

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

A COUPLE of months ago I made allusion to the death of Mr. James Allen, whose books and writings are familiar to so many of my readers. Since then the OCCULT REVIEW has suffered the loss of no less than four more well-wishers and friends. From America comes the news of the death of Dr. Isaac K. Funk, the President of the publishing firm of Funk & Wagnalls, and the author of several books dealing with problems of Psychical Research. Dr. Funk commenced dealing with these questions in his work *The Next Step in Evolution*, published in 1902, and followed this with *The Widow's Mite and Other Psychical Phenomena* in 1904, and *The Psychic Riddle* in 1907. These books were issued from his own publishing house, though they were, I understand, in the nature of a private enterprise on the part of the President, whose firm did not to any great extent specialize in this subject. Dr. Funk was as kind-hearted as he was shrewd, and I must acknowledge my own indebtedness to him for various small acts of kindness on the occasion of my visits to America. In this connection I may say that I think it was through my instrumentality that he met the late Mr. William T. Stead, whose untimely death on



board the *Titanic* has made the world of journalism, as well as the world of occult research, the poorer. It was through a mere chance that I first met Mr. Stead, with whom I had hitherto occasionally corresponded, at the *Auditorium Hotel*, Chicago. I ventured to introduce myself to the journalistic celebrity with whom so far I had only exchanged epistolatory greetings. As was usually the case, he had been not a little troubled by inter-

viewers of various kinds, and my name in the first instance seemed to convey no sort of idea to his brain. He evidently put me down as one more of the tribe of his tormentors. "Oh," he said, "I have met plenty of these Ralph Shirleys already." Certainly in this respect he was more fortunate than myself, and I did not attempt to conceal my amusement. He soon tumbled to my identity, and became at once genial and loquacious. As a matter of fact, his conversational powers were always in evidence, and when he was once well started it was a matter of difficulty to get a word in edgeways.

There are few who would attribute to Mr. Stead a sound judgment or a level head. He was too impulsive to form careful conclusions, and he was too full of enthusiasms to weigh adequately the merits of any particular cause. But of his generosity of heart there could be no question, and he added to this a breadth of outlook and a universality of interest in all things mundane and supermundane, which made him a most unique and engaging personality. Among English journalists he had no peer, with the possible exception of the Editor of *Truth*. His name will always be associated with three principal publications: the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Review of Reviews*, and *Borderland*. *Borderland* was started under the editorship of Miss Goodrich-Freer (now Mrs. Hans Spoer), but the venture was a premature one. At this time the interest in matters psychic had not reached the point at which it was possible to make a magazine on these lines a financial success, and *Borderland*, after a rather brief career, was first changed from a monthly to a quarterly review, and finally reluctantly discontinued.

It was as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Mr. Stead's name first became a household word. In the first instance, he assisted Mr. John Morley, now Lord Morley of Blackburn, as sub-editor, and afterwards took entire charge of the conduct of the paper. The influence of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the politics of those days was probably a greater one than that ever possessed by any other evening paper, and more than once by a zealous advocacy of political

WILLIAM  
T. STEAD.

THE "PALL  
MALL  
GAZETTE."

causes Mr. Stead practically dictated the action of the Government of the day. His zeal in connection with the rehabilitation of the British Navy will long be remembered to his credit, and it may safely be said that apart from his political campaign, nothing would have broken down the apathy and indifference to their country's safety of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone himself was notoriously averse to the Stead programme, but he bowed before the storm and took his cue in the end humbly enough from the all-powerful journalist.

The *Review of Reviews* was a venture of his own, started in conjunction with, and with the assistance of, the late Mr. George Newnes, and I think I am right in stating that this was from its commencement a financial success. Later on Mr. Stead's ardent and somewhat indiscreet advocacy of the Boer claims in the South African War, lost for his *Review*, at least for a time, much of its earlier support, but it has always filled a gap in British journalism, and I trust it may long survive its brilliant founder. To my own way of thinking, a paper of this kind should be entirely non-political, but one can hardly conceive Mr. Stead editing such a paper. He was too full of ardour and enthusiasm not to be a partisan, not to take up his own point of view, and urge it with all the eloquence and ingenuity at his command.

The association of Mr. Stead and Mr. Cecil Rhodes was one of the most important and striking episodes in his career, and until the crisis of the Boer War they were ever the fastest of friends.

STEAD AND  
CECIL  
RHODES. With their private friendship, indeed, I do not think that this event interfered, but it roused a distrust on Mr. Rhodes' part of his friend's judgment, and from this date the journalist ceased to appear as one

of the trustees in the great South African's munificent will. Unlike as they were in most ways; both Stead and Rhodes had the same breadth of outlook, the same fearlessness of obstacles, the same bold conceptions, and the same striking sense of dramatic effect. Stead said of Rhodes that he thought in Continents. So also did Stead in his own way (when he was not thinking in astral planes). That Stead made many mistakes in the course of his career, not even his most ardent admirers will dispute, but they were the faults of an enthusiastic temperament, and, after all, the world owes the success of all its great causes to the impulse of popular support evoked by such enthusiasts.

The third death to which I alluded in my opening paragraph is that of a valuable contributor to this journal, Mr. Alexander J. Grant, of Keith, N.B. As recently as last November I in-

serted some verses from his pen, verses which at least in the Editor's opinion are of singular beauty and originality, and on other occasions he has contributed articles dealing with the superstitions of the northernmost parts of the British Isles.

I cannot bring this long obituary notice to an end without some reference to one more friend who has met with an all too early death—Mr. Bram Stoker. It was two or three years ago that I first approached Mr. Stoker with a view to his writing an occult novel for my firm, and this finally led to the publication of the *Lair of the White Worm* in November last. The acquaintance then formed led to a suggestion for the republication of *Dracula*, Mr. Stoker's masterpiece, which was rapidly running out of print. In these days of cheap novels it was felt that a shilling net edition of this celebrated romance of vampirism, well printed on good paper, and bound in cloth, would be certain to meet with a wide welcome. It is a tragic coincidence that the

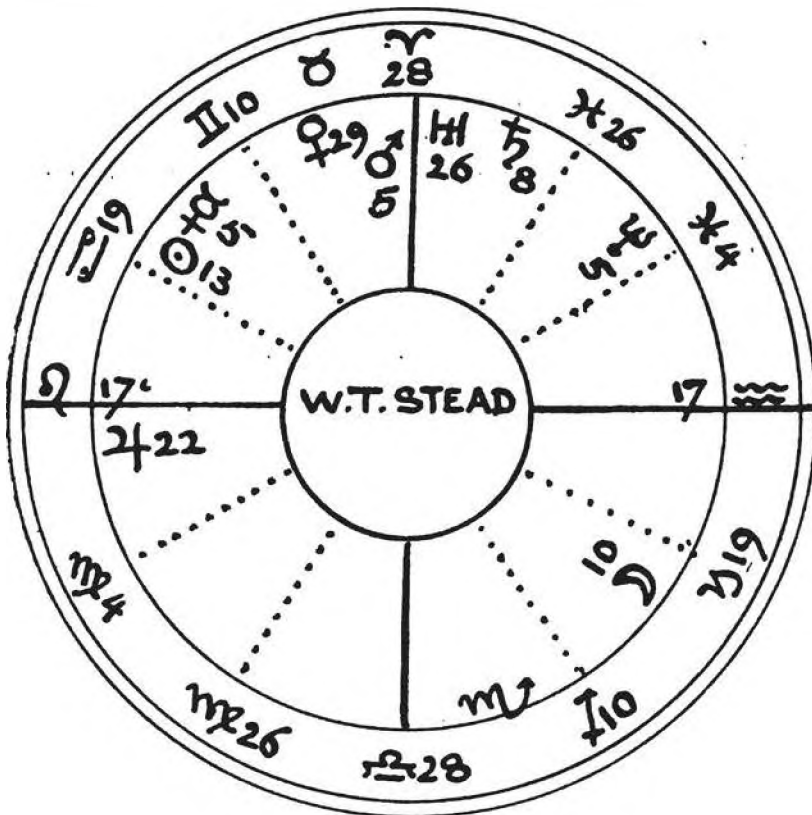
MR. BRAM  
STOKER.

reappearance of this work should coincide so closely with the decease of the author. It was on the very day that I heard of his death that I had contemplated writing him a letter and sending an advance copy of the book, expressing the hope that it would meet with his approval. It is only a few months ago that a short account of Mr. Stoker's career appeared in these columns, and it would be out of place to recapitulate here such biographical details. To my own way of thinking the characteristics that in especial distinguished the author of *Dracula* were a remarkable loyalty and attachment to his friends and a truly Irish warmth of character, which showed itself in his genial and unaffected bearing. He had absolutely no "side" and never stood upon ceremony; but in matters of business he was keen and somewhat punctilious, and always prided himself upon his legal acumen. He had been ailing for some considerable time, and his death, although sudden, was not altogether unexpected.

As is usually the case when great disasters occur, we have in the case of the *Titanic* various stories of those who were warned, or through some intuitive instinct of self-preservation declined to sail by the fated ship. In one case a wife persuaded her husband to abandon travelling by the *Titanic*,

WARNINGS  
OF DISASTER. owing to her aversion to sailing in boats starting on their maiden voyages. In another case an intending passenger was deterred from embarking on the *Titanic* and cancelled the passage which he had

booked, owing to a dream. This was Mr. J. C. Middleton, Vice-President of the Acron-Canton Railway of Ohio. According to his own statement, which is confirmed by Mr. J. H. Curling, the pigeon-shooting champion, and also by a Mr. Feddon, to whom Mr. Middleton told his dream, after booking a cabin in the *Titanic* on March 23, on which occasion he felt unaccountably depressed, he had a dream on the night of April 3, in which he saw the *Titanic* capsized in mid-ocean, and many passengers struggling in the water. The following night the dream was repeated. He



MR. W. T. STEAD'S HOROSCOPE.

then told his wife, and several of his friends, and finding that his business was not sufficiently urgent to necessitate his crossing at once, he decided to cancel his passage, as above stated. In yet another case a husband was haunted by forebodings with regard to his voyage. These were ridiculed by his wife, but before embarking he took the precaution to make special arrangements for the guardianship of his boys in case of a misadventure occurring. Mr. Stead himself had a warning from the astrologer, Mr. R. J. Penny, of Bristol, with whom he was on very friendly terms. Mr.

Stead acknowledged the letter on April 9, just as he was starting for America, observing, "I sincerely hope that none of the misfortunes which you seem to think will happen to myself or my wife will happen, but I will keep your letter and write you when I come back." That the astrologer's warning was not unjustified astrologically, those who have a knowledge of the science and like to peruse the subjoined rough figure of Mr. Stead's nativity, will readily perceive. Unfortunately, the exact time of his birth is not known, but it is certain that he was born in the early morning, and it will be obvious to all astrologers acquainted with the characteristics of the signs of the Zodiac that Leo was the ascending sign at his birth. I give the figure for his birth as shown in Mr. Barley's 1,001 *Nativities* approximately for 7 a.m.

In this connection I subjoin a letter which has been sent to me by Sepharial, the author of numerous books on Astrology and Occultism. He draws attention to the fact that the date at which the *Titanic* was launched at Belfast and also that at which she left Southampton, were singularly unpropitious.

DEAR SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn what portents attended the great catastrophe of April 14. I have not the horoscope of the launching of the *Titanic*, but the following significant data would appear to be continuous of the disastrous influences under which the leviathan must have been "keeled." At 9.20 a.m. of April 2 the *Titanic* set out from Belfast bound for Southampton. Preparations for her departure must, therefore, have been made during the eclipse of the Moon on the previous night.

THE TITANIC At the moment she slipped her moorings at Belfast, the sign  
AND Cancer was rising and the Moon, ruler of the horoscope,  
ASTROLOGY. was going to the quadrature of Neptune in that sign. At  
noon on April 10, when the vessel started on her maiden voyage with all her fated freight of human life aboard, the sign Leo was rising, and the Sun, ruler of the horoscope, was within a degree of Neptune's quadrature. The Moon at the same time was in quadrature to Mercury and going to the conjunction with Uranus. It is of the utmost significance that in both the above horoscopes the Ruler of the Ascendant was at the time applying to the sinister square aspect of Neptune, the traditional ruler of the Ocean, in the sign Cancer, the astrological index of the sea. Certainly no self-respecting astrologer would have advised or himself embarked upon a voyage under such configurations.

At the Vernal Equinox of March 20, 1912, at 11.29 p.m., Neptune was found in Cancer in the eighth House (the House of Death) in quadrature to the Moon. The Sun came to the square aspect of Neptune on April 11, and opposition Moon on April 15, so that I was able to make this significant prediction in the *Green Book* under the head of April, 1912: "During the course of the month some mysterious deaths will excite comment, and about the 13th submersions and deaths occur." The awful significance of what was foreshadowed did not strike me at the distant date from which I was writing, more than a year previously.

Mr. Stead's horoscope in this sad connection is equally significant



of disaster. A glance at the figure for this will show the Moon and Sun in opposition and both in quadrature to Saturn, who is elevated above them, which is in strict conformity with the aphorism of C. Ptolemy in the *Tetrabiblos*. Observe Neptune is here on the cusp of the eighth House in the watery sign Pisces, and Saturn in the ninth House associated with foreign lands and voyages! With the malefics in elevation the rising position of Jupiter is to some extent rendered ineffectual, but with so many planets in cardinal signs a considerable degree of prominence was a natural consequence. The science of cosmical symbolism deserves greater attention than it has yet been accorded.

Yours, etc.

SEPHARIAL.

Especial importance is attached from the astrological standpoint to the original date of launching of the vessel, which is held to correspond in its character to the figure erected for the birth of an infant. Mr. A. J. Pearce, the learned editor of *Zadkiel's Almanack*, has made a special study of the times of the launching of important vessels from an astrological point of view, and I have pleasure in inserting in the current issue the figure which he has drawn for the launching of the *Titanic*, together with some comments of his own on the planetary positions as indicated.

My readers will understand that it is impossible to play tricks with the positions of the planets, and those given by Mr. Pearce are in accordance with the records of the *Nautical Almanack*, which is the official Government publication dealing with the subject. There can be no doubt that the time chosen for launching was astrologically a singularly unpropitious one, as it will be observed that Mercury, which is Lord of the Descendant in the figure in question, is conjoined with Saturn in the ninth House—the House of long voyages. Other evil indications occur, notably the position of Mars in the ascendant and the serious affliction of the Moon.

The following account of a foretelling in which the *Titanic* was concerned is sent me by a correspondent who is somewhat mediumistic, but is not willing to be termed a spiritualist. Names are not given, and the writer desires to preserve his anonymity. Any genuine inquiry as to his bona-fides is welcomed, but being a busy man he has no time to waste upon letters of the resolutely sceptical. He writes as follows:—

On March 26 this year, I and a friend made a call upon Mr. H—— with a view to an informal chat upon occult matters and inquiry into some spiritualistic phenomena. Mr. H—— was unfortunately absent, but at the invitation of his wife we sat and waited for him, conversing meanwhile.

My friend and myself both remarked upon a peculiar sound as of high speed machinery, such as dynamos, and the like, and an intermittent

whistling. Mrs. H—, however, could hear nothing of this, and we discussed the possibility of its being due to the pressure of blood on the tympanum, and not in any way supernormal.

My attention was caught and held by a small photograph hanging at such an angle that I could discern no features or details. There appeared to be a kind of subdued light exhaled therefrom and playing round it, and a conversation took place, of which the following is as accurate a record as my memory will give.

Myself: "Is that a photograph of a lady?"

Mrs. H—: "Yes."

"Is she about 20 years old?"

"No, but the photograph was taken a few years ago, and she would have been about that age then. You know her, it is Mrs. K—."

"You have seen her to-day?"

"Yes."

"She is in some anxiety or trouble.?"

"No, not specially. But her husband is starting on a new voyage, and it may be that. She is always naturally anxious at such times."

"He has got a better job, hasn't he? with a step up and more money to it.?"

