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RALPH SHIRLEY

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# CONTENTS

## JULY

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 1
HINDU MAGIC . . . . .	<i>Scrutator</i> . . . . . 10
"MR. ISAACS" AND HIS SÉANCES . . . . .	<i>Frederick W. Heath</i> . . . . . 21
SIDE-LIGHTS ON JACOB BÖHME . . . . .	<i>A. E. Waite</i> . . . . . 25
THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL. VIEW NO. II . . . . .	<i>Sydney T. Klein</i> . . . . . 28
THROUGH THE DEPTHS . . . . .	<i>Lady Archibald Campbell</i> . . . . . 36
FOUR APPARITIONS . . . . .	<i>J. Arthur Hill</i> . . . . . 42
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 48
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 53
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 57

## AUGUST

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 61
THE TRANSPARENT JEWEL. PART I . . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 75
INDIAN JUGGLERY. . . . .	<i>Elliott O'Donnell</i> . . . . . 82
ST. BENEDICT AND OCCULTISM . . . . .	<i>Teresa Hooley</i> . . . . . 89
ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS—THE PROPHET AND HIS TEACHINGS. . . . .	<i>W. J. Colville</i> . . . . . 93
DITTIES OF NO TONE. . . . .	<i>A. S. Furnell</i> . . . . . 97
ON SYMBOLISM IN ART . . . . .	<i>H. Stanley Redgrove</i> . . . . . 98
PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES AND PSYCHICAL EXPERIMENTS IN AMERICA . . . . .	<i>H. A. Dallas</i> . . . . . 103
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 106
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 112
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 116

## SEPTEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 121
THE UNEXPLAINED . . . . .	<i>A. Leonard Summers</i> . . . . . 128
THE POWDER OF SYMPATHY. . . . .	<i>H. Stanley Redgrove</i> . . . . . 134
THE TRANSPARENT JEWEL. PART II . . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 144
THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT INDIA . . . . .	<i>Irene E. Toye Warner</i> . . . . . 149
THE DREAM STATE, AND SOME REFLECTIONS THEREON . . . . .	<i>P. H. Palmer</i> . . . . . 154
SCIENCE VERSUS RELIGION . . . . .	<i>Charles J. Whitby</i> . . . . . 160
THE QUEST . . . . .	<i>Teresa Hooley</i> . . . . . 162
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 164
PERIODICAL LITERATURE. . . . .	. . . . . 172
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 176

## CONTENTS

## OCTOBER

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 181
IN DREAMS . . . . .	<i>Helen Beatrice Allan</i> . . . . . 188
THE STORY OF MR. ISAACS' LIFE . . . . .	<i>Frederick W. Heath</i> . . . . . 189
MADNESS AND MYSTICISM . . . . .	<i>H. Stanley Redgrove</i> . . . . . 199
SOME HISTORICAL GHOSTS . . . . .	<i>Reginald B. Span</i> . . . . . 203
A GATE OF ALCHEMY . . . . .	<i>A. E. Waite</i> . . . . . 209
AN INSPIRED PICTURE . . . . .	<i>Margaret T. Macgregor</i> . . . . . 217
THE TRANSPARENT JEWEL. PART III. . . . .	<i>Mabel Collins</i> . . . . . 220
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 229
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 235
FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS. . . . .	. . . . . 238
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 241

## NOVEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 245
SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING BIRDS . . . . .	<i>H. Stanley Redgrove</i> . . . . . 258
TEMPTATION . . . . .	<i>Helen Beatrice Allan</i> . . . . . 265
WAS BLAKE EVER IN BEDLAM? . . . . .	<i>W. T. Horton</i> . . . . . 266
A BATCH OF STRANGE STORIES . . . . .	<i>A. de Burgh</i> . . . . . 270
VRIL: THE ENERGY OF THE COMING RACE . . . . .	<i>W. J. Colville</i> . . . . . 278
THE USES AND ABUSES OF MIND CURE . . . . .	<i>Hereward Carrington</i> . . . . . 287
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	. . . . . 293
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 297
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 301

## DECEMBER

NOTES OF THE MONTH . . . . .	<i>The Editor</i> . . . . . 307
A LEGEND OF LIFE . . . . .	<i>W. T. Horton</i> . . . . . 313
CATS AND THE UNKNOWN . . . . .	<i>Elliott O'Donnell</i> . . . . . 321
ABNORMAL PHENOMENA IN THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS . . . . .	<i>Geraldine de Robeck</i> . . . . . 327
THE MYSTICAL MARY. . . . .	<i>Harry J. Strutton</i> . . . . . 339
TRUE GHOST STORIES . . . . .	<i>The Author of "Stranger than Fiction"</i> . . . . . 342
A COMPARISON OF THE HEBREW SEPHIROTH WITH THE "PAUT NETERU" OF EGYPT . . . . .	<i>K. A. C. Creswell</i> . . . . . 349
ISLAY BELIEFS . . . . .	<i>Mina H. Scott</i> . . . . . 358
PERIODICAL LITERATURE . . . . .	. . . . . 364
REVIEWS . . . . .	. . . . . 368

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## Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH

By the Editor

HINDU MAGIC

By Scrutator

"MR. ISAACS" AND HIS SEANCES

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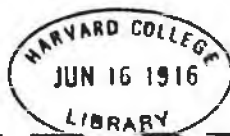
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# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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VOL. XVI.

JULY 1912

No. 1

## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE few of us who believe in the miraculous incidents recorded in connection with the lives of mediæval and early Christian saints will certainly have their faith confirmed by the recent remarkable, if not miraculous, recovery from a long-standing illness of Miss Dorothy Kerin. The orthodox scientist, on the contrary, will have another remarkably well-attested incident to put into his waste-paper basket and forget about at the earliest possible

THE moment. This curious case, which attracted no STRANGE little attention in the daily Press at the time, on CASE OF account of its startling features, has been considered DOROTHY of sufficient importance by the doctor under whose KERIN. care the lady in question has been subsequently placed, to merit careful and detailed analysis and embodiment in book form.\* It is well that this has been done promptly while the evidence of her medical attendants is still obtainable at first hand, and before the dangers incidental to lapses of memory have had time to vitiate the evidential value of the record.

The main facts of the case will be fresh in the memory of most of my readers; but for the benefit of those who may not

\* *Faith & Suggestion, including an Account of the remarkable experiences of Dorothy Kerin.* By Edwin Lancelot Ash. London: Herbert & Daniel, 95 New Bond Street, W.

have been made acquainted with the case, and also on account of the importance of the particulars and exact facts in the evidence, it may be as well to summarize these in as brief a manner as is practicable.

Miss Dorothy Kerin is a young woman of the age of twenty-two. Up till February last her health had been in a very precarious condition for approximately seven years, during a considerable part of which period she had been actually bedridden. At the beginning of the present year she appeared to be rapidly sinking into a state of collapse from which there seemed no hope of recovery. From 1907 to 1912 she was understood to be suffering from consumption (tuberculosis of the lungs), the evidence as to this particular complaint becoming much stronger during the latter part of this period. In 1908 she was stated by her medical attendant to have inflammation of the stomach as well.

**MEDICAL EVIDENCE.** From 1910 to 1912 she was under the fairly constant observation of a medical practitioner of experience, whose diagnosis of the case was that it was one of rapidly advancing tuberculosis of the lungs. Of this she had the usual recognized symptoms; e.g., frequent hemorrhage, racking cough, profuse night perspirations, wasting, high temperatures, extreme physical exhaustion. She also exhibited the leading physical indications of this disease when examined by the stethoscope. She was officially notified under the Compulsory Notification of Consumption Act, which came into force at the beginning of the present year. During the last few days preceding her apparently miraculous cure she had every outward appearance of being *in extremis*, and her relatives expected her end at any moment.

The occurrence which led to her entirely unexpected recovery took place on the evening of Sunday, February 18, when her relatives were gathered round what they believed to be the bedside of the dying girl. She was at the time in what is described as a comatose condition, when suddenly those present in her bedroom were surprised to hear her begin to say very slowly the words, "I'm listening." After this she lifted up her arms, sat up in bed, and passed her fingers over her still closed eyes, which then slowly opened. She next looked round at her relations and told them

**ACCOUNT OF THE MIRACULOUS VISION.** with a smile that she had had a wonderful vision in which a voice had informed her that her sufferings were at an end, and she added that she was herself convinced that her sickness had entirely left her. She then called for her dressing-gown and insisted upon getting out of bed and walking round the room. "The



fact remains," observes Dr. Ash, "that she has been well ever since, and shows no untoward symptoms up to the time of writing, which is some two months since her remarkable recovery." It was clear to those in the room that the girl had both seen and heard something which was not apparent to any of the rest of those present. As to what this actually was, we have obviously only her own statement to go upon. This is her version of the facts:—

In my sleep something said, "Dorothy," three times distinctly. And I said, "Yes, I'm listening—who is it?" And then the Voice said, "Listen!" And then I felt two warm hands take hold of both of mine and lift them up and put my hands on my eyes, and then put them down again. The Voice then said, "Dorothy" again, after it had put my hands down.

Then there was a beautiful light which flashed over the screen at the corner of the foot of the bed. The light came right over the bed—and at the back of it was a beautiful Angel. It had got my hands in its hands—and put them on to my eyes—and then he said—

"Dorothy! Your sufferings are over! Get up and walk!"

My eyes came open and I looked round and saw them all—my relations—round the bed. And I said, "I want my dressing-gown; I want to walk."

My mother then tried to hold me down in bed, and the Voice—which had together with the light come to here—(showing a place near the left side of her face)—again said, "Get up and walk."

My mother said, "You must not get up." And I said to her, "Can't you hear it?" and she couldn't.

Then after all they gave me the dressing-gown, and some of the light from the foot of the bed came round by me and I put my hand on it—and I got out of bed and followed it, and it went straight to the door, and then I walked straight out of the passage into the little room at the end of the passage to see if my stepfather was there, to find him. And he wasn't there, so I went right back into the front room again.

The light was still on my hand—and it went out of the door again, and down the passage and into the little room—where he (my stepfather) was then.

And then I went right back to the front room and sat down on a chair—and the light joined itself to the other piece of light again (a portion of this had wandered over the bed) and disappeared over the screen, where it had come from.

When I sat down in the chair, they (my relations) were all shaking and frightened. And my stepfather fell down on the floor and started crying—in an attitude of prayer.

And I said, "Why are you all so frightened? I am quite, quite well!"

And I told them I felt as though I could eat some supper. And I had it—and ever since I have been quite well and strong—without even the littlest bit of pain—not even tired.

There were two other visions, subsidiary, in a sense, to this healing vision, one before the experience in question, and one after. The first occurred on the night of February 14. In this

vision Miss Kerin heard what she describes as "a great flocking noise." "Then all came light, dazzlingly light, after which there were crowds and crowds all in white, some having wings and some lilies, and those that had wings had halos round their heads." Finally one of the bright crowd came forward and said to her, "No, Dorothy, you are not coming yet," after which the vision vanished. This vision was apparently in the nature of a preparation for the healing vision of four days later. The third vision occurred on the night of March 10, and is best given in her own words :—

I suddenly heard a Voice say, "Dorothy!" Then I woke up and sat up in bed—and that great beautiful light came all over the bed again, from the foot, until it came right up all round me—and then in the middle it opened—and there was a beautiful, beautiful Woman's face, with a beautiful halo on the head.

The shoulders and arms followed the head out of the light. In her right hand she had a beautiful Annunciation lily—a big one—and she was holding both her hands up like that (extending her arms and raising them until the hands were just above the level of the head).

And then she said, "Dorothy, you are *quite* well," and she put a special stress on the word "quite."

Then she said, "The Lord has brought you back to use you for a great and privileged work. Many sick will ye heal in your prayer and faith." She did not say by or through your prayer and faith, but "in."

"Comfort the sorrowing! Give Faith to the faithless!" Then she said, "Many rebuffs you will have, but remember, you are thrice blessed. His grace is sufficient for thee, and He will *never* leave thee!"

Then she made the sign of the cross on me with her beautiful lily, and it came right on my face, so that I could smell the scent of it.

Then she put my hand on the pillow and said :

"Now sleep, child!"

I did not see her go away, but after she was gone the room was full of the scent of the lily.

Then I slept until the morning.

In a case like this the natural tendency among the sceptical, when no doubt remains of the reality of the recovery, is to ascribe the previous illness to extreme hysteria. This explanation is a

particularly difficult one in the present case in view of the extent of the medical evidence and of the fact that the doctor who had charge of her for two years preceding her recovery reported that he had found evidence of tuberculosis of the lungs on repeated examinations. It cannot, however, be disputed that several doctors detected hysterical symptoms at various stages of her illness, particularly the earlier ones, and it is not improbable that her physical ailments were complicated by this condition. It is, however, by no

WAS IT A  
CASE OF  
HYSTERIA ?

means clear how hysterical symptoms could have simulated the symptoms of consumption so effectively as to bring their victim to death's door. Dr. Ash summarizes the result of the investigations he undertook, and arrives at the following conclusions:—

(1) The girl had been ill for about seven years, during the greater part of which she had kept to her bed.

