the performances of Harry Houdini, with mingled amazement and amusement. It is really remarkable that Mr. Edwards—and apparently Mr. W. T. Stead, if reports speak truly—should *seriously* consider the performances of this clever enter-

tainer as anything but trickery ; I did not imagine that such a state of mind could be found at present ! I have seen many " test séances " and performances by my friend Houdini ; I know him well, and we have had many an interesting evening, discussing his performances and those of other, similar entertainers. As Houdini himself takes the same attitude in public, I need have no hesitation in saying that all that Houdini does, or ever has done, is the result of ingenuity, skill, or trickery ; all his escapes are due to clever work and nimble wit ; that and nothing more. In a general way, I know how practically all his escapes are made ; but the detail of much of his work, I do not know. I make this assertion, however, as a positive fact :—viz., *all* that Harry Houdini does is clever trickery ; and I have no doubt that, if he were asked to do so, he would be willing to sign an affidavit to that effect. He is an exceedingly clever, hard-working, ingenious performer ; no more.

Sincerely yours,

130, WEST 34TH STREET, HERWARD CARRINGTON.
NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Unfortunately for Mr. W. H. Edwards' theory, Mr. Harry Houdini is not a believer in Spiritualism and rejects the Spiritualistic theory entirely. I speak from personal knowledge of Mr. Houdini and his views upon this subject.

There is also one slight inaccuracy in Mr. Edwards' statement as to what took place at the performance at which Dr. O'Neill was present. Dr. O'Neill accompanied me on that occasion, and I think he will corroborate me when I say that Mr. Houdini did not appear " from some other part of the house." He was placed in the box, which was heavily nailed down, corded and sealed, as Mr. Edwards states. The curtained cabinet was then brought forward on the stage and the box hidden from view. At the end of a short interval the curtains of the cabinet were pulled on one side and Houdini stepped forward. The box was still nailed, corded and sealed.

Mr. Houdini has stated on several occasions in my presence that his feats are tricks pure and simple.

Yours faithfully,

AUTHORS' CLUB,

DUDLEY WRIGHT.

2, WHITEHALL COURT, S.W.

REVIEWS

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF MENTAL HEALING. By George Barton Cutten, Ph.D. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. x. + 318 + 9 plates. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.

THAT the mind is capable of exerting a powerful influence upon the body, either for good or for ill, is a fact now generally recognized by medical science. The power of the mind in curing disease has no doubt been both underestimated and overestimated: the materialist will have none of it, whilst on the other hand, faith-curing in modern times has not only been associated with much charlatanism, but with fantastic religious doctrines and exaggerations of the efficacy of mental suggestion from which reason recoils. To fix the exact limitations of the power of mind over body in the curing of disease may be difficult; but as Dr. Cutten suggests, most probably the line of demarcation between functional disorders and organic diseases marks the boundary of its normal effectiveness. And although it is only in recent years that the fact of the mind's influence upon the body has been recognized in medical practice, this power of the mind has always been in existence. In bygone days men used charms and talismans and the relics of the saints wherewith to cure their ills: methods which if wholly ineffective would not have been persisted in. It is to the fact that such things called forth the innate powers of the mind, that what effectiveness they had was due; for it is upon its intensity rather than its rightness that the effectiveness of faith depends in its workings on the body.

Dr. Cutten gives a very interesting and succinct account of the old-time use of faith or imagination—faith in charms, amulets, talismans, the power of words and the relics of the saints—in the curing of disease; as well as some particulars of faith-healing in modern times as associated with such names as those of Mesmer, Dr. Quimby, and Mrs. Eddy. The earlier portion of his work, however, would have been of more value had he relied less upon the works of three or four modern writers. As it is, his book lacks originality; and he appears to entertain an exaggerated notion of the part faith-healing in its superstitious forms played in the early history of the Christian Church. No doubt the Church was partly responsible for the lack of progress in medical knowledge during the Middle Ages; but Dr. Cutten over-emphasizes this. He forgets the Galenic physicians, whose blind adherence to the doctrines of their master, and their refusal to credit ought save what he taught, rendered progress in medical knowledge practically impossible.