"Yes, he is going on this new liner the *Titanic*, and it is a step up for him."

(Be it noted I knew nothing of this, as I am not personally acquainted with Mr. K— nor had heard any details of his career.)

Then I became depressed and somewhat agitated, and could only say in explanation:—

"I don't like that ship. There's something wrong about it, I can't make out what, but there's something the matter with it. It doesn't seem very serious and seems to happen before it gets out of port, but I don't know. I don't think it's serious, Mr. K— will get back all right; I don't think you need worry. I don't like that ship. There's a hole right through the skin of it. I don't think it's serious, but there's a hole right through its skin."

This sufficiently summarizes all that took place, and the matter passed entirely from my mind until the disaster occurred.

Mr. H— then called to remark upon the striking circumstance, and said that he had been trying to get some information from the "other side" as to Mr. K—'s fate, and though without any definite statement upon the matter, it appeared there was no hope for him and he had perished with the rest. I was not satisfied, however, and said I could not believe that he was dead, and felt almost certain that he would be found among the saved. My intuition was justified, for his name eventually appeared among the list of survivors.

There are also a few slender threads connecting each of those present with the *Titanic*. Mrs. H—, as has already been hinted, is an intimate friend of Mrs. K—'s. My friend's brother, who is an engineer, did some part of the work upon the engines of the ship. My friend, however, knew nothing of this at the time. It may be well to add here that my friend had previously heard on one or two occasions sounds similar to those mentioned at the beginning of this account, but has not heard them since. For myself, my firm had executed a small order of printing for the *Titanic*, but the matter had made so little impression on me that after the accident

I had to assure myself that the ill-fated ship was indeed the one for which we did the work.

It is curious how on a variety of occasions incidents in real life have been discovered to have been embodied in a more or less accurate form in books already published. Attention was drawn not so very long ago to a *cause célèbre*, in which the incidents and

ACCIDENTAL the characters appeared to have been taken out of a  
 PREDIC- novel that had been published some years previously.  
 TIONS. I think I am right in stating that in two or three cases even the names approximately corresponded.

In the present instance we have a prediction of the disaster to the *Titanic* in an American novel entitled *Futility*, by Mr. Morgan Robertson. Curiously enough, here again we have a parallel in the name. The huge vessel in this novel was christened the *Titan*, and specially described as "unsinkable," and as being the largest craft afloat. She started across the Atlantic in April, and the story of her final catastrophe is told in the following words:—

"In five seconds the bow of the *Titan* began to lift, and ahead and on either hand could be seen through the fog a field of ice which arose in an incline to a hundred feet high in her track.

"There was a deafening noise of steel scraping and crashing over ice. . . . Forty-five thousand tons—deadweight—rushing through the fog at the rate of fifty feet a second had hurled itself at an iceberg.

"A low beach, possibly formed by the recent overturning of the berg, received the *Titan*, and with her keel cutting the ice like the steel runner of an ice boat and her great weight resting on the starboard bilge she rose out of the sea higher and higher—then—she heeled, overbalanced, and crashed down on her side to starboard."

With reference to an article which appears in the present issue entitled "Does Egyptian Magic Still Exist?" the copy for this was handed to me by Mr. James W. Sharpe, late Senior

EGYPTIAN Fellow of Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge, with  
 MAGIC. authority to quote his name in confirmation of its authenticity. He writes to me:—"Mrs. Jones is a very careful person in recording facts of her own observation, so that you can rely upon her statements as being very exact." He adds in another letter the following additional incident, which should, properly speaking, have been incorporated in the original article. The incident in question happened in the hotel where Mrs. Jones' boy's garments were moved about and disturbed by the unseen entity.

"She related it to me (he writes) when she was last in Bournemouth in October, 1910. She was engaged in tidying up her own room and the

boy's, the door between the two rooms being open and she being alone in her room, while the other room was empty. She happened to look up from what she was doing and saw one of her boy's garments which she had left lying about in his room sailing quietly through the air from his own room through the doorway into the room where she was standing. It deposited itself upon the floor before her eyes. She said that the garment moved quietly through the air, not in any way as if it had been projected from one room into the other."

At the special desire of the author, my firm have just published Monsieur Édouard Schuré's magnum opus, *The Great Initiates*, in two volumes, running to nearly 400 pages each. The price of the complete edition is 7s. 6d. net (the volumes are not sold separately). The earlier series, appearing in five volumes at prices varying from 1s. 6d. to 2s. net each, will still be on sale.

Another publication likely to prove of very general interest to students of palmistry and clairvoyance about to appear from the same publishing house, is *Cheiro's Memoirs*. These recollections of the celebrated palmist will be embellished with some twenty-two full-page illustrations and will include records of his personal interviews with many of the greatest celebrities of recent times, including the late King Edward VII, W. E. Gladstone, Charles Stewart Parnell, H. M. Stanley, Oscar Wilde, Joseph Chamberlain, W. T. Stead, etc., etc. It is a matter of some interest at the present moment that last summer Mr. Stead spoke to Cheiro of his fear of an accident by fire, to which that gentleman replied that the danger from which he had most to fear was not fire but water. Mr. Stead himself was quite without apprehension in this direction, though he always fancied he was destined to meet with some violent death.

I am asked to announce that Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S. (author of *Alchemy, Ancient and Modern*, etc.), whose new work *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit* has just been published by my firm, has engaged the Green Salon of Eustace Miles Restaurant, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, W.C., for Friday, May 10, for a public lecture on "Alchemy: its Spiritual Basis and Physical Development," to commence at 7.30 p.m. There will be no charge for admission to this lecture.

# THE HOROSCOPE OF THE "TITANIC"

By A. J. PEARCE

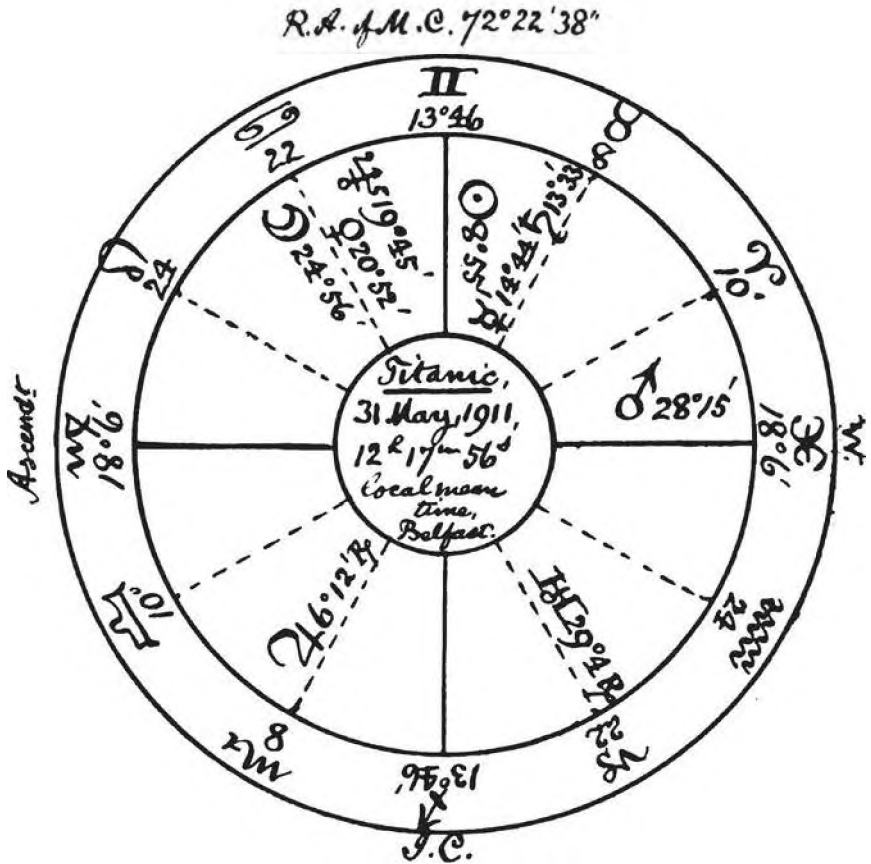
THE foundering of the world's greatest liner *Titanic*, at 2.20 a.m. of April 15, in lat.  $41^{\circ} 16'$  N. and long.  $50^{\circ} 14'$  W. of Greenwich, involving the loss of over fifteen hundred lives is the most appalling tragedy in the annals of the sea! This magnificent vessel—a floating palace—was considered and declared to be unsinkable, but her collision with an immense iceberg, which took place at about 10.25 p.m. of April 14, caused such dire damage to her that she foundered four hours afterwards.

The *Titanic* was launched at Belfast on May 31, 1911, at 12.15 (noon), I find by the newspaper reports. This was Dublin time, no doubt, and I have corrected it to 12 h. 17 m. 56 s. local mean time at Belfast. The figure of the heavens shows that at that moment of time, and at that place, the sign Gemini  $13^{\circ} 46'$  occupied the upper meridian, and Virgo  $18^{\circ} 6'$  was on the ascendant. Both these signs of the zodiac being Mercurial, the planet Mercury is chief ruler of the scheme, and the Sun and Mars are co-rulers. Mars is in the descendant in  $28^{\circ} 15'$  of the sign Pisces, and is in semi-quartile ( $45^{\circ}$  distance of longitude) with Mercury and Saturn in conjunction in the ninth house—that ruling sea-voyages. A more unfortunate time to launch a ship to carry thousands of passengers across the Atlantic Ocean, could hardly have been chosen. Alas! the neglect of astrology by ship-owners, ship-builders and directors of shipping companies, conduces to fearful and needless risks. Despite all the appeals made by R. J. Morrison, commander, R.N., from 1831 to 1874, and by the writer from 1861 to 1911, to the scientific world, and to ship-owners, etc., and despite the facts in evidence presented, by Morrison and myself, from time to time during the space of the last eighty years, *astrologia sana*, as Bacon termed it, is still despised as mere superstition, and its warnings and teachings are neglected.

I showed, in *Future*, July, 1893, that H.M.S. *Victoria*, which was accidentally rammed by the *Camperdown*, on June 22, 1893, causing her to reel over, to turn bottom upwards in a few minutes, and to sink in seventy fathoms of water, was launched at 3 h. 35 m. p.m. (G.M.T.) of April 9, 1887, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when Saturn was approaching the mid-heaven, and the Sun was



nearly in conjunction with Mars, and the Moon was in parallel declination with the ruddy planet—most significant portents of disaster! And I supported this lesson by referring to the fate of the steel screw steamship *Anglia*, which was launched at Glasgow at 2 h. 30 m. p.m. of October 9, 1888, when the Sun and Moon were afflicted, and Saturn was in the western angle. Many other fearful disasters to ships have been referred to, and



have been shown to have been clearly foreshadowed in the heavens as constituted at the moment of launching. The *Victoria* was spoken of as "that ill-fated vessel" even by opponents of astrology, who ought to have realized that if the ancient science were recognized and heeded there is no reason why any vessel should be so ill-fated as to be destroyed, in time of peace, with all the resources of naval science at command of her officers.

Many of those who reject astrology too often rush upon their

fate. To violate the laws of Nature by launching vessels when evil planets are supreme is to court disaster, and to run the risk of involving passengers and crews in such awful tragedies as those of the *Victoria* and the *Titanic*.

In my "*Text-book of Astrology*,"\* in 1889 and again in 1911, I gave some instructions as to electing favourable times for beginning the building of ships, and *launching* them. For example, in regard to passenger ships the instruction is to see that the planet Mercury be assisted by Jupiter or Venus and in the tenth house ; and that the Moon be assisted also by the same benefic planets, and free from affliction, as likewise the ascendant.

Inspection of the horoscope of the *Titanic* shows that Mercury is in the ninth house in conjunction with the evil Saturn and in semi-quartile with Mars, and has no assistance from either Jupiter or Venus—his application to sextile with the last-named wanting six degrees of completion. The descendant is seriously afflicted by the presence of Mars ; and the Moon has no assistance from Jupiter, and is four degrees *past* conjunction with Venus, and, moreover, her application is to Uranus by *opposition* aspect within four degrees !

How much longer shall prejudice be allowed to blind the scientists of the twentieth century to the great usefulness of *astrologia sana* ?

Well may Solomon have said, " The wise man foreseeth the evil and prepares (or 'hideth ') himself ; the simple pass on and are punished."

The very Government which supports the Meteorological Office for the purpose of saving as far as possible (by means of foreseeing storms) lives from shipwreck, ignores the vital importance of minimising such disasters by seeking the aid of an expert of long experience in astrological science, and insisting on his being first consulted by those who build and launch ships as to favourable times for such purposes.

\* Second edition, page 434 ; published by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London, and Mackie & Co., Warrington.

# A MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF SPIRIT

By W. G. O.

TO those who stand detached from the great scientific movement of our day it will be apparent that the whole drift of its progress is in the direction of a position already occupied by the Idealist and the Mystic. That which the Mystic apprehends concerning the laws of life the Occultist endeavours to realize in himself. The latter is concerned with the science of the imponderable, which in a word is Metaphysics, and with its practical application in the individual life. Prominent among the advanced section of scientific thinkers who seem to favour this higher application of scientific principles—an application that has regard to the spiritual needs of man in distinction from the industrial science which has regard to his physical needs—is Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, the author of this new mathematical theory of spirit. Mr. Redgrove, although still young, has already a distinguished career. In 1906 he was elected Fellow of the Chemical Society, gained Second Class Honours in Chemistry at the University of London, and took his degree of Bachelor of Science in 1907. In the following year he was appointed Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics at the Polytechnic, while recently he has been appointed Mathematical Master of the High School at Upper Tooting. His publications include a treatise *On the Calculation of Thermo-Chemical Constants* (Arnold, 1909), *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos* (Rider, 1910) and *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern* (Rider, 1911); besides numerous articles of a scientific and philosophical character in *The Chemical News*, *Knowledge*, *Morning Light* and *The New-Church Magazine*. These works are of a nature to justify us in regarding Mr. Redgrove as among the pioneers of the Higher Science. The term is privileged and somewhat ambiguous, but it may serve without prejudice to indicate the relations of modern science to the problems of the inner life.

The latest addition to Mr. Redgrove's works in every way adds to his credit as an exponent and teacher. Under a title

\* *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

that to the lay mind appears rather forbidding, the reader will discover a book of the most fascinating kind. It deals in the simplest and clearest manner with one of the most abstruse problems of human thought—the relations of the material and spiritual worlds, the world of thought and feeling and that of appearances and things. In the first portion of his work the author is concerned with an exposition and partial restatement of the Doctrine



MR. H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc., F.C.S.

of Correspondences. Mr. Redgrove finds in this doctrine "an organon of thought whereby we may mentally pass from the realm of matter to that of spirit." The popular conception of Spirit as "the ghost of matter," and of matter as concreted Spirit, is corrected by the use of Swedenborg's postulate of "discrete degrees." By the spiritual we understand the mental, the psychical and the ideal. These are causative and yet not continuous

with the physical. The materialist conception of the brain as a gland secreting consciousness as the liver secretes bile, is promptly knocked on the head by the fact that "our knowledge of matter and motion is necessarily ideal." The Rosicrucian concept, following that of the Kabalist and Neo-platonist, of man as Microcosm is cited with approval, and the Universe as Symbol is equally regarded as valid. The need of an adequate language or notation by which metaphysical truths may be stated and problems thought out, gives the author his motif for the second part of this work. "There is no language so explicit, no language so univocal, no language so terse and yet so full of meaning, as the language of mathematics." It is to mathematics, therefore, that Mr. Redgrove appeals, and that most successfully, for an expression of a science of Spirit. It is perhaps difficult to atone the author's criticism of the Pythagorean theory of the Cosmos and his admission on the same page that "the whole material world is the embodiment of number," in support of which Ennemoser is quoted as saying that "through the wonderful progress of modern chemistry, the old axiom that determined numerical conditions govern the material world has gained an unexpected significance." Ennemoser wrote in 1843 and Mr. Redgrove adds: "More recent researches in the domains of Chemistry and Physics fully confirm the validity of this argument." And inasmuch as "no knowledge is worthy of being called scientific until it is expressed in mathematical language," the author's appeal to numerical ratios to establish an organon of thought between matter and spirit, may be regarded as most felicitous, since by such means alone is the task at all possible. That, in fact, is why it has been universally employed by the Kabalists. The working out of the scheme in this instance is admirable and the whole work is of that useful, constructive character which is the true mark of genuine authorship.