(2) From 1906 to the end of 1908 the medical opinions differed as to whether the case was one of consumption or hysteria simulating tuberculosis. But whilst there were numerous signs and symptoms that might have been taken to indicate consumption, no definite sign of hysteria appears to have been noted. One doctor states definitely that whilst uncertain as to consumption, he was quite certain that the illness was neither hysteria nor malingering.

(3) In 1909 the evidence pointed more and more in the direction of consumption. But not finding the microbes of that infection, her doctors, rightly or wrongly, "fell back on" hysteria as the diagnosis.

(4) In 1910 and 1911 the doctors and nurses who attended the case were certain that it was one of advancing tuberculosis of the lungs.

(5) In February of this year (1912) *physical exhaustion was real and severe.*

(6) During the week ending February 18, the girl was indeed in that condition which is generally conveyed by the term "dying." So much so that her then medical attendant thought death might occur at any time.

(7) That the patient, instead of dying, saw or dreamt a "vision," which was immediately followed by her restoration to health and strength, and by the sudden disappearance of all symptoms.

(8) That *because* the illness had thus terminated, and the symptoms disappeared so completely, not a few medical men concluded that *therefore* the illness should be labelled "hysteria," and the circumstances thereof considered of no importance.

As Dr. Ash well points out, hysteria in a medical sense is a very real disease, and must not be confused with the popular use of the word in its signification of loss of self-control and shamming. The victim of hysteria is liable unconsciously to mimic other complaints.

WHAT IS Hysteria? The condition can lead to bleeding from the mouth and nose, and may produce states of profound exhaustion and even blindness and deafness. The main point, however, which will appeal to the lay mind, is the fact that whatever the nature of the disease may have been, the physical condition immediately preceding recovery was as serious as it could possibly have been short of death actually taking place.

Dr. Ash devotes an interesting chapter in his book to the question of the meaning of the vision experiences of Miss Dorothy Kerin, and discusses the question as to what precise value should

be placed upon them. Most readers will probably agree with the doctor that they may fairly be placed side by side with such experiences as the voices of Joan of Arc, the visions of St. Theresa, and the experience of St. Paul on the road to Damascus. It will, however, be more difficult for most of us to come to a definite conclusion on the question under what precise category of psychic phenomena these visions are to be classed. We need hardly be troubled with the suggestion that experiences of the kind are by-products of hysteria. The results are so greatly in excess of anything that we are accustomed to in the way of effects of a material cause, that their magnitude in itself renders such an hypothesis ridiculous on the face of it. One of these incidents revolutionized the history and religion of the world. Another restored its own monarchy to France, and the instance before us is shown to have transformed the whole physical condition of the subject of the experience.

It is, however, quite open to us to argue that visions of the kind are subjective in character and not objective, that they are the products of a spiritual state of the individual which translates its own sensations into a dramatic form, and creates by the power of its imagination beings who appear to convey messages and assurances which are in reality nothing but the potent auto-suggestions of the subliminal self. Such an explanation can be supported by numerous dream experiences in which the dramatic faculty plays a leading part, while in reality all the *dramatis personæ* are identifiable with different characteristics or stand-points of one individual—the dreamer. Numerous instances of this have been given by Carl Du Prel in his celebrated work on Transcendental Philosophy (*The Philosophy of Mysticism*), and also by other scientific writers on the subject of the Dream World. If we accept the hypothesis that the experiences are actual and spiritually objective (if I may use the expression), we are brought face to face with certain difficulties.

The tendency of all such visions is to translate themselves into the religious thought of the seer and to take on his or her thought atmosphere. If he or she is a Christian the vision will take the form of the Virgin Mary or angels with wings, or even of Jesus Christ; if, on the other hand, the entranced person is a Buddhist or Mohammedan the visions will harmonize in a similar way with the faith of the beholder. Thus with regard to Dorothy Kerin's visions Dr. Ash quite pertinently observes:—

ARE VISIONS  
SUBJECTIVE  
OR  
OBJECTIVE ?

OBJECTIONS  
TO THE  
OBJECTIVE  
HYPOTHESIS.

" They were obviously of such a nature as to form a picture of the typical religious kind. Every one is familiar with engravings and paintings, stained glass windows, Christmas cards, and so forth, in which crowds of angels with wings and halos appear. Just such an assemblage appeared in the first vision, while in the second there was only one angelic personage, who, however, manifested all the characteristic properties of his order, as we know them from time-honoured stories."

There have been many records of people who, when dying, have been witnesses of the Beatific Vision, and have claimed to have seen the Founder of the Christian Faith. What justification have we for crediting the actual reality underlying such an assumption? Again there was, I remember, a case in the recent Welsh revival of one of the revivalists who, among other experiences, had a vision of a celestial being. So clearly did he see the angel in question that he was able to distinguish the feathers on her wings. The fact is, habit is second nature with us, and even those who have discarded the Christian religion still find themselves unconsciously thinking in terms of Christianity.

But in disputing the objectivity of visions on the strength of these arguments, it must be admitted that we are going further than the evidence actually warrants. The psychic will see a ghost clothed as he would expect him to appear. The fact that the ghost is not naked cannot be held as evidence in disproof of his presence, though this argument has been not unfrequently employed to discredit the genuineness of all apparitions. The point that really arises is whether there is an actual presence underlying the vision seen, and if so to what extent this vision is clothed upon by the mentality of the seer. It might be argued, indeed, that the form assumed was a hypnotic suggestion conveyed by the apparition to the subconsciousness of the percipient. The evidence, however, rather points in the other direction, inasmuch as it appears in most cases to be the early religious training of the seer which colours the visionary picture. Such visions are not confined to the celestial sphere. The teachings embodied in childhood on the subject of hell will take root and people the imagination of the adult. Thus St. Theresa saw an apparition of the Devil seated at the foot of her bed, clothed in the conventional form, which she was successful in exorcising by means of her Bible—or was it holy water? On the assumption in defence of which I am at present arguing, we should be justified in postulating the presence of an evil spirit and concluding that the imagination of St. Theresa did the rest.

The question then, with regard to the vision-picture, is, as Dr.

Ash seems to appreciate, whether or not some conscious reality underlies the vision, or whether it is merely the child of the imagination of the sub-conscious self. It is a question of the "hidden spring," as the doctor calls it, which has liberated the picture. Was this "spring" operated from within or from without? If from without, was it operated from a material or from a spiritual sphere? The fact that the picture seen takes form in the sub-conscious mind of the visionary, "throws no certain light on the stimulus of which the picture is merely a secondary result—an interpretation."

**THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE.** This appears to be the true scientific attitude to adopt, and each incident of the kind must be judged on its own merits, and according to the evidence which it offers of the bona fides of the visionary and the practical results accruing from the vision. The genuineness of the vision in question is attested by such startling subsequent verification that it is impossible to feel wonder that the girl who experienced it expresses her own absolute confidence in the presence and reality of her spiritual visitants and the message and mission which they imparted to herself.

I am asked by the Publishers of *The Path* to state that arrangements have been made to hold their Fourth Annual International Summer School at Torquay for two weeks, from August 3 to 17.

**THE INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL.**

I understand that members of the school will have accommodation reserved for them in a number of selected boarding establishments and private hotels. This summer gathering includes a series of lectures, the names of some of the lecturers being as follows: Rev. K. C. Anderson, of Dundee, Sir Richard Stapley, Prof. P. Geddes, Mabel Collins, Prof. Bickerton, W. Tudor Pole, etc., etc. Those who wish for further information on the subject should apply to the Secretary, International Summer School, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.



*Photo: Campbell Gray.*  
DOROTHY KERIN. April, 1912.

# HINDU MAGIC

By SCRUTATOR

TO those who have been accustomed to look upon India through the smoke of its incense and the glamour of its sainted traditions, it may well appear as the land of the Lotus-eaters. But quite another impression of its actual life, at all events in the less cultivated social areas, will be obtained by reading a work recently published entitled *Omens and Superstitions in Southern India*, by Mr. Edgar Thurston, C.I.E.\* It will then appear that India, the land of Saints and Stoics, of Sadhus and Bairagis, lays some claim to be the traditional home of the Fire-eating Magician and worker of Sorcery.

From a belief in omens and the natural superstitions common to all early civilizations, from fear of the Evil Eye and from terrors of the snake and tiger, we arrive naturally at the stage where the votive offering, the totem, the talisman, the charm, and the sacrifice form a regular part of the equipment of the Magician and Tāntrika, the Wonder-worker who is himself a necessary evolution of this native belief in the malevolence of natural and supernatural powers.

Concerning omens, there is found in the Hindu classic of Kalidās'a a reference to spasmodic nervous action which finds a universal echo. Dashyanti said: "This hermitage is tranquil and yet my arm throbs. Whence can there be any result from this in such a place? But yet the gates of destiny are everywhere." And again Sakuntala said: "Alas! why does my right eye throb?" To which Gautami replied: "Child, the evil be averted. May the tutelary deities of your husband's family confer happy prospects!" Similar references to omens of this sort are to be found in the Raghuvamsa, and it is the common practice of almanac writers in India to include a selection of these physiological omens in their panchāngams or almanacs.

Among good omens of the natural sort are found the elephant, a pot full of water, sweetmeats, fruit, fish and flesh, idols, kings, a cow with its calf, a married woman, a tethered bullock, gold lamp, melted or clarified butter and milk. On the other hand, a donkey, a broom, buffalo, a loose bullock, barber, widow, a

\* London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price 12s. 6d. net.



sick person, and a cat are bad omens. For a cat to cross one's path is accounted the worst of all omens. It is also forbidden to look at the moon on certain days. The legends say that Sita used to rise early and present herself, bathed and well dressed, before her lord Rāma so that he might behold her on awaking and be lucky during the day; for it is among the happy omens that a man should see his wife's face, the lines of his right hand, his face in a mirror, his rice fields and some other things on awaking. The custom set by Sita is followed by all good wives in Hindu families. If you see a Hindu being led to the temple with a bandage over his eyes you may know it is the Vishnu festival and the duty of the devout Hindu is to see the face of the village god the first of all things in the morning.

Sleeping with the head to the East gives wealth and health; to the South, long life; to the West, fame; and to the North, sickness. The Dravidians therefore avoid sleeping with the head to the North. We of the West rather favour the position, but the fact that we do not sleep in the open air and the greater fact of our superior sanitary laws may account for our immunity from any sickness due to our position in sleep.

These omen superstitions are exceedingly interesting and doubtless can be traced to traditional legends affecting the minds of an impressionable people, and yet it is all perfectly consistent with a philosophy which regards the whole natural universe as Symbol. It is said that the gods speak to us in the language that is natural to us and in this view we have to accept all the omens of the Hindus as part of the language in which they may be signalled by beneficent powers. When a Hindu was giving evidence in a court recently he had to explain that when he started out a snake crossed his path and so he went back and postponed his journey till the next day. Then he found that one of the two men whom he had promised to accompany had been murdered. In our own land and in modern times we may find accounts of many who by some omen or warning have been saved from destruction and serious hurt.

The popular belief in the malefic influence of an eclipsed luminary may have its basis in natural physics, but it is merely a superstition in the popular Hindu mind. "Food and drink taken during the eclipse possess poisonous properties according to their belief, and hence people abstain from eating and drinking until the eclipse is over. They bathe at the end of the eclipse in order to get rid of the pollution." This obviously refers only to such eclipses as are visible, since the common people cannot

know when there is an eclipse on the other side of the earth or below the horizon. The man or woman who can think of eating or drinking during the progress of so interesting a phenomenon as a visible eclipse is obviously one without a sense of proportion and well merits any ill effects arising from it. But it is to be noted that during a recent eclipse of the Sun (April 17, 1912) the sunlight temperature fell 27 degrees in the space of an hour. This sudden and remarkable change would affect only that area on which the dark cone fell and one may reasonably suppose that such electrostatic change in the air is not without its physical effects upon animal life of whatever kind.

