

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.
164 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

UNITED STATES, THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 23, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK,
THE MAGOY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 46-49, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK,
THE ORIENTAL ESOTERIC CENTRE, 1443, Q. STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.,
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO,
AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH,
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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macey Publishing Company*, 45-49, John Street, New York; The *Oriental Esoteric Centre*, 1443 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the "Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XV.

APRIL 1912

No. 4

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE subject-matter of Mrs. Campbell Praed's new novel, just published by Messrs. Cassell, *The Body of His Desire*, may not improbably prove to be, in the Scriptural phrase, "to the Jews foolishness, and to the Gentiles a rock of offence," but there are more people to whom the truth of it will come vividly home

than the ordinary world would be willing to admit. "THE BODY OF HIS DESIRE." I have seen the book described in what appeared to me a singularly childish review in one of our daily papers, as "semi-psychic." If this book is "semi-psychic," all I can say is I fail to realize what constitutes the occult novel proper. In any case Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel is occult, absolutely occult, and only occult, from cover to cover. It is, in fact, I should be inclined to say, the most occult novel I have ever read. While its plot is occult, its whole purpose is even more manifestly so, and to emphasize its occultism still further we have the portrait of Van Dreen, the cosmopolitan occultist, with his penetrative sanity and intuitive insight into

the subtler springs of human character and action, as the central character in the book.

The Body of His Desire is a story of obsession, and as such touches inevitably on rather delicate ground. Exception may be taken to the book for this reason, but at least it may be said that it would have been difficult to deal with such a subject with greater delicacy and greater insight than Mrs. Campbell Praed has shown. The terrible catastrophe which goes so near to wrecking the life of the popular revivalist preacher, the Rev. Reginald Chalmers, is brought about by the preacher's own complete ignorance of the fundamental truths of occultism. Van Dreen comes to his rescue as a Master of the Right Hand Path, an adept who knows how to pick his way unerringly among the quicksands and shoals that threaten the feet of the unwary on the threshold of the unseen world. Chalmers' ascetic life had laid him open to temptations to which the man-in-the-street by the very fact of his acceptance of the ordinary conditions of life is not exposed. "His thought, concentrated upon an

AN
OBSESSION
BY THE
IDEAL.

immense, though illusory passion, had moulded a visible embodiment of his ideal." His passionate nature had been suppressed, not subdued, and as Van Dreen truly told him, he had all unconsciously stolen Promethean fire to feed the furnace of his human passion. He had, in fact, materialized out of his own vital essence and the all-pervading Ether "the body of his desire." Although, however, the feminine principle to which the preacher had given life was materialized out of his own vitality, it proved in the end that he had but given a corporeal form to the spirit of one whom he had loved and forsaken in an earlier incarnation when he was high priest to Ra in an Egyptian temple. This woman, whom he had deserted of old in order that he might pursue the higher wisdom and learn the secret knowledge of the Atlanteans which had been handed down by fugitives from the lost Continent, he had now drawn back by the force of his natural desires into his own aura. He had drawn her back by the imperative demand of his own unsatisfied longing, responded to by her willingness to return to him, and having crushed out his natural instincts he was now confronted with the unnatural ones that had come to take their place. Having rejected normal conditions, he had developed the abnormal.

Van Dreen attempts to direct the mind of the preacher into healthier channels by showing him the nature of the forces with which he was ignorantly playing, and the cause in the short-

comings of his own belief which led to his falling a victim to them. In his spiritual philosophy he had "shred all the humanity from his conception of love, leaving only the dry bones of asceticism, which needed the wind of the spirit to quicken them into

A CHOICE
MADE IN
EGYPT.

life. He had never fathomed "Christ's broad sweet sympathy with the human side of all love relationships." "No force," Van Dreen told him, "operating on the spiritual plane could remain wholly inoperative on the material." Like volcanic fire, it would break forth sooner or later. "Turn this passion of yours," he urged him, "into a blessing for your people and yourself." "You gave up the life of love, the lower life, as it seemed to you, in Egypt for what you felt to be the higher life of religion and learning. Subsequently you have made links with other souls, who have looked to you for guidance. You owe them something. You have taught them a false understanding of love. Teach them the true, but do not let their faith receive the shock which it must if you continue your nefarious intercourse with Neseta."

The story of the terrible struggle between Chalmers' sense of duty and his love for the girl whom he had forsaken could not have been better told. Confusing the issue to his overwrought mind was the consciousness that he had a duty too to Neseta, that he had called her back from her abode of peace, and that he had already forsaken her once before. His anguish and the intensity of her passion are portrayed with an extraordinarily skilful and sympathetic pen. He has built his ideal a shrine which recalls the desert, the temple, and the blue skies of Egypt. All is illusion, but all is so skilfully suggested that the illusion passes for the reality. Neseta, awoken from her age-long sleep, believes she is once more with Tha'an, priest of Ra, amid the sands of Egypt. Chalmers tries to undeceive her, but everything conspires to intensify the illusion. She invokes him by the names of her Gods—by Sekhet-Bast-Ra, Mistress of the Tombs; by Hathor, Divine Queen, Dweller in the spacious disc; by Osiris Auf-ankh, who at the call of his spouse returned from the realm of the Tuat. But Chalmers explains to her that his soul has been born again, that he dwells among a new race who serve a different God, the One great God Whose priest he now is. "What matter," she asks, "if so? Your people shall be mine, and if you bid me I will lay an offering on the altar of your God."

He shook his head and made a gesture of reproof, as though the idea were to him sacrilegious.

"Nay, then," she replied humbly, "if that be forbidden by your rule, I will not seek to pass the pylons of your god's temple. I will abide within the tent beyond the city walls. There will I wait your pleasure, and there will you come when the priests, among whom you serve, shall have made due sacrifice and done homage to their strange god. To me, his worship is naught. I did but desire to please my lord."

She touched her breast with her joined hands, making that same graceful sign of submission.

It is in vain that Chalmers reminds her that the old races have vanished from the earth and the old gods are dead, that a mightier God, a more glorious and holier God, now reigns in their stead. She cannot believe him.

"A mightier god!" she repeated. "What god can be more mighty than Ra, the giver of life? what god more glorious than Osiris, the risen Lord, or holier than Horus, the Babe divine? This stranger people, know they not the god of manifold form? He who is Ra, king of the Disk in his Boat of Millions of Years—he who is Osiris Auf-an-kh victorious—he who is Horus the son of Isis, begotten of the Lord of Death. Know they not the Three-in-One?"

He tells her that he longs to teach her the principles of his own creed, and she responds with her customary docility—"Behold I am ready to learn whatsoever my lord wills to teach me." "If it pleases you, tell me what came to pass concerning this god whom you call Christ."

The modern Anglican replied in the formula that at once suggested itself.

"He was crucified, dead, and buried. He descended into Hell, the third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right Hand of God the Father Almighty. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

Neseta's eyes widened as he spoke. Sudden understanding shone in them.

"Ah, now I know that it is verily the god Osiris whom you worship, though by another name. Of a truth was Osiris slain and descended into the darkness of Amenti, and rose again in the glory of Ra, the Father. And to Him was it indeed given to judge the souls of the living and the dead. Most surely is it *him* of whom you speak, my Tha'an."

"No, Neseta. There is but one Christ. In Osiris we saw the shadow forecast of Him, who by His death and resurrection made sure the hope of Life Immortal."

Neseta's beautiful brows were furrowed by fresh perplexity.

TRULY A " 'Tis truly a wondrous similitude," she murmured.
WONDROUS " For did not Osiris do the same? I see no difference.
SIMILI- And as to the meaning of the Cross, Tha'an, I know *that*
TUDE. well."

"You know the meaning of the Cross?" he questioned in astonishment.

"I know it well," she repeated. "Was I not instructed in Hathor's temple concerning the meaning of this emblem which all the temple maidens wore? See, I wear it still." She touched the jewel on her forehead, the cross within the crescent.

Her dark eyes swam with tears.

"Tell me, Neseta, what you learned the meaning of the Cross to be," said Chalmers softly.

"The Great Teachers of long back time gave this holy emblem," she said, and pointed reverently to the jewel on her brow, "to be a mystic token of the secret of life and love. The Ankh or Cross, for sign of Ra the Generator; the Crescent to signify Isis-Hathor, Virgin Spouse. In the Cross is symbolized that descent of Spirit into virgin matter by which the worlds were made, and the Universe kept in being. Thus in giving forth his life divine, Ra, the All Father, was born anew as living man in the form of his son Osiris."

The crisis is reached when Neseta, stung by the priest's apparent coldness, declares that she will stoop no more to plead, and in certainly one of the most dramatic passages in modern fiction claims him as her lawful spouse. "No light-of-love am I, praying a beggar's dole of favour. I am your spouse, to whom you are bound by every law of loyalty. I claim my right to share your life. By the Cross, for the sake of which you once

A WOMAN'S
RIGHTS
ON THE
ASTRAL
PLANE.

denied me—by this most holy symbol of our gods, I now demand my due." How the priest was saved from his terrible predicament at a moment when either course open to him appeared in the light of a crime, a crime against his love on the one hand, and a crime against Nature and Nature's law on the other, the reader must learn in a passage which would only be spoiled by being quoted piecemeal. How, thereafter, he was haunted and pursued by the phantom shape of the woman whom he had drawn from her peaceful habitation, but whom he had been powerless to send back to her resting-place, though he had broken up the shrine of her earthly worship, and how he struggled on threatened by insanity and tempted to suicide till the final crisis was reached, this I can only outline in brief. If I have given any adequate idea of the plot and of its telling, all those who are interested in the play of the forces that make and mar created life, will ask for something fuller and better than it is possible for me to give them in these brief notes, and go to the original to obtain it.

Mrs. Campbell Praed in her romance of the soul has propounded a problem which in the person of her hero, Van Dreen, she only half solves. The fact is the problem is insoluble. It is a problem that has presented itself in one form or another to

thousands upon thousands of individuals in all races and ages of the world's history.

In most instances it is a case of choosing the least of two evils. The present is in no sense an ideal world. It is a world, in a phrase which I have used before, where "all is ordered for the second-best." In such a world the pitfalls for those who pursue the highest ideals are graver and more dangerous than for those who contentedly accept the lower. I am not urging here that high ideals should be abandoned, but that those who seek them should be prepared to count the cost beforehand, and not set before themselves as an immediate aim the attainment of a stage of spiritual development and of a mode of life which can only be acquired by very gradual processes of growth. Such processes may and probably do involve the living of many lives and a spiritual state of existence quite out of harmony with the physical conditions of the vast bulk of present-day humanity.

There is a note of warning writ large in the lives of many saints but emphasized perhaps more strikingly than elsewhere in the legend of the Holy Grail, as told by Lord Tennyson. The pursuit of a high ideal here, as the poet strongly suggests, that is, of an ideal too high for those who pursued it, was the means of wrecking the solidarity of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, a brotherhood ever invincible so long as they directed their efforts to the attainment of lower and more earthly aims. One knight alone succeeded in the quest, and even he, if I read the poet aright, might have done more wisely had he not left his knightly duties and the service of his King to pursue the haunting quest of the celestial vision. King Arthur's misgivings when the Quest was first mooted were more than justified by the result, and if he consoled himself with the reflection that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," he still was not blind to the fact that the old order was good, and that the new might be no better, and perhaps would prove worse.

Nothing could be more undesirable than to make a hard and fast rule of life for mankind generally. Alike in the physical and in the spiritual sphere, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and there is a sense in which, within certain limits suggested by the conditions of society and the generally accepted moral code, every man must be a law unto himself, and must do that which seems to him to be right in his own eyes.

DRAWBACKS
TO THE
PURSUIT OF
IDEALS.

MORAL OF
GRAAL
LEGEND.

It may not be out of place to make some small reference at the end of my Notes to a phenomenon which is of considerable importance both from the astronomical and astrological stand-points. I allude, of course, to the central eclipse of the Sun on April 17, visible as a partial eclipse at Greenwich, the obscuration representing about nine-tenths of the total surface of the luminary. The line of central eclipse passes across the Atlantic Ocean from South America to the North of Spain and across the north-west of France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and the north of Russia. The occurrence of what is practically a total eclipse passing across a large portion of the European Continent is not a very frequent phenomenon. The eclipse occurring in Aries

ASTRO-
LOGICAL
PHENO-
MENA.

portends, according to the celebrated astrologer, Cardan, "terrible wars and slaughter." Mars at the same time is in extreme North declination and in the oriental quarter of the heavens over Europe at the time of the eclipse. In accordance, therefore, with the recognized methods of astrological prediction, the Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac* warns his readers that "danger of war in Europe is imminent." In any case, a very serious crisis in European affairs is to be looked for. It is fortunate for Great Britain that Jupiter is in the ascendant at the figure for the Spring equinox, though the greater benefic is only just past the opposition of Mars by some six or seven degrees.

The extremely critical planetary conditions under which the recent Strike broke out in England (Mars in opposition to Jupiter and the sun in square with both planets) will have been noted by all astrologers, and Zadkiel gives a word of warning of danger to the British Government during the Spring of the present year in more than one part of his Almanac.

I regret that through inadvertence *A Psychic Autobiography*, by Amanda T. Jones, an English edition of which has just been published by my firm, was advertised at 3s. 6d. net. The price should be 4s. 6d. net.

I am asked to state that Swami Baba Bharati, the well-known Hindu teacher, whose notable work, *Sree Krishna, the Lord of Love*, my firm are publishing in this country, is delivering lectures on March 31st, at 4 p.m., and April 4th, at 8.15 p.m., in the Small Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W. The subject of the first lecture is "Is God Visible?" and of the second, "India's Message to England."

SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS CONTAINED IN FAIRY STORIES

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON

HOW many persons who have read fairy stories in their childhood have for a moment believed that many of these tales might be based upon scientific truths? Of course it is possible that many of these stories have *no* basis of fact behind them, but that they are the product, merely, of the story-teller's imagination—just as similar stories to-day are produced in this manner. But, on the other hand, it is quite conceivable that many of the seemingly fabulous accounts are in truth based upon realities; and that genuine occurrences may have happened, giving birth to these tales. We all know the general character of many of the legends. I may mention, as typical of the marvellous things done: becoming visible and invisible, as did "Jack the Giant Killer"; the existence of giants and dwarfs, as in *Little Tom Thumb*; incredibly rapid growth of vegetation as in *Jack and the Beanstalk*; being suddenly transported, without effort, through immense distances and seeing at the other end of such a journey scenes and events actually transpiring at the time—as occurred in many of the *Arabian Nights* stories; cases in which plates and dishes washed themselves—and many other household feats were performed, as in *Prince Hildebrand and Princess Ida*; cases of long sleeps—such as the *Sleeping Beauty*; cases in which human beings have been transformed into animals, and *vice versa*, as in *Beauty and the Beast*; cases in which palaces have sprung up over night, existing on the desert plain—only to vanish the next night and leave it as barren as before—as so often happened in the *Arabian Nights*.

Let us first of all consider the cases in which persons have caused themselves to vanish and reappear at will. This power of becoming visible and invisible to others is not limited to mythical times, but may be reproduced to-day by artificial means. If a sensitive subject be hypnotized (and there is some analogy to the hypnotic pass in the fact that the fairy invariably waved her wand before the eyes of the onlooker) hallucinations of various types may be induced. Thus, our subject may be persuaded to see, for instance, a dog walking across the carpet, whereas there is no dog there. He may be persuaded that there is a stream in front of him, flowing through the drawing-room,

and that it is necessary for him, in order to prevent his feet from becoming wet, to take off his shoes and socks, and turn up his trousers. Hypnotic suggestion will perform this, and it may be said that suggestion alone, even when the subject is not in the hypnotic state, may be employed to produce many of these hallucinatory pictures. On the contrary, it is possible to suggest to our subject that such and such an object is gradually diminishing in size, and finally that it disappears altogether. He sees and describes this diminution, and finally looks in vain for the object which, he asserts, has vanished, but which, as a matter of fact, is perfectly visible to all others not under the influence of the suggestion. We frequently suffer from these "negative hallucinations," as they are called, in our ordinary daily life. We cannot find an object, which is perfectly visible—resting perhaps in the very centre of the area over which we are searching diligently. Suddenly we discover it ; it seems incredible to us that we had not seen it before ; it seems to have sprung into being, as though placed there by some invisible hand. Nevertheless it had remained throughout in the one position, and the only remarkable factor was our inability to see it. Such cases are well known to psychologists (the power of suggestion in inducing both positive and negative hallucinations) and this—both in the normal and the hypnotic state—is well recognized.

Now it is only necessary for us to extend our conception somewhat in order to see the scientific truth contained in many fairy stories, in which one of the characters—hero, fairy, or what not—becomes visible and invisible at will. It is only necessary for us to conceive that some degree of mental influence had been brought to bear upon the minds of the onlookers, and that suggestion had been skilfully employed, in order to account for many of these stories. I know of a case in which the operator made his subject, who remained practically in a normal state throughout, see him floating about the room—whisking over chairs and tables, as though the law of gravity had no further influence upon him !