# THE DERVISHES : THEIR CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS

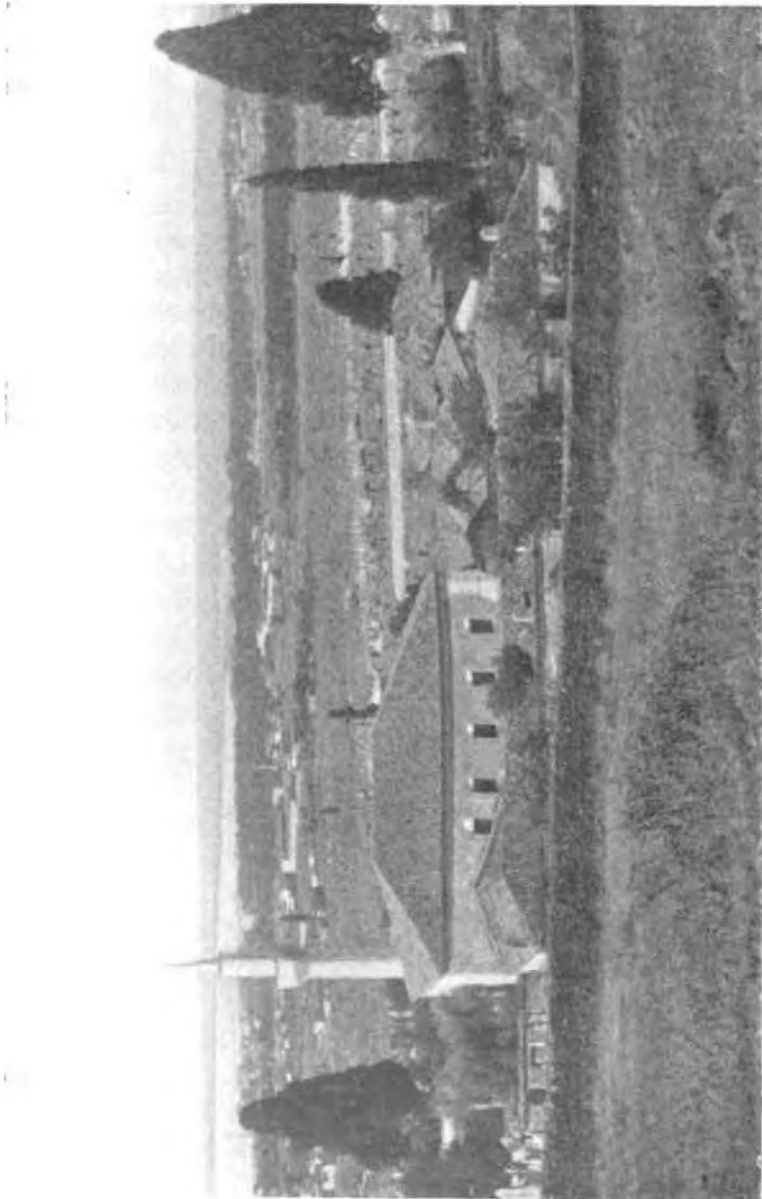
By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

SÚFÍISM, the professed religion of the Dervishes, may be briefly defined as Islamic Mysticism. Its birthplace was Persia, but the question as to the nature of its origin is one by no means easy to solve. There is much in the teachings of Sufism that seems opposed to the spirit of Muhammadism—its universal tolerance, its pantheistic conception of God, its disregard of mere forms and ceremonies, stand in strong contrast to the orthodox teachings of Islam. It has, therefore, been suggested that in Sufism we have the reaction of the spirit of an Aryan race against the formalism of a Semitic religion forced upon it from without. On the other hand, it is maintained by Sufi writers that their teachings are in accordance with the true spirit of the Kur'an, and are, indeed, the true esoteric doctrines of the Prophet. Probably there is an element of truth in both of these theories. The possible influence of Neoplatonism, which Sufism closely resembles in certain respects must also be taken into account.

In the beautiful writings of the early Sufi poets, such as Faridu 'd-Din 'Attar (A.D. 1119-1229), Sa'di (A.D. 1184-1291), Jalalu 'd-Din Rumi (A.D. 1207-1273) and Jami (A.D. 1414-1492), is to be found the highest and noblest presentation of Sufi philosophy and ethics. The central doctrine of Sufism is that of the immanence of God, both in Nature and in the heart and mind of man. Unfortunately its tendency has been to over-emphasize this fact until the necessary distinction between God and the individual is lost sight of. Thus an early Sufi, Huseyn ibn Mausur, known as Hallaj (tenth century A.D.), went so far as to declare "I am the Truth"—that is "I am God"—during a condition of religious ecstasy. For this he was tortured to death by the orthodox followers of the Prophet.

To the Sufi poets, God is Absolute Beauty, the One Only Beloved; and this idea permeates their writings. These are, as might be expected, highly allegorical in form, making large use of sensuous images to give expression to spiritual aspirations and ideas. To the Sufi poets, human love is the symbol of that

love which is divine, and in all things beautiful of this earth they behold only the reflection of the divine beauty. "The Absolute Beauty," writes Jámí, "is the Divine Majesty endued with power



MEVLEVI TEKKEH, AT SALONICA. (Fig. 1.)  
 (From "Mysticism and Magic in Turkey," by L. M. J. Garnett. Published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

and bounty. Every beauty and perfection manifested in the theatre of the various grades of beings is a ray of His perfect beauty reflected therein. It is from these rays that exalted souls have received their impress of beauty and their quality of per-

fection."\* To become one with the Divine Beloved is the sole aim of the true Šúfí, and in comparison with this end he values all else as worthless. "Look not in the world for bliss and fortune," writes Jalálu 'd-Dín Rúmí, "since thou wilt not find them; seek bliss in both worlds by serving Him."†

It must be confessed, however, that, speaking generally, Šúfiism, as represented by the various orders of Dervishes in



MEVLEVÍ NEOPHYTE LEARNING THE DEVR. (Fig. 2.)

(From "Mysticism and Magic in Turkey," by L. M. J. Garnett. Published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

modern times, has considerably declined from these ancient ideals. As Prof. E. G. Browne remarks, "Many perfect Šúfís are to be found amongst the Dervishes, but too often the dervish dress is

\* From the *Lawá'ih*. See F. H. Davis, *The Persian Mystics*, vol. ii., *Jámi* (1908), p. 57.

† From the *Diwáni Shamsi Tabriz*. See F. H. Davis, *The Persian Mystics*, vol. i., *Jalálu 'd-Dín Rúmí* (1907), pp. 60 and 61.

but a new kind of formalism, even when it be not (as it sometimes is) a cloak for idleness, antinomianism and even libertinism."\*

There are in existence at the present time a very large number of different Dervish orders, of which, perhaps, the Mevlevís (founded by Jalálu 'd-Dín Rúmí) and the Rufá'ís (founded by Seyyíd Achmet Rufá in the twelfth century A.D.) are the most important.† Their monasteries or *Tekkchs* are very numerous. That of the Mevleví Order at Salonica is shown in the illustration (Fig. 1). The central building is known as the "Hall of



THE DEVR OF THE MEVLEÍ ORDER. (Fig. 3.)

(From "Mysticism and Magic in Turkey," by L. M. J. Garnett. Published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

\* "Súfiism," by Prof. E. G. Browne, *Religious Systems of the World* (1905), p. 324.

† For our information concerning the Dervishes in modern times and for the illustrations appearing in this article we are indebted to *Mysticism and Magic in Turkey: an Account of the Religious Doctrines, Monastic Organization, and Ecstatic Powers of the Dervish Orders*, by Lucy M. J. Garnett; cr. 8vo, pp. x + 202 + 12 plates (London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 1, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 6s. net), a very interesting volume by a lady thoroughly well acquainted with all matters concerning modern Turkey. To this work we can confidently recommend readers who may require further information on the subject in question.

Celestial Sounds," and it is here that the Dervishes meet for public worship and the performance of their religious dancing. Its interior is marked by extreme simplicity.

A new member is only admitted to a Dervish Order after a fairly long probationary period (nearly three years in the case of



A RÛFAI, OR "HOWLING" DERVISH. (Fig. 4.)  
 (From, "*Mysticism and Magic in Turkey*," by L. M. J. Garnett. Published by  
 Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.)

the Mevlevis). This period is divided into seven stages, through which the neophyte is advanced in accordance with the dreams and visions he experiences. During his probationary period he is obliged to act as a servant to the other inmates of the *Tekkeh*, whose precincts he is not generally allowed to leave until he becomes a full member of the Order. His religious exercises con-



sist in repetitions of the attributes of God, prayer and fasting. In the case of certain Orders he has also to become proficient in their religious dancing (Fig. 2). Meanwhile, he is instructed in the philosophy and ethics of Šúfiism. He is finally received by the Sheykh (or principal of the *Tekkeh*) and made a full member, each Order having its own ceremony of initiation. The vow of celibacy is not obligatory, and is not, as a matter of fact, very frequently taken. The married dervishes live with their wives, only sleeping at their *Tekkeh* on certain occasions.

The mode of worship of some of the Orders of Dervishes is of a purely contemplative nature, and the devotions of such are private. But in the case of certain other orders, dancing plays an essential part in their religious services, and the public are admitted to witness such performances. The dance or *devr* of the Mevlevís (Fig. 3) consists of rapid gyrations continued for about ten or fifteen minutes and generally twice repeated. The younger dervishes are frequently able to perform these gyrations with considerable rapidity; in spite of this they are said to show no signs of fatigue or giddiness.

The performances of the Rufá'ís or "Howling Dervishes" are even more remarkable. These dervishes, after having worked themselves to a sufficient pitch of religious frenzy by violent agitations of the body and shoutings of *Allah! Allah!* and *Yá Hoo!* ("O Him!"), mutilate themselves with red-hot irons, cagerly plunging them into their flesh or placing them in their mouths. After the performance, their wounds are anointed with the spittle of their Sheykh, and according to Muhammadan witnesses, no trace of any wound or burn remains after twenty-four hours. This testimony may not be altogether erroneous; since it does seem to be a fact—extraordinary and well-nigh inexplicable—that in certain conditions of the mind the body is capable of withstanding the effects of fire. The chapter on Fire-walking in Mr. Andrew Lang's *Magic and Religion* (1901) contains a good deal of valuable information bearing on this matter.

As might be expected, the dervish Sheykhhs whilst alive, and their tombs when dead, are credited with all sorts of magical powers by the more superstitious Muslims. Probably some of the Skeykhs have a practical knowledge of certain of the arcane forces of the mind which modern science is only just beginning to study under the names of hypnotism, telepathy, etc., but undoubtedly most of the marvellous stories related of them have been gradually evolved from the imaginations of successive re-lators.

The following may, perhaps, be regarded as a case of telepathy. The celebrated Sheykh Seyyid Burhá-nu 'd-Dín, had in his younger days been a pupil of Bahaú 'd-Dín Veleđ, the father of Jalálu 'd-Dín Rúmí. On one occasion during a lecture, he suddenly stopped and with tears exclaimed "Alas! my master has passed away from this Tabernacle of Dust to the Abode of Sincerity!" The time of this utterance was noted down, and found, afterwards, to tally exactly with that of the death of Bahaú 'd-Dín Veleđ, which had occurred in another town.

The story related by Bahaú 'd-Dín of himself and his spiritual master Sheykh Sa'ed ed Dín of Kashgar, if true, is certainly a remarkable case of will power. It is to the effect that these two Şúfis, seeing a couple of men wrestling, decided to aid by their wills first one and then the other. The one they aided invariably proved the victor for the time being.

We will conclude our remarks with the following amusing legend, comment on which is needless. A certain dervish set out on a pilgrimage riding a donkey given to him by his Sheykh. The donkey died. The dervish having buried it, announced that the grave was that of a pious companion. Charitable passers-by soon gave him sufficient money to erect a *turbek* or tomb over the grave, of which he made himself guardian. In time, the *turbek* became a noted place of pilgrimage, and many miracles of healing were performed there. The old Sheykh, hearing of its fame, paid it a visit, and recognized his erstwhile disciple. The latter, upon questioning, confessed that it was only the donkey that was buried beneath the *turbek*. As the old Sheykh did not appear to be much disconcerted by this confession, the disciple asked who was buried under his master's *turbek*: it was the parent of his own ass!

## DOES EGYPTIAN MAGIC STILL EXIST?\*

MRS. FRANK CURREN JONES.

I THINK an account of an experience my husband, myself and my little boy had in the autumn of 1909 in an hotel in Egypt may be of interest. For obvious reasons I shall not mention the name of the hotel. I shall merely say it is not the one from which I am writing. My husband's and my room opened into our little boy's room; this was the only exit we had. The door of our boy's room opened into a long passage; two of his windows and one of ours opened on to a flat roof. At night we securely fastened the outside shutters, so that they could only be opened with some difficulty from the inside; the passage door was locked, but the windows, and the door between the bedrooms, were always left wide open.

One morning, after we had been in the hotel about ten days, one of the pair of socks my husband had taken off the evening before, and had placed on the back of a cushioned chair, was missing. We all hunted all over the room, but the sock could not be found. The following morning exactly the same thing occurred,—one sock was missing from the same place. As this also could not be found by us, we had the room thoroughly swept and searched; but neither the Arab nor the German chamber-maid could find either of the missing socks. The following morning, one sock of another pair, placed in the same position, was missing. After much hunting by ourselves and the chamber-maid, the socks which had disappeared on the previous three nights were found; the one which had disappeared on the second night was found on the roof some distance away, and those which had disappeared on the first and third nights were found woven in and out of the webbing under the seat of the cushioned chair, on the back of which they had been placed.

The next night we *pinned* the socks on the back of the chair with steel pins about four inches in length, with large heads. We watched that night, but, unfortunately, could see nothing, as the electric light was always turned off before midnight. However,

\* The first part of this record was published as a letter in the *Selborne Magazine and Nature Notes* of January, 1910.

about 3.30 a.m. my boy and I heard a slight rustling sound. We immediately jumped up and felt for the socks, which were both there. At dawn both had disappeared. One pin was lying on the floor by the chair, while the other pin was stuck upright in the top of the chair but bent in the middle, so that the one half was at right angles to the other half. The ashes from my husband's pipe on the dressing-table were upset, so also was a glass for eye-lotion. Nothing could be found.

The next night flour was sprinkled outside, on the flat roof, so that it would be marked by the footsteps of any animal that should pass; and the head-waiter also kept watch. The following morning no socks were taken, my husband having put them away; but the ashes from one of his pipes were scattered over the dressing-table; another pipe and a silver pencil case, which also had been left on the dressing-table, had disappeared, as also the silver top of one of my dressing-bag bottles. The curious part about this latter disappearance was that the top had been picked off without the bottle being moved. This could plainly be seen; because the pipe ashes were sprinkled all about; but, on lifting the bottle, a completely clean round spot was disclosed. There were no footmarks on the flour, nor did the head-waiter see anything. After much hunting, the pencil case was found on the floor in our boy's room; my silver top was found under his dressing-table; one of the missing socks of the day before was found on the top of his wardrobe, under a bolster which had been there for some days; and the other missing sock was found some distance away on the flat roof; but the curious part was that, in spite of the wrench which the sock must have had, which the sharp bend in the pin made clearly evident, there was no hole in either sock. The pipe was not found till the afternoon, when our little boy found it on the iron laths of his bedstead, under the spring mattress of the bed. It was most carefully placed, exactly balanced so that it should not fall,—with the bowl where the laths crossed, and the stem of the pipe along one of the laths.