Connected with this popular belief in the contagion of eclipses we may note the general dislike of the Hindu to stand within the shadow of anybody whom he considers polluted, and this feeling has been extended to those who are separated by caste. It is pollution in the eyes of the Brahman if the shadow of a Melechcha (foreigner) or pariah (outcast) fall upon him or his doorstep. A Brahman will remain behind closed doors during an eclipse, and all those who were born under the asterism in which the eclipse falls, must make a phylactery of gold or silver with verses in Sanskrit engraved upon it, and wear it upon the forehead. He must then observe appropriate ceremonies, bathe himself, and make a present of the plate of gold to a Brahman with some fee, ranging from four annas (a silver piece) to several thousands of rupees. No marriage can possibly take place in the month of an eclipse, as it is universally unfortunate in India. Comets, too, are looked upon as omens of evil. A Hindu will not shave on certain days, according to the asterism in which he was born, and he observes times and seasons for anointing his body. In fact the care of the person is a far more complex matter in Indian usage than we of the West have any idea of, and any one reading the category of things a man or woman may not do on certain occasions and the various prescriptions they must follow in the event of any inadvertence, will be filled with a sense of the insuperable difficulty attaching to the maintenance of one's good name and reputation among the devout Hindus. A Brahman will take care that he is not seen eating his food by a person of low caste. The Hindu theory of vision is in line with the old corpuscular theory to which some modern scientists are disposed to revert. The eye not only perceives by images thrown to the retina but it also exhales a subtle influence of its own and this, impinging on the objects seen by a man, modifies the quality of such objects. With this theory in mind, or without reason what-

soever, the Brahman believes in the efficacy of the Evil Eye and goes a long way about to secure immunity from its ill effects. It is nevertheless a fact that the Hindus believe in



MALAYAN EXORCIST WITH FOWL IN HIS MOUTH.

(By kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

transmissible personality and they may not be without reason in this, although the lengths to which this belief drives them would seem to be uncalled for, at least in the common walks of life. At certain stages in occult training such isolation of the

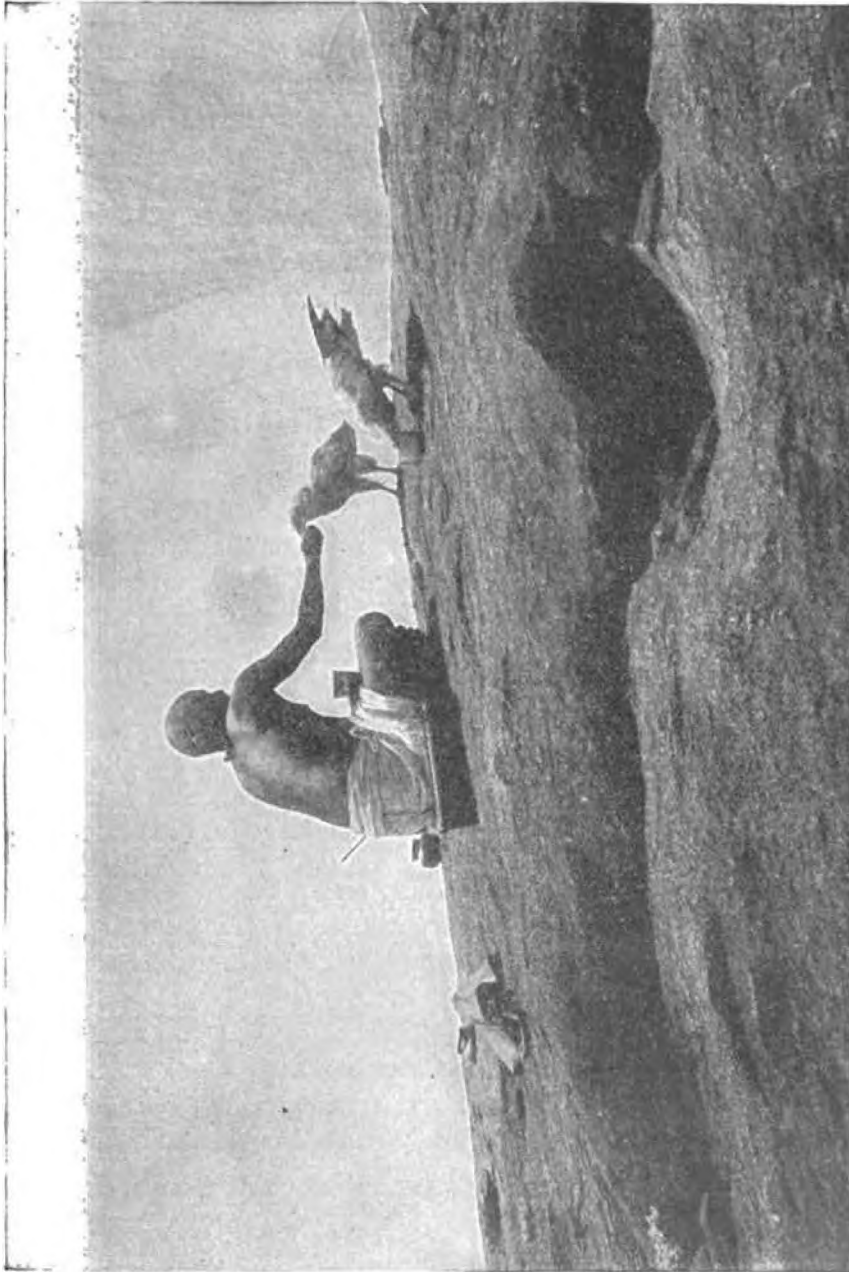
person is not only useful but imperative. But the ordinary wayfarer, be he Brahman or not, can offer no excuse for his exclusiveness except his vulnerability, a poor defence where all men are lepers before God.

Snake worship or rather the worship of Nāgesvara, the Lord of the Snakes, is common in India. In Central Travancore there is a grove of four thousand stone idols and a temple dedicated to the King and Queen of Snakes. I have often wondered whether, with the extermination of the dangerous reptile, this worship of Nāgesvara would cease. In the months of Kanya and Thulām (September and October) a large gathering takes place at the temple of the Nāga Rājā. Offerings of gold, silver, and fruits are made and some three thousand rupees are expended in feeding the Brahmans. The snakes themselves have to be content with a feed of nirupulam, which is poured into a large vessel and kept inside a room for three days, when the vessel is found to be empty. It is supposed that the snakes drink the mixture. The Pulluva family of Malabar are regarded as special favourites of Nāgesvara, and are able to subsist on the presents given by those who desire to propitiate the Snake-god. The Pulluvan chants his mantrams and plays tunes upon pipes to the accompaniment of the pot-drum or kudam.

As in Egypt, China and other parts of the world where the belief in evil agencies tends to worship and propitiation, the use of votive offerings is everywhere prevalent in India. In Trichinopoly, the goddess Kulanthal Amman has the reputation of being able to get debts settled. A creditor has merely to state his claim on a scroll of palm leaves and offer the goddess a part of the debt when paid. This scroll is then placed on a spear in front of the temple at Pullambadi, and if the claim be just and the debt remains unpaid, the debtor will be afflicted by bad dreams and sickness. In case of a dispute both statements are placed on the spear and the goddess decides between the litigants by afflicting the unjust party with sickness and evil dreams. A debt being acknowledged, the money is taken to the temple and placed before the image of the goddess. The priest then sends word to the creditor and the whole amount is paid over to him. He then performs his vow and gives the stipulated sum to the temple funds in the month of Meshām.

The Brāhmani Kite or Sacred Vulture, which is frequently resorted to by natives of Southern India in case of sickness, is surrounded by strange legends. The temple priests say that, every day, one of the birds goes on a pilgrimage to Benares, and

the other to Rāmēs'vara. It is also said that the pair will never come together if sinners are present in the temple.



SACRED VULTURES, TIRUKAZHUKUNRAM.  
(By kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Any place that has a reputable tradition attaching to it becomes the depository of votive offerings. It will probably be surprising to my readers to learn that in Tinnevely, Malabar and

some other parts of Southern India, deceased Europeans are worshipped as demons.

An English officer who was mortally wounded in the fighting at Travancore in 1809, and was buried some miles from the scene of battle in a sandy waste, has for some few years been an object of worship by the Shānāns of the neighbourhood, who offer him "cheroots and spirituous liquors," obviously in memory of the gallant officer's chief articles of consumption. Similarly the manes of the old Portuguese settlers, soldiers and traders are propitiated with toddy and cheroots in Malabar. The tradition is, however, dying out. Probably the old Portuguese are too busy with affairs in their native country to give much attention to their Indian devotees.

Magic proper begins with the mantram or "spell" and the construction of talismans. *Mantrasara* is the very essence of Indian magic, and it has for adjuncts *Yantrasara*, or Kabbalism; *prayōgasara*, the adaptation of means to the end; and *tantrasara*, the science of symbolic action. A mantravādi (one versed in the use of mantrams) has to go through a long course of training. He must be pure in mind and body, must know the gayatri, the proper ceremonial, the correct swara and recitation of mantrams, and must keep alive the sacred fire and pay attention to his dietary. The recitation of mantrams is so much a part of Hindu practice that a European physician, who uses neither mantrams nor prayers, has no chance of applying his faculty among the orthodox Hindus. In *Yantrasara*, the kabbalistic figures are drawn on plates of the chief metals, but also occasionally on parchment and palmyra. But it is believed that their efficacy has a duration proportionate to the value of the metals employed. A gold plate will ensure the yantra working for a century. When the yantras are to be buried underground lead is always used. There was obviously no intention that the people should become a nation of gold-diggers. All yantras must employ the figures or symbols of life, the eyes, the tongue, the eight points of the compass, and the five elements.

The ceremony of exorcism, the invocation or summoning of spirits, the driving out of devils, conducing to love, hate, destruction, etc., are included in *prayōgasara*. Europeans have been trained in the use of mantrams and the practice of Indian magic by gurus, and the story is told of one European so skilled who was called in to exorcise an obsessing spirit who had possession of a Telugu girl. When he arrived the devil, speaking through the girl, threatened to kill her, or the European. A mantram

was recited and the devil departed, its return being prevented by the wearing of a yantram. Another case was that of a boy



KORAVA WOMAN TELLING FORTUNES WITH COWRIE SHELLS IN TRAY.

(By kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

who was possessed of a devil. When the European called at the house he was found lying down with a loin cloth upon him and was in a high temperature. Suddenly, through some invisible

agency, the loin cloth caught fire, which was stamped out. It then caught fire in another place and eventually was riddled with burnt holes. Sometimes the boy got burned. It was thus that the devil manifested his presence. A mantram being recited, the burning ceased and the fever abated. A yantram was made from some vibhūti (sacred ashes) and tied round the boy's neck. A mendicant who came along afterwards gave the boy some medicine for ordinary sickness not connected with the obsession, and being unsuccessful he blamed the yantra and ordered its removal. The relations objected, but the mendicant himself tore it from his neck and instantly the boy fell down in a comatose condition. Almost everybody intimate with Hindu life has witnessed these spontaneous combustions. I have myself seen a string of clothes so destroyed, food turned instantly to offal and showers of stones precipitated out of thin air during the course of an hour. In this instance the phenomena were connected with the obsession of a young girl of about thirteen years and were entirely dispelled by the use of appropriate ceremonies. It is a common practice to make hand-prints on the walls of a house to keep away evil spirits, while many ryots set up totems in their rice fields to scare away the demons.

The atrocities of the Kondhs of Jeypore, in which human victims were sacrificed for the purpose of obtaining good crops, are now fortunately obsolete as a general practice, although as recently as 1882 a kidnapping and murdering in one of the temples is recorded.

"Even so recently as 1902," says our author, "a European magistrate in Ganjam received a petition, asking for permission to perform a human sacrifice which was intended to give a rich colour to the tumeric crop!" Sheep, goats and monkeys are now sacrificed in Jeypore instead of human victims, and the names of certain European officials who were chiefly concerned in the suppression of the meriah rites are anathema among the Kondhs. Similar rites involving loss of human life have been in practice in different parts of the peninsula until recent times, not only among the cultivators but also among the herdsmen of the hills and plains.

To exterminate a cattle disease the people of the Telugu country bury a live pig up to its neck or drive the herd over its head, crushing it to death. A human victim formerly took the place of the poor pig. In order to remove a curse from a house, stable or field, the Coorgs dig a pit and into this the Magician descends and seated cross-legged recites his mantrams. A platform



of wood is then placed over the hole, shutting in the Māntrika, and a fire is kindled on top. Into this fire different kinds of grain are thrown, together with butter and sugar. The ceremony continues all night, the Panika officiating above and his immured colleague below reciting his mantrams continuously. Sometimes a live cock is placed in the pit instead of the Māntrika and in such case the bird is killed as soon as it is daylight. These ceremonies, which have the significant name of *maranada bali*, or "death atonements," are common in all parts of Southern India. Some tribes or families have no other occupation than that of Exorcists, Devil-dancers and Magicians. In South Canara, Travancore and Malabar such Tāntrikas still abound and practise the Black Art. In the initiation of a Tamil Tāntrika, the skull of a first-born male child inscribed with characters is used as a cup, and it is their practice to make a sort of ink (*mai*) from the brains, which is afterwards used for magical purposes, including killing at a distance, inciting to love, or compelling confidence. The Bhutas or demons are supposed to haunt trees. A sorcerer will take the corpse of a maiden and place it on a Saturday night beneath a bhuta-haunted tree on an altar. He will then repeat a hundred times the invocation to the goddess of Malayāla, conjuring the demon to enter the corpse. When it does so it has to be fed with flesh and arrack and will then answer all questions. Thus it is believed in Malabar. A human bone over which powerful mantrams have been pronounced will, it is said, cause the ruin of a man if thrown into his house.