It may be thought that this knowledge was not possessed by the ancients to the requisite extent ; but there is abundant evidence to show that "mesmerism" has been practised from very ancient times. It is probable that the passage in Exodus vii. 10, 11, 12, refers to this, when it says: "Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called for the wise men and the sorcerers: and they also, the magicians of Egypt,

did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." It is interesting to relate that Prof. S. S. Baldwin, otherwise known as "The White Mahatma," recently saw a very similar feat performed in Egypt, and gives an account of it in his book *The Secrets of Mahatma Land Explained*. Doubtless the effects in both cases were produced by suggestion, and a species of hypnotic influence. That the ancients were well versed in magic, and the power of suggestion and personal influence, is well illustrated by an old Egyptian papyrus at present in the British Museum, which contains an account of a magical séance given by a certain Tchatcha-em-ankh before King Khufu, 3766 B.C. In this manuscript it is stated of the magician: "He knoweth how to bind on a head which hath been cut off; he knoweth how to make a lion follow him, as if led by a rope; and he knoweth the number of the stars, of the house (constellation) of Thoth." The decapitation trick is thus no new thing, while the experiment performed with the lion, possibly a hypnotic feat, shows hypnotism to be old.

These considerations also furnish us with a clue to many other extraordinary accounts that come down to us through fairy tales. Thus, many cases are quoted in which human beings have been instantaneously transformed into animals. This is technically known as "lycanthropy," and many cases are on record during the witchcraft period, in which very similar occurrences took place. Witches were transformed into cats, dogs, and other animals. It is quite conceivable that properly applied suggestion, when working on an imaginative mind, might easily produce all these effects.

In the *Arabian Nights*, and in various other fairy tales, we also read of the sudden appearance and disappearance of palaces, castles, and other buildings of monumental character. This strange phenomenon has frequently been paralleled in recent times. It is a species of hallucination, induced by auto-suggestion or hetero-suggestion—that is, suggestion given to oneself, or suggestion from outsiders. Madame Blavatsky, in her *Nightmare Tales*, relates an interesting experience of this character:

"A curious optical effect then occurred. The room, which had been previously partially lighted by the sunbeam, grew darker and darker as the star increased in radiance, until we found ourselves in an Egyptian gloom. The star twinkled, trembled, and turned, at first with a slow gyratory motion, then faster and faster, increasing its circumference at every rotation until it formed a brilliant disk, and we no longer saw the dwarf, who seemed absorbed in its light. . . . All being now ready, the

dervish without uttering a word, or removing his gaze from the disk, stretched out a hand, and taking hold of mine he drew me to his side, and pointed to the luminous shield. Looking at the place indicated, we saw large patches appear, like those of the moon. These gradually formed themselves into figures, that began moving about in higher relief than their natural colours. They neither appeared like a photograph nor an engraving, still less like the reflection of images on a mirror, but as if the disk were a cameo, and they were raised above its surface—then endowed with life and motion. To my astonishment and my friend's consternation, we recognized the bridge leading from Galata to Stamboul spanning the Golden Horn from the new to the old city. There were the people hurrying to and fro. Steamers and caiques gliding on the blue Bosphorus, the many-coloured buildings, villas, palaces reflected in the water; and the whole picture illuminated by the noon-day sun. It passed like a panorama, but so vivid was the impression that we could not tell whether it or ourselves were in motion. All was bustle and life, but not a sound broke the oppressive stillness. It was noiseless as a dream. It was a phantom picture. . . . The scene faded away, and Miss H— placed herself in turn by the side of the dervish."

We thus see that expectancy and suggestion alone may induce sufficiently abnormal mental states to insure the occurrence of such images—especially in a mind previously wrought by imagination, superstition, love, or any emotion tending to bring about its temporary lack of balance. The visions induced would, of course, be mental, and not physical, in their character; they would nevertheless appear just as real to the onlooker.

Closely akin to these visions are those in which, it is reported, journeys have been made through space on a magic carpet—as in the *Arabian Nights*—or merely at the wish or command of some fairy or magician. Frequently, in such cases, it is reported that a vision is seen at the other end of the journey, coinciding with reality. It may be that the princess is, at that moment, being captured by a hideous giant; or that her lover is in great danger of losing his life. These visions have stirred their recipient into action, the result being that he or she arrives in the nick of time to prevent some fearful catastrophe. Such visions, too, have foundation in fact. The witches in the Middle Ages reported that they visited the various "Sabbaths," and there held converse, not only with other witches, but with the devil himself, who, hooved and horned, acted as the master of ceremonies! Of course the witches did not visit these meetings *in body*; the trips existed in their imaginations only. In many instances, it was proved that they rubbed an ointment over their bodies, which, it was asserted, possessed the power of sending them on these aerial voyages. Doubtless some hypnotic drug, even when applied externally, might cause these visions; and of course it might

easily do so in many instances if inhaled or taken internally in any form. There are, also, frequent cases in which distant scenes have been visited in sleep, and places accurately remembered—the seer never having visited that locality in his life. Very much the same has happened in hypnotic trance, and even occasionally in the waking state, spontaneously. This is a species of clairvoyant vision; operative either during sleep, hypnotic trance, or day-dream; and while it accurately represents scenes transpiring at a distance, here too, it will be noted, there is no corporal transition—only mental adjustment from one scene of activity to another. Yet the subject remains under the distinct impression that he has been there in person, and actually visited the spot indicated.

The Sleeping Beauty is an example of a story, typical of many, which illustrates the tradition that on certain occasions persons have passed into a sleep-state in which they have remained for long periods of time without apparent injury. While we must assume that the periods over which this sleep-state extended have been greatly overdrawn, the reported cases of hypnotic trance, and of voluntary interment among the Hindus and elsewhere, lend probability to these stories, because of the fact that long periods of trance have been undergone by various individuals—who awakened from these states in apparently perfect health, and none the worse for their remarkable experience. Several spontaneous cases have been reported quite recently, in which the subject has passed several months, or even a year or more, in a sleep state—awakening every few days or weeks, speaking a few words, taking perhaps a little nourishment, and then lapsing again into oblivion! The older cases of extended sleep thus find a close parallel in the newer cases.

One of the chief constituents of every fairy story is the giant or dwarf, who occupies a central position. That giants and dwarfs exist to-day there can be no doubt. They are frequently to be seen in the side-shows, and even in public life. But it is now known that giants, especially, suffer from a certain disease, which renders them particularly short lived; and they are, generally speaking, muscularly weak for their size. They are not the stalwart fierce race of beings imagined in the fairy stories, and which popular belief still pictures them. For the fairy tale, the giant is always enormous and powerful, and generally cannibalistic in his habits! Have giants of this character existed? Could such a race have existed? To this question it is almost certain that we must answer "No." M. Dastre, of the Sorbonne.

Paris, has gone into this question at great length, and has given us the result of his researches in his essay on *The Stature of Man at Various Epochs*. Here he says:—

“ It is incontestable that beings of gigantic size do appear from time to time. . . . Giants are men whose development, instead of pursuing a normal course, has undergone a morbid deviation, and whose nutrition has become perverted. They are dystrophic. Their great stature shows that one part has gained at the loss of another. It is a symptom of their inferiority in the struggle for existence. Their condition is not only a variation from the ordinary conditions of development—that is to say, they are ‘congenital monsters,’ the study of which belongs to the science of teratology—but it is a variation also from a state of health, physically and normally sound. In other words, they are diseased, and fall within the domain of the pathologist. Here then, as Brissaud says, you have your giants despoiled of their ancient and favourite prestige. Mythology yields the place to pathology.”

Nevertheless it is realized that beings have existed from time to time far larger and more powerful in every way than the ordinary human being, and the mythopœic tendency of the human mind has doubtless supplied the rest, and accredited to them marvellous powers which they did not in reality possess.

In not a few fairy tales we read that the plates and dishes, which were upon the fairy’s table, ran of their own accord to the kitchen, washed themselves, and came back to the table; that a cake was cut by a knife held by no visible hand; a decanter of water, of its own accord, moved about from place to place on the table, refilling the glasses of the guests, and in various other ways duties were performed which we are accustomed to consider as necessarily performed by ourselves. All this was accomplished by the objects without any external assistance, and of their own accord. Incredible as such accounts may appear, they are, nevertheless, not so extraordinary, viewed in the light of some newer researches—which in fact, if proved to be true, render phenomena of this kind quite credible. It is reported that during séances held with the famous Neapolitan medium, Eusapia Palladino, objects have moved about from place to place in the room without visible contact, and apparently of their own accord. They have been lifted from place to place, and floated about in the air without visible support. These phenomena have been observed for a number of years by scientific men on the Continent, and they are unanimous in asserting that manifestations of this character do in fact take place, and that they are not due to any force or forces known to physical science. On one occasion, for example, a glass decanter was seen to be moved from the side-

board on which it stood on to the séance table, and thence rise and float around the room, no one touching it, and there being no possibility of any connection between it and any object in the room. Finally, the glass bottle held itself, or was held by invisible hands, to Eusapia's mouth, and she thereupon drank some of the water it contained. The same thing happened to an investigator, another member of the circle. The glass decanter was then transported back to the sideboard, and a pile of dishes and other objects were moved on to the table. Similar phenomena are said to have occurred in the presence, or through the mediumship, of D. D. Home. Sir William Crookes informs us that on several occasions a bunch of flowers was carried from one end of the table to the other, and then held to the noses of various investigators in turn, for them to smell. Some of those present at the séance saw a white hand, visible as far as the wrist, carrying the bouquet. Others saw merely a whitish cloud-like mass connected with the bunch of flowers. Still others saw nothing—save that the flowers themselves were transported through space without visible means of support.

Here, then, we have phenomena, attested by scientific men, happening within the past five or ten years, rivalling any of a like nature that are reported to have occurred in fairy stories! If invisible beings, possessing intelligence, constantly move about us, and are capable, at times, of affecting the material world, surely there should be no objection to many of these fairy stories, since the difference in the facts is one merely of *degree* and not of *kind*; and this would be true even were the phenomena proved to be due only to the action of some force or forces (under more or less intelligent control) which produced the phenomena.

Other extraordinary narratives will doubtless occur to the mind. The bean-stalk which grew overnight, might be referred to; and it is possible to compare this with cases of forced vegetation, and with those cases reported to have occurred from time to time, in which the natives of India cause the mango tree to grow up to a height of a foot or more within a comparatively short time. But, of course, the majority of the wonders reported in fairy stories find their possible interpretation in those tricks of the imagination which have now been duplicated by artificial means, and which science is beginning to understand and interpret according to well-known psychological laws. Fairy stories may thus present (in many instances) the germ of a truth, which it has taken many centuries to elaborate and comprehend in detail.

THE SHRINE OF A THOUSAND BUDDHAS

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

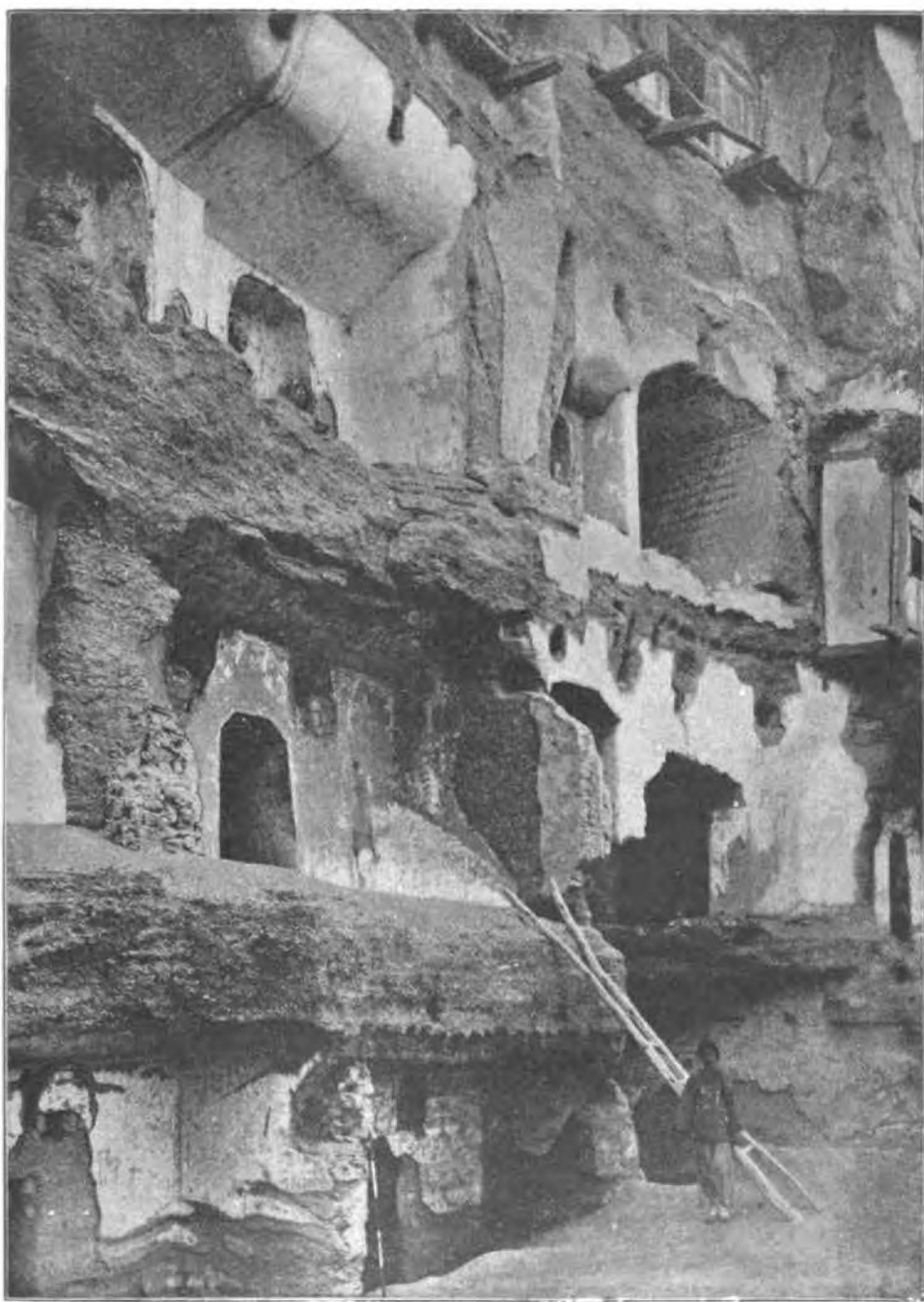
"THE voices are mighty that swell from the past," and not the least among those mighty are the voices of the old travellers. Speaking of our own era, from the days of Marco Polo to those of the Abbé Huc, they come to us from the centuries behind, some of them with a sense of remoteness almost past thought, but all like horns of enchantment. Perhaps at the present day, amidst our knowledge of the ends of the earth and so much that lies between them, the appeal is not exactly in that which the old voices say to us, but in that for which they stand—the great voyages and the great ventures, the quest of the unknown, the attainment, whatever it may have been—much or little—standing for that great experience in which the unknown passes into the known. It is "the dream of doing and that other dream of done," and it is the spirit which strives in the dream. For us, in our modern world, there are two distinctions in this kind of questing, and of these, at the actual moment, we have two examples before us, very brilliant and very precious, standing in their different ways on two peaks of achievement. This, at least, is how I see them, whose travels are in the mind only. The record of the one—and it is a monument in the very outer aspect of its volumes *—has appeared almost coincidentally with an announcement of the magnificent fact in respect of the other. The distinctions which I have mentioned are the call to that which is undiscovered, with the achievement therein, and the call to that which awaits rediscovery—the call of the past and its records. The whole question of association and its value is here involved, and it seems worth while to contrast for a little moment the kinds of dedication which took M. Aurel Stein to his field of exploration in Central Asia, Westernmost China, all that we understand by the magic word Cathay, and Amundsen into the

* RUINS OF DESERT CATHAY. Personal Narrative of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China. By M. Aurel Stein. With numerous illustrations, colour plates, panoramas, and maps from original surveys. Two vols., royal 8vo, pp. xxxviii, 546, and xxi 517. London: Macmillan & Co., 1912. Price 42s.

polar night—the one to unearth great treasures of art and knowledge, out of all expectation but his own, in the Temple of the Thousand Buddhas, and the other to penetrate where no man has reached previously, in the land which is no man's land. The dedications are one at heart, for the quality of spirit is one, and that which lies so forgotten as to be beyond our ken is near enough in its status for the mind to that which is till now unknown.

There is no reason to suppose that our great explorer of the Southern Pole is a poet ; but he comes before us in that light which is said never to be on land or sea because it abides really in the heart. Dr. Stein is no poet indeed, but he is the unconscious maker of atmospheres in which some of us may very nearly see that heart's light just mentioned shining over all his paths. For myself, I call his expedition an Argonautic quest, and he has come back to us with a ship full of wonders which are suggestive of a thousand golden fleeces. He is a man of learning, well and properly prepared beforehand, besides being an intrepid and resourceful traveller ; he knows all the value of his treasures—by which I do not mean their price actual in the commercial market of the world, but their worth, beyond price, in the world of mind. Is he satisfied therefore perchance ? I think not ; the call of Cathay and its deserts is still ringing in his ears ; there is more yet to be achieved and the last question which he asks is : “ When may I hope that the gate will open for work in those fields to which cherished plans have been calling me ever since my youth, and which still remain unexplored ? ” Frost-bite and mortification have maimed one of his untiring feet, but he can still climb mountains, and we know that the “ noble heart ” which is “ with child of glorious, great intent ” can never rest until it has brought forth the “ glorious brood ” of its purposes into fair fulfilment.