The following night we shut the door between the two rooms, and also one of the three windows opening on to the roof. We left the pipe under the bed where it was found, in order to see what would happen. The next morning the pipe was found on the dressing-table, with the bowl propped up between two brushes, and the stem standing up against the mirror. In all we had seven visitations; and then they stopped as suddenly and unaccountably as they had begun. I must not omit to mention that we had a rat trap set in our rooms every night after the first two; and

every morning it was down, but empty, and the cheese was untouched. We none of us walk in our sleep; there were no rats about; and, even if there had been, no animal could, we think, have passed through the closed and tightly fastened outside shutters; for the pieces of wood were so exceptionally close, that a bee stuck one day when it tried to pass through. No hole was found anywhere in the room, and we blocked up the crack under the door opening into the passage. Of course the Arabs declared the devil was about. No one to whom we have told the story, or who had anything to do with it, can offer any satisfactory explanation. We know positively that none of ourselves did it in sleep; but even this would not explain how the socks found their way to the roof without footprints on the flour outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

[After the above was written, further strange events occurred, which Mrs. Jones chronicles as follows:—]

We have had further experiences, which are so astounding that we feel we should like them to be known, especially as friends out here, witnesses to some of the curious things that have happened, have urged us to report them.

Exactly seven weeks and two days after "Pixie," as we named our mysterious visitor, had apparently finished playing tricks with our things, at another hotel it began its tricks again by taking one of my husband's socks during the night. During the eight nights it visited us on this occasion, the pipe was taken two or three times, and was once found on the top of the mosquito netting in the next room, and another time inside an umbrella which was standing in a corner. One night our boy's collar and handkerchief, my husband's pipe and a pen-wiper, disappeared. We had put flour down in the room the evening before. In the morning, after much hunting, the handkerchief was found in the springs under an arm-chair, the collar on the top of the mosquito netting of one of the beds, the pen-wiper upon the laths under the spring mattress of a bed, and the pipe, as I have already mentioned, on the top of the mosquito netting in the next room. As always, the shutters and doors were locked, except the door between our little boy's room and ours. Much flour was sprinkled on the floor between the two rooms; but in the morning there was no mark upon it except a trail, which, on examination, we found could only have been made by the dragging of the pipe across it from one room to the other. On each side of this trail,



and at the end of it, there was a little wall of flour made by the pipe. The little wall at the end could, we think, have been caused only by the sudden lifting up of the pipe from the floor ; for there was no smudge at the end of the flour. Curiously enough, there was no mark on the flour by the dressing-table, as there would have been had the pipe fallen from it. It was on this occasion that the pipe was found on the top of the mosquito netting, in the room next to that in which it had been left the night before. Several visitors to the hotel, to whom we had told our experiences, saw the trail, and felt as much puzzled as we did ourselves.

In order to prove that our little boy did not do these things in his sleep, the following night—after he was asleep—so that he should have no knowledge of what we were doing—we placed chairs round his bed in such a manner that he would not be able to get out of bed without our hearing him, or without his disturbing the chairs. In the morning, the chairs were undisturbed, but my husband's pipe had again disappeared, as also one stocking belonging to our little boy. The following night my husband was locked into our little boy's room, and the key of the door between the rooms was taken, and we hid our stockings. Our little boy rolled his up together, and put them in the pocket of his ulster in his own room. In the morning one of these stockings had come through the locked door, and was on the top of the wardrobe in the room in which my boy and I slept. We found that the stocking could be dragged under the door between the rooms ; but the mystery is,—what had dragged it through and put it, or thrown it, on the wardrobe ?

Another curious point is that the stockings were rolled up together, and yet only one was taken, and this without the other being pulled out of the ulster pocket. The following night two pocket books and a pen-wiper, taken from the table, were hidden behind the mirror which was fastened to the wall. It was with great difficulty, and only with the help of a stick, that one pocket book and the pen-wiper were recovered. The Arab and the *femme-de-chambre* promised to unfasten the mirror during the day, as only in this way could the other book be reached. We were going to pack next day, so I was anxious to get it back at once. We had up to this time found all the things, except one stocking, which had been missing six days, and the pocket book. On going to bed, I was vexed to find that the servants had not troubled to get the pocket book, as taking down the mirror was troublesome, but they had hunted well for the missing stocking—even searching up the chimney. The next morning, when we awoke, the

stocking was lying over the back of a chair and the missing pocket book was on the table! Our doors and shutters had been locked all night, as usual. We were glad to leave the hotel and to move further into Egypt, thinking we should escape at last from "Pixie."

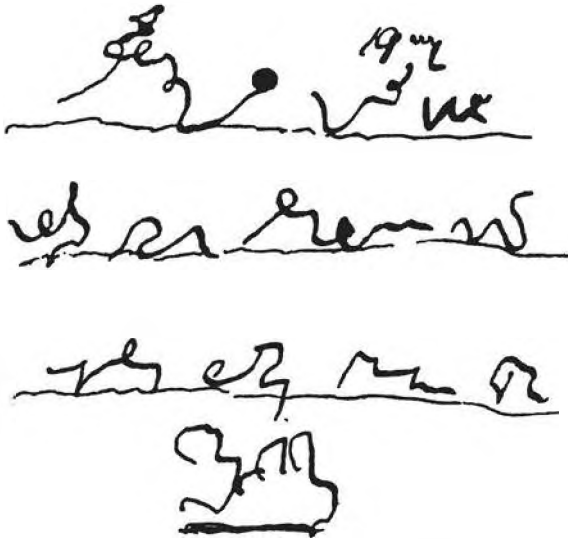
We only stayed about ten days at the next hotel, and for a week had peace. Then one morning, when my husband woke, he exclaimed, "Why, there is that cardboard box, which you put to be thrown away, on the top of my mosquito netting! Pixie must have been here again!" But I would not believe this, and said that the Arab must have carelessly thrown it there, and that we had not noticed it the night before. However, the next night,—I fancy because I was an unbeliever this time—for the first time two stockings of mine were taken, one from each of two pairs I had in different parts of the room. We eventually found them on the top of the wardrobe.

At the next hotel, where we stayed ten days, further up the Nile, we had only one visitation from "Pixie," when the cork sole was taken out of one of my husband's boots; it was eventually found behind a cupboard. We then came to this hotel from which I am writing, when such extraordinary things happened that I think perhaps I had better mention them in detail. On the second morning after our arrival, we found "Pixie" had taken the cork sole from my husband's boot again (it was found behind the chest of drawers), and one of our boy's stockings, which was found tightly twisted round and round the piece of wood which supports, underneath, the top of the round table in his room. After lunch that day my husband and boy went out, while I rested a little. About twenty minutes later, I, on going to join them, passed through our boy's room, and found his coat in a bunch on the floor by the window, his waistcoat on the top of his mosquito netting, and his knickers hanging from a nail on the wall behind the head of his bed, with the legs stretched out over the rail. Two pairs of shoes, stockings, and a boot-bag with boots in it, were strewn about in various parts of the room. I was much annoyed at my boy's untidiness, as I thought it, and decided that he must tidy up when he came in. They returned, and were as flabbergasted at the condition of the room as I had been.

The following morning both stockings, which our boy had hidden in a drawer, had been taken out; one was found under the dressing table, and had to be got out with a stick, and the other had been neatly folded, and was hidden in the lining of my husband's

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white helmet. But, strangest of all, on the table a piece of paper, which was clean the night before, had several lines of writing on it, which we cannot decipher. It may be merely scribble, or it may be in some Eastern language. One dragoman, to whom it was shown, said it was a quotation from the "Book of the Dead"; but we doubt if he could read it, or knew anything about it. He said the lines were "Twelve hours of the day, and twelve hours of the night, is the passage of the soul to the other world." I enclose a tracing of the scribble. Even if it is only scribble, how did it get on the paper? There is a distinct small bird at the beginning, which is frequently seen on the tombs and temples out here.



A TRACING OF THE WRITING FOUND ON THE TABLE. IT WAS WRITTEN IN PENCIL. THE NUMBER 19 WAS THE ONLY WRITING ON THE PAPER BEFORE THE MYSTERIOUS SCRIBBLE APPEARED.

The afternoon of that day brought "Pixie" again. Our boy's heavy dressing-gown was thrown on the top of his mosquito netting, and his best jacket and two pairs of shoes were strewn about the room. While we were dressing for dinner that night, and were all at the dressing-tables, suddenly our boy's knickers, of their own accord, came from the chair on which they had been placed, flew across the whole width of his room, and fell on the floor inside our room. Up to this time our little boy had been very brave, but he owned he was now "terrified." We went down and had a quiet talk with the manager, and began by asking him if our rooms were "haunted." We then told him our story,

at which he was amazed, as was natural. He was much interested, and wanted us to let him know if anything further happened. That evening, when our little boy came to bed, and his father was with him, his waistcoat flew from the same chair right to the middle of our room, just as his knickers had done before dinner.

The following morning we found that nothing had been hidden during the night, but our boy's coat had been thrown down by the window, and his waistcoat by the door. Before dressing for dinner, while I was busily writing in our room, I began to feel so "uncanny" that I thought I would go downstairs for a few minutes. Before leaving the rooms I saw that everything was in its right place. On our returning to dress for dinner a few minutes later, we found our boy's jacket thrown on the top of his bed—on the top of the mosquito netting—his coat was thrown in a bunch on the floor in one place and his waistcoat in another. In the other room, my husband's pyjamas had been taken from under the two pillows on his bed, where they had been placed in the morning, and one part was thrown across the room on to a table by my bed, and the other part was lying on the floor by the writing-table at which I had been sitting only a few minutes before. We told the manager, who came up and was as much at a loss to understand the matter as we had been. My husband remarked, "What does it mean? All this can't be for nothing." A thought then suddenly flashed through my mind, and I said, "Perhaps some poor wandering, restless soul needs our prayers, and has been trying to attract our attention in this way; as possibly it may have had no other means of doing so." From that moment there has been absolutely no disturbance of any sort, and the last time it visited us is now some weeks ago.

I have written this account, stating facts only, as we are most anxious to hear what others may have to say. We are not Spiritualists, and have never had any such experiences in our lives before.

I may add that, when we were at an hotel in which we had the smallest visitation and trouble, one of us accidentally overheard one gentleman visitor say to another that he had had "another curious experience." He then said that in the morning after he had been called, the heavy armchair in his room had moved of its own accord two or three feet across his room. We left the hotel and had no opportunity of making this visitor's acquaintance. There have also been accounts of one or two curious things of a somewhat similar sort in one of the Egyptian papers lately.

# THE SCIENCE OF SUGGESTION

By SCRUTATOR

THE ascendancy of mind over matter is in no sphere of activity more thoroughly recognized and made use of than in medical practice. The concept of mind as a by-product of organic matter is obsolete. We are going back to the position defined by Gall and Spurzheim, who held that "mind forms matter while matter conditions mind." To-day our science of healing studies mind as a thing distinct in nature if not to be apprehended apart from the brain. The mind is credited with the power, not only of functioning through the cerebrum by perception, comparison, memory and reason, but also of exercising a volitional faculty throughout the entire nervous structure. This implies a recognition of the fact that all the ordinary vitative and involuntary nervous functions are capable of being dominated by the will and imagination, and thus of being brought under the sway of the voluntary arc of nervation, although they have long since passed from the domain of the purposive into the automatic order of functions.

The recognition of this fact is a most important step in the direction of establishing a true system of psychotherapy and a pure mental science. The idea that the whole of the system can be beneficially affected by reinforcing the mind lies at the root of two distinct kinds of mental therapeutics—distinct in operation and method but identical in theory. The one system depends on auto-suggestion, the other upon hypnotic suggestion. The science of psycho-therapeutics embraces both these systems. Already a large body of literature has been published in support of the new art of healing. Imperceptibly, and without common recognition of the fact, we are getting back to the methods of the thaumaturgists.

A very capable volume of practical instruction in the science of Suggestive Therapeutics, Applied Hypnotism, and Psychic Science, has been recently published \* in a form that is likely to appeal to the up-to-date practitioner. However fully one may be assured of the healing power of the mind acting by suggestion,

\* *Handbook of Suggestive Therapeutics.* By Henry S. Munro, M.D. London: Geo. Keener & Co., 16A, Red Lion Square, W.C. Price 18s. net.

the method of bringing that belief into practical effect is not the business of every bungling experimentalist. The practice involves a thorough understanding of the principles of psychology as modernly understood, an intimate knowledge of physiology, apt diagnosis, and special experience in those complex types of nervous derangement to which modern civilization so largely contributes. The personal factor, moreover, is by no means negligible. Indeed, in the hypnotic form of suggestion it may be regarded as paramount. It is this form of treatment that is found to be particularly suited to patients whose will-to-be has been weakened by the use of drugs, narcotics, alcohol, etc., or undermined by long and unsuccessful struggle with insidious disease. Auto-suggestion, on the other hand, while appealing to the same occult source of aid, implies the capacity successfully to apply the will-power to the purpose in view. Neither method, however, attempts an explanation of the means by which a cure is to be effected, nor does it entail a knowledge of the forces at work. Suggestion, whether self-applied or hypnotically imposed, is nothing more than the expression of a need, an affirmation of one's will-to-be.

The admission of these methods into the domain of scientific therapeutics is all in favour of the occult standpoint. It is a recognition of the fact that there are psychic powers latent in man which when explored, understood and scientifically directed, are capable of effecting cures which hitherto have been regarded as impossible without recourse to drugs or the scalpel. The son of man is coming into his kingdom ! Formerly man was looked upon as an animal possessed of a soul. He is now acknowledged to be a soul in possession of a body. But exactly what that soul is, and what the extent of its powers both in itself and as regards its physical vesture, not even the practised psycho-therapist can say with any certainty. The occultists have defined the nature and functions of the soul so far as their experimental psychology has revealed them, but it is that faculty of infinite becoming, both individual and racial, that baffles the most astute and patient experimentalist. We have here the case of one who cured himself of blindness by auto-suggestion, of another whose hearing was restored by the same means ; of diseases, regarded as incurable by medical practitioners, yielding spontaneously to the suggestion of a lay mind. These are the commonplaces of this new age of miracles, and they are the works of unorthodox science, of simple faith, of occult practice. The hidden powers of the soul are an unsuspected quantity until the will-to-be de-

mands their manifestation. There is then no call upon extraneous power to aid, but a conviction—a sub-conscious affirmation—of one's own power to do, and the miracle is performed!

In the final estimate of the causes of ill-health and disease, of functional and morbid disorder, it will probably be conceded that they are of an immaterial nature and that the only disease is that of the mind. The presence of the tubercle bacillus in the system is not of itself adequate cause for the development of the morbid disease of tuberculosis. That which invests the bacillus with the power of establishing itself in the system is the inability on the part of the patient to resist the attack of the microbe, the lack of healthy co-ordination of the functions, the low vitality of the blood, effects entirely due to psycho-mental conditions that have become established. In the last equation it will be found that Swedenborg's theory of the psychic origin of disease is nearer the truth, if not a perfect expression, than the later theory of germ-origin; and probably no more cogent argument in support of the psychological theory can be found than the simple fact that both functional disorders and organic diseases have been found to yield to an altered psycho-mental atmosphere in the patient. The occult dogma, "Be it so according to thy faith," is a pronouncement as old as the first principles of the true Christian religion. It is also the latest and most successful enunciation of medical science. If it be true that "every psychical disturbance is organic" it is yet truer, because more in agreement with causation, to affirm that every organic disturbance is psychical. The case cannot be better defined than is done by Dr. Morse.

"We have, as a profession, too long neglected the higher evolutionary factors of human personality. Man is a being with intelligence, desires, aspirations, memory, will, reason, perception and judgment; these psychic qualities cannot be found with the microscope, or the test tube, or the dissecting knife, but they function in perfect correlations with the brain cell elements, constituting the dynamics of the human organism, and their employment in therapeutics constitutes the most potent curative agent at our command."