All sorts of evils are precipitated upon people by means of images over which mantrams have been recited, the images being buried near the house of the person to be bewitched or haunted. The victim then applies to a Tāntrika to remove the spell and magical ceremonies are resorted to in order to locate the yantra or image, so that the profession is kept continuously busy enacting and counteracting the ceremonies. In the Tamil district they make use of the *pavai*, a doll of plastic material, such as dough or clay. This is moulded into the crude image of an intended victim and a nail or pin is driven into the part of the body to be affected. By this means paralysis, insanity, and even death are believed to be produced. It may be a safeguard to experimentalists to mention that these operations have no efficacy apart from the appropriate and all-compelling mantrams and these are the secret heritage of the warlocks or Black Magicians. About one person in a million can become a Black Magician if he survives the ordeals imposed on him and thus the gates of

Hell are locked against the dilettante and the casual misanthropist until Death gives them the key.

Terrible cruelties are inflicted on unfortunate animals that are most frequently used for purposes of enchantment by the warlock. Nails are driven into the eyes and stomach of a frog or other small creature which is then placed in a cocoanut-shell and buried. The deaths of the animal and the person affected are supposed to take place simultaneously.

On very small occasion a man may find himself suddenly seized and have his front teeth knocked out owing to some distracted person having lodged a charge of sorcery against him. Witchcraft among women is equally believed in and as violently resented by the ignorant and superstitious populace of these unenlightened parts of India. Witches are accused of causing death by emaciation. It is believed that they get to the top of the house and let a thread down so that it touches the body of a sleeping man and by this means they draw the blood out of his body. A species of telepathic vampirism.

Needless to say a great deal of fraud is worked on these superstitious people by adventurers posing as magicians. So large a number of them have been dealt with by the authorities that one would have thought the reputation of the Tāntrika pujari had been blighted for ever. Superstition, however, dies hard, and for the reason that most of it is based on natural facts which to the common mind remain occult.

## “MR. ISAACS” \* AND HIS SÉANCES

By FREDERICK W. HEATH

WHEN the late Marion Crawford, the novelist, went to India he met a Mr. Jacob, who interested him so much that he came home and wrote a book about him. The book was *Mr. Isaacs*, and it laid the foundation of Marion Crawford's literary reputation. The book sold well because it dealt with a comparatively unknown phase of Eastern life and character.

The man who inspired the novel had for long been known as one of the most interesting personalities in India. In those days Mr. Jacob lived in Simla, and every Anglo-Indian of any note who went to the social capital of the country made it his business to call upon Mr. Jacob. As soon return from India and confess you had not seen the Taj Mahal as come home and say that you had not spoken to Mr. Jacob of Simla. He stood out with the Taj as a wonder of the East, and in his way Mr. Jacob was and is by no means at all less remarkable than the famous love-monument of Shah Jehan. The only difference is that whereas the Taj is an architectural mystery, Mr. Jacob is a human mystery. No one has ever read the amazing riddle of his personality, or given any satisfactory explanation of the remarkable things he has done. Like so many other men of the East, his character baffles analysis, and evades solution. Only a part of him, and that a very small part, can ever be seen ; in whole he escapes one entirely.

A Turk by birth, almost an Indian owing to long residence in the country, a Yogi by religious persuasion, and an “Adept” by profession, this remarkable man of the East presents as interesting a subject for study as it would be possible to find in any part of the world. He had his first real experience of life at Constantinople, where he was sold as a slave to a rich *pacha*. Instead of being condemned to the horrible fate assigned to most of the slave-boys sold in the market at Constantinople, Jacob became a kind of *chela* (disciple) of his master's, and was kept diligently at his books. At this time he acquired a deep knowledge of Oriental lore that was later to make him the leading figure in

\* The stories of these séances were told to me by “Mr. Isaacs” himself. In addition to being the hero of Marion Crawford's novel, Mr. Jacob figures as Lurgan *Sahib* in the pages of Kipling's *Kim*. Altogether he has inspired no less than six books.

Anglo-Indian society at Simla. On the death of his master he was once more thrown on the world. Deeply read in the rites of Mohammedanism, able to recite the Koran from beginning to end, conversant with all the practices of the religion, though not a follower of the Prophet, he conceived the idea of making the pilgrimage to Mecca. This he accomplished successfully, and later, after many hardships, found himself in Bombay without any *pisa* and with nothing but his knowledge of Eastern languages and life to his credit. This, however, was amply sufficient to obtain him employment at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

He remained at Hyderabad for some time, and then moved up to Delhi, where he commenced business as a dealer in precious stones. Thoroughly conversant with Urdu, living almost as a native of India, Jacob soon became famous and in a few years he had amassed a fortune. Meanwhile he had established himself at Simla, and there rapidly rose to be the first dealer in the famous Mart. All the *élite* of Anglo-Indian society purchased his goods and visited him at his house, which was one of the most remarkable in all India. It was furnished in the most lavish Oriental style, and full of priceless ornaments and jewels. To this house came Viceroys, Governors, the leading members of the Civil and Military Services, and indeed every one who was any one in India. In addition to his great wealth there was that mysterious *something* about the man which drew every one to him. Anglo-Indians came to Jacob in spite of themselves. But one of the most potent things that drew these pleasure-loving people to this strange man of the East was the power he possessed in the occult. He was known as one who, with the aid of his mysterious Master, Ram Lal, whom we meet in Marion Crawford's novel and who is by no means a product of the imagination, could perform "miracles." That he startled and mystified every Anglo-Indian in Simla is beyond all doubt, and the documentary proofs that this writer has seen attesting to the honesty of the performances are all signed by such prominent men, that even the most hardened sceptic almost begins to believe in Jacob's uncanny powers. Practically every one in Simla thoroughly believed in Jacob's séances, and even the few who considered the performances mere vulgar impositions were bound to admit that what they saw was entirely impossible of explanation. The charitable were disposed to admit that as there were so many things in India that the European had failed to grasp or understand, perhaps Jacob's performances were but new mysteries in a land which will always be mysterious. This was per-

haps the fairest view to take of Jacob's occult phenomena. For instance, what explanation can be given that will satisfactorily solve the problem of the following performance?

One evening Jacob had made arrangements to hold a séance in his house in Simla. He had invited six friends to dinner, and Jacob and his guests were all seated at the table when suddenly it was noticed that Jacob was missing. Behind his chair stood his *kitmagar*, as surprised as the guests at Jacob's disappearance. Only a second before he had been seen at the table, yet he had evidently vanished through the closed doors. Hardly had the guests recovered from their surprise at this strange disappearance, when Jacob was once more in his seat at the table. No one saw him return to the table, just as no one had seen him leave it. Here was the very stuff of mystery! When questioned Jacob merely said that his Master, Ram Lal, had sent for him in order to tell him that the séance could not take place that evening. He refused to give any explanation of either his disappearance or of the postponement of the séance. But Jacob gave this writer the reason for the sudden postponement of the séance, though the way in which he was able to leave and return to the table in such a remarkable manner still remains a mystery, the key to which is in the hands of two persons only, Jacob and his Master, Ram Lal. The séance was postponed by the order of Ram Lal, who by some extraordinary means had discovered that one of the guests, a lady, was not in good health, and as all those present at a séance held by Jacob must be in perfect health, otherwise the séance cannot be successfully carried out, Ram Lal thought it his duty to warn Jacob in time. How Jacob effected his wonderful disappearance is not known, nor is it a profitable study to search for some explanation of his strange act. It is a problem in the mysterious that awaits solution.

Remarkable as the above may seem, it is in every way ordinary in comparison with what took place at a séance held by Jacob at which those present were supposed to be the six stoutest sceptics in Simla. They were all Army officers and each had seen active service in India. All had ridiculed Jacob's powers, and he had determined that they should have a taste of his quality. This is how he gave it them. He asked one of the officers to relate the story of a battle in which he had taken part, and in which he had distinguished himself by a conspicuous act of bravery. The officer complied, and when he had finished Jacob said, "Look at the wall and you shall see the battle again." All turned their eyes to the wall indicated, and there they saw a living, moving

picture of the battle. Not a detail was missing, and amongst the mass of men locked together in deadly conflict there stood out clear and distinct the face and form of the officer who had told the story of the battle. The officers were painfully surprised, and evidently supposed that their eyes had been bewitched. The picture had faded away, and on examination the wall was to all intents and purposes unaffected! There were no explanations forthcoming, all were completely mystified. Jacob then asked another officer to tell the story of an engagement in which he had figured. The officer did so, but whether on account of modesty or with the idea of testing Jacob's powers he omitted to mention his own part in the fight. As before a vivid picture of the fight was flashed on the wall, and the officer in question was clearly seen bearing a wounded comrade from the field. So it was evidently of no use attempting to deceive Jacob. The officers confessed themselves completely mystified, and they left Jacob, not as sceptics, but as staunch believers in his uncanny powers. They were face to face with a mystery, and even guesses at solution did not lessen its wonder or take them one step nearer any explanation of the way in which the performance had been so successfully carried out.

On another occasion Jacob startled all Simla by walking on water. This was too much for those who witnessed it, and they endeavoured to find out the trick of the performance; but in the end they were obliged to admit themselves baffled. So far as could be discovered, Jacob had indulged in no trickery. Was the performance genuine? Those who saw it were bound to admit that it was.

Other things no less wonderful Jacob is supposed to have done; such as holding conversations with persons he had never seen and who were living in England. Their friends were in Jacob's house in Simla and distinctly heard the answers to Jacob's questions given by those who were over seven thousand miles away. Simla was mystified, and very soon the whole of India knew something of Jacob's powers. Gradually he built up for himself a reputation that remains with him to-day, even though he has for long been banished from his beloved Simla, and is eking out a precarious existence in Bombay, friendless, and with the loss of all his money weighing him down in misery. He who was once the idol of Anglo-Indian society, the centre of all interest, sought after and flattered, is now an old and disappointed man with nothing but memories to bear him company in the dark and dismal evening of his life.

# SIDE-LIGHTS ON JACOB BÖHME

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

BLESSED are those who come in the name of the Lord, whatever capacity they fill. It is assuredly in no lesser name that Mr. C. J. Barker has undertaken his epoch-making reissue of the works of Jacob Böhme. One is thankful to know that it is proceeding duly and regularly on the course of publication. After the *Threefold Life of Man*, the *Three Principles of the Divine Essence* and the *Forty Questions of the Soul*, we are promised *Aurora*; and there is now little question that the noble venture will be carried to its term in triumph. The reissue is based on the best English version, being that of Sparrow, and not on the later, less intimate rendering which appeared anonymously and has often been attributed erroneously to William Law. But it has been throughout more than a mere reprint, and the later volumes are having the advantage of emendation by a lady—Mrs. D. S. Hehner—who has, I believe, been almost a life-long student of Böhme and is, moreover, familiarly acquainted with the German text. One is reminded of this important fact in turning over the leaves of a volume which has been included judiciously in the enterprise. It contains the contributions to the study of Jacob Böhme which we owe to the zeal and insight of the late Mrs. A. J. Penny.\* She was also a life-long and untiring student of the Teutonic Mystic; but her contributions to the subject were scattered through periodicals, one of which is no longer in existence, while that which remains among us is, of course, out of print in respect of issues belonging to the far past. It is dutiful rather than graceful to mention the journal in question—our contemporary *Light*—which, with unstinted liberality of spirit, gave space to Mrs. Penny's contributions at a period when students of Böhme among spiritualists could have been comparatively but very few. It is indeed to *Light* in the main, or more specifically to the insight and perhaps the personal interest of the Rev. Stainton Moses and Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, that we owe the existence of these papers, for in the days of Mrs. Penny there was practically no other periodical through which they could have been published.†

\* *Studies in Jacob Böhme*. By A. J. Penny. Royal 8vo, pp. xxviii., 476. London: J. M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court. Price 6s. net.

† Mrs. Penny's other opportunity was *Light and Life*, a small monthly magazine begun in the North of England. It was an interesting and excellent experiment, but its time was not yet and there were only a few issues.