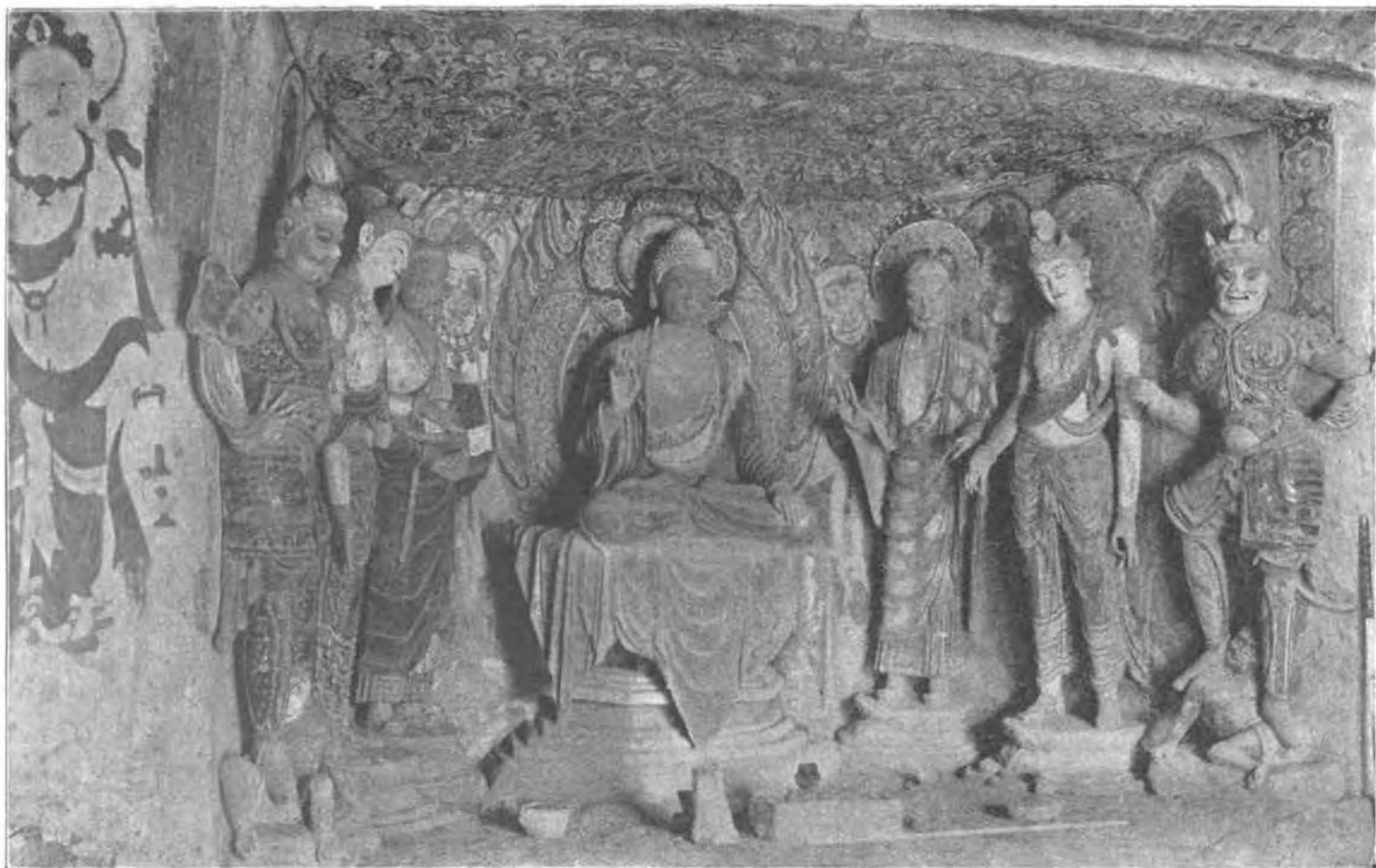
Meanwhile, it will be a matter of years before his discovered manifestation of Cathay treasures can be appraised properly ; he has told us all that he can, and, whether we are likely to be satisfied or not ourselves—who perhaps are also “ with child ” of hopes and longings without number—we can see that he has made us rich beyond expectation, if not beyond the dreams of avarice. It comes about therefore that we rest for the time being “ in the face of what is won ” by him, for us and for the extension of our knowledge. The zeal of our loving congratulation and wonder goes out to Amundsen, who has stood where all the lines of longitude meet at the Southern Pole ; it is good to know the fact, and the glory of all nothingness which isolates



ROWS OF CAVE-TEMPLES, SHOWING DECAYED PORCHES, NEAR MIDDLE OF SOUTHERN GROUP, "THOUSAND BUDDHAS" SITE.

that fastness of the world is like the thrill of the void itself ; but Dr. Stein, from the place of a thousand Buddhas, has returned laden and over-laden : I know therefore in which research I would have been—if God had given me to be prepared for either—however equally I offer due honour to both.

Let my readers—sitting as I now sit—but not perhaps with these great volumes before them—take any good map of the Chinese Empire. It will show them, above India and Burmah, the great region of Tibet. Above Tibet they will see the locality in chief of Dr. Stein's pioneer work, which is Chinese Turkestan. They will identify with no pains the place called Khotan and the Taklamakan desert around it and far away to the East. It was amidst the sand-buried ruins of this spot that Dr. Stein made his first explorations in what he terms "a virgin field for antiquarian research." This was, once upon a time, "the main channel for the interchange of the civilizations of India, China and the classical West," through which Buddhistic art passed under Greek influence, as the remains of the past testify. The account of what he then accomplished is contained, firstly, in a popular work, published in 1903, and, secondly, in a detailed report establishing the scientific results. His present story starts in the valleys of the Indo-Afghan border, entering Chinese Turkestan by a new route, "across the Hindu-Kush to the uppermost Oxus valley and the Afghan Pamirs." It will serve no purpose here to map out the progress, nor am I concerned with anything but the record in chief of discoveries. I shall therefore allude but lightly to things which preceded the great find of all. The shrines of Khadalik, in the district of the desert of Chira, gave rich yields to excavation—coins of the eighth century, remains of stucco reliefs, Tibetan records on wood, tablets inscribed in Brahmi, painted panels, Chinese Brahmi rolls and Buddhist texts. The ruins of Niza offered another post of vantage, rich in remains of the Græco-Buddhist style, wooden tablets inscribed in the ancient Kharoshthi script, previously so little known and so difficult to decipher, but above all records from a hidden archive, amounting to nearly three dozen perfectly preserved documents. The Lop-Nor site was another place of marvels, including a small strip of paper in an unknown writing, afterwards increased by a "great find of complete letters in the same script." Another stage of discovery was the ruined fort of Miran, rich in Tibetan records—more than 1,000—on paper and wood. But apart from documents, the Temples had remains of colossal figures of Buddhas, frescoes of delicately painted cherubic winged figures, a dado



STUCCO IMAGE GROUP, REPRESENTING BUDDHA BETWEEN DISCIPLES, BODHISATTVAS, AND DVARAPALAS, IN CAVE-TEMPLE CH. III., "THOUSAND BUDDHAS" SITE.

of angels, a great cycle of festive figures, Buddhist legends in fresco composition and mural painting.

I come now to the real business of this notice, which is the Tower of the Thousand Buddhas, to the south-east of Tun-Huang, or Sha-Chou, as it is called on popular maps. The reader will see it on his own map, occupying roughly a middle point between Lop-Nor on the West and Su-Chou on the east. The caves are a host of grottoes "tenanted, not by Buddhist recluses, however holy, but by images of the Enlightened One himself." Each grotto is a shrine and together they form a bewildering multitude, apart from all order or arrangement, some high, some low, one above the other, with "rough stairs cut into the cliff and still rougher wooden galleries" serving as approaches to the higher caves. In the topmost rows the shrines are evidently inaccessible. The adornments are frescoes and stucco sculptures. The best of the former belong to the times of the T'ang dynasty, while the others "faithfully combine the traditions of that period." Throughout, but especially in the figures of the Buddhas, there is the preservation of "the type of face, pose and drapery as developed by Græco-Buddhist art." As regards the sculptured remains, most of the shrines had a seated figure of Buddha, which might be colossal in its proportions, surrounded by standing Bodhisattvas and divine attendants.

To the one thousand Temples Dr. Stein came forewarned concerning "a great hidden deposit of ancient MSS.," which accident had discovered some years previously in one of the grottoes. With what care he proceeded so that nothing in deficiency of skill should imperil his access to this house of treasure; after what manner he dealt with the priestly guardian; the delays and expectations; the great investigation at last inaugurated and the successful consummation—these things constitute a real chapter—and one of surpassing interest—in the romance of archæology. The initial difficulties at length overcome, the Hidden Chapel was opened—truly like the Temple of a most secret and holy Rite in the Instituted Mysteries. There, "heaped up in layers, but without any order, appeared in the dim light of the priest's little lamp a solid mass of MS. bundles rising to a height of nearly ten feet, and filling, as subsequent measurement showed, close on 500 cubic feet." Dr. Stein believes that the deposition is referable to about the middle of the ninth century. The contents included (1) Buddhist texts in Chinese translations; (2) Texts in Indian Brahmi script; (3) Tibetan texts in roll form; (4) Paintings on fine gauze-like



OLD CHINESE MANUSCRIPTS AND BLOCKPRINTS FROM WALLED-UP TEMPLE LIBRARY OF "THOUSAND BUDDHAS" SITE.

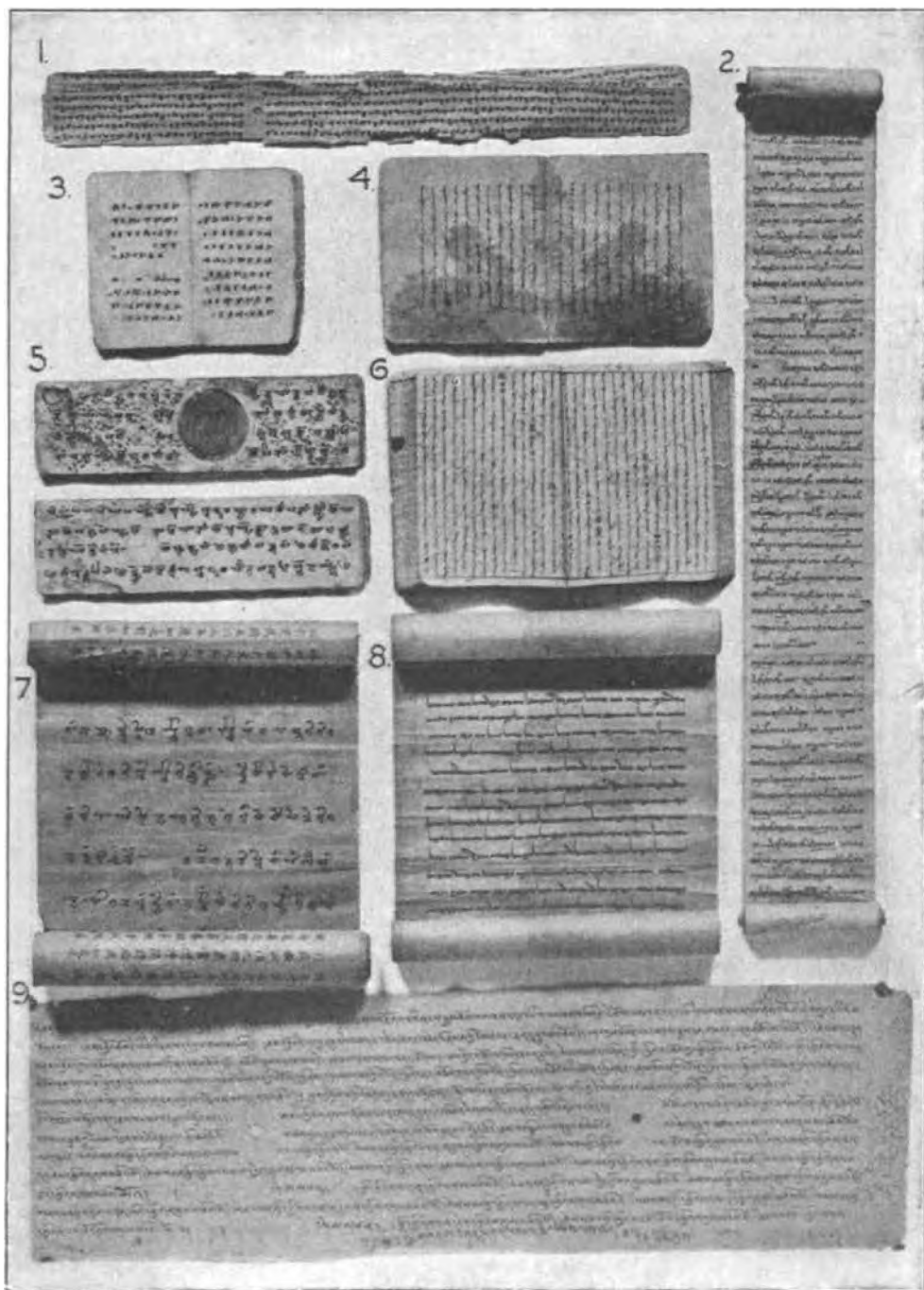
Scale, one-fifth.

1. Complete Buddhist manuscript roll, Tang period.
- 2, 3. Manuscripts of religious texts in book form.
4. Booklet made up of ink-rubblings from inscriptions.
5. Block-printed sheet with Buddhist picture and prayer.
6. Roll of block-printed Buddhist text with frontispiece from wood-engraving, dated 804 A.D.

silk; (5) Silk banners showing beautifully painted figures of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas; (6) Ex-votos in all kinds of silk and brocade; (7) MSS. in Sanskrit and in one or other of the unknown tongues used by Turkestan Buddhism; (8) Above all, old Chinese block prints. As regards these, Dr. Stein says that they offer "conclusive evidence that the art of printing books from wooden blocks was practised long before the conventionally assumed time of its invention . . . and that already in the ninth century the technical level had been raised as high as the process permitted."

The triumph of the whole story, in respect of its hero, is that ultimately he brought away from this secret shrine of the centuries, twenty-four cases of MS. acquisitions, "while the paintings, embroideries and other miscellaneous relics filled five more." They are now deposited safely in the British Museum. It is obvious that the study of the MSS. will be the work of years, but Dr. Stein gives an interesting chapter of summary account. The Sanskrit MSS. contain texts of considerable interest for the critical history of the Sanskrit Canon of Northern Buddhism. The texts in what is called the unknown language, once current in the Khotan region, include translations of Buddhist texts available in their Sanskrit originals, so that the key to this mysterious tongue is now found. The Sogdian MSS. offer proof of Iranian influence much further eastwards than was known previously, and they contain translations of the canonical literature of Buddhism. There are also Turkish translations of canonical works, while the Tibetan MSS. belong presumably to the Tibetan Buddhist Canon. Finally, there are two unique finds: (1) A text in Syriac scripts, recognized as the characteristic writing of the Manichæans and containing the confession of their laymen in its early Turkish version. (2) An original composition of more than 100 pages in Turkish, and in that form of almost unknown writing called Runic Turki.

It is obvious that the star of treasure-trove has set westward once more; our thanks therefore to the finder; our gratitude also to the wise foresight of the British Museum, which united with the Indian Government to make such a journey possible. It is now rewarded by the possession of jewels which every centre of learning must covet with laudable yearning. Health and God speed, in fine, to Dr. Aurel Stein, in view of his further researches, and when he returns again to tell us another story, may I still be one of the listeners.



ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS IN SANSKRIT, CENTRAL-ASIAN BRAHMI, SOGDIAN, MANICHAEAN-TURKISH, RUNIC TURKI, UIGUR, TIBETAN, FROM WALLED-UP TEMPLE LIBRARY, "THOUSAND BUDDHAS," TUN-HUANG.

Scale, one-seventh.

1. Sanskrit Prajna-paramita text on palm leaves. 2. Roll with Manichaean "Confession of Sins" in early Turkish. 3. Book in Runic Turki. 4, 6. Uigur texts in book form. 5. Pothi in Central-Asian Brahmi script. 7. Text in cursive Central-Asian Brahmi written on reverse of Chinese MS. roll. 8. Roll with Sogdian text. 9. Leaf of Tibetan Buddhist Pothi.

MRS. BESANT'S EDUCATIONAL WORK IN INDIA

By MADAME JEAN DELAIRE

TO the man or woman of genius whose fields of activity are manifold, what brief pen-picture can ever do justice? At best it can only show one aspect of a many-sided character, while a complete, carefully compiled biography would be required to depict the evolution of such a mind, in various and seemingly opposite directions, revealing the connecting link between them, the unity of purpose underlying all.

A short article on that greatest woman of the day, Annie Besant—Author, Editor, Orator, Philosopher, Occultist, Teacher and Leader of men—can, therefore, but look at her work from one standpoint, and separate, by an arbitrary process of selection, one of its phases from all the others, studying that one, and that one only.