The stimulation of faith, hope, will and their allied activities in the brain, together with their sympathetic concomitants in the lower centres of the system, may be effected by the power of associated ideas linked to memories of the past which have contributed to health, efficiency and success, but which have fallen into latency and become submerged. Resistance to the ravages of time is naturally suggested by the retrospection common to

the mature mind. To think oneself back into the heyday of youth is to reawaken the varied emotions of the soul associated with that phase of our career and to a large extent to quicken the pulses and induce that feeling of expansion, hope, ambition and physical well-being which contributes so largely to the will-to-be. The fact that these feelings may be induced under hypnosis where the normal waking consciousness of the patient is not employed, that there is an automatism of the mind capable of responding to the suggestions of a dominating, vital, but extraneous will, is one of those mysteries of the human soul that neither bacteriologist nor surgeon has successfully grappled with.

This statement involves two positions, one being that hypnotic suggestion is effective in the reform of mental and physical habits, the second being the fact that the interior process by which hypnotic action is rendered effective entirely escapes us. That the action of suggestion is automatic appears conspicuous. To suggest, it is necessary to be intelligible, that is to say it is imperative that we should use formulæ which can be understood by the waking consciousness of the patient, formulæ which connote ideas that contribute to the effect we desire to produce. To merely will an effect while using incoherent vocables is futile. This gives rise to the idea that there may be a component of the organism which is capable of response to sensation quite apart from response to consciousness; that is to say the utterance of such words as Health, Strength, Morality, Soberness, etc., may have a psycho-physical effect on us quite apart from our conscious hearing of them, if they are uttered in our presence and directed by the will towards us. Moreover, it would appear from a close acquaintance with the phenomena of suggestion,\* that the organism is more responsive to suggestion when in a certain degree of detachment from the mental control, as in the dozing, semi-conscious state of partial somnolence, the "brown study," and the morning sleep. The automatism of the nervous system is then at its maximum. Men fall asleep in the saddle, soldiers on the march will sleep until they are suddenly halted, and mothers will sleep without losing consciousness of their babes. In this state the organism readily responds to suggestion of all kinds, since the rational faculty and the volition are submerged, and it is this condition which is seized upon by the therapist to secure organic response to definite stimulations, which response, when

\* *Hypnosis and Suggestion*. By W. Hilger, M.D. Trans. by R. W. Felkin, M.D., F.R.S.E. London: Rebman, Ltd., 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. Price 10s. 6d. net.



strengthened by repetition, tends to become habitual, which is exactly what is aimed at. The popular idea of being asleep and being awake as identified with full consciousness of environment and none at all, is very erroneous. The phenomena of sleep reveal a complex of many interactions between the physical and mental, and how far they extend and at what stage the volitional faculty is, if ever, entirely submerged, are questions requiring a great deal of careful experiment and observation. The interactions of the motive-power and the will, and the force of sympathetic action by suggestion, together with their employment in the control of will-power and appetite are subjects upon which we may obtain considerable light by studying the records of such experimentalists as Dr. Hilger and Dr. Munro.

On the question of free-will the former has this important reading. "We do not call the knee-joint free when it moves in all directions—that is a 'knock-knee'—but the joint is free when it moves backwards and forwards as is its nature, and when the unnatural motion sideways is stopped by the ligaments. So it fulfils its destiny, and only in this way can it be used for the good of the organism. We do not call a man free who satisfies all his animal propensities as he pleases . . . but we call those men free who can master their impulses and who can from high motives control their lower desires." Next to cure by suggestion the value or efficacy of "cure by abstraction" is of importance. To get the mind off its particular trouble, the body off its wonted habit of disease, and that by employing them in some direction requiring all their powers, is greatly efficacious in breaking down bad habits and morbid tendencies. In this direction also hypnosis and suggestion are powerful media, and many wonderful cures are on record as due to their action.

But neither hypnotic nor auto-suggestion covers the ground of the modern revelation. We have before us cases of what are called "spirit-healing," cases in which the cure has been effected neither by drugs, nor suggestion, but by the sudden intervention of an extraneous, immaterial power. The cases are few but well defined and thoroughly attested. They are, it may be said, premonitory symptoms of a new output of spiritual energy from the interior world, preliminary examples of what will shortly be no uncommon experience. The occult explanation is that we have now entered the Aquarian age, when the outpouring of the Spirit will be more abundant and general than has been within human memory. The science of psycho-therapeutics, as now practised by many eminent medical men, and as anciently em-

ployed by the thaumaturgists, is not the finished work. Rather it is but the means of preparing the soil of the human mind for a sowing which shall eventually yield a harvest of psychic phenomena compared with which our modern records, wonderful as they now appear, will be but a meagre crop. But to none does the new age offer greater promise of fulfilment and to none will it bring greater measure of satisfaction than to those steadfast, patient and laborious men of science who, like Drs. Munro and Hilger, are endeavouring to wrestle successfully with the new order of facts for the uplifting and betterment of afflicted and ailing humanity. The revelation, the spiritual afflatus, the miraculous healing, from whatever source it may come, will be ours only when we have reduced it to a science, when we understand the laws governing it, the conditions that rendered it possible, the means by which it may be always possible. To this position the science of psychotherapeutics is gradually leading up, and to those who would come into intimate relations with this new body of thought in its most scientific and thorough presentation, the works here cited will prove in all respects an effective introduction.

## PROFESSOR KNOWALL

"He knows about it all, he knows, he knows."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

PROFESSOR KNOWALL sits in state :  
His rivals are disconsolate.  
The past and future both he sees,  
His clients come and pay their fees.  
The burden of their cares and woes  
To him they hasten to disclose.

The man from London or New York,  
Whose schemes competitors would balk,  
Beset with legal toils and tricks,  
His hopes will on his *lawyer* fix.  
The Catholic consults *his priest*,  
The Spiritist his "*dear deceased*,"  
The demagogue who'd catch—or die—  
The Speaker's or the People's eye  
To *diplomatic sage* must hie.  
Professor Knowall's clients fear  
No stroke of Fate, no lawyer dear.  
They seek no priest, no prelate fat,  
They know a trick worth two of that.  
They find the needed guidance where  
Ascends Professor Knowall's stair.  
Who else their enemies can floor ?  
Their griefs compose ? Their hopes restore ?  
Then bow them blandly from his door,  
When clouded brows have given way  
To mirthful smiles and laughter gay ?  
Serenely confident they go :  
None now can trip them *for they know*.  
Just see them with their jaunty air !  
They've been Professor Knowall's care.

Friend ! Racked by unforeseen distress,  
Say ! Would you know this man's address ?  
Then go, thou wayfarer perplexed—

(*To be continued in our next.*)

# THE COMTE DE ST. GERMAIN

By VIRGINIA MILWARD

HOW to distinguish the false from the real? How separate the mass of facts from the mass of fiction? How disentangle from the mazes of mystery and magic the bewildering personality of the Comte de St. Germain—is a task well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. For we have not only the difficulty of obtaining any authentic information concerning him, but we have to contend with the eternal prejudice against any one or anything Occult, the baffling secrets of state in the past, the apparent conspiracy of kings and governments to reveal nothing definite about the Comte, and also the mystery with which he chose to surround himself. A powerful combination of circumstances which makes it difficult to judge or even understand the man.

Who was he? What were his aims in life? What were his powers and privileges? These are only a few of the questions that occur to us, as we read the little that is known of his varied life.\*

His birth and parentage seem to be shrouded in the same uncertainty and mystery that surround every action in his curious career. It is known that he did not belong to the French family of St. Germain, as was popularly supposed. He was not the son of a Portuguese Jew, or an Alsatian Jew, or a tax-gatherer in Rotondo, neither was he the illegitimate offspring of the King of Portugal nor of the widow of Charles II (King of Spain). But we have every reason to believe that he was the son of Franz Leopold, Prince Ragoczy of Transylvania, and was during his entire childhood under the protection of the powerful Duc de Medici.

Each succeeding Ragoczy endeavoured, more or less unsuccessfully, to maintain the freedom of their beloved principality intact from the ambitious designs of the Austrian Empire and all the

\* For a complete and exhaustive account of the life-work and talents of the wonderful Comte, a book published lately in Milan, entitled *The Comte de St. Germain*, by Mrs. Cooper Oakley ("Ars Regia," Milan, price 4s.), can be strongly recommended. The authoress has devoted her life to the subject, and by diligent research and extended travels collected all that there is to be known about the man, and with the results of her arduous labours compiled a most interesting and instructive work.

early years of the mystic Count were clouded and obscured by bitter political intrigue.

According to the terms of the will of Prince Franz Leopold Ragoczy, his three sons, including our Comte de St. Germain, were left amply provided for, thus establishing the important fact that he was in no way the penniless adventurer he has been labelled, making vast sums of money by unlawful means.

"A hero of romance," "the wonder man," "a charlatan," "a mystic," "a swindler," are only some of the many names by which this man was called, and he answered to some of them, perhaps, but not to all.

That he was a man of family, and that he was a man of means, have been proved beyond dispute, but his age, his aim and purpose in life, and his abnormal powers seem shrouded in a mystery it is impossible to penetrate.

He assumed for purposes of travelling, and specially when on those diplomatic journeys which occupied a considerable portion of his time, quite an amazing and bewildering number of different pseudonyms, and we hear of him as the Marquis de Montferrat, Comte Bellamare, Chevalier Schœning, Chevalier Weldon, Comte Soltikoff, Graf Tzarogy, Prinz Ragoczy in turn, at the different cities where he stayed—a very common custom, however, among the nobility on their travels.

The Baron de Cleichen states on the authority of Rameau, who knew the Count in 1710, that at that date he had the appearance of a man of some fifty years of age. He possessed regular features, black hair, brown complexion, was neither stout nor thin, dressed always very simply, but wore magnificent diamonds in his shoe-buckles and on every finger. He was of medium height, very intellectual looking, and combined excessive courtliness with great charm of manner.

He spoke French, English, German, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese fluently and was perfectly at home in Chinese, Arabic, Sanskrit, and the language of Homer and Virgil.

He was a good musician, and his improvising earned the admiration of the master Rameau. He also painted in oils and with such success, giving so peculiar a brilliancy to his colours, the result of a secret known only to himself, that Vanloo, who admired his productions, implored him to divulge his secret.

He was an expert chemist, had a profound knowledge of alchemy, and in the Château of Chambord there existed a laboratory, fitted up for all kinds of experiments.

He could also write easily, legibly and well with both hands

at the same time—a really remarkable feat. But undoubtedly the most striking and extraordinary of his gifts was his capacity for being able to “improve” precious stones and considerably add to their value. Possibly in his extensive travels in Africa, India and China he learned some of these arts and sciences, which no doubt caused him to be considered a magician of no mean merit in the eyes of eighteenth-century France.

He is stated to have said that he knew the secret of prolonging life and successfully concealing the ravages of time and to have promised the Comtesse de Genlis, when but a child of ten years, that if she desired it he could and would bestow upon her the gift of eternal youth. To discover the “Elixir of Life” or the “Philosopher’s Stone” was the ambition and aim of every alchemist of that date.

A curious story is told of the Comte, illustrating his magical powers or what we might now be disposed to call his conjuring tricks. One day he asked Madame de Pompadour to place near the fire the beautiful little Bonbonnière in black enamel which he had previously given her. The Marquise did so, and a few minutes afterwards, when she went to pick it up, she discovered to her astonishment that the magnificent agate in the lid had disappeared, and in its place was a shepherdess with her flock. The Comte entreated her to again place it by the fire, when in course of time the agate reappeared and the shepherdess vanished.

If this incident really took place, and we have every reason for believing it did, what are we to conclude? That assuredly the Comte had very abnormal gifts, and such occurrences might easily give rise to the legend, if it was a legend, that he could also appear and disappear at will.

That this man was not a charlatan, we may feel confident, for the reason that he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and councillors, and spent many long evenings at Versailles in the company of Louis XV, who gave him the Château of Chambord as a token of his esteem and favour.

But like other great men of those times he probably loved to surround himself with an atmosphere of mystery, which considerably enhanced the awe and veneration in which he was held, and any gifts outside the commonplace, however simple in themselves, were no doubt grossly exaggerated and attributed to magic.

The Comte was most frugal in his habits, ate no meat and drank no wine, and never took his repast in public. He claimed that he could tame bees and make snakes listen to music; the latter accomplishment he doubtless learned in the East.

He would sometimes fall into a trance and when he recovered consciousness again declared he had been in another world, communing with the spirits.

From 1737 to 1742 he lived in Persia at the Shah's Court. In 1745 we hear of him in England, arrested as a Jacobite spy, a letter from the Young Pretender being found in his pocket, placed there by an enemy—but he was honourably acquitted.

However, apart from his magic gifts and extraordinary personality, we think his great claim to interest lies in the fact that he was undoubtedly the secret agent of Louis XV, who used him on many a diplomatic and dangerous errand, notably to England, when he was desirous of securing the peace his ministers for purely personal reasons did not desire. The Comte de St. Germain incurred the bitter hatred of the Duc de Choiseul in consequence, who had his own "fish to fry," wished the war to continue and would gladly have consigned the King's private peacemaker to the oblivion of the Bastille.

Both the King and Madame de Pompadour had the greatest faith and trust in the Comte, but his position as a secret agent was not an enviable one. Whatever transpired he had to bear the blame, and when the negotiations with England, which he had been authorized to try and arrange, broke down, it was the Comte who fell into disgrace. Such was ever the fate of the secret agent!

Voltaire evidently knew of his missions to foreign countries, for he spoke of him as "a man who never dies, and who knows everything."

The Comte was a Freemason, and was associated with Mesmer in his mystical work; he had also much in common with Cagliostro, with this difference, that that strange being died disgraced in the prisons of the Inquisition, while the Comte was all his life reputed to be a man of honour.

The mystery and magic which surrounded him is largely due, we think, to the crass credulity of the people of the times in which he lived, which credulity doubtless he helped to foster.

The Comte de St. Germain's political work did not end entirely with Louis XV's reign, for though no longer employed as a secret agent, he would have rendered a great service to Louis XVI had that monarch chosen to listen to him and heed his warning. For the Comte foretold the Revolution of 1789, the downfall of the monarchy, the death of the Queen, the disaster to the government, the anarchy and bloodshed to follow and Lafayette's conceited incompetence. Moreover, he prophesied the complete ruin of

the house of Bourbon, adding that they would become in course of time merely a private family. These were naturally unpleasant tidings to the King and Queen and as such seemed scarcely credible in their then position of false security.

By means of the Comtesse d' Adhémar, the Comte obtained an audience of Marie Antoinette, who communicated his gloomy and terrible prognostications to the King, who in turn immediately summoned Maurepas, the minister the Comte had so sternly denounced for his obstinacy and incapacity. Maurepas advised the arrest of the prophet at once, and his confinement in the Bastille till he should divulge where he had obtained all his information, but the far-seeing Comte had foreseen this move on the part of his enemy and disappeared, and the police searched for him in vain. Each self-seeking minister in turn disliked the Comte, the famous free-lance, and abhorred his views.

The predictions came true and the monarchy fell and France came upon evil days, but from time to time and even up to the days of her imprisonment and death Marie Antoinette received strange warning messages from the mysterious Comte she had seen but once, which messages, alas! were powerless to avert her fate.

The date of the Comte's death is not known, nor where he died. Madame d'Adhémar says he was believed "to have deceased in 1784 at Schleswig," but she goes on to relate that the Comte de Châlons, returning from Venice in 1788, declared he had seen and spoken to St. Germain in the Place Saint Marc the day before he left—so there is no direct evidence of the date of his death or of his place of burial.

What his aims were exactly, or if he had any at all, does not appear very clear; he was patriotic, undoubtedly, in the best sense of that much abused word, but beyond many acts of personal kindness to individuals and the secret services he rendered to Louis the Well-beloved, it is difficult to determine in what precisely lay his "great work."

As a "messenger" or prophet he appears to have failed, as political agent he was disgraced, but as a close friend and councillor of kings he shows in a more favourable light, and as a nobleman of untarnished honour, blameless life and great attainments we may regard him with admiration and respect.