Mr. Barker, in his preface, gives us the few facts which it is necessary to know concerning the writer, and he adds a memorial notice by the late C. C. Massey which seems to me an admirable specimen of that interesting mystic's style, outside the appeal of its subject in the present connection. For my own restricted purpose it must be sufficient to say that Mrs. Penny was born in 1825, being a daughter of the Rev. Walter Brown, prebendary of Canterbury. She was first introduced to the works of Jacob Böhme in 1855; they became and remained her constant companions till her death in 1893—or a period of thirty-nine years. Her husband, Edward Burton Penny, was also an ardent student, and is remembered as the first translator of Saint-Martin. The writings here collected cover the years 1881 to 1892. Some of them are of considerable length and are elaborate studies or essays; others are occasional contributions which arose out of matters of current interest or consideration in the columns of *Light*. The statement suggests that the latter may be somewhat scrappy, but Mrs. Penny was thorough in her workmanship and it can be said that the least of her papers is a luminous presentation of Böhme doctrine on the subject which gave occasion to her pen.

My friend the Rev. G. W. Allen is making a valiant and successful attempt in the pages of *The Seeker* to present the root-matter of Böhme in intelligible terms to unfamiliar readers; and I am sure that he will agree with myself in regarding Mrs. Penny's two contributions toward the same end as of singular excellence within less comprehensive measures than his own. They are *Jacob Böhme's Writings* and *Why are not Jacob Böhme's Writings Studied?* Prefatory to both there is an account of the German mystic, on the personal side, and this is of interest in its own degree. The three papers open the present volume, and they should be taken in connection with Mrs. Penny's admirable criticism of Bishop Martensen's *Life and Teaching of Jacob Böhme*.

Of the collection as a whole, unpremeditated as it is throughout, one can say that it will enable many to see better and further into Böhme's depths; I speak naturally of those who have not been searching students of his work. It may seem at first sight that Mrs. Penny had taken into her heart a deliberate intention to make any and every occasion serve as a pretext for unfolding some view of her master, by hook or by crook, in the one available medium. Here it is "experiences in open vision," there a theory of "influx"; again it is the Second Advent, a suggestion about "buried treasures," or a point of Hermetic interpretation arising from a book of my own. Well, if it were true that



she worked in this way, it would have to be acknowledged that she worked well, for she leads up to her points with considerable natural skill. But the fact is, that Böhme took the universe at large for his subject, and whether a discussion of the moment in the columns of a weekly journal happens to be "unconscious creation," "spiritual evolution," the trance of life or "resurrection bodies," the lamp which he carried is somehow sure to cast light. One direction in which criticism does obtain is the extraordinary seriousness with which Mrs. Penny seems to have taken rather negligible and even illiterate correspondents. Her too easy recognition of certain exponents of false mysticism is another point.

As regards the source of Böhme's revelation concerning revelation, Mrs. Penny's hypothesis may seem at first sight to be a spiritualistic explanation, however highly exalted. It was "one of the most remarkable cases of spiritual mediumship, in the highest sense"; he wrote "at the urgent dictate of an invisible guide"; he "wrote what was communicated to him." The truth is, however, that in her view, and as she says indeed elsewhere, he was "a medium for the Holy Spirit." It was not, therefore, a personal guide who inspired him, in the sense that the Poughkeepsie seer and the ordinary trance-speaker have guides and controls, according to the testimony which their experience offers to themselves. Böhme himself understood the leading as that of God's Spirit. When It was with him he wrote; in so far as It remained with him he understood that which he wrote. When It left him he not only wrote no more, but could understand nothing that he had expressed previously. "I know not my own labour and am made a stranger to the work of my hands." So, I presume, is any one who is taught of the Spirit—whether mystics in the authorized sense or poets. It seems to me indeed that vestiges of the state in which Böhme received so much that it was given him to unfold in mighty books, is no uncommon thing. How many of us, "walking one day in the fields," as he did, or turning the corner of a street—it matters nothing—have found the mystery open suddenly and have known in a moment that which has baffled our thought previously. But we are not all of us such vessels of election as he was, and we receive enough only to show us how "the spark" does fall from heaven into the heart and mind of man; it is for few only that there is heaven's great flood of light.

# THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL

BY SYDNEY T. KLEIN, F.L.S., F.R.A.S., ETC.

VIEW No. 2.

THE VISION.

"THY Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven," is in true consonance with the old philosophic dictum that "Everything in heaven must have its counterpart on earth"; in other words, the Reality has all Its multitudinous manifestations, every noumenon its phenomenon, in the physical universe. If we now examine those traits of our surroundings which affect us most and best help us to reach the highest level of abstract thought of which our nature is capable, we find that it is the recognition of the Beauty (comprising also the Good and the True) in everything, which constitutes the power held over our minds by what we may call the Glamour of Symbolism, the Rapture of Music and the Ideal of Art; but this influence is still only *sensuous*, it does not carry us beyond the extension of that Wonderment and Enchantment which had their birth with our first visit to Fairyland. This is, I think, evident, as Beauty is not the Reality, it is only what may be called the sensuous expression of the Reality or Spiritual on the physical plane. Although we have no words to express, nor indeed minds to grasp, the wonders and glories of that which is behind the Veil, it is possible for some of us to get a glimpse of it through our window and to those the following pages may be helpful, but to others the Wall will remain blank, and, here at the commencement, I should like to warn those who have not been through a certain experience, to which I shall refer, that no words of mine will open the window for them; at the same time it is probable that many of my readers, who think at this stage that they have no knowledge of the subject of this View, will, as we proceed, recognize in the view through the Window something they have experienced more than once in their lifetime and to these I address myself.

Let us first try to understand what we know concerning ourselves. The longer one lives and the more one studies the mystery of "Being," the more one is forced to the conclusion that in every Human Being there are two Personalities, call them what you like, "The *Real* and its Image," "The *Spiritual* and its Material Shadow" or "The *Transcendental* and its Physical Ego." The

former in each of these duads is, as referred to in our first view, not conditioned in Time and Space, is independent of Extension and Duration and must therefore be Omnipresent and Omniscient, whereas the latter, being subservient to Time and Space, can only think in finite words, requires succession of ideas to accumulate knowledge, is dependent on perception of movements for forming concepts of its surroundings and, without this perception, it would have no knowledge of existence.

Let us go back into the far distant past, before the frame and brain of what we now call the genus Homo was fully developed ; he was then an animal pure and simple, conscious of living but knowing neither good nor evil ; there was nothing in his thoughts more perfect than himself, it was the golden age of innocency, a being enjoying himself in a perfect state of nature with absolute freedom from responsibility of action ; but, as ages rolled on, under the great law of evolution, his brain was enlarging and gradually being prepared for a great and wonderful event, which was to make an enormous change in his mode of living and his outlook on the future. As seeds may fall continually for thousands of years upon hard rock without being able to germinate, until gradually, by the disintegration of the rock, soil is formed, enabling the seed at last to take root ; so for countless ages was the mind of that noble animal being prepared until, in the fulfilment of time, the Spiritual took root and he became a living soul. The change was marvellous, he was now aware of something higher and more perfect than himself, he found that he was able to form ideals above his ability to attain to, resulting in a sense of inferiority, akin to a " Fall " ; he was conscious of the difference of Right and Wrong and felt happy and blessed when he followed the Good but ashamed and accursed when he chose the Evil ; he became upright in stature and able to communicate his thoughts and wishes to his Fellows by means of language, and by feeling his freedom to choose between the Good, Beautiful and True, on the one hand, and the Evil, Ugly and False, on the other, he became aware that he was responsible and answerable to a mysterious higher Being for his actions. All these at once raised him far above other animals and he gradually began to feel the presence within him of a wonderful power, the nucleus of that Transcendental Self which had taken root and which, from that age to this, has urged Man ever forward first to form, and then struggle to attain, higher Ideals of Perfection. As a mountaineer who, with stern persistence, struggles upward from height to height, gaining at each step a clearer and broader view, so do we,

as we progress in our struggle upwards, toward the understanding of Perfection, ever see clearer and clearer that the Invisible is the Real, the visible is only its shadow, that our Spiritual Personality is akin to that Great Reality, that we cannot search out and know that Personality, it cannot be perceived by our senses, it is not an idea, any more than we can see a sound by our sense of sight or measure an Infinity by our finite units ; all we can so far do is to feel and mark its effect in guiding our Physical Ego to choose the real from the shadow, the plus from the minus, receiving back in some marvellous mode of reflex action the power to draw further nourishment from the Infinite. As that Inner Personality becomes more and more firmly established, higher ideals and knowledge of the Reality bud out, and, as these require the clothing of finite expressions before they can become part of our consciousness, so are they clothed by our Physical Ego and become forms of thought, and, although the Physical Ego is only the shadow or image, projected on the physical screen, of the Real Personality, we are able, by examining these emanations and marking their affinity to the Good, the Beautiful and the True, to attain at times to more than transient glimpses of the loveliness of that which is behind the veil. As in a river flowing down to the sea, a small eddy, however small, once started with power to increase, may, if it continues in midstream, instead of getting entangled with the weeds and pebbles near the bank, gather to itself so large a volume of water, that, when it reaches the sea, it has become a great independent force ; so is each of us endowed, as we come into this life, with a spark of the Great Reality, with potential to draw from the Infinite in proportion to our conscientious endeavours to keep ourselves free from the deadening effects of mundane frivolities and enticements, turning our faces ever towards the light rather than to the shadow, until our personality becomes a permanent entity, commanding an individual existence when the physical clothing of this life is worn out, and for us all shadows disappear.

If man became a conscious being on some such analogous lines as indicated, it is clear that he is, as it were, the offspring of two distinct natures and subject to two widely separated influences ; the Spiritual ever urging him towards improvement in the direction of the Real or Perfect, and the Physical or Animal instincts inviting him in the opposite direction ; these latter instincts are not wrong in themselves, in a purely animal nature, but are made manifest as urging him in the direction of the shadow or Imperfect when they come in contact, and therefore in com-

petition, with the Spiritual. Neither the Spiritual nor the Physical can be said to possess Free-will, they must work in opposite directions, but this competition for influence over our actions provides the basis for the exercise of man's Free-will—the choice between progression and stagnation. The Spiritual influence must conquer in the long run, as every step under that influence is a step towards the Real and can never be lost, the apparent steps in the other direction are only negative or retarding and can have no real existence except as a drag on the wheel which is always moving in the direction of Perfection, thus hindering the process of growth of the Personality.

The stages in development of the Physical Ego and its final absorption in the Transcendental may perhaps be stated as follows :—

The Physical Ego loquitur :—

" I become aware of being surrounded by phenomena, I will to see,— I perceive and wonder what is the meaning of everything,—I begin to think,—I reflect by combining former experiences,—I am conscious that I am and that I am free to choose between Right and Wrong but that I am responsible for my actions to a higher power ;—that what I call " I am " is itself only the shadow, or in some incomprehensible sense the breathing organ, of a wonderful divine Afflatus or Power which is growing up within, or in intimate connection with me, and which itself is akin to the Reality. Owing to my senses being finite I cannot with my utmost thought form a direct concept of that power, although I feel that it comprises all that is good and real in me, and is in fact my true personality ; I am conscious of it ever urging me forward towards the Good, Beautiful and True, and that each step I take in that direction (especially when taken in opposition to the dictates of physical instincts) results in a further growth of that Transcendental Self. With that growth I recognize that it is steadily gaining power over my thoughts and aspirations. I learn that the whole physical Universe is a manifestation of the Will of the Spiritual, that every phenomenon is as it were a sublime thought, that it should be my greatest individual aspiration to try to interpret those thoughts, or when, as it seems at present, our stage in the evolution of thought is not far enough advanced, I should during my short term of life do my best to help forward the knowledge of the Good, Beautiful and True for those who come after. As I grow old the Real Ego in me seems to be taking my place, the central activity of my life is being shifted, as I feel I am growing in some way independent of earthly desires and aspirations and, when the term of my temporary sojourn here draws to a close, I feel myself slackening my hold of the physical until at last I leave go entirely and my physical clothing, having fulfilled its use, drops off and passes away, carrying with it all limitations of Time and Space. I awake as from a dream to find my true heritage in the Spiritual Universe."

If we try to form a conception of the stages of growth of the Transcendental Self it would I think be somewhat as follows :—

The first consciousness of the  
 Spiritual entity would be. . . I know that love is the summum  
 bonum.

As it became nourished it would  
 be . . . . . I love.

Then . . . . . I love with my whole being.

Then . . . . . I know that I am part of God and  
 God is love.

And lastly. . . . . I am perfected in Loving and  
 knowing.