H. S. REDGROVE.

RELIGION AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY. A Study of Present Tendencies, Particularly the Religious Implications of the Scientific Belief in Survival: with a discussion on Mysticism. By J. Arthur Hill. William Rider & Son, Limited. Large Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

THE first title if it stood alone might suggest that it offers an exhaustive study of this great subject; it does not do so. The author aims rather

at so stating problems as to provoke the reader to thought, and also to suggest some lines along which his thought may profitably travel. Those who will profit most by the book are those who habitually read with critical judgment; the reader who hopes to be told what he should think and thus to be saved the trouble of independent brainwork had better let it alone, for he will only be bewildered.

It is the product of a *mind on the march*. So much so indeed, that there are indications in the book itself that the mental attitude of the writer has shifted somewhat between the writing of the first and last chapters. The work has evidently involved a fairly wide range of study on the subjects with which it deals, and the author is one of those open-minded thinkers who never ceases to learn and will never be ashamed to change his opinions.

His main purpose seems to be to show that, although the modern tendency seems to be unfavourable to religious belief, and to a large extent, men are having recourse to ethics as a substitute for theological beliefs, yet psychical research, when treated scientifically, affords a basis for a new and solid religious synthesis. What in his opinion that synthesis should be it is not easy to determine. He points out that morality alone does not really take the place of religion; he recognizes the need of some influence in life which may "remove the coldness and bleakness of bare morality" by suffusing it with "the emotional glow, which is essential to anything worthy of the name of religion"; and he appears to think that evidence of a future life, "if it should turn out amenable to scientific treatment," may be productive of "a faith which is science" (p. 26). He is too clear-sighted, however, not to see that science alone does not suffice to make men either moral or religious; and he also recognizes that a future life is not even desired by every one, that much depends on the conditions under which such a life would have to be lived as to whether it is desirable at all.

The realization of the insufficiency of a doctrine of a future life to constitute a "soul satisfying religion" seems to have grown upon him, for in the last chapter (195) he says, that if we are to get beyond crude materialism or agnosticism "we must have some sort of philosophic scheme, beyond even the survival, which has already enlarged our horizon."

He appears to reject Theism in a paragraph (Chapter III) in which he touches upon this subject, and dismisses it somewhat superficially, but in later chapters, and notably towards the close, he uses language which involves a Theistic conception, not indeed as defined by any particular theological school, but in the largest sense, connoting a Creative Being who may be trusted, as "capable of properly looking after" this "wonderful and awe-inspiring universe" (p. 195).

Although critical readers will find much to question in the pages of this book, they will also find much to appreciate.

The chapters on mysticism are particularly useful, in spite of the fact that he by no means does justice to the value of true and sane mysticism. In this respect also there is, however, progress towards the close of the book.

H. A. DALLAS.

CORPUS MEUM: This is My Body. By James Leith MacBeth Bain.
London: Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., Ltd., 3, Amen
Corner, E.C. 2s. 6d.

THIS is the third of the Holy Grail series of books issued recently by the well-known mystical writer and spiritual teacher, Mr. J. L. MacBeth Bain. The mystic was first a spiritual healer, as, indeed, he has been in all ages; and having delivered his soul of its burden of spiritual counsel, he returns to consider the care of the body. On the title-page of the present work the Author explains that it is a "homely word" on the use of certain foods most likely to conduce to "the fullest life of our finer bodies," but he regards nutrition in this light as "a spiritual doctrine, and as such complementary to the service of Hymn and Prayer given in his last published volume, 'The Heart of the Holy Grail.'" To this is added "a treatise on sleeplessness," which it appears may be with profit either endured or cured; and "a *causerie intime* on the vital service of Holy love," the whole forming "the third book of the tripartite compendium of the present doctrine of The Christ of the Holy Grail."