Perhaps to the ordinary man of the world, who is neither a mystic nor a philosopher, but prides himself on his practical spirit, it is Mrs. Besant's educational work that will most strongly appeal. Indeed, it is a work of imperial significance, pregnant with possibilities for the future of our race, and of our great Indian Empire.

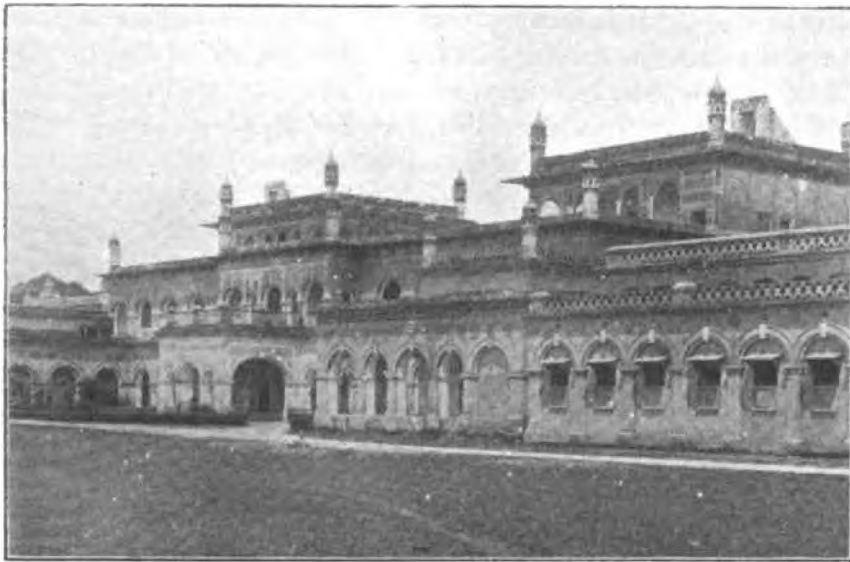
Our present King and Queen understood this, when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they visited the Central Hindu College founded by Mrs. Besant at Benares, and showed a most keen and sympathetic interest, both in the school and in Mrs. Besant's methods of work.

Its object is to educate young Hindus in their own religion—a religion whose deep spirituality and profound philosophy are as yet too little known in the West—while at the same time teaching them the science and practical methods of our Western civilisation. The success of this college has been marvellous, and its growth so rapid that within a short time of its foundation it numbered one thousand students, while many applications, from all parts of the Indian Empire, had to be refused, owing to lack of accommodation.

Shortly after the foundation of the Central Hindu College, a college for girls was started, on similar lines, by Mrs. Besant

at Benares, and the success of this school has helped not a little to advance the cause of woman's education throughout India.

The Orders of the "Sons of India," and of the "Daughters of India," are another outer, visible sign of a movement of inner, spiritual growth, initiated by Mrs. Besant. The ideals placed before the members of these two Orders are, in modern and Eastern form, those of European Chivalry during the Middle Ages—honour, loyalty, protection of the weak, love of country, self-sacrifice. . . . The "Sons of India" pledge themselves



CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE, BENARES.

to work for the welfare of their country, but their methods are to be those of peaceful, gradual reform, never of violence or anarchy. Their dream is of a regenerate India, strong, united, loyal to its rulers, but loyal also to its own ancient ideals.

In these endeavours, also, success has rewarded Mrs. Besant's unceasing efforts; the Orders have already over three hundred branches, in various parts of the Indian Empire; they are under distinguished patronage, the late Viceroy, Lord Minto, and many high Government officials, having set upon them the seal of their approval. But the crown of Mrs. Besant's educational work in India is her great scheme for the founding of an Indian university—correctly speaking, of two universities, a Hindu and a Mohammedan. The Hon. Mr. Butler, Member for Education in the present Viceroy's council, publicly expressed the Government's willingness to help the movement. At Delhi, last

December, he received an All-India deputation, and gave as his opinion that there would be no difficulty in the proposed scheme, if the Hindu and Mohammedan communities were willing to contribute the necessary funds. It is hoped that these will be raised within a comparatively short time, and a new era in India's intellectual life be thus fittingly inaugurated.

Even the briefest of articles dealing with Mrs. Besant's educational work in India would be incomplete without at least a passing allusion to the educational work she has done, and is still doing, not in India alone, or among youthful students, but all over the world, among young and old alike, among Western as among Eastern races : I allude to her activities as President of the Theosophical Society.

That this work is educational in the deeper, wider meaning of the word *education*, the many thousands of Fellows of the Theosophical Society, scattered all over the civilised world, will readily and joyfully testify. Her many profound books—of which perhaps the best known are *The Ancient Wisdom* and *Esoteric Christianity*—her eloquent lectures given in four continents, the many articles she contributes to the various reviews of which she is Editor, have spread far and wide the " Secret Doctrine " of the ages, that " mystery-teaching " of the potential divinity of man which is the basis of all creeds the world has ever known, and is thus, alone, able to reconcile and unify them in a great world-faith.

Chiefly owing to Mrs. Besant's genius—and to her ceaseless toil during the last twenty years—much of the wisdom of the East has been given to the West ; much of the virility of the West has been infused into the East. Through her influence—through her magnetic personality, her womanly charm as well as her splendid intellect—countless souls, seeking Truth in the world's great labyrinth, have been " led out "—the true meaning of the word *educare*, to educate—led out from those mazes wherein the weary mind wanders round and round, finding no way out, into the inner court of the Sanctuary, thence into the Temple itself, into that Holy of holies, wherein Man meets his God face to face, and realises They are not two, but One.

WITCHES' UNGUENTS

BY ARTHUR GAY

ALTHOUGH men and women alike have at all times practised witchcraft, it is a strange but none the less true fact that female sorcerers have always predominated. In the beginning the reason of this seems to have been that women bore a very conspicuous part in the early Druidical rites of the northern nations.

The priestesses were the oracles, and they prophesied in the same way as the Pythonesses of the Grecian temples. There is no doubt that they became inspired by a kind of magnetism—or, as we now call it, hypnotism—induced by narcotics. During the centuries which followed, when magic, sorcery and witchcraft were slowly developing, these narcotics gradually merged into the unguents so freely used by mediæval witches in order to produce their wild weird visions of the Witches' Sabbaths.

Indeed, the drug-intoxicants and witches' unguents and ointments have been proved to produce remarkable exaltation of certain faculties. This, coupled with the intense personality which was universally given to the Devil and his imps until practically the middle of the seventeenth century, accounts in a great measure for the extraordinary virulence of the witch epidemic.

We have all heard of the strange visions and exalted state of mind brought about by such drugs as opium, morphia and the like, and it is highly probable that witches' ointments produced the same results. The latter were composed of the most powerful narcotics made into an ointment by the addition of certain fatty substances.

The body of the witch was anointed from head to foot with this, and she then either went to bed, or lay down and relapsed into a heavy sleep, producing all manner of weird dreams.

There is an old tale of a witch who promised of her own accord to perform an errand in a far country without even going out of her house. She insisted upon her audience leaving the room. They did so, but looking through a chink in the door saw her undress and cover herself with ointments, after which she fell down in a heavy sleep. They thereupon broke open the door which she had carefully bolted, and as the quaint old chronicles

have it, "beat her exceedingly," but she had no more sense of feeling than we find in patients under the influence of magnetic somnambulism, and they finally went away.

When the potency of her strange powers was exhausted she awoke of her own accord. She swore quite calmly that she had passed over seas and mountains, and had done what she set out to perform. Now this was only a poor ignorant woman, and in no way clever enough to invent these visions, so that the only feasible solution seems to be that the narcotic in her unguents caused the hallucinations.*

It appears that practically all the witches who attended the "Sabbath" used these unguents. If you read the accounts of witch trials in any of the old histories or chronicles of those times, you will be struck by the remarkable concurrence of their testimonies as to the scenes they declared they had witnessed.

Although, of course, a good deal of this may be accounted for by the power of "suggestion" and mental infection, as well as by the leading questions of the inquisitors, it is still more than probable that similar anointments and preparations produced almost similar dreams.

Students of magnetism, mesmerism and hypnotism have often proved that somnambulism is much heightened by certain chemical aids; moreover, they have found that there are drugs which produce a strange sympathetic effect upon the imagination of patients possessing highly excitable nervous temperaments. Many an ignorant, foolish old woman during the witch epidemic, to her own undoing, laid claim to powers of sorcery only because she knew how to mix a potion or an unguent which produced certain visions.

The German writer, Johann Heinrich (commonly called Jung) Stilling, says that a female witness in a witch trial gave some remarkable evidence bearing upon this point. She stated that upon visiting a so-called witch, she discovered her concocting a potion over the fire which she gave her visitor to drink, promising her faithfully that if she did so she would then accompany her to the "Sabbath." In those days practically every one was afraid to give any cause of offence to a witch for fear of evil consequences, so the woman put the cup to her lips, but did not even taste it. The witch, however, drank it off and immediately after sank down upon her hearth in a profound sleep in which the visitor

* Lord Bacon believed that the ointment used by witches produced illusion by stopping the vapours and sending them to the head.

left her. When the witch saw her the next day she swore she had been to Brocken to attend the "Sabbath" there.

The following is a somewhat similar case and still more interesting in that it helps to prove the power of the witches' unguents over their minds and bodies.

Paolo Minnucci tells us that a witch being brought before a magistrate at Florence upon the usual accusation of sorcery, not only confessed that she was guilty but swore that if she were only permitted to return home and anoint her body, she would that very night attend the "Sabbath." Wishing to test her vaunted powers the magistrate permitted her to do this, whereupon she went home, used her unguent, and immediately fell into a profound sleep.

They then, in the brutal manner peculiar to those times, tied her to the bed and tested the reality of her unconsciousness by burns, blows and pricking her with sharp instruments. It was, however, all in vain. The woman still remained sound asleep, nor did she awake till the next day when she declared she had been to the "Sabbath." History does not relate what she thought about the ill-treatment to her body, and the pain she must have suffered from her bruises and burns.

Gassendi did all he could to try to undeceive some peasants who believed themselves to be witches, by composing an ointment which produced exactly the same effect as theirs.

In April, 1611, a Provençal curé, Gaurifidi, was accused of sorcery before the Parliament of Aix. In the course of the trial several witnesses asserted that the curé, after rubbing himself all over with the witches' magic oil, repaired to the "Sabbath," and afterwards returned to his room down the chimney.

An amusing story is told in connection with this case. One day, when all this was being proved against the prisoner by the judges, an extraordinary noise was heard in the chimney of the hall. This terminated in the appearance of a tall, black man who stood and shook his head vigorously. The judges, thinking that the devil had come in person to rescue his faithful servant, took to their heels and fled, with the exception of the reporter, who was so hemmed in by his desk that he was unable to move. Terror-stricken at the sight of him, his eyes starting from his head, he repeatedly made signs of the cross, till the supposed devil, equally alarmed, made himself known. It was a chimney sweep who had mistaken the entrance, and thus unwittingly intruded into the Chamber of Parliament.

A HAUNT OF TERROR

By J. CRANSTOUN-SEYMOUR

A REMARKABLE experience which I can vouch for in every detail happened to my wife and myself on Whit-Monday, 1906. To the lover of the weird and mysterious it presents many attractions.

At the time of the incident I was residing in Ireland and had decided upon renting a house in a certain fashionable seaside resort in the vicinity of Dublin. With that object in view my wife and myself visited the charming village of X——, which, perched on a cliff, overlooks the bay. To my mind there is no more beautiful or entrancing spot on earth on a day in early summer. To see from there the Bay of Dublin shimmering in the sun, with historic Howth on the one hand and the cloud-capped Wicklow mountains on the other, is a scene never to be forgotten. Yet such was the day on which our strange adventure befell. Being a Bank Holiday there were numbers of people about and altogether a day more antagonistic to sombre, melancholic or ghost-like feelings could not well be imagined.

I think it advisable to state these facts in the event of any of my readers thinking that the day or our surroundings in any way contributed to our experiences. We arrived at X—— about noon and spent two hours house-hunting. We then lunched at the village hotel and again started on our rambles. About 6 p.m. we thought we had done enough and determined to bring our search to a close. There was one house just at hand which we decided would be the last we would visit that day. It is a fine modern house, clinging like a swallow's nest on the very face of the cliff, which here rises abruptly from the bay. A well-frequented public road separates the two. The outlook from the house is superb and cheerful in the extreme. We were both in perfect health and spirits. The time was 6 p.m. in the broad daylight of a June evening, the house was unknown to us either by reputation or appearance until we accidentally discovered it. In other words, there was nothing either in the house, its surroundings or ourselves which could in any way account for what subsequently occurred. Having obtained the key my wife accompanied me to the door, which I opened. We entered. After looking at the entrance hall and one of the ground floor rooms she

went out to the verandah, stating she was tired and would sit down and await me there. I then went through the rest of the house. Upstairs I felt a strange growing feeling of obsession, that is the only word I can use to describe it. I did not feel melancholy, depressed, tired or anything of that kind. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, save a horrible nightmare, like the feeling of apprehension. I seemed to be breathing a very atmosphere of terror and death. A strange overpowering feeling of impending danger seemed like a cloud to encompass me. Something was rapidly absorbing my energy and strength. I felt as if I were on the point of undergoing some strange and horrible experience. I struggled against it. I went from room to room. I looked out of the windows at the bright sea and thronged roadway. I did all I could to distract my thoughts from the hidden horror which seemed to surround me ; but all to no purpose. The feeling increased in intensity. It grew as I wandered from room to room. I felt as a strong swimmer might feel clasped in the tentacles of a mighty devil-fish, sinking helpless into the fathomless abysses of the sea. As I advanced my power of resistance seemed momentarily to grow less. At last I reached a small low-ceilinged room, with balconies overlooking the bay. Here I felt that the final struggle was at hand. I could have screamed with pure unreasoning fear. I rushed to the window, opened it, and stood on the balcony. Like a garment my terror fell from me. My fears appeared groundless and childish, and my normal self returned. I spoke to my wife, who was still seated beneath the verandah, telling her that I was coming down in a few moments. I said nothing whatever about my experience, and as I had by this time completely recovered, there was nothing in my manner to indicate to her that anything unusual had occurred. Immediately I re-entered the house from the balcony all my terror returned. I seemed to be attacked with redoubled fury. I, however, rapidly ran downstairs and in a moment was outside the hall door. My wife was no longer beneath the verandah. I returned the key, turned my steps towards the village, and a few hundred yards down the road I met her. She greeted me with the question, "Did you feel anything strange in that house?" I confessed I had. She then told me her experiences, which practically coincided with mine, with the exception that her unpleasant feelings commenced the moment she entered the house and continued to increase in intensity, even while sitting on the verandah, so much so that she had to leave the premises and get on the public road. Consequently she was not surprised when I narrated my experiences. Neither

she nor I are in the least degree hysterical or nervous, and though we have been in danger, both at home and abroad, we never experienced anything like the sensations we felt at the house at X—.

We were both exceedingly exhausted after what had occurred. We felt as one feels after a protracted struggle, weak, limp, exhausted. But the most extraordinary part of this narrative has yet to come. My wife and myself decided to dine at the hotel before returning to town. The waiter who had attended us at lunch again waited upon us at dinner. At the earlier meal, hoping to profit by his local knowledge, we told him we were house-hunting. After dinner we informed him of the various places we had been at, mentioning our last visit, in proper chronological order, at the end. At this time we had not told him of our weird experience, and there was nothing in our manner or in what we said which could have made him suspicious, when we asked him what did he think of "B— House." In order to get his unprejudiced opinion we stated as a preliminary that "we liked it very much." Addressing me he replied, "Begad, sir, I would not live in it if I got a pension, and I'm a poor man to-day." Shortly his story is as follows:—

He is a waiter, married, and with a number of young children. A Dublin house-agent offered him a substantial sum per week and a couple of pounds towards moving his furniture if he would reside in B— House as caretaker. As it was near his work he was very glad to accept the offer. He moved in accordingly with his wife and family. I may mention that at this time neither he nor they had heard anything reflecting on the house. It possessed, so far as he knew, a clean bill of health. Immediately on his entering into possession his wife, children and himself began to be tormented with noises, whisperings, shutting and opening of doors, footsteps, uncanny sensations and numbers of other strange and unpleasant experiences. Half-seen faces peered through the window-panes, which latter rattled in their frames. Owing to the horrible state of tension and expectancy in which himself and his whole family constantly were, their health suffered, but being a poor man he determined, if possible, to hold on. This he did for a week or ten days. Meantime the annoyance grew worse. His children were frequently pulled out of bed and the house disturbed by the most unearthly noises. Still he held on. The climax, however, was reached when a previously healthy babe of two years old, after passing through a paroxysm of terror at some awful sight which it was unable to describe, was struck with paralysis.

This determined him. He gathered together his scanty belongings, and with his wife and family left the accursed precincts at the early dawn. He says money would not induce him to return.* My wife and myself can testify to the truth of our portion of the above narrative on oath. The waiter is willing to do the same as to his part. Our story is in no way written up. It is a bald narrative of facts, absolutely true and uncoloured.