His was one of those little-known characters, whose meteoric appearance dazzles and puzzles the world—a man charged with a mission (self-imposed, perhaps) he never fully accomplishes, with aims in life revealed only to the few—who lived and died a lonely figure, surrounded by mystery to the end.



# HEALING MEDIA

By B. P. O'NEILL, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

THE art of healing has often been regarded in too stereotyped a manner, and like all other human institutions the medical hierarchy has tended to foster a rigid conservatism which from time to time tabooed whenever it could new ideas and speculations, revolutionary changes and developments. Privilege and establishment always tremble when the open-eyed child of genius gazes at them with his piercing look of desolating insight. It is the first presage of change.

Hints, rumours, tentative experiments, cumulative evidence, an ordered method of procedure are the steps by which a newly-discovered truth climbs up into recognition and finally gains an unquestioned existence. We need only consider the example of Mesmer, whose doctrines were execrated when they were first made known. From that simple beginning in recent years we derive all that is now signified by the terms hypnotic suggestion and suggestibility. It would be more accurate to call it a revival than a beginning, since there is reason for thinking that hypnotism was known and practised in ancient Egypt. To-day we have in Mr. Barker, the specialist in bloodless surgery, an instance of the way in which the bulk of the medical profession regards original pioneers who are outside their establishment.

It is important that we should extend our view of the possibilities which may be effected in mental and bodily healing to a wide variety of means and instruments. Sir William Osler has told us that in his opinion by far the most important ingredient in the Pharmacopœia is faith. One of the most frequent and obstinate symptoms of disordered nerves is insomnia. Dr. Thomas Hyslop, of the West Riding Asylum in Yorkshire, told the British Medical Association in 1906 that the best sleep-producing agent which his practice had revealed to him was prayer, and he said that he made this statement purely in his capacity as a medical man.\*

All concentration of the mind by effort of the will tends to preserve the mind in its integrity and to prevent the inroads of

\* Referred to in *Memories and Studies* by William James. Longmans, Green & Co., 1911.

emotional foes, such as anxiety, grief, disappointment, jealousy and malice, as well as anger and unbridled conceit, and it is now beginning to be recognized that excessive passion produces effects in the blood like those followed by the ingestion of poisonous drugs, and under certain conditions may possibly be the cause of gross organic diseases as well as of insanity.

Here let us speak of wine as an assuager of the wearisomeness of life and a healer of care and sadness. St. Evremond says :—

“ Good cheer with one's friends is a sovereign remedy against this kind of chagrin ; for besides that conversation at such times becomes more free and easy, it insensibly sweetens it. It is certain that wine rouses up the forces of nature, and gives our soul a vigour capable to drive away all sorts of uneasiness. I know very well that certain morose people, at least externally so, and in appearance, will show a great deal of aversion for a remedy, the delights of which they do not, however, too much despise. But all grimace aside. I do not trouble myself with their ill understood severities, since the most severe philosopher in the world has advised us to make use of this remedy ; and the most morose of our illustrious men have submitted, if we may say so, their most austere virtues to the charms of this sweet pleasure ; and the most well-bred people have not disdained its usage.” \*

Laughter has always been held as a remedy against the spleen and as a refreshment to a tired and jaded spirit. A dinner which is accompanied with contentious and bitter controversy is followed by dyspepsia, while the same repast seasoned by merriment and laughter results in a spirit of ease and well-being. Laughter has been excited in order to cure a local bodily disorder with a successful result, as in the following case.

The celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, who lived in the reign of William and Mary—

“ was once sent for into the country, to visit a gentleman ill of a quinsy. Finding that no external nor internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty pudding to be made : when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up, and while the pudding was preparing, he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table, in full view of the patient. ‘ Come, Jack and Dick,’ said Radcliffe, ‘ eat as quickly as possible ; you have had no breakfast this morning.’ Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping once only for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and at last handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsy burst and discharged its contents.” †

Laughter must have a good effect upon the lungs since it increases the vigour of respiration, and thus it cleanses the bodily

\* Translation quoted in *The Praise of Drunkenness*, Chap. II.

† *The Gold-headed Cane*, Chap. I. Longmans, Green & Co., 1884.

tissues by more rapid oxidation of the blood. So the blood in the brain is invigorated and the spirits are raised and the thoughts made clearer.

Music, beside being one of the highest expressions of joy and tragedy, has also its function as a consoler or even a healer. We are all familiar with the classical story of the beautiful youth, David, who played upon the harp and drove away the evil spirit of King Saul. And there are few who listen to music who have not experienced its consoling power.

The value of electricity in many illnesses is now well recognized. One of the most useful batteries in existence for therapeutic application is the "Reliance,"\* because by means of a special construction a number of different currents are produced which vary in their chemical, magnetic, sensational and therapeutic effects. Every year emphasizes further the supreme significance of electricity, and it is probable that it will become even more highly valued as a remedy in the future than it is at the present time.

\* 2, Sicilian House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Reginald B. Span's letter in the OCCULT REVIEW for March would be very amusing if it did not provide excellent "copy" for our sceptical friends. I can assure you that no professional conjuror ever uses psychic force or spirit power in performing any of their feats.

The old addition sum trick I can teach any schoolboy to perform in half an hour, but Mr. Span writes of this particular feat, "A little thought will show how impossible such a feat was by ordinary conjuring or by natural power."

The fact of the answer being found in the centre of a French roll of bread should convince any person that it is only a trick, and an old stale worn-out one at that, and only used by the lowest order of conjurors in this country.

Yours,  
M. WILLIAMS.

### THE ZODIACAL SIGNS IN THE FACE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Scrutator's contention, in the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW, that the zodiacal divisions and the demarcation of the asterisms serve to "define qualities or characteristics with which they were empirically found to be connected," and that "any general system of physiognomy would eventually become sufficiently refined to take note of particular features and their corresponding characteristics," throws down the bars for entrance into an extensive and profitable field of thought. Any student of physiognomy knows it is a subject well worth a thesis. The knowledge gained from a critical examination of the countenance of man is exact and edifying. It is the only portion of his anatomy which cannot easily be concealed, and he,

perforce, displays his true character to all who have learned to interpret the import of the lines there imprinted.

Not only does it show the man as he is, but it informs us of his doings in prior lives, as the zodiacal modifications are indelibly stamped there. He is literally instarred.

Allow us, for the satisfaction of those who are daily assisting others through the means of the horoscope, to call to their attention the markings on the face that will be confirmative of the results of their labours, and to suggest that, where possible, it would be well to procure a photograph of their clients. The twelve signs of the zodiac are represented and their peculiarities are depicted as follows :—

The superciliary ridges, with a line extending down the centre of the nose, represent Aries ( $\gamma$ ); the circle at the lower portion of the chin with the two semi-circles running to the corners of the mouth give us the area belonging to Taurus ( $\sigma$ ); the two vertical lines on the upper lip are set apart to Gemini ( $\Pi$ ); the outlines of the nostrils belong to Cancer ( $\kappa$ ); a line extending under each eye and circling around the centre of the forehead is the field for Leo's manifestation ( $\Omega$ ); the right ear is the property of Virgo ( $\eta$ ); the expressive mouth is the abiding place of the lovely Libra ( $\triangle$ ); the left ear is fastened on to by the determined Scorpio ( $\mu$ ); the nasal organ is indicative of the fiery Sagittarius ( $\uparrow$ ); the profile is secured to the wise but moody Capricorn ( $\wp$ ); the lines running across the face under the nose, are placed there by the sedate and earnest Aquarius ( $\equiv$ ); the semi-circles at the inner angles of the eyes are the reproduction of the symbol of the watery Pisces ( $\times$ ).

Once one succeeds in outlining the territory belonging to each sign, he can, wherever he may be, read the soul of man, and can greet him as he peers out through his window, the eye, and can whisper softly, in the language of the ages, those words of cheer or counsel which will reach him through his gateway, the ear.

Organizations using the horoscope as a means of correctly estimating the postulant, would do well to require two photographs, one of them being a profile, the other a full face delineation. The profile, giving us the influence of Capricorn, is important, for great teachers are apt to be well tinctured with its characteristics.

Ancient peoples, with one notable exception, were partial to the study of the counterpart presentment. The Egyptians and Chaldeans, two great schools of occult lore, the idealistic

Greeks, and all the rest, down to our time, have studied man from a physiognomical standpoint, and the earlier ones, at least, knew of the connection between that science and astrology. Scrutator, in the attention he has given this subject, has assuredly opened up one to us that will bear earnest study.

Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN CHANCELLOR.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In your issue for the month of April there is a reference to Christian Science signed Virginia Milward.

This reference is, it seems to me, unnecessarily discourteous in tone, but it is something more, it shows an ignorance of Christian Science so overwhelming, that at first it seems scarcely worth while correcting. The writer produces from an anonymous publication what she fondly imagines is this dilemma. "If prayer can heal diseases, why should it not also bring business? and, if so, why trouble to work? Why not only pray?" Anything more foolish than this it would be difficult to conceive. Let me put the method of argument a little differently. If thought can produce a book, why trouble to go to the publisher, why not only think? Supposing that prayer would produce business, you would still, presumably, require an office in which to transact your business, just as if thought produces a book you still require a publisher to print it.

What, however, the writer has not grasped is the fact that prayer not only heals diseases, but it does bring business, though not perhaps quite in the way she imagines, and that for the simple reason she has not the faintest idea what Christian Science means by prayer. By prayer Christian Science does not mean making petitions to an anthropomorphic God for something man's senses create in him a desire for. Prayer, in the words of Mrs. Eddy, on the very first page of *Science and Health*, is "a spiritual understanding of Him." Now the "Him" being God, and God being Spirit, prayer is a spiritual understanding of the spiritual, in plain English, it is what Jesus meant by that understanding of the Truth which was to make men free. Exactly in proportion as man understands absolute Truth he frees himself from the domination of the material falsehoods which have previously fettered him. He frees himself from sin, he frees himself from sickness, he frees himself from those limitations which

constitute poverty and misery ; in doing this he realizes the truth about substance.

The ministry of Jesus was devoted to teaching man the Truth which was to make him free, the truth not only about health and substance, but everything else in the material as in the spiritual universe. He showed the sick how they might be healed through prayer, and he showed, in the temptations, how man might live without bread. He did not, however, in any single instance, suggest to those who were slowly and painfully following his steps, that they should fling aside their daily occupations. He does not appear to have suggested to the disciples that they should give up fishing, and we know that Paul, who certainly knew something about the teaching of Jesus, enough to heal the sick and raise the dead, worked at his trade of tent-making, in Corinth. The work of Christian Science is to teach people how to make practical in this century what Jesus taught in the first century. In proportion as humanity gets rid of sin it may attain a spiritual insight as a result of which it will not need to buy bread or to go a-fishing. Until then it will be best for it to go on doing its business, only doing it honestly, as Paul did in Corinth.

On the whole, I think that " Virginia Milward," in following in the steps of the anonymous " X," has followed the blind and has been led into the nearest ditch.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK DIXON.

AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—It has been a great pleasure to many of your readers to have the opportunity of seeing the deeply interesting article from the able pen of " Mabel Collins " on " A Rosicrucian Ideal." The amount of information which she has condensed into the space of little more than six pages, on the subject of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's teachings, is remarkable, and from the aspect of *suggested thought alone*, it covers indeed a wide field. We have however to bear in mind that such a paper can be, from its very nature, no more than a *résumé* of a few points, and that want of space prevents that " substantiation of many of the statements " asked for in the Editorial Notes. *The fullest substantiation of these statements already exists* for those who, having a knowledge of the German language, can enter upon a real and impartial

study of the introductions into the various fields of wisdom given to them by Dr. Steiner. For those who cannot read the originals, translations will be gradually forthcoming if the demand becomes sufficiently great ; then gradually the English public will be able to judge for themselves, and that is the only satisfactory method, and the only one in harmony with the Doctor's own ideas. Every one who has studied his famous *Philosophie der Freiheit* knows that, from the outset, its author has recognized to the fullest extent, and as a *necessary outcome of the present stage of evolution*, the demand that man shall be able to judge for himself, and not accept blindly on authority.

It would appear that there is an idea abroad in some circles in England that Dr. Steiner "limits Theosophy to Christianity," but in the light of the description of his teachings now given, surely such an idea is seen at once to be due to a misconception. Now most, if not all, Theosophists would claim that the "Theo-sophia" must, from its very nature, be *Cosmic Wisdom*. If then we do not lose sight of the fact plainly stated in "A Rosicrucian Ideal," that, for the Rosicrucian Theosophist, Christ is the *Cosmic Christ*, and as such is regarded as "the Central Sun of Evolution," then it is quite evident that there can be no question of "limitation" either for the Christ or for the Wisdom. That which is *cosmic*, cannot *in itself be limited*, and that anything cosmic could be "limited" by something else cosmic, would be a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Dr. Steiner does not however claim to be *what is generally understood to-day* by the phrase, "a teacher of Christianity." He illumines for such as are able and willing to grasp them, some of the profound mysteries connected with the Cosmic Nature of the Christ, and this Nature he raises out of the sphere of faith into that of the *understanding*. This is a necessary development, because the time has come in the evolution of man when the intellect craves food in every sphere of thought *including the very highest*, and the Father of All does not give the power of intellectual evolution to man, and then leave him without the means whereby to satisfy the evolving needs of that intellect—neither does He give stones in place of bread. Such an idea is absolutely incompatible with any idea of Absolute Justice.

The things that are given in this connection are not *in themselves* new, but they have been most carefully guarded from profanation until thinking people should become conscious of their own inmost need, and of the kind of food that would alone satisfy it. The Christianity of to-day has to remember that



Christ said two thousand years ago : " I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The Cross of Calvary has lost no iota of its power, even though many are turning away from it. The Mystery of Golgotha remains immovable as the *Central Point of the whole development of the planet*, and when we come to understand the *raison d'être* of such a statement, we know, with that force of inward conviction which the soul realizes only when it stands face to face with *Truth*, that thousands of those earnest people who turn away to-day from the Cross of Christ, would be amongst its most convinced and loyal adherents if they did but *understand* the Mystery which was then accomplished. Let us always remember that when an object is worthy of our love, we do not love it less because we understand it *more deeply*. The exact contrary is the case. As a vivifying and inspiring force in the world, the Love that understands has more power than the Love that is of faith alone.

Again, if Dr. Steiner, as has been stated, regards the Cosmic Christ as the Central Sun of Evolution, then it follows that all the teaching given must be illumined *directly or indirectly* by the Light from that Centre, otherwise a lack of logical connection between the two will be discernible. In saying this it is not affirmed that such a connection is always obvious to the superficial observer. It may or may not be so—the degree of obviousness depends not only upon the subject that is being treated, but upon the aspect under which it is being treated. Among the processes of photography is that of developing the negative in a dark room ; without the light, however, in the first instance, there would have been no necessity for the dark room—the negative would have been non-existent ; also, fulness of light is required for the production of the finished picture. No single subject can be otherwise than affected some way or other by the " Central Sun of Evolution," exactly in the same way that all things on our planet have a certain direct or indirect relationship with the physical Sun, although we are not always examining or discussing that relationship. This holds good with regard to Dr. Steiner's writings and lectures. One of his fundamental books is certainly *Christianity as a Mystic Fact* (not yet out in English, but available for all who know French in Ed. Schuré's beautiful translation, *Le Mystère Chrétien et les Mystères Antiques*). There we get, among other things, the explanation of the Miracle of Lazarus in its character *as an act of advanced initiation* ; but the same author wrote *Philosophy of Freedom*, a work built up on the keenest logic ; *Theosophy*, wherein

are given a description of the sevenfold nature of man, the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma, etc., as well as many other writings which cannot be said to bear any *direct* relationship to Christ. Nevertheless the relationship is there. Any one who is really acquainted with present conditions knows that, had Dr. Steiner wished to assume the rôle of "a teacher of Christianity" *in the general acceptance of the phrase*, Germany would have been the last place to choose among European nations, as a base of operations.