And the above is the best description I have been able to formulate to describe the development of the Mystical Sense by means of which we can get a view of the Reality through our Window. I will try to give my own experience of this, which will, I know, wake an echo in other hearts, as I have met those who have felt the same. From a child I always had an intense feeling that Love was the one thing above all worth having in life and, as I grew older and became aware that my real self was akin to the Great Spirit, at certain times of elation or what might be called a kind of ecstasy, I had an overpowering sense of longing for union with the Reality, an intense love and craving to become one with the All-loving. When analysed later in life this was recognized as similar in kind, though different in degree, to the feeling which, when in the country surrounded by charming scenery, wild flowers, the depths of a forest glade or even the gentle splash of a mountain stream, makes one always want to open one's arms wide to embrace and hold fast the beautiful in Nature, as though one's Physical Ego, wooed by the Beautiful which is the sensuous (not sensual) expression of the Spiritual, longed to become one with the Physical, as the Personality or Transcendental Ego craves to become one with the Reality. It is the same intense feeling which makes a lover, looking into the eyes of his beloved, long to become united in the perfection of loving and knowing, to be one with that being in whom he has discovered a likeness akin to the highest ideal of which he himself is capable of forming a conception. As in heaven, so on earth the Physical Ego, though only a shadow, has in its sphere the same fundamental characteristic craving as the Transcendental Personality has for that which is akin to it, and it is this wonderful love that, as the old adage says, makes the world go round. It is the most powerful incentive on earth and is implanted in our natures for the good and furtherance of the race; it is, in fact, the manifestation on the material plane of that craving of the Inner self for union with, and being

perfected in loving and knowing, that Infinite Love of which it is itself the likeness. If we can realize that everything on the physical plane is a shadow, symbol or manifestation, of that which is in the Transcendental, the Mystical Sense, through contemplating these as symbols, enables us at certain times, though, alas! too seldom and fleeting in character, to get beyond the Physical; but those of my readers who have been *there* will know how impossible it is to describe, in direct words, which would carry any meaning, either the path by which the experience is gained or a true account of the experience itself; but I will try, and I think I may be able to lead my readers, by indirect inductive suggestion, to a view of even these difficult subjects, by using the knowledge we have already gained in our first view through this window. If an artist were required to draw a representation of the Omniscient transcendental self, budding out new forms of thought in response to the conscientious efforts of, and the providing of suitable clothing by, the Physical Ego, as referred to in View No. 1, he would be obliged to make use of symbolic forms, and I want to make it quite clear that the description I am attempting must necessarily be clothed in symbolic language and reasoning, and must not be taken as in any way the key by which the door of "the sanctuary" may be opened; it is only possible by it to help the mind to grasp the fact that there is a window through which such things may be seen, the rest depends upon the personality of the seer. Now bear in mind that it is not we who are looking out upon Nature, but that it is the Reality which, by means of physical manifestations, is persistently striving to enter into our consciousness, to tell us what? Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστίν (God is Love). As in Thompson's suggestive poem "The Hound of Heaven"—the Hidden which desires to be found—the Reality is ever hunting us and will never leave us till He has taught us to know and therefore to love Him, and, as seen in our first view, the first step is to try to see through the woof of nature to the Reality beyond. To this may also be added the attempt to hear the "silence" beyond the audible. Try now to look upon the whole "visible" as a background comprising landscape, sea and sky—we shall get help in this direction in a later View—and then bring that background nearer and nearer to your consciousness; it requires practice, but it can be done; it may help you if you remember the fact that the whole of that visible scene is actually depicted on the *surface* of your retina and *has no other existence for you*. The nearer you can get the background to approach, the clearer you can see that the whole physical world of our senses

is but a thin veil, a mere soap film, which at death is pricked and parts asunder, leaving us in the presence of the Reality underlying all phenomena. The same may be accomplished with the "audible," which is indeed part of the same physical film, though this is not at first easy to recognize. As pointed out in View No. 1 there is little in common between our sense of sight and hearing; but the chirp of birds, the hum of bees, the rustle of wind in the leaves, the ripple of a stream, the distant sound of sheep bells and lowing of cattle, form a background of sound which may be coaxed to approach you; the only knowledge you have of such sounds is their impression or image on the flat tympanum of your ear and has *no other existence for you*, and again you may recognize that the physical is but a thin transient film. With the approach of the physical film all material sensation becomes as it were blurred, as near objects become when the eye looks at the horizon, and gradually escapes from consciousness.

I have tried in the foregoing to suggest a method by which our window may be unshuttered, it has necessarily been only an oblique view and clothed in symbolic phraseology, but those who have been able to grasp its meaning will now have attained to what may be called a state of *self-forgetting*, the silencing or quieting down of the Physical Ego; sight and sound perceptions have been put in the background of consciousness and it becomes possible to worship or love the very essence of beauty without the distraction of sense analysis and synthesis or temptation to form intellectual conceptions. We are now prepared to attempt the last and most difficult aspect of our view—namely, the description of what is experienced when the physical mists have been evaporated by the Mystical Sense. Again we find that no direct description is possible, language is absolutely inadequate to describe the unspeakable, communications have to be physically transmitted in words to which finite physical meanings have been allocated. The still small voice which may at times of Rapture be momentarily experienced in Music is something much more wonderful than can be formed by sounds, and this perhaps comes nearest to the expression necessary for depicting the vision of the soul, but it cannot be held or described, it is quickly drowned by the physical sense of audition. As the Glamour of Symbolism can only be transmitted to one who has passed the portal of Symbolic Thought, the Rapture of Music can only be truly understood by one who has already experienced it, and the Ideal of Art requires a true artistic temperament to comprehend it, so it is, I believe, impossible to describe, with any chance of success,



this wonderful experience to any but those whom Mr. A. C. Benson, in his *Secret of the Thread of Gold*, very aptly describes as having already entered "the Shrine." Those who have been *there* will know that it is not at all equivalent to a vision, it is not anything which can be seen or heard or felt by touch ; it is entirely independent of the physical senses ; it is not Giving or Receiving, it is not even a receiving of some new knowledge from the Reality ; it has nothing to do with thought or intellectual gymnastics, all such are seen to be but mist ; the nearest description I can formulate is :—A wondrous feeling of perfect peace ;—absolute rest from physical interference ;—perfect contentment ;—the sense of " Being " one-with-the-Reality, carrying with it a knowledge that the Reality or Spiritual is nearer to us and has much more to do with us than the Physical has, if we could only see the truth and recognize its presence ;—that there is no real death ;—no finiteness and yet no Infinity ;—that the Great Spirit cannot be localized or said to be anywhere, but that everywhere is God ;—that the whole of what we call Creation is an instantaneous Thought of the Reality ;—that it is only by the process of analysing in Time and Space that we imagine there is such a thing as succession of events ;—that the only Reality is the *Spiritual*, the *Here* embracing all space and the *Now* embracing all Time.

How few of us who are now drawing towards the end of our sojourn here, have not, at certain times during our lives, experienced something akin to what I have tried to put before you in the above ! Does not a particular scent, a beautiful country scene, a phrase in Music, the beauty or pathos in a picture, symbolic sculpture in a grand cathedral or even a chance word spoken in our hearing, every now and then waken in our innermost consciousness an enchanting memory of some wonderful happy moment of the past when the sun seemed to have been shining more brightly, the birds singing more merrily, when everything in nature seemed more alive and our very beings seemed wrapped up in an intense love of our surroundings ? On those occasions we were not far from seeing behind the veil, though we did not recognize it at the time ; but when we now look back, with experience gained by advancing years, and consider those visions of the past, we cannot help seeing that the physical film was to our eyes more transparent at those times and the very joy of their remembrance seems to be giving us a prescience of that which we shall experience, when for each one of us the physical film is pricked and passes away like a scroll.

# THROUGH THE DEPTHS

By LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

"And he has gane the lang way up  
Frae the bottom of the sea."—*Ancient Scottish Ballad.*

(The *Titanic*—sailed April 10, 1912—foundered on the 15th, 2.30 a.m.)

AMONG the most terrible of accidents heard and seen in the whole world was the *Titanic*. A soul-stirring tragedy moving the vast public to a sense of the overwhelming mystery of destiny. Of all psychological moments, this moment stood out calling for that supreme recognition at the hands of skilled journalists. But in reading the daily accounts of the extraordinary catastrophe graphically given in detail, it was curious to note how entirely the sensational and objective point of view predominated. What a chance for the able pen, the pen of pure gold, by a stroke here, a stroke there, to flash before the mind's eye of half-dead worldlings a ray of Soul-light. This God-given opportunity reporters missed. Their special prerogative it might have been, the power of raising the wretched ones by representing the next life as the Actual World—the near present Reality.

Our very soul, the soul of every thinking reader, shaken to its depths, staggering with dismay, with the staggering ship went down, with the last farewell notes of the heroic bandmen in our harrowed ears playing Death out and Life in, and the muffled march of the frigid waters relentlessly surging as they closed over the great ocean palace. Then the agonized cries of horror from the weak-souled who in strong bodies were battling with the swaying tide for hours before they succumbed, the haunting, heart-breaking wails and hymns of the strong-souled in weak bodies, who in refluent icy waters at last found themselves lost, no longer followers on the Sea of Hope. Poor struggling humanity, many who believed in no other existence, while the present world in which they had centred all their ambition was passing from them out and away for ever. Encompassing them on every side was the mighty Night-fall. The wide, wide ocean—Sea, nothing but Sea—a sea where no land is. Or if somewhere a remote other world did exist, that remote some-

where, a great black wharf curtained by impenetrable night. For night and sea to them were One.

Men and women of all classes (if not atheists), roused from apathy, appalled by this stroke of Destiny, however usually unconcerned, unconscious of soul-things, must have momentarily awakened to a conscious interest in the Great Invisible.

One thousand six hundred and thirty-five souls abruptly precipitated through the Veil. What of their immediate individual experiences in the transit? . . . Where? On what kind of shore did they land? What of their soul's reception on awaking from this little dream that we call life? Their advancement or chances proffered them for advancement by far-seeing councillors in divine councils of justice? Projected forth in unequal states of spiritual development we know we all must pass out from this plane. We grasp the very truth that we are here faltering through the Great Eternity as we visualize the foundering of the *Titanic*.

To the simple life through the Highways of Eternity the heroic crew, with the multi-millionaires, have been abruptly beckoned by the hand of Fate. We have to analyse the conditions of both sides of the Veil *vis-à-vis* of each other. The significance of life, or what we know as life, here and *there*; the importance of death, or what we think of as death, viewed from there and *here*,—that all wants thinking over.

The foundering of a united family of eleven persons together was dwelt upon as one of the most tragic episodes in connection with the shipwreck. Yet who is audacious enough to suggest their transition to a progressive world of development was not for them the means of assuring a success which circumstances here might have denied them? Moreover, we are taught that bereaved by death we are the richer by the protection of those beloved passers-on who, gone before, help to prepare our way.

People who publicly brave the ridicule of the ignorant on psychic matters throughout a lifetime, ignoring the scornful hoot of the prejudiced Philistines, often prejudiced because ill-informed, those martyrs surely reap a measure of their reward when confronted by death. Take, for instance, the case of that striking personality, W. T. Stead.

I remember thinking I had never seen eyes which showed more clearly the meaning of that expression the "Windows of the Soul." Through his windows his eager Ego wistfully seemed to look out at "life's heavy riddle."

We might turn to the allegory of the shipwrecked pilot, carried down among the deep caves in the pit of the sea, who surprises a seamaid "combing her gold fleece down" and impulsively addresses her:—

"Can I not paint those radiant locks?" . . .  
 "Fair shepherd! Hence! My caves are idleness,  
 My pit is peace! Into the thoughts of man  
 If ere I care to probe I hear the noise  
 Of strife, roar of nations and calling seas. . . ."

No one has ever walked exactly where Mr. Stead walked. He has walked on broken glass all the time. Yet his case was just. Truth flies to the Highest, and he surely realized that the fight of Life continuing, makes the Soul. The throne of Wisdom is always a question of delays.

Brave, kindly hearted, impetuous, psychic and enthusiast. Among those one thousand six hundred and thirty-five who perished on that terrible night possessed with Seeing Eyes, wide open in extremity, were his not opened to a surer vision after the death passage? That is a vital question which the mystic will not lose sight of.

After his dramatic exit, that he should assert his personality from the threshold of the cosmic world and show his continued interest in the epoch-making philosophy of our day was to be expected. That he has appeared visibly to some of his well-known friends and spoken to them distinctly, also communicated through automatic writing and telepathy, is certain, according to some published reports.