From an evidential point of view it should be borne in mind that neither my wife nor myself had the slightest anticipation of anything of a supernatural or abnormal character in connection with the house. The time of day, locality, etc., were absolutely uncongenial to such thoughts. Next, our experiences, though identical, still were separate. I did not, as a matter of fact, mention mine to her until she told me of hers. Again, the extraordinary confirmation of our experiences was entirely unsought for and unexpected.

APPENDIX.

Soon after our experience, private affairs necessitated my residence in England; consequently, I had not the opportunity of personally obtaining the statement of the waiter and his daughter, which I now append. These I owe to the kindness of Mr. J. A. C—, a personal friend of mine, resident in Ireland, in whose honour and capacity I have absolute confidence.

THE WAITER'S STORY.

My name is J— M—. I, together with my wife and children, now reside at G—, K—, in the county of Dublin. On Whit-Monday, 1906, I was employed at the hotel at X—, and well remember Mr. and Mrs. Cranstoun-Seymour lunching and dining there on that day. I have read his account of what occurred between us on that day, and so far as I can remember it appears to be absolutely correct in every particular. What he has written as to his sensations and those of his wife is practically the same as they told me that day in X—. Owing to the fact that my business required my absence from home from an early hour in the morning until late at night, I had not the same opportunity of strange experiences as had my wife and children, who practically never left the house during the term of my occupancy. The house was distasteful to me from the first day I entered it. It was always cold and repellent and affected one unpleasantly, even on the most cheerful day. This was quite apart from any faults arising from structural defects, such as draughts, dampness, liability to vibration, bad light, etc., none of which defects, by the way, it possessed. It seemed, notwithstanding, to have an atmosphere of its own. It is an exceptionally well-built modern house, its foundations resting on the solid rock. Its height above sea-level precludes dampness, and its many windows and unobstructed views should have made it particularly cheerful. It is detached, yet not lonely, as there are houses within a few yards on either side. The public road passes the gate and as the view from

* I append a statement by the waiter and a copy of his daughter's letter.

it is very fine, it is always much frequented. Notwithstanding all these attractions, a sense of gloom and mystery hangs over the place. When a well-known Dublin house-agent offered to appoint me caretaker, these disadvantages were unknown to me. Consequently, I jumped at the offer, as it would afford free shelter to my family and myself within easy distance of my work. I had never heard any complaint against it and went to it with every prepossession in its favour and extremely pleased with my good luck. However, my jubilation was short lived. Almost from the first day of my occupancy I conceived an instinctive repugnance to the premises. Strange sounds would pass through the house at night, the windows would shake, though the air was still, and suppressed moans, alternating with boisterous mirth would echo through the rooms. My children and wife complained to me of faces peering at them through the unshuttered windows, of strange, half-pronounced words muttered in the gloom, of sounds of dancing, of mocking laughter, of footsteps walking through the untenanted rooms, and from time to time there would settle upon them a feeling of impending doom. Personally, I am thankful to say, my experiences were confined to sounds and sensations. I saw nothing. In addition to the unpleasant phenomena above stated, there was always a feeling of expectancy, and a sensation as if somebody was watching me. However, for the sake of my wife and children I remained on as long as I could. Almost every day some member of my family complained of some or other horrible experience. Still I remained on until my dearest and youngest child, a mite of two, was struck with paralysis, the result of some horrid vision. This determined me. My wife and I packed our belongings and fled the house, glad to escape with our lives.

(Signed) J—— M——.

MISS N—— M——'S NARRATIVE.

In the course of obtaining from Mr. J—— M—— the particulars necessary for the foregoing statement my friend, Mr. J. A. C——, made an appointment with him in Dublin, which he (Mr. J—— M——) was unable to keep. His daughter sent the following letter, which incidentally mentions some of her experiences:—

“SIR,—

“My father desires me to write to tell you he cannot go into Dublin to-morrow, as he will be otherwise engaged. All he knows about the house is what I know myself. There was one night I brought my mother upstairs three times, as there was great dancing in the room over the kitchen. The minute we would turn the handle of this door it would stop immediately. We heard that for three nights. There was another night we heard more noise. There was a big press in which we used to keep the china. One night, when all was still, we heard this big press fall and all the china fell in a great crash. The next morning I got up early and went downstairs and into the kitchen. The press was just the same as it stood, but that's all we heard. It has the reputation in X—— of being haunted.

“Yours sincerely,

“N—— M——.”

Since writing the above I have learned that both the child who was paralysed and Mr. M——'s wife have died since leaving B—— House, and that their death is the direct result of their residence in that unlucky dwelling.

A PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC MYSTICISM

BY G. DE MENGEL

A GOOD deal has been said at various times concerning the need for scientific method in dealing with occult phenomena ; but now that we have eminent men of science condescending to draw the unusual under the searchlight of their laboratories, and scientific academies accepting without protest reports on occurrences more or less startlingly outside the routine of their sittings, the growth of the feeling for this need may safely be left to take its course.

Otherwise is it with that other great branch of esoteric study called Mysticism, which deals with what may be termed the subliminal strata of Metaphysics and Ethics. Here we still, to a great extent, remain content with vague dissertations, distorted emotionalism, or at best abstract speculations unconnected, save in the loosest way, with our experience of universal phenomena. Yet if there be any truth in Mysticism, the principles of that divine science must be capable of leading us, by the pathways of deduction, and through the realm of Causes, to the phenomenal Laws which the labours of inductive science have brought to light, and to bring them into yet greater light by co-ordinating them in a consistent and rational manner.

It is because Mystics have so long disdained to cast the guesses of intuition into the rigid moulds of reason, and because the more logical metaphysicians have remained confined in a specialism no less narrow than that of the rationalistic physicists whom they so often disdain, that Mysticism, more specially in its relations with Metaphysics and Ontology, has earned for itself the more or less open contempt of intellectual leaders, a contempt, be it said, that from some points of view is often but too well deserved.

As a sort of protest against this contempt, Mysticism, deserting the ministry of the elect, has come down, associating itself on the way with certain phases of Occultism proper, into the rank and file of the fashionable dilettante, the dissatisfied laggard in the race of life, the wonder-monger and the dollar-seeking "psychic." This downward movement has spread most of all in America, giving, as it did, a new amusement to the childhood of a race which may yet become one of the finest on earth ; thence it deluged the

Old World—especially the English, whose religious susceptibility is perhaps greater than that of any other European nation—with prophets and teachers from various schools of “advanced thought,” with lecturers more remarkable for their energy than for their scientific accuracy, and with numberless publications forming a very indigestible olla-podrida of Vedanta-Yoga philosophy, Egyptian mythology, Gnosticism, Alchemy, Neo-Buddhism, Theosophy, and countless other mystico-occult ingredients.

There is no denying the fact that the “New Mystics” have in a very short time made a great number of converts, precisely because, beneath all the sensational twaddle and arrant absurdities of dogmatic proselytism, there is a very real substratum of truth, a truth which, were it understood, would illumine the minds of thinkers of all schools, and bring about very speedily a complete reconciliation between Religion and Science.

On the other hand, the more thinking portion of those who are striving for greater enlightenment than our orthodox systems can afford them, have either been repelled at the outset by the extravagances of the New Mystics, or after listening for a little time to the more sober of their leaders, have come away disgusted with their slovenliness of thought and terminology. No wonder that, insufficiently equipped with ultimate Principles to detect the deviations of rationalistic thought, many of those weary seekers have hailed the clear-headed Rationalist as a welcome saviour, even though they may have felt sorely disappointed by the apparent shattering of some of their fondest hopes. And thus does the New Mysticism contribute to the strength of its greatest natural enemy, Rationalistic Materialism, which it professes to despise.

Yet it is to the Rationalist that we would-be Mystics should pay the greatest regard, precisely because he is our enemy. Apart, indeed, from other ethical reasons, the law of reciprocity would require us to esteem our enemies equally with, if not more than, our friends. Friends, or those whom, in these modern times, we call by that name, too often are flatterers; but our enemies are candid, they point out our weaknesses, and discover the faults in our armour, and the greater our enemy, the more candid and useful he is. For this reason, therefore, let us treat our friend the enemy, in the shape of the Rationalist, with the greatest of respect.

The Rationalist is strong where we are weak: he leans upon the staff of ascertained fact, and travels along the sure road of logical thought, unburdened by preconceived beliefs or disbeliefs;

whereas we too often go just the other way about, and though we may at times, and so to speak, in spite of ourselves, arrive at correct conclusions, yet we cannot *prove* that they are correct, or discern the true from the false with any degree of certainty. It follows that we are unable to put in the path of our enemy any more solid obstacle than the temporary barriers of appeals to the emotions; these he is bound sooner or later to surmount, and proceeds on his way undisturbed. Neither does he think it worth his while to assume the offensive against an enemy so futile—and this is our chance: it is *his* weak point, by which we shall profit, if we act in time.

If now we wish effectively and permanently to stem the tide of materialism, and draw to our side all those who, in these times of conflicting opinions, remain "on the fence," we must be in a position to prove to others and to ourselves the truth of our conclusions. We must start from the same standpoint as the Rationalist, that standpoint of agnosticism which is the only definite basis of all human knowledge, and proceed with him along the solid road of ratiocination, till we lead him to a point further than his furthest. We must then be able to show him that if he did not go so far before, it was because he stumbled along the road, and did not carry his reason to those summits whence he could discover faculties transcending intellectual reason—though never contradicting it, for reason, *per se*, is infallible.

But before we start, there is another point which we must strengthen, lest we also stumble along the road. I refer to our indefinite and confused use of terms, which implies a more or less corresponding confusion of thought, a confusion which, I repeat, has, in my own experience, turned away many an earnest inquirer from our paths of thought. As T. Sharper Knowlson says (*The Education of the Will*), referring to certain works on "New Thought" lines, the reader is "alternately amazed and amused: amazed at the pseudo-metaphysics, and amused with attempts to formulate a system without the intelligence required for such a task."

A more flagrant example of this medley of thought and terms could hardly be found than that of the so-called "Conference of Advanced Metaphysics" which was held some time back at the Bechstein Hall and Doré Gallery. The very title of the "Conference" was a misnomer of the first water. In the mind of a thinker, the title "Conference of Advanced Metaphysics" evokes the picture of some twelve people, at the most, privately assembled to discuss some of the problems arising from the con-

sideration of the unperceivable Causes of the actually or potentially perceivable Universe, and of the Principles behind those Causes. This is a subject which not one person in several thousand could understand, or one in several million propound. What we know as "New Thought" or "Higher Thought" is but an oozing of drops from out the sides of the vast vessel of Metaphysics. We collect these drops with great care, and examine them under a microscope—which is not always free from chromatic aberration. But the integration of all those infinitesimals of the truth forms scarcely but an adumbration of the Great Truth that lies within the vessel.

If we truly and earnestly desire that Mysticism should enable us to reach to the level of this Great Truth, and thence scatter wisely among the waiting ones vital seeds of helpfulness, garnered from those sublime heights, we must set to work along systematic and logically connected lines, starting with the strict definition of our terms, and arriving by way of cautious induction to an anchorage of hypothesis from which we can throw the sounding lines of deduction to the lowermost rocks of ascertained fact. And when we have thus been assured of the firmness of our anchorage, mystical Intuition (which is the appetency of the soul for Truth), having at the start uplifted us on its wings, will come again to suffuse with the warmth of life the cold clear marbles of the Temple of Truth.

THE INFLUENCE OF INANIMATE THINGS: A TRUE STORY

BY VIRGINIA MILWARD

ONE very hot day in August, I was walking through the cemetery of — in the North of London, and feeling tired I sat down to rest on a bench, when a lady, looking very worried, distraught and excited, came up hurriedly and took a seat by my side.

Something in my appearance, I suppose, struck her as sympathetic, or possibly the need of human companionship and comprehension made her turn to me and say: "Are you superstitious? I want to tell you something. I have something on my mind. I feel I must confide in some one."

"Oh! What have you done?" I replied hastily, my mind reverting to possible crimes she might be about to pour into my unwilling ear and the unpleasant situation I might find myself in of being the unwilling recipient of a confidence concerning some terrible drama, that rightfully, as a good citizen, I should at once report to the police.

"I haven't done anything—at least nothing wrong," she answered. At which I breathed again. The rôle of informer has always seemed to me the most despicable and detestable on earth.

"I have just buried a tooth in consecrated ground!"

"*Buried a tooth!*" I ejaculated, eyeing my companion with suspicion and wondering if she were an escaped lunatic, and wishing devoutly I had adhered to my original plan of walking straight home.

"Yes; buried a tooth! Let me tell you my story! Three years ago I went as companion to a lady, who was in the habit of spending her winters in the East; she was deeply interested in archæology, and resolved to visit Cairo while the famous excavations were in progress. So to that city we accordingly went, and arrived, in due course, at the Pyramids, where they were digging, and turning up mummies at frequent intervals, which, poor relics of humanity, they treated with a familiarity bordering on contempt. I felt justly indignant, for they had lived once, long years ago, with all their hopes and fears and feelings, and did not deserve, even at this distance of time and

in their present state of decay, to be treated with such scant ceremony.

"One day, I saw lying at my feet, a skull, and was just going to pick it up and take it away with me, when our Arab guide intervened and implored me to leave it where it was. They brought bad luck, he assured me, to all those who removed them from their native land. I put the skull reluctantly down, and as I did so, it fell to pieces. I was not a believer in luck, good or bad, but the earnestness of the Arab left me no alternative and had its desired effect. After all, he knew more about these things than I did, and there are many things in heaven and earth we do not understand. My life had always been such a happy and fortunate one that I would not tempt Providence unnecessarily. But I regret to say that I was foolish enough to retain as a memento—*two teeth*.

"Shortly afterwards we left Cairo and returned to England. Then the curse began! I lost my health completely—I, who had never in all my life known ache or pain. I have been many times in hospital. I lost all my money, and during the last three years I have met with a succession of unfortunate and unpleasant and frightening events. I had always been a lucky woman, a healthy woman—now I am neither.

"At last I took advice, I consulted a man of wide views, an open mind and psychic sympathies, and told him about the teeth, half ashamed to do so, it seemed so childish. Imagine my surprise when he advised me to get *rid* of them immediately, to bury them, at once, in consecrated ground, no matter what difficulties I might meet with in doing so! Well, I have just done it, as you know. I have thrown them into an open grave. There! That is my story, and forgive me for troubling you with it."

So saying, the woman ceased speaking and rose to go.

"You have done quite rightly," I said, "and your ill luck will leave you now, I feel sure—but what an extraordinary experience! I should like to know the end of the story. If we ever meet again, perhaps you will tell me."

"I will do so with pleasure," she replied. "There is one thing, though, I have omitted to tell you. While in Egypt I was allowed to go through a subterranean passage below the Pyramids; it was narrow and dark, and though I had never been there before, I felt at once that I was perfectly familiar with it, even to knowing how to find my way!"

"Another proof of Reincarnation," I replied; "it is the

most natural part of your story, I consider, for we have all lived before."

"Yes; I think so, too," she answered; "I believe it and feel it. Forgive me for having kept you all this time; it has been a great comfort to speak to some one about it all. Good-bye."

From that day to this I have never seen my strange friend, though I thought she passed me once in a crowded street, but too quickly for me to make sure.

I believe her story implicitly, for though worried and distraught, she told it so clearly and so calmly that it bore the unmistakable impress of truth; besides, is it not only one of the many instances of daily occurrences of things we do not understand?

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

By A. J. H.*

MY parents lived in an old-fashioned house, on the sunny side of a quaint street in one of the most picturesque of our South coast towns. I was the youngest of the family, and the events of which I am writing happened many years before I was born. My father and mother had had much trouble in the earlier years of their married life, as one by one they lost all their children. The strange thing that happened a few years later, I will tell as best I can, in the sense, if not in the actual words, that my mother told it me. Having confided in me—evidently with a great effort—she was ever after very loth to speak on the subject, in fact, she forbade any allusion to it whatever; but being so impressed by the strange uncanny things she said, it is impossible that I should ever forget the smallest part of her story.

I so well remember, one winter's evening, her calling me—a small lad—to her side, and instinctively feeling something amiss I looked up to her usually cheery face, to find it changed; it was now pale, with a sadness which I could not understand—I was frightened.

* I have corresponded with the writer of this story, who is, it will be noticed, the brother of the two children alluded to, and he confirms the absolute authenticity of this narrative.—ED.

As if in answer to my questioning look, she said, "I want to tell you something—something that you should only hear from me"; then, seeing that I was growing nervous at the unaccustomed tone of her voice, she went on caressingly, "No, dear! do not be frightened, it is nothing; but what I tell you should rather be a comfort to you than otherwise, and some day, when you grow up, you may understand that which now seems difficult."

Vivid in my memory still is the old fireplace across the corner of the cosy little room, and the warm red glow of the embers casting fitful shadows, as my mother began to speak. She told me of things that had happened in that same room many years ago—and this is what I remember.

She had lost her little family, one by one, and the many troubles she had gone through had brought great sadness,—but then all was changed, so bright was her life made by two beautiful fair-haired boys, who came to fill the empty places in her heart and home. Wilfred, the elder, was two and a half years old, and Guy, the younger, eighteen months when the strange incident she told me of took place.