Those who desire a practical demonstration of this teacher's cosmic treatment of Theosophy, have only to examine the list of subjects on which he has so far spoken; he leaves no realm untouched, but is equally "at home," whether giving his profound cycles of 10, 12, or 14 days' duration to members, or speaking before large public audiences in two-hour lectures on Art, Philosophy, Science or Religion. By no means one of the least remarkable things is the way in which he answers the questions put at the end of the public lectures by such of the audience as wish for further information, and we have never yet seen him baffled. Frequently he declines to answer the question given, because he says an off-hand answer would only lead to confusion of ideas: "Let me give you lectures every day for two or three weeks on the subject, then you will understand it."

Yes: these teachings represent a force in the European history of to-day which earnest seekers after the Truth will do well to inquire into, and as you, sir, have so far opened the pages of your valuable paper, first to an account of the person of this remarkable toiler for humanity, and then to an outline of some of his teachings, perhaps you may feel inclined to give the public an opportunity of enlarging the acquaintance thus begun.

The question is raised in the paper "A Rosicrucian Ideal" as to the possibility of bringing these teachings within reach of the less educated in England, as has been done with so much success in Germany. Given the same opportunities of imparting, and similar conditions of receptivity, what is possible in one country is possible in another. When our own desires are hushed, we begin to hear the "silent voices" of the souls of those around us, and if when we hear, we are conscious of having that which will satisfy the needs that are being voiced, then tact, which is an essential part of Cosmic Love, will find the best way of ministrations.

Yours truly,  
A. R.

## THE MYSTIC REUNION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The deeply interesting notice of Mrs. Campbell Praed's new book—*The Body of His Desire*—in Notes of the Month for April, has prompted me to venture to send a few impressions, from a purely mystic and spiritual point of view, on the thesis of that remarkable book.

Many of our greatest poets and writers have taught in a veiled way, often unconsciously, of the mystic quest and goal of the pilgrimage of soul life. In Genesis the *starting* of that pilgrimage is told—when “God said, it is not good that the man should be *alone*”—and the two divine principles of *soul* were *then* differentiated—the motherhood from the fatherhood. May not the real *Nirvana* or *heavenly state* be *only* reached, when *conscious* soul reunion (not re-absorption in) with the lost but answering chord of each ego's own *dual soul* is attained? and in that reunion the perfect at-one-ment with the Divine Spirit be manifested!

I have not read Mrs. Campbell Praed's book yet, but gather from reviews of it that the man “Reginald Chalmers” was haunted and obsessed by the astral form (which he had unknowingly evoked) of the woman soul, whom he had cruelly deserted in a long past incarnation, in order to pursue the so-called higher wisdom.

If that soul were the *feminine side* or *half* of his own *soul nature* (probably again living on earth), might not his long soul-denial of her, and to her, of all purely spiritual claim on himself, on the *inner subconscious* planes of soul-existence, have *arrested* her *soul evolution* and kept her on a lower plane? Thus *she* would have unconsciously re-acted on his own nature, for *neither* could possibly attain to the *heavenly state*, *except* in divine harmony.

E. Schuré, in his book *Hermes and Plato*, tells of the last and greatest initiation in the Egyptian Mysteries: the passing through the dread ordeal of seeming death, in a sarcophagus in the secret chamber of the King, in the Great Pyramid. Through the awful darkness at length there dawns the heavenly light and vision of the Mystic Rose of Wisdom, which confines Love in its heart; the lovely blossom assumes the form of a woman, the Isis of the Occult Sanctuary. Softly she draws near, leans over the initiate lying in his tomb and says to him, “I am thy invisible sister, thy divine soul. . . . Thou knowest me *now*. Call me and I will come.” While she speaks a ray of tender love darts from her eyes. “O Thou presence of my spiritual *self*, ineffable

promise of the divine *marvellous blending* into the impalpable beyond!" Soon the vision fades away. After he has passed through the great initiation, or mystic reunion, the hierophant receives the initiate into the *inner Circle*, and after teaching him the meaning of the mighty revelation in the *Vision* of "*Hermes*," of the Creation of the Worlds, and of Life, he addresses the initiate thus: "This Vision contains the eternal history of the World, and the Circle of things."

How prophetically, mystically true are Browning's beautiful words, with regard to the incompleteness of Soul life, or expression before the *Mystic Goal* is attained

"On earth the broken Arc,  
In heaven a perfect round."

Who, with inner Vision, does not see and hear, in the writings of all great poets and writers, the call of Soul to Soul, that "*Heaven* may make *Perfect* their imperfect *Life*"?

Yours truly,  
MYSTIC.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine has recently had the following extraordinary dreams.

The dreamer, whom we will call Mr. A., is a magnetic healer, an advanced occultist, and is supposed to have much knowledge. He rarely dreams, so these seemed all the more real and intense.

For three nights consecutively he appeared to wake up in a house, where, he did not know; it seemed in some lonely place, and he had not the faintest notion of how he arrived there. He was utterly alone, and was naked. His clothes were taken away, whether purposely or by accident he could not tell, and his situation was desperate. He seemed so far away from any one and anywhere. He agonized with all his might, but escape he could not; and woke up in a frantic state of terror, covered with perspiration, each night.

The fourth night, he was in his own room, in his accustomed bed, but his clothes were not there again—he had on his pyjamas, and did not dare to go and get his clothes, or venture out of the room, fearing he might meet some one on the stairs, and he in such guise!

I cannot get the right or true interpretation of these dreams, and shall be most grateful if any of your readers will do what they can in this respect.

Yours truly,  
PHARAOH'S WIFE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The following psychic incident may perhaps be of interest to your readers. Some years ago I lost an aunt. She had never cared for me in life, even going so far as to wish to leave me differently provided for from my sisters. We hadn't corresponded much, and naturally since she had been dead three years, my thoughts did not often dwell on her, certainly not that memorable afternoon. She had a long, serious face, and I had never seen her really looking happy. I was ironing, and for some reason had stopped in the middle. Suddenly without warning, her head and shoulders rose up before me, but her face, ah ! how different ; it was radiant, glorified, such as I had never seen it in life, and couldn't have imagined. Without sound of words the message came of how pleased she was to see me. I was not frightened ; in a minute the vision faded, and all was over.

Yours faithfully,

MARTHA WOOLNOTH.

PEN-Y-CRAIG,  
WIRKSWORTH.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

*The Hibbert Journal* may seem at first sight to offer less opportunity than usual for appreciation or summary within the measures of the particular interests with which the OCCULT REVIEW is identified; but the impression is dispelled speedily. Professor S. A. Desai gives new and most important instruction on Brahma as the central doctrine of Hindu theology, with the object of correcting certain misapprehensions prevalent among Western writers on the pantheism of the Vedantic scriptures. His contention is that the Vedanta, as interpreted and expounded by Shankar, is that system of Indo-Aryan thought which is most open in appearance to the charge of pantheism, but it does not obtain against it. As regards the doctrine itself, he accepts the definition of Watson in his *Philosophical Basis of Religion*: "Pantheism conceives of the Divine as equally manifested in nature and mind"; and he shows that according to Vedanta the human soul has the unmodified Brahma for its self, while in all things else—that is, seemingly, in all created things—Brahma is modified and is said to be the "self" of those things. It is quite easy to follow this distinction, while recognizing that it could be expressed better. "Man therefore, according to the Vedanta, is Brahma in a sense in which no other thing or being in this world is Brahma." As regards the relation of men to men, it is so intimate that "each of them ought to regard the other as his or her self." In respect therefore of Brahma and all human souls, the doctrine is one of identity, and it is to be observed further that the soul is eternal and infinite. But if Brahma is the self of created or finite things, in whatever modified sense, it would seem that Professor Desai does not remove the element of pantheism, but explains rather how it is to be understood in the Vedanta. The way of its understanding seems to be the recognition of a specifically created world. The question also arises whether the definition of pantheism in its "current sense" is either exhaustive or satisfactory as a statement of the doctrine held in the West. There are many other articles of moment. Baron Friedrich von Hugel, who is a Roman Catholic "by hard-won, severely tested conviction," gives an admirable study of Eucken's religious philosophy—its sources, methods, stages, conclusions and inadequacies. There is also an article on the "great question" of personal immortality by William Dillon of Chicago, which is a fairly

reasoned and measured estimate of the probabilities ; it is one also which takes into consideration the evidence of the belief in others and its influence on their life. If the writer recognizes, he does not mention that there is experience of another order, which is that of belief in ourselves and the mode in which faith passes through experience into knowledge.

*The Quest* continues to maintain that attitude of learned simplicity about which a word was said when noticing its previous issue. Mr. Edmund G. Gardner unfolds the mystical aspect of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. He seeks to dissuade us from crediting (a) the alleged inconsistency between Dante's love and Dante's religion, and (b) the subservience of Dante's Christianity to "the supreme interest of Dante's passion." From Mr. Gardner's point of view, the love of Beatrice was a symbol, an expression of an "innate force that impels every creature to follow out the trend of its true nature to the end divinely ordained." In other terms, the love for Beatrice was Dante's "guide to the fruition of the divine." The *Vita Nuova* is "essentially the transfigured life of Dante's youth and early manhood." . . . Mr. Mead's consideration of *The Rising Psychic Tide* is a summary view of the subject intimated by the title, and it would be difficult to say where it has been treated more comprehensively, within such brief measures, or with a spirit as catholic. He recognizes (a) that the term psychical can be used to represent a state in which contact is made with the spiritual and therefore with the whole field of religious experience ; but (b) beyond the psychic range there is that within each of us which is independent of planes and states, which transcends the duality of subject and object. Mr. Mead is therefore in agreement with Sir William Barrett, whom he quotes in his last paragraph and for whom psychical research cannot take the place of religion, "though it may strengthen the foundations," for whom also "the psychical order is not the spiritual order, but a stepping-stone in the ascent of the soul to its own self-apprehension, its conscious sharing in the eternal divine life. . . ." Among the other excellent articles it is difficult to select one for particular mention, but Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove's essay on Christian mysticism, entitled *The Sight of the Soul*, will find many to welcome and appreciate it. We may commend it on our own part for some illuminating extracts from the Cambridge Platonists and John Smith in particular—moderately remembered by name but now read too little—and for a satisfactory distinction between the spiritual vision of divine truth and the body-general of psychic visions which have char-

acterized Christian sanctity. Exception must be taken, however, to Mr. Redgrove's suggestion that the only mysticism tolerated by the Latin Church is "an emasculated variety," depending on the authority of spiritual directors instead of on "the light of God within the mind." The writer is probably saying more than he actually means, or is conveying his meaning in a way that he may subsequently wish to correct; the works of John Ruysbroeck are instructive as a commentary at large on such a remark in passing. One would like to suggest to the powers behind *the Quest* that, both in matter and manner, its issues deserve the advantage of being stitched instead of wired. It is essential to a work of the kind that its leaves should open easily, but by the present method they cannot be properly said to open at all.

*The Vahan* gives space to a curious manifesto on the Temple of the Rosy Cross, which recalls procedure at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the *Fama Fraternitatis* first puzzled and enchanted the learned of Europe, to whom it was more especially addressed. The new document explains that Christian Rosenkreuz, who was Francis Bacon, who was St. Germain, is (a) one of the Masters of Wisdom, (b) a leader of movements in the West, wherein wisdom has been veiled in symbols, and (c) is now working for the coming of the Christ. It explains further that many of his ancient and mediæval followers "are with us now," and are founding in his name a Temple of the Rosy Cross for the study of the mysteries and secret tradition in the West. Those who are in sympathy can apply for admission, and, for their greater convenience, this restored "House of the Holy Spirit" is not without a local habitation and even a postal address.

In connection with the coming of a world-teacher there is an interesting account in *The Theosophist* of the Muhammadans of the Shiah sect and its succession of recognized preceptors who were descendants of Hussen, a son of Ali. One preceptor, Imam, or Mahdi, is still to come. The time would not seem to be yet, because his advent will be preceded by such general corruption that there will be only forty real believers in God. His first appearance will be at Mecca and he will proceed thence to Medina; his ministry will be a blessing to the earth, which will give forth its hidden treasures; and justice will prevail everywhere. It is suggested that the great teacher is now living and is more especially to be found in a green island situated in a white sea, but neither sea nor island are known to modern geographers or explorers.

There are those who can read the approaching return of the Christ of Nazareth in what is called the Akasic records and there



are others who infer, by reference to the same glass of vision, that such return is impossible. Our contemporary *Reason* of New York has discovered a new gospel, inscrutably called Aquarian, and, without pledging itself, records that this gospel has been transcribed from Akasic records, "which are automatically written on the ether by every one's thoughts and deeds." The story says that Jesus of Nazareth was invited to India by a princess of that country, that he studied the Vedas in a temple under the guidance of its wise men and taught on his own part. He opposed the caste system, which turned the priests into enemies, but he was favoured by the common people because he had espoused their cause. From India he proceeded to Persia and thence to Egypt, "where he was initiated into the seven stages of the Egyptian religion." This seems a reflection of the *Krata Repoa*, a pageant in seven stages, devised in the nineteenth century, but, *ex hypothesi*, genuinely Egyptian notwithstanding. The record breaks off at this point, but its exponent is to be heard in the First Spiritual Church of Plymouth, N.J., so that those who are concerned can go and learn for themselves what happened to Jesus of Nazareth after he left Egypt, according to that "fuller story" of his life which is contained in the Aquarian gospel.

There are occasions when the old maxim about a man's enemies being those of his own household cannot be repeated without dropping the voice, because otherwise it might seem invidious. It would be equally indelicate to recall the not less proverbial saying in which an anonymous spokesman of many prays to be saved from his friends. These reflections are suggested by an article on Cagliostro from the pen of Dr. Marc Haven in *Le Voile D'Isis*. It has little to say on the maker of Egyptian Masonry and that little matters perhaps no more, but the writer has evidently the power "to see ourselves as others see us" which Burns pretended to sigh for. He is an occultist and has lived among occultists for twenty-five years, as the consequence of which he comes forward to announce categorically that occultism is neither a clear doctrine nor represented by a homogeneous sect. The group is fictitious, containing, among many who are ignorant or ambitious, a few people of learning who are wanderers in search of knowledge. The conflicting elements jostle one another, fraternizing ostentatiously, separating amidst great disturbance, passing from enthusiastic admiration to ferocious rancour; in a word, their beatifications are as unexpected as their excommunications, and both are equally clamorous. Their metaphorical house is a tower of Babel, rather than a temple.

## REVIEWS

BYWAYS OF BELIEF. By Conrad Noel. London: Frank Palmer. 1912.

I LIKE this book of Mr. Noel's: it has tolerance, humour, and, over and above its official catholicism, a rarer and finer thing—Catholicity. Of the "Byways of Belief" treated here, the author says "they contain, in a meagre and unbalanced condition, much that is of the true proportion of the Catholic faith, a proportion which we disproportioned Christians have so often abandoned." It is not easy to shock Mr. Noel—he tries to be fair even to the Agapemonites! On the contrary, if you are shockable, he is more likely to shock you. As when he says that "in God's sight a live heretic is better than a dead Christian"; that "nowadays the Faith is preached in so distorted a form as to drive the sheep from the fold and keep the goats placidly browsing inside"; or, à propos of miracles, that "we are becoming daily more healthily agnostic in matters of detail"; that "morality was made for man, not man for morality"; that "'converted' children are most assuredly damned"; that "the placid Buddha Christ is a figment of the imagination"; or that he sometimes thinks "that the Church is the only really agnostic body." He clearly recognized the need and paramountcy of an esoteric interpretation of the articles of his creed: their historic truth or falsity is for him a quite secondary interest. He stoutly denies the orthodoxy of belief in the fundamental vileness of human nature. He conceives damnation as a consequence of "death-like denials which warp and kill," not as an arbitrary punishment. In short, he emphasizes everywhere the positive and affirmative aspect of his Faith and its doctrines; and, but for our knowledge of the obstinacy with which every forward step of the human spirit was opposed by its official guardians, and of their terrible record of cruelty and superstition, would almost persuade us of the validity of his interpretation. Convinced though I am of the inadequacy for the new wine of any old bottle, in the light of his frankly symbolic transvaluation of Catholic values, I certainly prefer his to any other—for provisional purposes. His treatment of Theosophy pleases me less than that of any other of his "heretical" Byways, and is disfigured by the only ill-natured sentence I find in the volume—a footnote on page 106, referring to a matter which should either have been left unmentioned or fully and frankly discussed.