From this it may be gathered that the "homely word" of the mystic is necessarily mystical; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the plain dish has many garnishings. And, lest the reader should think this new culinary art incongruous, he is treated in the "Dedication" to incidental references such as the little girl's gift of a bag of pastry to the author while he was sitting meditating by the wayside at Kensington Church; the "good woman" who is his "baker of bread," and the common bond of sympathy and spiritual communion, which make it abundantly clear that this is no ordinary feeder of men.

It is but characteristic of the author that he should find in the "bread broken" and thus "made assimilable" the "key to the great mystery of all suffering." And, lest any weak brother—or sister—shall be offended by what may seem a too common application of a sacred symbol, he repeats what he has stated in his other works: "To those to whom the shell or husk or symbol or shadow is yet a food, we leave their uses." This is the essential tolerance of the true mystic, who is above all things undogmatic; and yet one doubts whether the weak brother will reciprocate, or even appreciate the compliment, when he is reminded by it of the true nature of the shell or husk on which he seeks to appease his appetite, or the shadow in which he loves to sit.

The most valuable hints as to the selection and preparation of foods are given in the pleasantest way. Thus the use of oil—olive, almond, etc.—as a substitute for the fat of flesh-meat, is recommended, uncooked, as being more easily assimilated, and in small quantities, often, where there is difficulty of digestion. Again, "Rice is an invaluable food as a comforter"; and as such is "specially useful for aged or feeble people, and a good supper for any one." But in the process of "polishing," about "ninety per cent. of the nourishing elements are eliminated."

These practical home-thrusts serve as a very hot spice to the high, indeed transcendental, fare which the book provides, an indication of which may be given in such headings as "The Holy Genius of Our Life," "The Use and Abuse of Warnings," "The Denying and Overcoming of Fear," "The Posture of the Cross-Bearer," "How to enjoy Early Rising," "The Value and Use of Sunlight," "Our Goodly Fellowship on Earth,"

and "The Stirrup-cup." Indeed, like the author's other works, this is a book which may be on the table even after being read, and may be taken up again at intervals, from time to time, with unabated enjoyment.

LAWRENCE I. GILBERTSON.

"ARE YOU ALIVE?" By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. London: Gay & Hancock, Ltd., 12 & 13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THIS strange and slightly stupid title of a volume of Essays on various subjects, does not in any way do justice to the extremely interesting contents.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given us a brave little book, helpful, thoughtful, sensible and sincere. Indeed, it is full of thought, the "New Thought," the best thought, and in many places might with truth be called "A Guide to Wives." Perhaps she is just a little too hard on her own sex, a little too exacting, and her series of articles entitled, "Six Bad Husbands and Six Unhappy Wives," show a greater understanding of men than of women and a larger sympathy with the sterner sex. One feels that the ways and wiles of women are tiresome to her, and that she has little toleration for their complex characters. And one wishes that she would write another series of articles, equally able, about "Six Bad Wives and Six Unhappy Husbands" and dedicate it to the opposite sex.

There is nothing hackneyed, nothing tedious in the whole thirty-five Essays; we finish each one with regret and begin another with pleasure. She realizes to the full, the immense importance of "Thought." "It is what you feel and think that counts."

There are wholesome Essays on Love, legal and illegal, and a still more wholesome article on "The Art of Living Long," which, in these foolish days of rest cures and "stuffing" might be taken very seriously to heart by medicos who think more of their fees than our digestions. And there is a beautiful sermon, one might almost call it, on "Humane Education" and "Parentage," "the oldest profession in the world," with the "smallest number of prize-winners"—a chapter for mothers. In fact, there is some thought, new or good or helpful for every one, that each of us can apply or make use of in our daily lives.

The book is well printed on good paper, and when we have finished reading it, we feel compelled to take it up and read it slowly and thoughtfully through again; grateful to the authoress for a fine collection of great thoughts to help one along in a drab and difficult world.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

LA CHAÎNE DES HARMONIES. *Par* Paul Flambert. Paris: Bibliothèque Chacornac. Demy 8vo, pp. 136. 3 francs.