It was a winter's evening,—the wind roaring and whistling at every corner of the house, as if angrily jealous of the joy and peace within, and all *was* happy in those old rooms; merry chatter and ringing laughter seemingly gave defiance to the fierce mocking shrieks of the wind, and the threatenings of the beating rain. It was bath time, in front of the fire, with mother there.

Wilfred, in play, had run into the square, dimly lit hall, and little baby Guy was on my mother's lap, kicking with delight at being rubbed with warm towels. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat the nurse, a pleasant-faced woman of perhaps thirty years of age, arranging the little clothes for the morrow.

Presently, without the slightest warning, to this happy party came an unexpected visitor. Attracted by Wilfred's suddenly quieted chatter and footsteps, both my mother and the nurse looked towards the door, and there was the fair-haired little laddie, leading by the hand a MAN, whose face was of deadly pallor, and in whose deeply set eyes shone a wonderful expression, full of kindness and beauty. His hair was long, black and wavy, and he had NO EARS. His clothes were dark, and there was nothing particularly noticeable about them.

Neither my mother nor the nurse felt alarm, or any desire to move, for a peaceful and peculiarly soothing influence seemed to fill the whole room; also there was an unusual light of joy in the eyes of the children.

Who could this be? What did it mean? The MAN and child reached my mother's side. He took the hand of the tiny boy lying on my mother's knee, and examining it carefully and long, sighed deeply, then leaving the little one, again took the elder child's hand, and looking at the palm sighed and said very quietly—

"Both in one year, and both in one month."

With this, he turned and was gone. Something, too, seemed gone from the room, not only the man, but some invisible power, all that sense of warmth, of softness and peace; and instead came confusion and fear. Who was it?—and what did it mean?—were questions first looked, then asked with frightened voice.

My father was called, and the house searched, outside inquiries were made, all to no purpose, no one had seen a person of such description.

* * * * *

Next day my mother had no thought of the MAN, for one of her darlings was ill. How could it be? Why, he was laughing and shouting with fun so few hours ago.

Could God be so cruel as to take this little life from her? But God knew what was best for the child, and so He took him to Himself.

My mother, broken hearted, thought her sorrow too heavy to bear, and clung more closely in the agony of her grief to the one joy now left her. But the stranger's words, "Both in one month," were ever ringing in her ears, day by day she watched the second little life fade away, till within the time so mysteriously foretold the home was empty once more, he had gone to join his baby brother in the nurseries of Paradise.

Side by side in a Sussex churchyard are two little mounds close together. Sometimes I see them and wonder, who was the MAN?

CORRESPONDENCE

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

DREAM EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was very much interested in your article on dreams in the OCCULT REVIEW for February, as I have had some rather remarkable ones myself.

One strange "coincidence" is that if I ever dream of washing, it means a change of residence, and as I am a teacher in the N.W. where they change every term almost, it has happened very often.

Once I dreamt my sister was washing her floor, and with no other grounds of knowledge, I said to her the next time I saw her, "So you are going to move?" "Yes," she replied, "but how did you know? for we only decided a few days ago, and I never told any one."

Another very unpleasant dream I have had repeated ever since I was a girl in my early teens was being out of doors, without proper clothing, in fact, sometimes nude.

Then I had a nervous illness some seventeen years ago, and was always dreaming of being lost—in all kinds of places, mountains, deserts, on the sea in a boat which dwindled to a nutshell, and several times—once in the mountains and again in the dry region of Alberta—I was in desperate straits, and did not know what to do.

Mr. Leadbeater speaks of a friend seeing the transparent atoms in the air. I have seen them all my life, and wondered what they could be—later I thought they must be microbes in the atmosphere. Another lady, here, sees them too.

Some years ago I had two peculiar experiences. One was during the nervous illness I spoke of. I was staying at a friend's house, and as my eyes were affected, I often could not walk alone, and every one in the neighbourhood was very sympathetic and helpful.

One friend was very jealous, it would appear, of her husband's helping me, though she often made me accept his help when I would rather not have done so.

I always had a sleep in the afternoon, and once I woke up with the feeling of an awful oppression—it felt as though an invisible body was lying on me full length and pressing my life out. With a desperate effort—the last I could have made, I felt—I put my foot to the ground, trembling with the horror of it.

In my dressing gown, I went downstairs to the drawing-room, which was full of the house-party staying there. I accused my hostess of trying to kill me. Of course no one understood, and thought I had been having a bad dream.

I felt the husband's presence one night, when I was far away, so vividly that I dare not stay alone, but went to my mother's room for the rest of the night. This was in England.

Another strange event happened six years ago, on the Winnipeg River near here. I was with a party of friends camping—amongst the rest was a widow and her son, a self-willed boy of fifteen.

One day I was nearly drowned three times, bathing and boating. The following night I woke up, as in the other experiences, and found myself lying peacefully at the bottom of the river among the weeds and rushes. I heard

The lapping of the water 'gainst the crags,
The rippling of the waves among the reeds.

I was in perfect peace, and very happy. I came to myself by touching the centre tent pole, and took it as a premonition that I was going to be drowned out there, and felt honoured that I had been so forewarned.

I went about that morning looking at earth and sea and sky, as at what I never might see again, and arranged my worldly matters.

About 2 p.m. three boys of the party insisted, against all that could be said, on going bathing, directly after dinner.

The son referred to above, in his bathing suit, kept jumping from the boat into the river—30 ft. deep, with strong currents—and the last time jumped in laughing (he could not swim a stroke), choked, was seen for a moment a foot from the top, and sank among the weeds in a deep hole near the shore, where he would have had my experience all night, for his body was not recovered until 8 a.m. the next morning.

I was magnetized when I had the nervous illness, and afterwards until I recovered, any time that I had a headache, I would

lie or sit down and without any effort, sometimes against my knowledge, would go into a magnetic sleep, and awake very much refreshed. I was always conscious of what was being said or done in the room.

One of my uncles had many strange dreams.

His son-in-law was in the Boer War, a volunteer in a cavalry corps, and one afternoon my uncle was asleep when he dreamt his daughter stood outside the glass hall door, with widow's dress, and weeping bitterly. He took particular note of the date, but though news came of the captain's death, they heard no news of the son-in-law's.

About three weeks afterward the news came through that in crossing a river they were sniped by the Boers. All got over but one poor fellow, who was badly wounded, and was painfully making his way. Though it seemed certain death, the captain and my uncle's son-in-law swam out, and each took an arm. The "boors" shot all three, and they were buried in one grave.

Just before the death of a baby my aunt dreamt that the doctor, riding on a white horse, rode upstairs, through the child's room and through the attic window.

I also saw in your magazine some reference to the colour and number belonging to each person. I have never heard of that before, and should be pleased to receive any information in your short letters at the end of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I have thought sometimes, when things have appeared impossible, that it seemed as though some evil influence was at work.

Would that jealous woman, being dead, be able to influence me? I never really harmed her, but could not help the husband's influence, which was strongly magnetic, in my weak state of nerves, and often begged him to leave me alone.

This is quite a long letter, but I thought some matters might interest you, and I should like information on other points.

Yours very sincerely,

MANITOBA.

H. L.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following experience, which occurred some weeks ago, may possibly be of interest to your readers.

I had retired to rest and had gone to sleep as usual when I was awakened about midnight, or the small hours, by the sound of a dirge, or chant, accompanied by the measured tread of marching feet. The tramping suggested men in heavy boots. The sounds seemed some distance away, but became louder and louder,

as though a procession approached the house, passed, and then faded away in the distance along the road. I caught the notes of the monotonous chant, and some of the words, but could not gather them all, though I listened intently to their repetition. The chant was in two cadences, and the words were in two lines. "God is our Friend" ended the first line, and the word "end" the second line. The sound was weird in the extreme and gave me a feeling of great alarm. I was quite awake, for I lit a candle while the procession was passing, and, after the sounds had ceased, I looked at my watch. I had not the least idea that I was not listening to real sounds at the time.

When I mentioned the occurrence to the household in the morning no one had heard anything. Further inquiry revealed the fact that no such procession had passed through the village. I concluded the incident had been telepathic, as I have had various psychic experiences at different times. I should be glad to hear from any one who could throw any light on the subject. It was suggested by some one at the time that it might have had some connection with the Railway Servants' strike then taking place—in fact, it happened during the night on which this dispute was settled.

I am,
Yours truly,

THE GRANGE,
BREDON, TEWKESBURY.

MARIE C. WAKEFIELD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The OCCULT REVIEW is sent me by a friend and I have only just read the letter signed "One of Part Highland Descent" in the November number, 1911, and his interesting experience of seeing the ivory key.

I cannot claim Highland descent, but I constantly see objects just in the way the writer describes. A dozing state is certainly favourable but not necessary—I most frequently see them when I am quite consciously awake with the eyes shut, on first getting into bed. I saw some lovely lace a short time ago of most elaborate pattern. As I watched it it changed gradually into a case full of pierced silver spoons and forks and other things of that kind. These in turn slowly became silver needlework which then faded away. I see gorgeously coloured and woven patterns or sometimes a plain material such as corded silk, gathered and tucked and stitched in all sorts of ornamental devices. Somehow

I see these things much more clearly and *delicately* than I could in the ordinary way, though I have very good sight. I see *into* the material without its being made coarser as it would appear through a magnifying glass. I have seen trees in full flower, brass work, basket-work and a hundred things besides.

There are other phenomena which do not seem to be of the same kind as those described above. Sometimes the most weirdly grotesque animals, faces and figures appear, never coloured but in shadowy black and white. Again at other times I see beautiful little clear living pictures, with tiny people generally occupied about the most ordinary incidents of every-day life. Sometimes foreign scenes appear. These living pictures never come unless I am nearly asleep. If I arouse myself by trying to watch them they "go out" instantly.

I am of opinion that all these, lace, animals or pictures, are ultimately founded in my own case upon the floating nebulous forms of every sort, size, and shape, that any attentive person can perceive by looking into the darkness when the eyes are shut. My idea is that the vitality of the eye itself supplies the material, the circulation of the blood makes the movement, and an imaginative mind working subconsciously does the rest. I see no connection with telepathy.

HIGHGATE.

Yours truly,
S. M. B.

WHAT SHAPE IS FORMED BY THE WHOLE MASS OF STARS?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your readers answer the above question? Has any one pieced together, according to their several places in space, charts, or photographic groups and clusters of the celestial bodies, as maps of the various countries are pieced together in the maps of the hemispheres? Has such a map—a view of the whole heavens at once—ever been spoken of or attempted? My reason for wishing to know is this: In a vision lately I saw the whole mass of stars shining in the blackness of space, and the mass was in the shape of a man, and intuitively I knew that this was the Visible Form of God.

Faithfully yours,
LIBRA.

[It seems to me that the dream is obviously an allegorical one, as is the case with so many dream experiences. The form

which the universe appeared to take doubtless coincides with the old occult idea of Adam Kadmon, or the Grand Man of the Heavens. With regard to the actual shape of the universe it is doubtful how far this could be determined, but as far as astronomers are able to observe with the telescope, it appears to extend to a far greater distance in the direction of the Milky Way than elsewhere.—ED.]

THE ROSICRUCIAN IDEAL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest Mabel Collins' article in your March issue on "The Rosicrucian Ideal"; the more so because, not only have I read some of Dr. Steiner's writings which have been translated into English, but also because, to a certain extent, I am conversant with Rosicrucian teachings. While much—especially the statement that Christ's coming opened the Way, the Truth, and the Life to all—appeals to me as both true and beautiful, there is also a good deal to which I think exception may fairly be taken.

On page 148 Mabel Collins writes: "This transformation of matter into spirit, of evil into good, has never been taught in this country or language before, so far as I am aware, save in my book *The Story of the Year*." I always understood this was the work the old alchemists were engaged in when they were busy transmuting the baser metals into gold. The aim of Initiates in all ages has been to transform matter into spirit, evil into good, their lower or baser nature into the higher and spiritual. Apart from this it has ever thus been understood by the true followers of the Christ as an essential part of His teaching.

Next, on page 149 Mabel Collins asserts that "all are agreed that . . . no new individual step can be taken during the period" the spiritual entity exists in Devachan. Are all agreed? I, for one, do not entirely concur. On what ground does Mabel Collins base this assertion?

Elsewhere on page 149 we are informed that "Dr. Steiner regards the manifestations at spiritualistic séances as astral." Are we bound to accept Dr. Steiner's *ipse dixit*? The way some people dismiss any psychic experience which does not happen to fit in with their particular theory as "astral," reminds me of the old lady who derived much comfort from that blessed word Mesopotamia.

On page 150 we find the statement: "Sometimes at the moment of birth the ego becomes conscious, and sees what life is before him. If he has to work out bad karma he may shrink back from a life of suffering and leave his body idiotic." I am aware that no two persons agree as to what constitutes justice, still I think that even Mabel Collins will admit it is hardly fair to condemn a soul to a life of idiocy because, being weak, it naturally "shrinks back from a life of suffering." Would any right-minded person inflict physical torture on a child because it was incapable of learning?

Again, on page 151 Mabel Collins writes, "None can complain, whatever their lot may be, for they themselves have created it." If a man creates evil karma is it not because he is constituted that way? Is he altogether to blame for his make up? What *first* caused the tendency to create evil karma? Wherefore say, "Serve him right; he's only got what he deserves"? There is too much of the eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the *quid pro quo*, or exact equivalent, which is so utterly opposed to the prayer of the Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Where does the Christian law of forgiveness of sins come in? Initiates of the Rosicrucian Order will recognize the following: "Be not hasty to condemn others' sin; how knowest thou that in their place thou couldst have resisted the temptation, and even were it so, why shouldst thou despise one who is weaker than thyself?"

Lastly, according to Mabel Collins, on page 150 Dr. Steiner "teaches that the ego reincarnates every second time as a man and every second time as a woman." Can Mabel Collins give any evidence in substantiation of this assertion, which not only contravenes the doctrine of counterparts, or twin-souls, in corroboration of which there is a great deal of evidence, but flatly contradicts the assertions of other Reincarnationists? Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

To my mind there is too much that is not only crudely illogical, but insufferably callous. Apart from this, the idea of Reincarnation is grossly materialistic in that it assumes that character can only be formed on the physical plane.

Perhaps Mabel Collins can clear up some of these difficulties.

Yours faithfully,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your March number is most interesting, though I am not sufficiently well versed upon any of the subjects of which it treats to be able to speak decidedly of any of them. It was quite easy, however, to see the good, sound common sense of your remarks under the heading of "Epicurus and Plato." So many people miss the very best that Life has in store to its very end by taking quite the wrong path to find it through mistaken ideas of direction, and thereby surround themselves with those regrettable attributes of Man—Envy, Hatred, and Malice. Nor will they take the trouble to remember that no matter how many and how great the set-backs are in their own particular sphere, there are many millions of people with far more, and who would think themselves lucky indeed with only a quarter of the blessings and privileges the malcontents never trouble even to think about, much less appreciate and thank the Creator for, everything being taken as so much "matter of course."

It seems to me, as *you* point out the Epicurean teaching, that it has very much in common with the late Professor Henry Drummond's book, *The Greatest Thing in the World*.

Yours faithfully,

ELSA LEIGH.

HOUDINI AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—After the statement made by Hereward Carrington, *re* the performance of the conjurer Houdini, I looked anxiously for the answer to the explanation made by him, and in the March copy of the OCCULT REVIEW, which has just reached me, I see the expected answer. It is rather remarkable to the writer, that any one should attempt to support the theory of spirit interference in the performance of M. Houdini, after the length of time that this performer has been before the public, and the number of men there are in the United States that practically duplicate Houdini's feats, under the same conditions, and in some cases, afterwards explain how they are done. I do not suppose that names and addresses are allowable in this section of this magazine, or I could refer the gentleman who imagines that these feats are done spiritually, to a number of people in London who

supply the apparatus for performing these feats—to use a Yankeeism, “At so much per feat.”

From a long interest taken in the art of stage illusions, I can assure Mr. Edwards that he is making a great mistake, and is doing much to bring spiritualism—real spiritualism—into disrepute by rash statements such as he has made *re* Annie Abbott, the Zanzics, and Houdini; for the methods of these various workers (with the exception of some of the last named gentleman's) are all purchasable at the proper price in this country, and I will be glad to furnish names and addresses to any one interested enough to communicate with me.

Manufacturers of apparatus for the production of soi-disant “spirit” phenomena advertise freely in this country; and the methods of Eva Fay, the Zanzics, and the lightning calculators, such as Datas, are for sale in the open market, and for any one to talk of any spirit (except an alcoholic one) appearing twice daily in a sixpenny music hall as these people (with no disrespect to them) do in this country, is simply to display an ignorance of the rudiments of spiritualistic investigation that is simply appalling. Mr. Harry Kellar, who has lately retired, worked with the Davenport brothers when he was a mere boy, and we have his printed statement that these two infamous swindlers were fraudulent from the beginning to the finish of their performance.

I am truly sorry to see such wild statements as the ones of Mr. Edwards, whose previous letters I have always read with interest, creep into the columns of such a magazine as this; for these things simply bring it—the editorial staff—and the writer of the letter into a position that excites the risibilities of sensible investigators.