Psychical research will before long elucidate where telepathy ends and clairaudience begins. Surely they are correlated? The latter faculty is apparently a further development of the former, mainly depending on the submission of the clairaudient faculty after the culmination of the directing force which liberates our spirit or interior senses. We have reason for assuming from experience that a telepathic message received without auditory impression is apt to be instantly forgotten or inaccurately remembered; moreover the flow of words is too rapid for the human recipient himself to take them instantly down in writing. Clairaudient messages are deliberate, slow, distinct. Sentences are sometimes intoned or breathed as from a distance, or else spoken as on a very short telephonic circuit when every modulation and inflexion of voice is quite clear. Is it that vibrations, "through the one continuous substance which fills all space called the ether," respond to or carry the words uttered by

the unseen transmitter at the end of the line? And the human receiver, is he not as the operator at a telephonic inquiry office with prepared ears—though without apparent mechanical contrivance? When sensitives are studied, these points of inquiry will no doubt receive more attention and the cause of successes and failures will be discovered. To establish identity we may assume is no easy matter for the speakers in so far as readers of a script are concerned, while to the human receiver the identity may be quite unmistakable. We who receive have to judge by tone, inflexion and trick of speech. Also by confidential remarks which we are not always permitted to publish.

At the Memorial Service on April 20, in the eulogy of Dr. Clifford on the renowned journalist, W. T. Stead, all those who knew him joined. "I never had a friend so strong, so radiant, so inspiring." On his benevolence of heart it is good to dwell and believe that in his diplomatic adventures through the Shadow of Life his way was held. Of those on board the *Titanic* on that terrible night, none were more likely to get hold of the right end of the rope when once launched out on the Sea of Seas.

Staying beside the sea under sea-influences, filled with horror at the first news which had arrived by "wireless" of the catastrophe, *with no details as to lost or saved*, all we who believe in the wireless telephony of the soul put our faith to the test. My request was answered "W. T. Stead drowned." Almost instantly I was transferred into the following vivid conditions. I did not dream them, I lived them for the moment. They were stronger than Vision. I found myself in a cabin of a ship suddenly under the influence of some great impending calamity. A door opened. I distinctly saw the figure of a woman too ethereal to be one of this earth. She appeared as if dressed in pale grey with a long white veil which hung on either side of her head. I felt impelled to ask her, "Is there danger?" She answered very earnestly, the words intoned rather than spoken, "Yes, very—very—great—danger." I felt a lurch, the cabin rose at a slant, the grey woman beckoned, mechanically I followed her, how I do not know. I found myself on the upper deck, and in another instant, with a sudden shock, a gigantic black wall rose high in air. It appeared concave, cavernous, the extremity of it, against the sky or ocean, I cannot tell which, appeared arched and surrounded by a weird halo of light. I knew no more. I fell asleep. In the early morning the few sentences transmitted to me personally through clairaudience

left in my mind no doubt as to the fate of the journalist and his continued personality.\*

The sentences I give in their sequence, the sequence in which he transmitted them to my psychic hearing, on morning of April 17 and several consecutive days.

SCRIPT OF W. T. STEAD.

"A surprising and thrilling incident cannot be lost if it only wed up lost faiths, lost hopes. . . ."

"There is at present nothing, no way to mark or show to the survivors our varied experiences. To the rumour of waves without, recording apparatus within, to the bottom of the sea went lost souls, for lost they were, with despair coming in, when hope was gone.

"Lady Archibald Campbell, I found the page of Death was not a guiding star. . . . When we remember the words which we have read 'All we love, all things we love are passing away, deep is the cry of the soul.' Survivors there were who forgot the Divine Law in saving themselves. . . . Now as to those very gallant seamen who went down with the ship, to them are meted out their earnings. God has given them an heirloom. I remember as the brave ship sank one boatswain saying, 'Well done, heroic—the luck of the gods be with you!' I saw men and women lining the waters. It is difficult to picture to you how those people balanced there, half-paralysed, remained with thoughts asleep while yet unknowing of their rebirth. I do not know how many among the lost saw veiled within the psychological sky a ship on the offing, it was shown on the mind of several. Sentinel watchers marshalled on the threshold in battalions formed an impregnable fortress against intruding Powers of Darkness. Outside the sentinels through their passages the phantom ship passed. It came up in grand style. A glorious galleon, spars and rigging ablaze limned in living light. We do not want it to go down in The Unseen with the success in all good things hanging about it promised to us by those on board who directed it. I saw pilgrims, pilgrims of peace—without dogma, Pilgrims of Dawn. . . . First and foremost was the Voice Divine in which they told in brilliant echo the loosening of the soul from man. It also was personified in a mystic ray. Fathers, mothers parted from children and home have this beautiful designation to leave to their offspring. The translation I give—a cleavage in

\* Through a survivor (an eye-witness) I have ascertained Mr. Stead was seen, after aiding on deck the last boat departures, retiring to his cabin and returning on deck.

The House of Gold. . . . When the tide in a measure beats upon the house One thinks for us, and guides the house.

"It was not to launch out with wails over dead walls that we went down to the exhaustless measures of the sea. When the moontide shrunk in the intrepid light we rose with the risen Capitalists. In the footsteps of the Eternal in spring, they also return to the widely stricken, the broken-hearted.

"I do not come to prose about what has happened which cannot be undone, but to give light to the strong. Partly to implore those left on earth to subscribe prayers and messages of love to those who went under the waves. Partly to do a stroke of messengership.

"I am weary as with the pressure of all the ends of the earth upon me. To England I would say, I have reason to believe that you and other nations are one. That you in England held back from *me* \* I am aware. Other nations they also had begun to doubt me, and there was no hand to help my erring steps. You do not know what it is to feel wherever you go disaster following you. The lighthouse down, the portholes closed. But there was the steam of the forcing intelligences always over the audiences. We should be always praying to the spiritual spheres to help us.

\* \* \* \* \*

"After following the hand of Fate, what I have given you was but the best report I could make under the circumstances. Now, all I say is from the silvered view, with the earth conditions gone. I would have to quote from the immense number of those who impart to me their knowledge did I tell you more. Every step in the Cosmos presents to our sight a wider outlook than we had ever set up before us in the past. . . . We recognize that the world is overthrown and art is changed. Science is the great movable. It is not worked for personal attainment. Millions of authors on the Highways are threading their way. We will go to the South among the things of God and mark down those that are divine and everlasting. I may not be here for long, but I will employ my vigilance as long as it is diplomatic for me to be upon this earth. I have much to do, many are flying about as schoolboys for me and you will now say 'Methinks he doth protest' too long. . . .

"Madam, all this I, and no other, have imparted to you.

"STEAD."

\* This word was strongly accentuated. The head and shoulders of the speaker became visible, his hand touching his chest.

E

## FOUR APPARITIONS

BY J. ARTHUR HILL

FROM various correspondents who know of my interest in such matters, I am more or less continuously receiving accounts of alleged phenomena which appear to involve supernormal faculty. Most of these cases fail to reach a high evidential standard, and are therefore not suitable for publication by the Society for Psychical Research, which quite rightly places its standard *very* high ; but some of them are good enough to impress me favourably, particularly after further correspondence or verbal discussion with the narrators. I append accounts of four such cases which seem to me worth publishing. In each case, further discussion, while adding little or nothing to the actual evidence, nevertheless greatly increased its value to me by convincing me of the carefulness, balance, and general reliability of my informants.

The first is a case of telepathic phantasm of a person who was alive but who was in trouble ; the apparition's attitude correctly indicated the state of mind of the individual whom it represented :—

“ I awoke about three o'clock one morning in great fear. Waking my husband I said—in half undertones—‘ Do you see that girl kneeling beside the bed ? ’ (He couldn't, and laughed at me.) She appeared to be praying, as I watched her lips moving, and her head was raised, looking upwards. I said : ‘ It is S——’ (my cousin). My husband laughed, as he and my cousin are anything but good friends ; and he turned up the gas and I suppose I was now fully awake. We talked the matter over, then thought no more about it, until a week later my brother (who had just returned from a sea voyage) called and said : ‘ Have you heard how Aunt B—— is ? ’ I replied that I did not know she was ill. ‘ Oh,’ he said, ‘ she has been very seriously ill ; in fact, here is a letter from S——’ (the girl I saw by my bed) ‘ in which she says, “ Mother has got over the crisis, it was on —— night, I spent most of the night by her bedside in prayer for her recovery, and about 3 a.m. she sank into a peaceful sleep and is now progressing favourably.” ’ ”

“ The night mentioned was the night of my dream. I repeat that I had no idea my aunt was ill.”



The following is, similarly, a case of apparition of a living person. It is pretty certain that the latter was thinking more or less intensely of the place in which the spectre was seen. There were two percipients, and in such cases I incline to Myers's opinion that there is something really "there," as against the orthodox telepathic explanation. What it is, and how thought can produce a visible form in a portion of space distant from the thinker's body, I have not the least idea :—

*" February 14, 1911.*

" DEAR SIR,—

" I have written to you hoping you will be able to give me some explanation of a mysterious sight which was seen by me and my youngest daughter, a girl of twelve, on the afternoon of December 31, 1910, at a few minutes to two, so that it was perfect daylight. If I explain my position in life, also my wife's, it may assist you, and I have also sent you a rough pencil drawing of our house on the ground floor, also the entrances to it. The porch is the front of the house; the letters G.D. mean a door partly glass, and W.D. a wooden door.

" I am in the clerical department of the T— Tramways and Lighting Company; my wife has a dressmaking and costume business, sometimes employing several hands, but from Christmas onwards for three or four weeks the hands stood off on account of slackness, and the workroom was closed. It is a very rare occurrence for me to be able to get home to sit down to dinner with my family, but on December 31, at the time I have stated, I was sitting eating my dinner in the living room: the large spot in plan shows about my position at the side of table facing the window, the small spot the position of my daughter sitting at the end of the table. She also was looking out of the window when a mysterious form glided by. It represented a female form anything up to 5 feet 3 inches as near as I could judge, and was of a dark steely blue-grey colour; the face I could not see. To say the least of it, it gave me an uncanny feeling as it passed round towards the back door of the workroom the way the hands always went in. My daughter asked, ' Who is that, Dad? ' and, not wishing to frighten her I simply replied it was some one gone round to the workroom. My wife, who was sitting by the fire, told my daughter to go into the workroom and see if any one was standing at the door, but the child twice refused to go, and I am sure, though I have never spoken a word to her since about it, that she at the time felt there was something strange about it.

“ Towards the close of the week before last, work coming in rather freely, my wife sent to her hands to come in on Monday, February 6; but one sent to say that having a bad cold she would come on the Tuesday. She came but was totally unfit to be there, and in the evening her friends sent for the doctor, who pronounced it to be acute bronchitis, which rapidly developed into double pneumonia which caused her death on Saturday evening last. My wife, when I told her on December 31, after my child had gone out of the room, what I had seen, has been fearful that it would be our eldest girl who would be taken, as she is in the workroom. I have heard of materialized spirits and told her *No*, if the spirit takes the form of the body to which it belongs, it was not either of our children, but it was that of a young person who walked with a very straight back right down from the shoulders and who had a peculiar gliding movement. When I heard of this young person's death my mind at once saw that mysterious sight again and recognized that it was her form and walk absolutely and exact, for she walked in this straight-backed stiff movement bodily, but gliding as if moved by mechanism instead of walking.

“ Why was it given to me to see this, who only knew her by sight, never having even spoken to her, but from what I hear of her she was a good living young woman and quite prepared for death. Can you give me any explanation of this mystery and why it was seen while she was alive and well? At the time I saw it, had the workroom been open, she would have been coming to her work, being always punctual. Apologizing for taking so much of your time, I am, etc.”

I wrote to this correspondent, asking how he could be sure that it was not a real person. He replied:—

“ On this point I am certain. When my little girl declined to go to the workroom my wife's mother went, and returned saying there was no one there. I am sorry I omitted this in my previous letter. Nothing repassed the window; I watched to see. Further, no one could get out that way, as the walls of the Urban Council buildings shut us in. I dare not mention anything to my child. [I had asked if her account could be obtained without frightening her.—J.A.H.] . . . I wish I could give you some idea what this was like, but I can only say it was not flesh and blood, there was not the thickness through of the human body. As near as I can tell you it was like a flat, filled-in outline, no features visible, though there was the head, and colour of a dark steel blue grey.

PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR.