IN his own country the writer appears to be known by several works on the scientific study of astrology. They treat of astral influence, astral language, astral heredity; and I mention them because the present essay seems to enter into the same series; it is a consideration of the spiral and its office in Nature on a dynamic basis. The spiral is explained by the transposition of the laws of harmony; the conclusion is that Nature in its concrete forms and in the laws which govern it works in spirals; that every animate being is a more or less complex machine designed to transmit unitary energy and in that machine to conserve its laws of harmony.

The side on which this speculation touches a larger interest is summarized in the plan of the study. "The restricted zones of the spiral which correspond to those natural agents to which our organs of sense respond" lead us to infer that there is an unseen world of agents corresponding to other zones, "unknown and infinite," which are inaccessible to our senses. The question also arises whether these zones or worlds can be "envisaged by a transposition of vital energy." The chapter on the spiral and its metaphysical correspondences treats of these questions. I can observe only that M. Flamberg is on the Divine side, holding as he does, that if God does not prove Himself, He at least imposes Himself by the science of analogies; and that the author has the admirable boldness to observe of the words *cause* and *effect* that they are improperly contrasted to one another, "being successive phases of facts." An observation like this causes many old clouds to clear.

A. E. WAITE.

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. By G. K. Chesterton.
London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 5s.

THIS is an admirable ballad consisting of fine work throughout. Its comprehensive character raises it to an epical height, and it has a dignity and simplicity which will delight all true lovers of this form of poetry. Meditation upon "The White Horse of the White Horse Vale" cut out of the grass may well cause the heart to beat quicker, the blood to flame and the imagination to body forth noble and heroic forms of an elder world. Such figures live and move in most natural and human guise in Alfred and Eldred, the Saxons, Mark the Roman, and Colan the Gael. All four are characterized with great skill. We know them well, we admire them, we rejoice in their glory and their strength, and when three of them die in battle they depart with a grandeur which stamps them immortal. The strange qualities of the Celt have seldom perhaps been more finely discriminated than in Colan, the man of divided heart:—

And whether in seat or saddle,
Whether with frown or smile,
Whether at feast or fight was he,
He heard the noise of a nameless sea
On an undiscovered isle.

Alfred is drawn with the same boldness and sureness of touch, and the root of his triumph is ascribed to—

that ancient innocence
That is more than mastery.

Not only is the external course of the story told with power, but we are made acquainted with the thoughts of the heart and shown visions of the soul. There is a compelling lilt in the whole composition which makes it fascinating reading, and there are many passages of that beauty which is found only in true poetry.

B. P. O'N.

THE LAND OF LIVING MEN. By Ralph Waldo Trine, author of *In Tune with the Infinite*, etc. Cr. 8vo. 312 pp. London: G. Bell & Sons. Price 4s. 6d. net.

OF the books on Higher Thought the greater number necessarily deal with matters affecting individual character and achievement, self-control,

etc. ; but that is not to say that matters of State and Government are beyond the scope of the Higher Thought philosophy. The present volume from the popular pen of Mr. Trine is concerned with matters sociological, treated, however, not in the dry statistical way that repels the average reader, but in the vital, common-sense, wide-awake manner of one who, whilst fully appreciating the rare beauty of the Ideal State, has a practical grip upon everyday life. The author's views are markedly democratic, albeit he looks forward to a New Democracy, outside the domain of party politics. Allowance must be made for the fact that the book is written by an American for Americans, and that the bitter indictment of those who make matters of Government their business and "find it highly profitable, not to farm the farms, but to farm the farmers," is intended as a reproach more particularly of American political life. But whether our author's allusion to "Britain's high and enviable position as regards cleanliness in politics" is to be taken with any reservation must be left to individual opinion. The volume before us can be recommended as affording most interesting reading on Social and Economic matters, and the views expressed therein as being worthy of careful consideration, whatever may be our personal bias with regard to them. H. J. S.