Mr. Edwards says M. Houdini would not make affidavit that his performance was a stage illusion—certainly not—why should he break down the faith of those who are persuaded that he is a supernormal being? It's the best advertising scheme in the world, and I can assure Mr. Edwards that M. Houdini's man of business would promptly squelch such a scheme, did it ever dawn on Houdini's brain. Miss Abbott has been exposed—or rather the puzzle as to her feats has been solved several times in America—and it is a well-known fact that most of those who go on the stage to try her strength are in her employ. Of course she says, tacitly, “I am a spirit medium!” I think any one can see why—or at least, any advertising man can. None of these people ever were regarded seriously in America, as they have all been—well, not exposed, but their mysteries have been solved, and for any one

to claim that the true solution is spiritualism is to confess to a credulity that passes belief, after the number of works there are on the fraudulent production of these phenomena.

If Mr. Edwards wants to know how these phenomena are produced on the stage, I can give him the names of the people who invent these feats, make the apparatus, and sell them, in order to gain a livelihood, and who will disabuse him of all ideas of their being spiritualistic phenomena.

There are psychic phenomena enough, Heaven knows, to prevent people from going to the Vaudeville stage to find new ones, and those who attempt to make these performances into a demonstration of psychic forces, simply bring the whole of the painstaking investigations of men like Lodge, Crookes, Hyslop, and the other illustrious searchers after truth, into the category of voo-dooism, and the extravagances of the believers in witchcraft.

Yours very truly,

WILKINSBURGH, PA.,

MARCUS G. LOVELACE.

[I quite agree with the writer that Mr. Edwards' theory that Houdini's performances are done by spiritualistic methods is out of the question. It does not, however, follow that conjurers have never made use of such methods. With regard to the Zanzigs, to whom he refers, it was generally held in this country that they had telepathic powers. It is quite conceivable that telepathy and trickery may be combined in these sort of performances. I have always thought that in the matter of correspondence considerable latitude should be allowed as regards free expression of opinion, and my contributor will note that this latitude is equally extended to himself.—ED.]

TELEPATHIC DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Such of us as do not see *The Globe* are much indebted to you for bringing to our notice a short record of psychic happenings, each event being quite typical of its kind. First we have poor young Stothard's vision—evidently intended as a warning, but failing of its purpose through not being explicit enough. All psychics know the extreme difficulty of interpreting these warning dreams and visions, simply because sufficient information is not conveyed by the subconscious self, who has become aware of the danger ahead, to the conscious self, who has to act upon the information received. Tragedies conse-

quently occur which might easily be prevented. Let me give you an instance. I was at the Lizard. My usual walk along the cliffs ended in a small bay.

One Wednesday night I dreamt that going this usual walk I came upon the body of a man who had met his death by accident. Alas ! he was lying face downwards, so that I could not see *who it was*. Standing over and examining the corpse was a tall and very thin man whom I did not know. On the following Sunday morning my dream was literally fulfilled. The body of a young man, a visitor, was washed up in the little bay. He had been drowned three hours previously, while bathing, in sight of his wife and little son, and other visitors ; and the tall thin man was the village doctor, whom I afterwards got to know. Why, oh ! why did my No. 2 warn me of the fate in store for this young father, but also precluded the possibility of my handing on the warning to him, by not allowing me to see the face of the corpse in my dream ?

Mere coincidence cannot account for the second part of the story. Time after time we hear the like—how at the moment of extreme peril or of death, the victim appears in bodily form to one or other of those who are in deepest touch with him ! Many names are given to this part of one which can externalize itself, and appear to others. I call it my soul, others speak of this living ghost as “spirit,” or “astral body”—but what appears is always the same thing, thinner or thicker as the case may be. When a brother of mine was shipwrecked, my mother, who was in church, heard him call several times, “Mother, mother,” and saw him walk all up the nave and chancel in his oilskins with water dripping from his sou’-wester.

Often a truer interpretation of these things is that we make the ghosts ourselves ! Our subconscious self becomes aware of what is happening, the other side of the world, may be, and making a mental image of the event, projects it into space as a hallucination. Then we see it objectively, as a real part of the real world external to ourselves, and so it is !

Yours truly,
M. HUME.

5, THE CLOISTERS,
GORDON SQUARE, LONDON.

[Further correspondence is held over till next issue.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AS in these pages and elsewhere the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW have had an opportunity to make acquaintance with the Bahai movement, and as the recent visit of its present head or leader to England brought him into personal contact with many hundreds, there can be no question that the last issue of *The Contemporary Review* will find a welcome with numbers who may not be in the habit of seeing it. The explanation is Mr. Harrold Johnson's article on *Bahatism ; the Birth of a World-Religion*. Thereto is added a brief epitome of the teachings on which the movement is based, and this has been specially contributed by Abdul-Baha, the leader just mentioned. It suppresses as usual his own personality and his own views, if one so impersonal can be said to hold any, and is confined to those of Baha'u'llah, the messenger of the new religion, so termed. They may be reduced further as follows : (1) The search after truth as distinguished from attachment to tradition ; (2) the oneness of humanity ; (3) religion as the foundation of love and unity ; (4) harmony between Religion and Science ; (5) oneness of the reality at the root of the great Religions ; (6) equality and brotherhood of all mankind ; (7) cessation of poverty and reign of comfort for all, according to position and rank ; (8) peace of the world and settlement of all differences by a board of arbitration ; (9) the completion of material civilization by that which is spiritual, considered as a gift of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Johnson's thesis is that which is implied by his title, and indeed more ; it is not merely that a world-religion is in course of being born, but that its place is assured already and it is growing therein. The statement is further that what Christianity has failed to accomplish—that is to say, in world-wide conversion—Bahatism has already accomplished, counting its followers among all the great religions and uniting them in one family of love. But their old allegiance is not abandoned by any ; the Christian remains a Christian and the Buddhist is still a follower of the Lord Buddha. That which Bahatism seeks to inculcate is, however, the deeper realization by each of that which is highest in the faith to which each belongs. It recognizes all the Bibles and all the Saviours of the world, while the founder regarded himself, and his followers still look on him, as one of the Divine manifestations, identical in substance and essence with those

who preceded and those who will come after him. In itself, notwithstanding, Bahaim is an appeal to the inward light ; it has neither priests nor ritual observances. It may seem to many that the seeming inclusiveness of the programme will make its operation impracticable and that as some at least of the great religions exclude alternative claims, their followers cannot be really integrated in the new obedience without abandoning much that would be regarded as essential in the old. For example, no Roman Catholic can accept Baha'u'llah as a Divine messenger, and identical in substance with Christ, without thereby ceasing to be Roman Catholic. Moreover, it can scarcely fail to strike the thoughtful reader of Mr. Johnson's deeply interesting historical sketch that the personal warrants of the founder are exceedingly vague, while the Bahai scriptures, concerning which he testifies with eloquence, are for the most part unprinted, and not therefore in evidence. He recognizes himself that its laws, so far as they are known in summary form, " are more suited to Eastern than to Western conditions, and that they are frequently conveyed in an authoritative manner which will not appeal to the rationalism of the West "—or perhaps to something higher than that. So we must wait and see.

An extraordinary interest attaches to the last issue of *The Theosophist*, nearly 40 pages being occupied by an article on Catholicism under the signature of Monsignor Hugh Benson. It is much more easy to understand why the space has been allotted than to explain satisfactorily to oneself after what manner the undertaking can be held to serve the purpose of the writer, whose well-known zeal for conversions is unlikely to find much opportunity in the field of Theosophy. The article summarizes Catholic doctrine on (1) the Being of God ; (2) the creation out of nothing by a free act of sovereign will ; (3) the distinction between man and the angelical hierarchies, he being spirit incarnate and they pure spirit ; (4) the outrage against God implied by the Fall of man ; (5) the eternal nature of the Beatific Vision in heaven and the eternal torment of the wicked in hell ; (6) the Mystery of the Incarnation and the reality of the human as well as the Divine nature in the Christ of Nazareth ; (7) the unity and indefectibility of the Church as an unerring witness of the truth delivered by Christ to the Apostles, no particle of which can be diminished, while no particle can be added, whence it seems to follow that the infallibility of Pío Nono was first defined in Palestine, *circa* A.D. 31. The other heads of the thesis arise out of this ; they concern the sacraments of the Church,

the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and so forth. It has seemed desirable to set out this short schedule, having regard to the position of the writer in his own Church and in the annals of romantic literature, but a statement more bare and arid could scarcely be devised; if one who has knowledge of the subject may so testify, it is impeccable in fidelity, but, to adapt one line of a somewhat ribald ballad—the more one thinks it over, the more one wonders why.

The Vahan reproduces from the pages of *Bibby's Annual*, a paper on the truth of Re-incarnation, which recites the familiar theses on a question which, it is quite easy to see, is going to be always with us—as it has been almost from the beginning in the Eastern religions. Equality of opportunity, non-equality in capacity, insufficiency of the single chance on earth, difficulties of alternative doctrines such as special creation, difficulties of heredity, possible indications from the hypothesis of the ascent of man and from the evolution of social qualities—all these are considered quite calmly, and the truth of re-incarnation is held to emerge from the whole. But the question really remains where it was and will continue to be judged—as it has been for forty years past—according to mental predisposition.

Salutations to our contemporary *Le Fraternaliste*; it is now on the war-path in respect of determinism, and if it be reasonable to suppose that the findings of signed articles represent its own standpoint, it is on the side of the former. Determinism and the moral consequences bound up therein are said to be one of the pillars of the Temple which will be built to-morrow—no doubt, in the heart, like that which is the desire of Freemasonry. The other pillars are to be Spiritism, Magnetism and Fraternity—the last being that more especially which deserves the name of Beauty. In the crypts of this edifice the morality of yesterday and the idea of freewill are to be interred with all reverence and much scattering of flowers. M. Ernest Bosc, who appears to concur generally, makes the practical application as follows. When a man gets an idea, unless he has taken determinism into his heart, he is disposed to regard it as his own, and this is his error, for it seems referable to the Astral Plane, and the less we believe in the latter the more we are open to its intimations. The lesson is therefore to believe and, presumably, do what we can to choose our unseen guides. Above all, in external things, we must be surrounded by the good, the honest, the well-meaning; the human race must be purified by relegating evil persons to desert islands, where they can only suggest to one another the desperate wickedness of their hearts.

REVIEWS

THE SELF SUPERLATIVE. By W. Frederic Keeler. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C.

THIS is one of the New Age Mysticism series, and deals with that phase of New Thought which concerns itself with the elevation of man's thought and the realizing of his full stature. Sections of the book deal with "The Ever-Creative Self," "The Majesty of Choice," "The Mystical Will," the "Supremacy of the Within," the "Master Consciousness," and the regal "Now." The author emphasizes the dignity of our power of Choice, and suggests that it is finally our great prerogative. We perceive, select, compare, and finally we accept or reject. In this we exercise the controlling factor of our destinies—Choice. It is said that mentality has reached a stage at which it no longer recognizes attainment to or toward. "In the majesty of his High Choice, man places himself either on the Throne of Power or on the footstool of subjection." Thus every man is a king in his own sphere, either as an individual, or as a member of a body, albeit he may kiss the feet of some Master in a sphere that is higher than his own. To be king of one's own kingdom, to govern the self, to be the expression of a law to others, is the means to a complete and perfect service in the kingdom to which we aspire. Thoughts pertinent to the same idea will be found beautifully expressed in this little volume, and the reading of it may awaken many slumbering minds to a consciousness of man's power of choice in all things.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL. By Walter Winston Kenilworth. New York: Fenno & Co., 18, East 17th Street. Price \$1.00.

AMID all the conflict of human thought and feeling, of science and religion, of philosophy and revelation, of political and social upheavals and reforms, the human soul is the factor dominating the position and the sole arbiter of the convenient and desirable. All change and chance is made to subserve its destiny. It passes from one stage to another in its evolution, it is for ever progressing. Standards, moods, fashions may all change; the soul puts them aside as effete or worn-out garments. The essential thing, the life of the Soul, persists. That is most real which most endures, and the Soul, compact of the higher elements of our nature, is that self which is "Over-Lord" of every man's universe. Death and destruction await all things, save the Self. They change as the images of a dream, but changeless in this world of change, abides the Soul, the dreamer. The Soul is the essence of Life, and in an ultimate sense the only living thing. It has its ideals. It is a dreamer of strange dreams, and all its dreams come true. It has its destinies and they are linked up with the supreme purpose of life, with the very source of life. For while God realizes Himself in the world of life, the Soul, which is the only living thing, realizes itself in God. The Soul is endowed with faculties and powers and that which is supreme over them as an arch-faculty is the Will, that which guides and controls all soul forces. Also it responds to a law of growth about which it is difficult but good for us to know. If you give the soul a name you must call it rightly the Thinker, and neither thought nor thing, but Man, this being its distinctive appellation. All this is to be found voluminously and clearly argued in the work by Mr. Kenilworth, which, if it serves no other purpose, will put the wayfarer on proper terms with the world around him and with himself, the maker of worlds.

SCRUTATOR.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS FEELING: A Question of Miracles in the Soul. An Inductive Study by Isaac A. Cornelison, D.D. 8 in. × 5¼ in., pp. xvii. + 273. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 6s. net.

THE writer of this very interesting book, who passed beyond whilst its pages were in the press, was at one time, we gather, a whole-hearted believer in what passes under the name of Evangelical Christianity; and at the time of writing this work, he does not appear to have altogether thrown off certain of the untenable doctrines of its creed. This fact, however, coupled with the broad-minded spirit in which it has been written, adds, in a manner, to the value of the book. For the work is a searching criticism of one of the fundamental doctrines of Evangelicalism, namely, the doctrine that "conversion," conceived of as an instantaneous act of the Deity, is absolutely essential to salvation, and makes the transition from a sinner to one of the "saved"; and a criticism is always the more telling when it is written from the inside.

Dr. Cornelison rightly values the experience of "conversion," and the ecstasy of the mystic—when spiritually genuine—as experiences which give the purest and most exalted pleasures; but he denies that the experience called "conversion" possesses anything like the importance Evangelicalism claims for it. Dr. Cornelison would not, in company with a school of thought which nowadays has almost entirely died out, damn the unconverted *ipso facto*; and surely it were almost blasphemy to suggest that God would be guilty of what the creature, for goodness' sake, hesitates to commit. Moreover, Dr. Cornelison points out that in very many cases, "conversion" is a purely superficial, emotional phenomenon, and he indicates the evils that have resulted from the misplaced and excessive zeal Evangelicals have exhibited in bringing about such phenomena. By destroying what is false, it may be sincerely hoped that his work will help towards a better understanding of the verity of true Christianity.

An appendix containing some very interesting cases of conversion will be found useful by psychologists. H. S. REDGROVE.

MOUNTAIN PATHWAYS: A STUDY IN THE ETHICS OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By Hector Waylen. London: Kegan Paul & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

AN excellent and timely volume, well calculated to help those who are growing out of the literal interpretations of an unspiritual and short-sighted exegesis. Mr. Waylen writes, moreover, with an admirable lucidity and terseness of style.

The question of the language spoken by Jesus is dealt with first. This, of course, was Galilean Aramaic; Aramaic being a modification of Hebrew, brought about by the Babylonian captivity, which placed the Jews in contact with Syrian peoples.

The author's attitude towards psychology and eschatology is, roughly speaking, Christo-theosophic.

Psychical investigation has its place, and a useful one; but it must not be an ultimate. The really important thing is the spiritual regeneration which starts a man on the pathway of the Cross.

Mr. Waylen concludes his book with a new translation of the Sermon, illuminatingly annotated.

THINKING FOR RESULTS. By Christian D. Larson. London : L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 2s. net.

THOUGHT is the great creative power, for it is compounded of the will and imagination. Right thinking is the first step towards thinking for results. Before we can get any measure of good to realize itself as the direct result of our own thoughts, we have to think ourselves into our true position in the scale of things, to affirm our rightful power to think for results by recognition of our divine origin. We think ourselves at one with the Divine Source of all things. We recognize creation as an instantaneous process of the mind ; growth, development and realization as subject to the laws governing them. We now know that what we think we cannot fail to realize. We next affirm our true relations with the universe about us. It is objectivized or realized thought. Our world is a part of that result, and its affairs are controlled by the consensus of human thought. There are details over which individuals have established a control because they have thought themselves into true relations with them. One of them is money, another is health, another is peace. It is not true that the poor man wants money, but it is very true that money wants the poor man, as that water needs a vessel to hold it, a channel through which it may pass, a use to which it may be put. For all things exist for use. The source of all desirable things, we are assured, is man himself. It is he who possesses them, but lacks the knowledge to out-realize himself. The secret of this self-realization is admirably set forth in this, the pages of Mr. Larson's latest contribution to the Masterpiece Series, and I find in it much sterling truth and also much that is debatable. A most interesting book and a subject worthy of our deepest thought.

SCRUTATOR.

THE WISDOM OF THE WEST. By James H. Cousins. Pp. 61. London : The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s. 6d. net.