C. J. WHITBY.

A NAMELESS ROMANCE. By S. E. Haggard. Rye: Deacon, High Street.

A COLLECTION of psychic experiences, many of which are very informing, embracing visions, dreams, telepathy, cases of thought-transference, spirit hypnotism, clairaudience, table-rapping, etc., to which are added some inspirational writings in verse and prose. A symposium of interest to psychologists.

SCRUTATOR.

PREHISTORIC PARABLES. By Wilson Bell. Illustrated by Horace Taylor. With a Cover Design by K. R. Brady. Halifax: Milner & Co. Manchester: Fred Lawlor & Co., 18, Mosley Street. Price 1s. net.

A REMARKABLE series of sketches of primitive man and his strange environment, his activities, the adventures which befell him and his archaic emotional crises which the author depicts as essentially of the same kind as those of to-day. The book is a good example of the scientific imagination, and the skill with which atmosphere and background are unfolded before us and brought into vivid relation with the moving and arresting figure of our father, man, compels our admiration. The author says: "The design in these parables—if there be one—is to portray human nature, unchanging and unchangeable." It is possible to utter a *caveat* at the last word, but we may at least say that the summary of the history of man in Anatole France's story, "He was born, he suffered and he died," will probably remain true for some æons yet. The pictures in the book are strikingly dramatic and convincing in their reality, and I look forward to seeing further illustrations by Horace Taylor.

B. P. O'N.

DREAM-SONGS OF THE BELOVÈD. By Eleanor Farjeon. London: The Orpheus Press, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d.

THERE is a good deal of nonsense in this book. It is a mistake to lower the standard of poetry by writing in verse what might be equally well, if not better, rendered in prose. I object also very much to the use of words such as "awfulest," "blowy," "melodic"; poetry is not an arena for the exercise of conceits. Here and there are some passably good lines, but as a whole the verses in *Dream-Songs of the Belovèd* are greatly lacking in originality of expression: they are decidedly weak. The true poet does not spend his life groping among the nebulous outskirts of an equally nebulous Nirvana; he prefers the mystic fire at the heart of the lotus to the mists that hover round the outer petals. He sings of life and light, and loses himself in the singing.

MEREDITH STARR.

A SON OF PERDITION. By Fergus Hume. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 6s.

It must be regarded as an evolution of no small significance that the popular writer of problem and detective stories should at length turn his hand to the elucidation of some of the occult laws of Nature and of the psychic and spiritual powers latent in man. *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* will be well remembered as the first work of fiction by which Mr. Fergus Hume claimed public recognition. Since then a number of thrilling pieces of fiction have come from his facile pen and the popular idea of the detective story has been linked with the name of Fergus Hume. But the psychology of the case seems consistent, for it was inevitable in the nature of things that the maker of mysteries would later on find others, already made, which would engage his attention and call forth all the powers of his intricate

faculty. Those mysteries pertain to a higher plane of life, and involve a study of higher laws than those controlling the criminal mind.

In *A Son of Perdition* we have a novel of great fascination and considerable literary merit. We are introduced to the conflict between the powers of Light and Darkness that is continually going on in the world, and we see the subtle forces at work through the eyes of three of the characters engaged, Alice Enistor, a natural clairvoyant, Pablo Narvaez, a Magician of the left-hand path, and Dr. Eberstein, a Christian adept. The other characters are Enistor, the father of Alice, over whom Pablo gains a sinister influence owing to his greed of gold and lust of power; Hardwick, an artist who fancied himself in love with Alice; and Douglas Montrose, her destined affinity, who is a protégé of Dr. Eberstein. With these principals the story is concerned, and it tells us how in the present life they worked out the karma of five thousand years ago when they were associated together in Chaldea. The story is very enthralling and speedily takes the reader in its grip. Pablo Narvaez comes from Spain and seeks out Enistor by his occult arts, knowing that he has a daughter who can be of use to him. He knows also that Enistor has a great desire to rule over others. He is outrageously frank with his victim and taunts him unmercifully. But Enistor, having recognized the superhuman powers of Pablo, accepts him as his master and seeks his aid in the attainment of his ambitions. He is, in fact, willing to barter his daughter for money. Two forces, however, stand in the way. One is the girl's purity, which, while making her a valuable acquisition to the Black Magician, serves to protect her from his influence; the other force being embodied in the person of Dr. Eberstein, who, without having met Pablo in the flesh, nevertheless knows him as a Power of Darkness and seeks at all times to thwart his diabolical schemes. To this end, and to the higher ends of fulfilling of destiny, he employs Montrose, who is coming to his own by a great conquest over self. The struggle then goes on between Eberstein and Montrose on the one hand, and Pablo Narvaez and Enistor on the other. Natural ties render Alice Enistor ineffectual on the one hand, while spiritual ties hamper her on the other side. She is in the middle ground of the great strife. Hardwick is believed to be dying from heart affection; Pablo, after making over all his money to Hardwick, is found strangled in his room. Montrose, who has been maliciously accused by Pablo of being already married while yet seeking the hand of Alice Enistor, has gone forth to "force the lie down his throat." Montrose remains under suspicion of murder. Hardwick, meanwhile, makes a sudden and marvellous recovery, the secret of which is that the Black Magician has taken possession of his body. With Montrose out of the way, Pablo, as Hardwick, can fulfil his fiendish conspiracy. The fortune now held by Montrose can be forced from him for the benefit of Enistor, while Pablo-Hardwick can marry his daughter. But in the end we see Enistor on his death-bed, the powers of Light and Darkness, in the persons of Dr. Eberstein and Pablo-Hardwick, contending for his soul. It is a thrilling situation and a fitting climax to the spiritual vendetta. The author, who dedicates his first psychological novel to Mrs. Annie Besant, has employed his material most skilfully and in effect has given us a story that is both dramatic and invigorating, while yet instructive and uplifting.

SCRUTATOR.

DRACULA. By Bram Stoker. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 1s. net.

To those who have read Mr. Bram Stoker's latest thrilling romance—*The Lair of the White Worm*, the appearance of a popular shilling edition of his great Vampire romance will be most welcome. The story is pieced together from a number of diary records and carries the reader through one of the most uncanny experiences that it is possible to conceive. Of all the weird tales *Dracula* is surely the most weird, and its fascination is of a kind that may truly be called horrific. The diary form in which the book is written adds greatly to the effect of irresistible conviction and circumstantial proof of the truth of the story. Nothing in English fiction has more finish than this weird romance of the Vampire world, and none has excited greater comment among the reviewers. Mr. Bram Stoker did not invent the idea of the Vampire—it is as old as the human race—but he has most assuredly used it for all it is worth, and one feels that he has made it exceedingly difficult for any novelist to make capital out of the same idea. Anybody who reads the story will get an indelible impression of the awful possibilities by which human existence is surrounded.

SCRUTATOR.

THROUGH EVOLUTION TO THE LIVING GOD. By the Rev. J. R. Cohu. Cr. 8vo, pp. xvi. + 242. Oxford: James Parker & Co. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE author of this book, who is a minister of the Church of England, has sat to some purpose at the feet of Darwin, Huxley and Herbert Spencer. He argues convincingly that, whilst a good many of the details of the theory of Evolution are still *sub judice*, the theory in its broad outlines has been proved true beyond reasonable doubt by geological investigations and the study of comparative anatomy. But he emphatically denies the quasi-philosophical speculations as to the *meaning* of evolution which Haeckel and other materialists have attempted to ram down the throats of half-educated persons under the pretext that such speculations form an essential part of the theory of Evolution and have been scientifically demonstrated. Mr. Cohu shows that, so far from the fact of evolution favouring materialism, it points us to the living God, a Divine Mind plus Will plus Heart, immanent in Nature. In the evolutionary process, he argues, which works ever upward under the guidance of what is clearly a directive power, we may see manifest the hand of the Divine. Of course, we must discard the archaic notion of the Creation as something which took place once for all at some point or points of time long ago: Evolution leads us to a more truly spiritual view of Creation, as an eternal process.

The weakest part of the book is that dealing with the problem of evil. Mr. Cohu appears to neglect the fact that non-selfconscious forms of life cannot suffer (*vide* Mr. E. Kay Robinson's *The Religion of Nature*). Another point he does not appear fully to take into consideration is the necessity of freedom (and hence the possibility of evil) for the existence of man as a moral being; and the possibility that man may exert an influence on Nature, for either good or ill, after mortal death. But of the book as a whole we can speak in very high terms of appreciation; it ought to prove

exceedingly useful in dispelling much misunderstanding and prejudice concerning Evolution and its significance.

H. S. REDGROVE.

PRAYER. By Dudley Wright. 5½ in. by 4¼ in., pp. 66. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street. W. Price 1s. net.

IN this dainty little volume Mr. Dudley Wright discourses pleasantly upon the important subject of prayer. His chapter on "Prayers for the Dead and Prayers to Saints" raises points about which there is much difference of opinion. Admitting a spiritual evolution in the next world, it is still possible to hold that the essential basis of character is fixed in this world, and if this theory be true, prayers for the dead are of little utility. We are, therefore, inclined to question Mr. Wright's arguments in favour of prayers for the dead. As to prayers to Saints: as interpreted by modern spiritism, this practice may involve danger.

But Mr. Wright has many true and inspiring things to say about prayer. He indicates that prayer is not merely petition, although it may sometimes take that form. "It is," he says, "communion with the Eternal." In another place he writes as follows: "Prayer is not the condescension of the Eternal to the human, but rather the ascension of the human towards union with the Eternal"—a truth which is, unfortunately, not always recognized. As to set forms of prayer, he indicates that these may prove useful in assisting mental concentration upon the ideas they symbolize; but that they become hindrances in so far as they are mere forms destitute of the life-giving spirit of prayer within.

Mr. James L. Macbeth Bain has provided a brief introduction to Mr. Wright's interesting work, in which he utters a plea for true catholicity in religious thought.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE NEW CHINA. By H. Borel. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Price 10s. 6d.

THE opening up of the Yellow Empire to the new life upon which, by the inevitable destiny of things, it is now fairly launched, is an event which the whole civilized world will have occasion to look back upon with something akin to amazement. In this book, translated from the Dutch by Mons. C. Thiem, the reader will find a mine of information concerning that New China of which the world knows so little, and which is yet not so new that it obscures the atmosphere of old-world mystery, permeating every locality and the common circumstance of life in that ancient country. The author catches this atmosphere and is duly affected by it. He does not lend himself to the glamour of antiquity and the dreaming of mysteries where none exist, but he has a right perspective and is not deluded by the modern presentations of ancient traditional usages. The awakening of China to the national consciousness came with the thunder of the Japanese guns after a long period of silent brooding. To-day we are faced by a single Chinese nation with a single language. A ten-year-old essayist has written that "when China is instructed it

will become the first empire of the world." It will be well if we acquaint ourselves with its people, its traditions, its resources. The copious illustrations to this fine work invite us with the eloquence of natural beauty and with the magnificence of structural art to a closer acquaintance with the doyen of nations. The author offers us his personal experience and guidance. With him we walk the Street of Eternal Repose, we penetrate into the heart of the Forbidden City, and learn that the northern capital is really three cities in one—an outer, an inner and an inmost city, concentrically planned. We enter the Lamaseries and Temples, the Temple of Confucius and the Hall of the Classics, and we rest in the Summer Palace.

Through his eyes we see occultism and symbolism in the common street and we read again the Historical Classic of China in the light of modern instances. The formulæ are still recited, the ritual is still observed, but the ancient power has departed; the light has failed.

"In the primeval times to which the Shu Ching alludes so frequently, it was the occult power of the wise initiated emperor that kept the empire together and made the people prosperous. If he applied it in the right manner he could even rule the elements, disposing sunshine and rain as was favourable to agriculture by which the nation had to live. . . . Even now there are *mantras* able to cause vibrations in the material and supermaterial worlds. One finds them in the really holy monasteries of inmost Thibet among really initiated priests."

Here clearly there is a case for further research and fuller inquiry. The book is remarkable, most of all for its candid and fearless statement of things as the author sees and understands them, and will be appreciated.

SCRUTATOR.

**LIFE AFTER DEATH.** By Rev. Arthur Chambers. London: Charles Taylor, 22, Warwick Lane, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A BOOK that has run to one hundred and ten editions may be counted among the phenomenal successes of the publishing world. The fact that this book deals with a question that is as universal as it is ancient and has been treated by scores of writers in almost all civilized countries, makes of it an outstanding example of successful work. Curiously enough it is not an argument based upon personal experience of a supernatural kind, but is all sound logical sense backed by the warrant of a properly interpreted Scripture. The fact that the author throws new light upon old truths, and does not break new ground, will no doubt count in the estimation of the general reader; and this, from a like reason, warrants the exceptional success attending the publication.

SCRUTATOR.

**THROUGH FIELDS OF LOVE.** By Mary Brewerton de Witt. Chicago: 6102, Greenwood Avenue. Price \$1.00.

A NICELY written little book, full of suggestions of rare beauty. It traces the evolution of a soul in three sections, all of them post-mortem but equally applicable to present conditions of life. "The Ongoing of a Soul" gives us an idea of the sensations experienced by a soul soon after its dis-

location from this plane of activity and there is a great deal of unpremeditated humour in the several situations created by the futile attempts of the discarnate entity to get into touch with habitual conditions of mundane life. The suggestion that the discarnate soul is presently conscious of mundane persons and things while himself remaining in complete obscurity to our senses, is one that may reasonably be combated on psychological grounds. "Not wanted" seems to be one of the most general reasons for a disembodied soul to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." To be persistently ignored and sent to Coventry by all one's old associates must surely be a cruel blow to one's affections, not to mention self-esteem, and more likely to embitter one to active resentment than to lift the spirit of the lonely exile. However, we proceed through *Fields of Love* to an appreciation of "Life's Harmonies" and thus to the realization of the ideal of Friendship in which the heavenly state consists. A pleasant little book, and one that may prove stimulating to the average reader.

SCRUTATOR.

#### DE KERLOR'S OCCULT CATALOGUE.

MONSIEUR W. DE KERLOR, of "The Occult Library," 1, Piccadilly Place, London, W., has just issued a catalogue of books dealing with the occult arts and sciences. It has a striking frontispiece in colours, representing an ancient seer pointing out, in a sky lit with stars and a crescent moon, the constellations and planets to a mother and her little child, the latter of whom is stretching out a hand to a rose growing from a creeper which climbs round a column. The catalogue will be found eminently useful and deals in all the above-mentioned subjects from astrology to telepathy.

RANDOM NOTES AND REFLECTIONS. By Joseph Harris. Liverpool: 17, Lancaster Avenue, Sefton Park. 2s. 6d.

At the mature age of seventy-seven a man's thoughts are not likely to undergo any remarkable change, but are usually found to be charged with the experiences and prejudices of the generation to which he belonged. That in most instances such opinions as are expressed convey the idea of immaturity is one of those paradoxes which testify to the advance that is continually being made in public knowledge and thought. To the fact that "our deeds travel with us to the end" we may add, so also do our experiences and conceptions. The author tells us that he was born in Russia. Had the item been omitted it would nevertheless have been patent to the eye on every page of his book. For Russia has had its fingers upon his throat and upon those of his ancestors and the print of its tyrannous hand has remained. The memory of it chokes him in his utterance. Yet if you follow this worthy son of Israel through all his pilgrimages and adventures you will inevitably come to the conclusion that the mainspring of all his actions, the inspiration of the present book, is the faith of his fathers. The dissemination of the Word, the discrediting of priestcraft, and the exercise of Brotherhood to all men are principles which have largely affected the life of our author and find reflection in this biography.

SCRUTATOR.