STUDIES IN THE HIGHEST THOUGHT. By A. T. Schofield, M.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. 150. Price 3s. 6d.

A WARM welcome should be accorded to this earnest and often eloquent plea for a new and re-vitalized Christianity, from the pen of so able a writer as Dr. Schofield. There is no doubt that in these days of great spiritual unrest, of seeking after new things, men show some tendency to forget the wonderful truth and power of the Christian Scriptures, but, on the other hand, the author of these Studies does not, perhaps, make sufficient allowance for the fact that the Christian Church has not by any means always faithfully reflected the spirit of her Scriptures. This is what has been the chief factor in driving men to seek comfort and inspiration elsewhere, and there are many who will disagree with Dr. Schofield when he declares that the sacred books of the East are not living books, and that they do not change, or profess to change, the lives of men. To any one who has even superficially studied such a work as *The Universal Textbook of Religion and Morals*, recently published by the Theosophical Society, and who has noted the extraordinary unity of thought in the passages quoted from the sacred books of West and East, such a statement will seem sweeping, to say the least of it. But even those who disagree on this point, and one or two others, will find a great deal in this book that is both beautiful and stimulating. The subject with which it deals is one of eternal interest to all who possess, even in any small degree, the true religious temperament—man's desire for union with God, and the Way by which he shall attain to it. Opinions as to that Way may differ in detail, but in fundamentals they can never differ, and Dr. Schofield's study of the methods and attributes of the true Christian mystic should be read by all who are interested in the strong religious trend of present-day thought.

E. M. M.

LETTERS TO LOUISE : ON LIFE, LOVE, AND IMMORTALITY. By Jean Delaire. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Pp. 183. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a very clever study of the inner life of a woman who is at once an artist, a thinker, and something of a mystic. We are led through the various stages of growth which must take place before a wild and passionate nature can enter the haven of spiritual peace, and it is obvious that such an end cannot be reached without much struggle and suffering—indeed, it has not been completely reached at the conclusion of the book, though the reader is left with the sure conviction that it will be. These stages are clearly indicated in the titles of the four parts of the volume—"On the Threshold," "The Eternal Quest," "In the School of Life," "The Great Renunciation"—and each one of them is pictured with unusual insight. The unhappy and restricted childhood in a French provincial town, the married woman's social successes, the famous Wagner singer's triumphs and self-oblivion in her art—all these are of intense human interest, but the finest part of the book is that which tells of the singer's meeting with Father Bertram, a worker in the slums, of her intuitive recognition of the fact that their two souls have known one another in far-back lives, and her final realization that the only path open to her is the grey and difficult path of renunciation. The authoress makes Father Bertram her mouthpiece for an eloquent and well-reasoned exposition of the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, and this to many will be the most valuable portion of the book, and may bring some new light even to those already more or less familiar with the teachings.

But the volume should really be judged as the history of a woman's soul—or rather, as the history of a soul in which the Man who thinks and the Woman who feels are almost equally developed—a far from uncommon experience, as many can testify. This is what the writer has aimed at, and she has been more than ordinarily successful.

E. M. M.

DOLLS—DEAD AND ALIVE. By Otto Ernst. (No. 2 of the Mother Books.) London : A. C. Caton. Pp. 42. Price 1s. 6d.

THE author of this booklet is described in the translator's foreword as "the apostle of family life." He writes with much sympathy of his four little girls and their dolls, seeing around the head of each child who bends over her sawdust babies "the radiant aureole of her future vocation." Humour also is not lacking, and we are given a most delightful and intimate picture of Roswitha, the author's youngest child and the devoted mother of a family of twenty-three. Herr Ernst's suggestion that it is advisable to "put off" answering awkward questions asked by young children is somewhat contradictory to the teaching of the first booklet of this series, but on such a difficult problem there must be many opinions. Herr Ernst writes from experience, and yet admits that he has not quite made up his mind with regard to it. At any rate, his little book will charm and interest all who love children, and Mr. Caton's translation is admirable.

E. M. M.