AFTER so many books devoted to Eastern wisdom, this little volume is very welcome. The author modestly calls it "An Introduction to the Interpretative Study of Irish Mythology," and it certainly is full of suggestions to draw the reader on to a deeper study of the subject. The outline which Mr. Cousins gives of the ancient Celtic philosophy of life and death is rich in fascination, especially to all who have Celtic blood in their veins, and he makes out a very good case against those who hold the view that the old myths were merely the imaginations of undeveloped and half-savage men. Summaries are given of the stories of Etain and Cuclullin, which are equally beautiful as literature pure and simple, or as interpreted in the light of religious philosophy ; and Mr. Cousins ardently defends the Cauldron of Dagda against the statement of another writer, who thinks that it was a magical but not a spiritual emblem, and therefore not to be put into the same category with other symbolical stories of the Holy Grail.

All that we are told of the philosophy of John the Scot, or Joannes Scotus Erigena, is unusually interesting, and many will have a strong fellow-feeling with this enthusiastic Irish philosopher of the ninth century, who "fought, as every good Irishman does, wordy wars with all and sundry on questions of doctrine and metaphysics."

E. M. M.

PRIESTS, PHILOSOPHERS AND PROPHETS. By THOS. WHITTAKER.
London: Adam & Charles Black. Price 5s. net.

RELIGIONS, like political constitutions, should grow; they are now made. Their adaptability to changes of human thought and polity is the only means of their survival. The work of anthropologists in religion seems to have reached its limits. Despite certain extremely primitive elements in all religions, some have to be classed as lower and some higher. How does this difference arise? If by evolutionary growth, at what point does a lower become a higher religion? And is there throughout nothing but continuous growth? Are there not, perhaps, definite stages at which religions may be said to be made as well as to grow? Has the arrival of humanity at self-consciousness no effect whatever in changing the process by which one embodiment of its ideals gives place to another? These are important questions considered and answered by Mr. Whittaker in the present volume. He finds that as between natural or spontaneous religion of a more or less organized form, and revealed religion, the latter is entitled to rank as the higher, because it is religion carried to a more self-conscious stage. He affirms that all the religions of the West were from the first "constructed religions," and they succeeded to the growth of natural religion. The ruling conception was ethical monotheism. On the other hand, Brahmanism and Buddhism, so far as they incorporate a cult, are at the stage of organized natural religion, but beyond this they pass into philosophies. The philosophy of the West has, however, held a position distinct from religion, while in the East the one is a natural continuation of the other.

The author takes courage in the fact that some competent specialists—a small minority of scholars—refuse to accept the Higher Criticism at all. It means that hitherto no compelling scientific proof has been furnished, and thus both Judaism and Christianity may, as revealed religions, be treated independently as subjects of special discussion and hypothesis. The work is well done and the author affords valid reasons for moderating our views regarding the modern output of eschatological argument.

SCRUTATOR.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE SUPERNATURAL: a Critical Study made with
"Uncommon Sense." By Ivor Ll. Tuckett, M.A., M.D., etc. 8½ in.
by 5½ in., pp. 339. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.,
Ltd., Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN we consider, firstly, the short time during which Dr. Tuckett's investigation has been undertaken (for he does not appear to have studied these matters before the publication of Mr. Beccles Wilson's articles in the autumn of 1907), and, secondly, the fact that this investigation has been altogether restricted to the reading of books, Dr. Tuckett having carried out no experiments himself, we are the better enabled to judge of the value of his conclusions concerning psychical research. Some portions of his criticisms (it is, by the way, so much easier to criticize than to experiment) may prove not altogether valueless as an antidote to the foolish credulity of many of the spiritists as distinguished from the psychical researchers; but what value his book might otherwise have had is vitiated by his obvious bias against any explanation of phenomena not in conformity with the requirements of materialistic philosophy. The wildest coincidences are

invoked to avoid either the telepathic or spiritualistic theories; and the reader will surely smile when he reads of the bureau of mediums, which keeps its clients supplied with particulars about their dupes! Again, Dr. Tuckett seems never tired of insisting on the fact that psychical investigators need to be equipped with a knowledge of conjuring, and the name of Mr. Maskelyne is frequently mentioned with approval. Yet Mr. Carrington's conclusions as to the phenomena occurring in the presence of Eusapia Palladino are regarded as of no importance.

A large portion of the book is taken up with a criticism of the miraculous elements in Christianity, along the usual agnostic lines, which is of no particular interest. There is also a chapter on the Soul, which touches upon the question of mysticism. The author's theory appears to be that, since the extraordinary experiences of certain mystics (experiences, by the way, which are no part of the true mystic vision) are correlated with certain morbid conditions of the body or nervous system, all personal experience is valueless as evidence for the validity of Religion. One might as well argue that because sometimes one makes an erroneous observation owing to some defect in the senses, all science is nonsense. H. S. REDGROVE.

CHALDEAN ASTROLOGY. By George Wilde. London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn. New Edition. Price 6s. net.

THE second edition of this work will be welcomed by students of astrology, particularly those who need a handbook of preliminary instruction. The symbolism, alphabet and language of the heavens is clearly set forth, but the introduction of fractional degrees into the aspects, such as the septile $51\frac{3}{7}^{\circ}$, the biseptile and the triseptile, rather tends to befog than elucidate. The twelve houses, the influence of the planets therein; the signs and their descriptions; the effects of the planets when in conjunction or aspect, are useful sections of this book. The practical instruction of making a horoscope is covered by a single chapter, which might usefully have been extended to include horoscopes for extreme north latitudes or those outside of the range of the published tables. There are useful chapters on Judgment concerning Health, Mental Qualities, Pecuniary Prospects, Employment, Marriage and Offspring, Travelling, Friends and Enemies. The Directional part of the science is conveyed in the section on Star Courses, with examples. The horoscope of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is given as an example of the rules of astrology. It is perhaps a little unconvincing that the founding of the *Daily Express* was denoted by "the septile of Mercury to the Sun, the Sun semi-quintile to Mars, and applying to semi-quintile of Venus." But it is satisfactory to observe, nevertheless, that it does not conflict with the general principles laid down by the author. In effect it will be seen that the book offers every facility for the initial study of Astrology, and while not claiming to exhaust the subject, it goes far enough to enable the beginner to make and read a horoscope with considerable precision and accuracy. Its appearance in a second edition is a criterion of merit which will not be overlooked by those in search of instruction of this sort. SCRUTATOR.

THE MIRACLE OF RIGHT THOUGHT. By O. S. Marden. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d.

IN this volume, which may be classified as New Thought, as Mental Therapy, or as Psychic Science, the author lays stress upon the attitude of ex-

pectancy and optimism as that which should be held towards the affairs of life. He points out the important and indeed fundamental value of the desire-principle, its use and control. It is shown to be at the root of all effort and in its origin is of the nature of Divine Love manifesting in the myriad forms of life. The author has something to tell us about the "self-thought poisoning" process, and the "Crime of the Blues," the "paralysis of Fear," and how to eliminate these evils from the system by the miracle of Right Thought. He has also a useful chapter on "training for longevity" which appears eminently consistent with the purpose of life as defined in this work. Apart from the moderating influence of Right Thought it is questionable whether long life is in any sense a blessing to man, as without right desire riches may be a positive curse to him. The process of laying hold of desire by the power of will and directing it into useful channels by the function of right thought is very clearly set forth in these pages, which are in every way creditable to their author.

SCRUTATOR.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: Eveleigh Nash. 2s. 6d. net.

THAT one who has distinguished himself as the sleuth-hound of ghostland should evince some knowledge of the inwardness of dreams should not appear remarkable, for if it be true that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of," then there is not even the ghost of a difference between the dreams we dream and those we materialize, since the dreamer himself is a mere apparition.

Mr. O'Donnell is no lexicographer. He does not take you from "abbot" to "zymotic," but plunges in *medias res* by informing you in his opening sentence that "to dream of a flying bat means an impending catastrophe," and so takes you through a disjointed category of "animal dreams," ending perhaps appropriately with man as animal in what is called "the naked dream." In a second part of the book we have explanations of "out of the ordinary" dreams, dreams of the afflicted, phantastic dreams, repetitionary and vivid dreams, and "tale" dreams. A useful index adds value to the work as a book of reference and though it is extremely improbable that the reader will find more than a fraction of "the stuff that dreams are made of" in these pages, he will nevertheless be entertained by some capital stories that are told in support of the interpretation of such dreams as are dealt with.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CONVERSION OF INDIA: Being Studies in Indian Missions. By Emil P. Berg. Fcap. 8vo, pp. xii, 238. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. 3s. net.

MR. BERG is the exponent in several books, some of which will be known to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, of a monotheistic Christianity which should and will ultimately become, in his belief, the transfiguring religion of the world. It will replace, on the one hand, idolatry, polytheism and pantheism, and, on the other, the mediæval aspects of Christianity, including much that is understood commonly as of primitive and apostolical faith. There can be, of course, no aspect of novelty in putting forward (a) pure and simple monotheism, (b) a religion of humanity based thereon, and (c) the recognition of love as an essential characteristic of the Divine Nature. Probably, in the author's view, familiarity should be one of

the warrants. The place of Jesus in a system of this kind can be only as an ambassador, whose "sonship with God"—if indeed proclaimed—is an example of universal sonship in humanity. After monotheism itself, this is indeed the thesis; it is regarded as the teaching of Jesus; and it is such a Christo-monotheistic "religion of spiritual beauty, love and truth" which will alone—as it is said—accomplish the conversion of India. That country is presumably taken as the most world-wide instance of idolatry, pantheism and polytheism; but it may be added that it has been visited by the author. To transform Hinduism along the lines of his proposal, Mr. Berg recognizes that Christianity must be itself transformed; and notwithstanding the great changes which are passing over the face of religion in the West, we are very far from the period when a force of this kind—whatever its value—is likely to be put into operation. The Christian missionaries of India, to whom the work is dedicated in affectionate terms, will for the most part have no ears to hear. It may seem strange that in taking so particular and polemical a subject Mr. Berg should have produced what is perhaps his best work, but the reason is that it is more than usually free from religious romanticism. It states his views clearly and, whatever our opinion concerning them, some of his considerations on speculative points beyond his immediate subject are not without their value. I refer more especially to what is said on the nature of personality, the monistic view of the universe and the relation of idealism to realism. It may be that at some later period Mr. Berg will come to understand more fully the mystery of salvation in symbolism which lies behind the holy ritual of the Christ-history. He will see then what he does not see now, that the Resurrection, understood mystically, is the term of the whole testimony. A. E. WAITE.

THE SPIRITUAL BIOGRAPHY OF JESUS CHRIST. By Emil P. Berg.
2 vols. F'cap 8vo, pp. xii, 296 and 282. London: Arthur
H. Stockwell. 6s. net.

ALMOST simultaneous in publication with *The Conversion of India*, to which reference has been made already, this more ambitious work has quite other pretensions and its appeal is to a different order of mind. There must be some at the present day who feel drawn in the direction of pure theism, though seeking to place the mission of Jesus under a higher aspect than much "pure theism" of the past, and they will listen when Mr. Berg speaks, whether or not the evangelization of India is any special concern of theirs. But a "spiritual biography" which, on its title page, is "according to the Saintly Essenes," yet is, this notwithstanding, a work of imagination, or, in the words of the writer, a sequence of "ideal studies," is a little difficult to place, and its possible readers cannot be placed at all. The things did not occur and nothing follows from them in the speculative or philosophical order. If, however, these volumes are to be read purely as religious romance, we should look for a different literary atmosphere, and this brings me to that which they actually are in the mind of the writer—an exercise in divination, an attempt to reconstruct a buried past, being that of post-crucifixion times pictured in an Essenian setting. As such, they are comparable to those other divinations which, on the basis of psychic faculties, reconstruct the submerged histories of Lemuria and Atlantis. Fortunately, Mr. Berg claims no "occult gifts," and there is a certain realism in his narratives, while he

has also considerable general knowledge of subject and period. This *Spiritual Biography* may be called a sequel to *Our Lord's Preparation for the Messiahship*, published in 1909, and concerned with a reconstruction of the Hidden Life of Christ. It is not to be supposed that, as a mystic, I am in sympathy with Mr. Berg's point of view; his chapter on the "Lord's Supper" is final in my respect; if I were a naturalist, proposing to evolve such a scheme, I can see that I should have done it differently; but I appreciate the purity of his motives, his transparent sincerity and utter goodness of will.

A. E. WAITE.

THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH. By A. E. London: The Orpheus Press, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 6d. net.

A. E., the great—perhaps the greatest living—Irish visionary, writes with all the mystic inspiration and the hidden fire of the Ancients. He has captured the secret of the stars, and he bears unto men the Torch of Inspiration and the green Garland of Hope. He sings of the beauty that once was ours in the Golden Age, and tells us how we may yet regain it—*if we will!* Like the leaves that trembled of old in the groves of Dodona, his utterances are prophecies; prophecies of the re-attainment of spiritual sublimity, the first faint glimmerings of the Golden Dawn.

Those who do not read A. E. (George Russell) miss a great deal. *The Renewal of Youth* is a little masterpiece. Every line bears the hall-mark of genius, the seal of the heroic and awakened Spirit, that breathes the balm of an abiding love and pity into aching hearts, and wreathes the face of sorrowing with smiles, as it wings its homeward way to the Ancestral Self, from whence it set out long, long ago upon the weary pilgrimage of life and death.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE KEY TO PERFECT HEALTH. By Arthur Hallam. London: St. Clement's Press, Ltd., Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C. 4s. net.

MR. ARTHUR HALLAM will doubtless be known to most readers as the Founder of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, whose work is extending perceptibly in many countries. In the present work he aims at the successful application of psycho-therapeutics, and to that end offers a practical guide to both operator and patient. The book may be described as the first authoritative and exhaustive statement of the aims, objects and means of the Psycho-Therapeutic movement. It is in many ways the work of a specialist who is free from the influence of sectaries and dogmas.

The ideal of Perfect Health is first of all set before the reader; the influence of thought in this connexion being given a prominent position. Human radiations are shown to be a scientific fact; their therapeutic value in certain cases is considered, and their cultivation and use in healing are directed. The controversy between Hypnotism and Mesmerism forms an interesting chapter, wherein it is clearly shown that Mesmer and his followers are right and orthodox science is wrong. The qualifications for Healing are next dealt with and it is urged that healing should be regarded as a privilege rather than a profession; while the author is careful to point the difference between a natural and a trained healer. Drugs are steadily giving way before the onward march of the natural methods of psychic and mental curative methods. The paramount virtue of human magnetism and its efficiency during and after operations are well illustrated. Chapters on Self-development, How to Magnetize, and the Treatment of Local Ailments form the first part of the practice of Psycho-Therapeutics. In

the eighth chapter the author takes us on to Mental Therapeutics, showing the influence of the mind over the body and arguing thence for the use of the mind in the science of healing. The author here takes occasion to dilate upon and utterly condemn the trashy "New Thought" literature, the questionable "Mental Science," and the erroneous doctrine of "Christian Science," which have recently swayed the public thought. The author is moderate and reasonable in his argument concerning these.

Hypnotism and Suggestion and the Higher Phenomena of Mesmerism are concluding chapters in a book of exceptional practical interest and utility. All the teaching of Psycho-Therapy as contained in this work finds practical illustration in the typical cases submitted to the reader, cases that are well attested and prove the futility of ordinary drug methods, in the most conclusive manner. The photographic-reproductions of mesmeric procedures add considerable value to the book, which will doubtless be accepted as a standard and authoritative work upon a valuable but as yet little understood system of natural healing. SCRUTATOR.

SUPERSTITION AND COMMON SENSE. By "X." (Being an Unknown Quantity.) London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

OBVIOUSLY "X" is a thinker as well as an author, and the little book he presents us with is cleverly written, cleverly thought out, and makes most interesting reading. It is clear, concise, often satirical, sometimes merciless in its treatment of what the writer chooses to call "Superstition." But we do not feel that a religion of common sense, admirable as it may be from the rational point of view, would, in the main, be very satisfying to the mass of mankind, who cling pertinaciously to sentiment.

We are inclined to think that the author has adopted a somewhat flippant tone towards Psychical Phenomena and spirits in general, at the same time assuring us of his belief in the Immortality of the Soul. Is his attitude always quite logical? In Chapter X he disposes of the Power of Evil as a "want of energy." The laws given us by God are two, not ten; he says: "Be active and altruistic." It might occur to some of us that evil is not lacking in energy on occasions.

With really merciless analysis, very refreshing in these days, he lays bare the follies of Christian Scientists, tearing their inconsistent faith into ribbons by applying awkward questions like the "microbe war" that goes on in our own bodies, and the donkey and his collar gall. In fact, he raises many questions, to which they would be hard put to find an answer. For instance, if Prayer can heal disease, why should it not also bring business? And, if so, why trouble to work? Why not only pray?

The chapter on Reincarnation is well thought out, but is somehow not convincing. Inertia he considers the root of all evil and his appreciation of the Clergy of the Established Church is as great as his contempt for what he considers its illogical position. Socialism, he states, is "abhorred" by Nature and is in consequence speedily corrected. The fundamental difference between Christianity and Buddhism is the difference between unselfishness and selfishness. Christ is the Perfect Ideal, immaculately conceived or not.

The book is packed from end to end with original thought, and we can strongly recommend it as food for the brain, but can we equally recommend it as satisfying to the soul? We fear not. The world prefers its ideals.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.