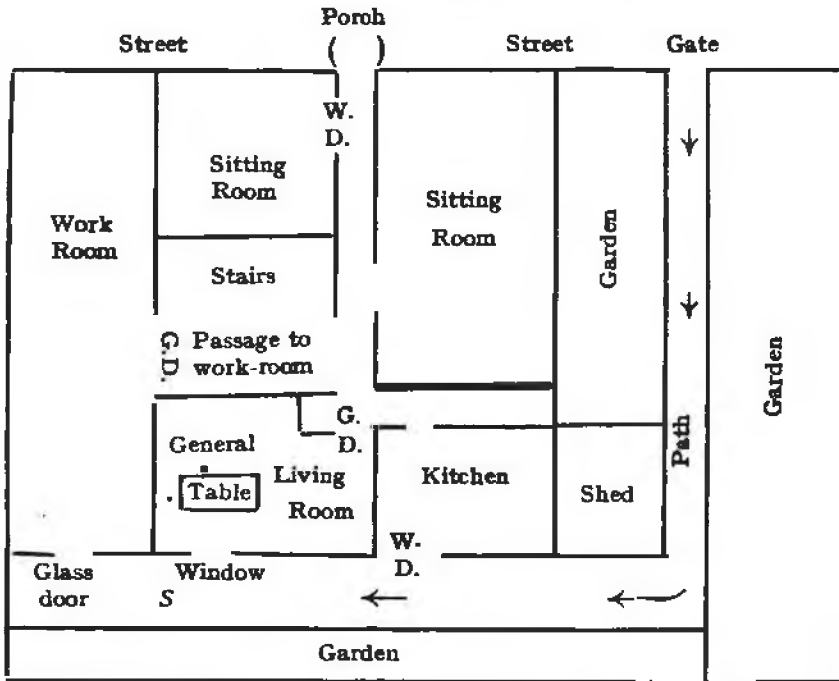


FIG. 1. Spectre seen passing window at S. The large and small dots represent positions of the narrator and his daughter respectively.

My informant's wife has kindly given me a signed statement confirming the details so far as she is concerned.

The next is an account given me by one of my own friends. I wrote it down almost immediately, and am sure that I have got it correct as related, but the occurrence is some years old, and therefore may not be accurate in detail. Still, I have no doubt about its accuracy in essentials. The deep impression made on my friend's mind—an impression so clear and strong that it persists in great intensity—convinces me that some unusual experience there must have been.

“About ten years ago I was attending a young man who was dying of consumption at an outlying farm. One day, on my way thither, but quite five minutes before I came in sight of the house, I had a sudden mind's eye vision: I saw the room, the young man lying on the bed, dead; his mother, weeping, his father, and a brother; also Miss Grant” [a Church district visitor known to me.—J.A.H.] “reading from the Bible. When I reached the farm, a younger brother—not the one seen in the vision—

came to the door and took me to the bedroom. Everything was as I had seen it in the vision. Each person was in exactly the position, attitude and occupation, as I had seen. It gave me a shock which I remember vividly.

“Of course I knew the young man would die before long, and it was natural to expect to see his father, mother, and brother in the room ; but I had never seen Miss Grant in the house before, did not expect to see her, and was not thinking about her. And the fact of their positions, etc., being exactly as seen in the vision, was very striking to me.”

The place where this happened is near my home, and I know the farm. I can certify that from the point where my friend says he had the vision, the farm is not visible, nor would it have been visible from any point on his journey. Consequently he had had no chance of seeing and subconsciously noting drawn blinds, if indeed they had been drawn—for the young man had only just died when he arrived. And, even if it had been so, drawn blinds would not have told him who was present, and how occupied. Did the released spirit of the dying or dead man flash a picture on my friend's mind, informing him of how matters stood? It looks rather like it. It was a cold winter's day, and he was walking briskly along, thinking of nothing in particular, and probably in a mental state very favourable to recipience of a supernormal message. The road is quiet, the landscape pleasant, very few houses in sight. Probably he was looking over the fields, and enjoying the fresh air and the walk. It is the only experience of a psychical kind that he has ever had. He is not a spiritualist, in fact he disbelieves all “that kind of thing”—except his own bit.

The next and last is the most striking, but it is unfortunately also the most remote in time.

“Thirty-six years ago I was sitting one night, alone, trimming a hat for myself for Sunday wear, and was hurrying to get it done before twelve o'clock, as it was Saturday night. As the clock struck twelve, the front door opened, then the parlour door, and a man entered and sat down in a chair opposite to me. He was rather short, very thin, dressed in black, extremely pale face and hands, with very long and thin fingers. He had a high silk hat on his head, and in one hand he held an old-fashioned large silver snuff-box. He gazed across at me and said, three times, slowly and distinctly : ‘I've come to tell you.’ He then vanished, and I noted that the door was shut as before.

" All the family were out at the time. When they returned, I told them—very much terrified—what I had seen. No one believed me, and they treated the affair with ridicule or indifference.

" About two years afterwards, a friend of the family—a Mr. Drake—was there on a visit, and my mother, having no spare room, made up a bed for him on the sofa in the room downstairs where I had seen the apparition. Precisely at twelve o'clock he rushed upstairs into the first bedroom he came to, in a state of great fright, and told a story exactly like what I have just recounted of my own experience.

" This impressed my parents, and led them to attach importance to my statements of two years before. Consequently, they at once decided to leave the house.

" Mr. Drake was then about thirty years of age. He had not been told anything about my previous vision. The house had no reputation of being haunted.

" A few years after we left, the house was pulled down. Underneath it—I *think* underneath the floor of the room in which the visions were seen—was found a skeleton which corresponded to the form of the man seen by Mr. Drake and myself. Close to the skeleton was the brim of a high silk hat ; and in one hand there was a silver snuff-box, which was found to contain certain deeds.

" My age at the time of my vision was twelve and ten months. I was not timid or nervous, but was, on the contrary, an average girl, full of fun, and my mind at the time was occupied in thinking about going out to various places of amusement and enjoying myself. I was not thinking of ghosts or anything of the kind. The house was in front of Goodyear's spinning mill, Ribbleton Lane, Preston, Lancashire."

I have received confirmation, so far as it is possible, from the narrator's sister, but am unable to get an account from the second percipient. I have communicated with him, and he does not deny that the thing happened ; but he declines to say anything about it. Apparently it is a matter of religious scruples. I believe he is a Catholic, and probably his director assures him that it was the Devil, and that he had better not talk about it.

## 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,—A copy of the May number of your Review has been sent to me from England; and having only seen one other copy of the magazine before I have greatly enjoyed reading it, especially the article "Does Egyptian Magic Still Exist?" I have lived and worked off and on in Egypt for the past twelve years, and have personally had some peculiar, similar experiences to those mentioned in the article, both in hotels and private houses in Upper as well as in Lower Egypt.

Some friends of mine also have experienced uncommon mysterious happenings, one of which I am writing out for you to see what you can make of it; but first of all I must send the copy to my friend in Scotland in order to have the dates added and the account verified. I shall also send you a photograph of the house where the incidents happened. I certainly am no spiritualist, although I feel there must be something in it; I believe in the power of the planets over our fate or destiny, so I suppose that is where the occult side of me comes in. My friend, as well as myself, have had visions of persons, have heard peculiar noises in closed rooms like the flapping of wings, and in an old palace here in Cairo doors of empty rooms have been found locked with the key inside! In my own mind I have connected these strange happenings in some way with the restless, wandering souls of the ancient Egyptians, whose mummies, having been desecrated and brought to the light of day (after centuries of peace and rest in their quiet tombs), are now exposed to the view of any passer-by in our museums and show-places. With great patience, belief and skill they sought to provide a safe and permanent resting-place for their bodies after death, as seen in their wonderful stone coffins and mighty tombs, never forgetting to make particular provision for the faithful Ka or double, as seen by the funeral meats and spices arranged round the statues of the deceased.

Since explorers have discovered all these wonders and scattered them to the ends of the earth, who can be surprised at the sorrow and unhappiness of these homeless wanderers and the uncanny ways in which they seek to give themselves expression to us mortals in this their country? Quite lately we have had one of these experiences in this *pension*, and although it has never been actually put into words by any one of us, I am sure each has been impressed by the strange happenings.

A year ago last April a lady tourist, a stranger to every one, went out to the desert near Heliopolis and spent the morning rummaging in a "mummy heap." After picking up several beads and bits of mummy wrappings and bits of old wood with coloured hieroglyphics thereon, she came across a skull, which she looked upon as a great find, bringing it back to the *pension*. As she was leaving for Europe the next morning she gave it to the housekeeper, not knowing what to do with it. Miss G. (the housekeeper) felt uncommonly worried about it; however, she put it in a corner of her room and forgot all about it. A few days afterwards a bureau in the room was broken open, and all the money for the housekeeping (£25) gone. The Arab servants were old and trusted. The poor woman had to make the money good. A while afterwards she went out in a hurry one afternoon, and forgot to lock a drawer; all her dead mother's jewellery was stolen, and has never been traced. Again, a tea party was being given on a large scale; the Arab, going upstairs, fell down, and all the crockery was smashed to pieces. The poor woman next became ill, and went into hospital. When she came out, without saying a word to a soul, she quietly packed up the mummy head, took herself off to the desert, where she imagined it might have been found, and quietly buried it in the sand, by the moonlight.

Yes, Egyptian magic does certainly still exist, and here, in Egypt. Please excuse the long letter.

Yours truly,

ALICE M. MESSENT.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

I also very much enjoyed the horoscope of the *Titanic*, as it verified my own figure cast for the moment of sailing from Southampton.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—If you and your readers are not tired of the subject of Superstition, Christian Science, and the absence of Common-Sense, etc., I should esteem it a favour if you would allow me space to ask Mr. Dixon a few questions. My attention has just been drawn to a letter of Mr. Dixon's in the May number of the OCCULT REVIEW, in which he likens me to the blind leading "Virginia Milward" into the ditch. Were I alone concerned I should not have troubled him, but as in this case the welfare of another is apparently concerned, I must pocket my pride and ask Mr. Dixon's assistance. In the first place, Mr. Dixon says, "If thought can produce a book, why trouble to go to the publisher, why not only think?" But can Mr. Dixon produce a book by thought alone, and if so, in what type, on what paper, and how bound? Why, if by thought he can produce a book, does he require a printer to print it, or publisher to publish it? It would seem the act of a ninny to have recourse to printer or publisher under

the circumstances. Perhaps, if Mr. Dixon is unable to produce the book complete by thought alone, he may, on reflection, grasp the difficulty we, the unsophisticated, find in "realizing the truth about substance" and his theory of thought and substance.

Mr. Dixon makes the statement that "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 and 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." If this is true, why does not the same apply in the case of seeking cure for (so-called) physical diseases?

An overloaded stomach is often more cause of immediate danger than an empty one.

Does Mr. Dixon recommend the use of castor oil in the case of a child who has eaten too much plum-pudding, or would he merely treat the material falsehood of plum-pudding with prayer?

If the latter, would he treat dirt, and the consequent irritation of the skin, with prayer, or would he use soap? Would he advise precautions against infectious diseases, or would he be content with "a spiritual understanding"? If the latter, I suggest he is dangerously near falling into a pit himself (Luke xiv.). If not, where, when and how does he draw the line?

I must admit that painful experience has taught me that Mr. Dixon is right about it being best to attend to business instead of applying the treatment he would appear to recommend in cases of illness, though Scripture seems to give us as much warrant for the one as the other. I allude to Matthew vi. 25 and following verses.

To the uninitiated, Christian Science logic and "plain English" somewhat recalls the parable of the customer in the bun shop. Having ordered three penny buns and had them wrapped up, he changed his mind and said he would take six halfpenny buns instead. As he was leaving with the halfpenny buns the shopkeeper reminded him that he had not paid for them. "I know," said the customer; "but did not I give you the penny buns in exchange?" "Sir," said the shopkeeper, "you did not pay me for the larger buns." "Rascal," said the customer, "have I not given them back to you?" and straightway left the shop and its amazed owner!

I trust Mr. Dixon will forgive my apparent discourtesy in wishing to remain anonymous, but the fact is, my dear old grandmother is a Christian Scientist, and he will understand that I do not wish to hurt her feelings by my doubts.

I cannot conclude my letter without thanking "Virginia Milward" for her all too flattering notice of my small literary effort. When the learned critic of the (I think it was) *Pall Mall Gazette* dismissed my ewe lamb with the remark, "The eleventh chapter of this treatise is headed 'An Apology' and signed Mrs. Biggins" (being evidently the kindest thing he could find to say for it), I began to fear my search for "devotees



of common-sense " would be as fruitless as that of Diogenes for an honest man.

I am twitted, however, with a possible want of logic when I suggest that all evil is the result of want of energy. " It might occur to some of us that evil is not lacking in energy on occasions," says " Virginia Milward." This may be so, but the suggestion is that on all occasions more energy would be required to act differently, so that it is really want of energy to act evilly. For instance, we inherit various instincts from our progenitors, and more energy is sometimes required to control ourselves, and sit quiet, than to throw a rude person out of the window. We have a strong instinct for self-preservation, and I suggest again that more energy is required, in those who have largely inherited this instinct, to take things calmly, while in danger, than to run wildly about. If we have inherited an instinct for revenge, we show more energy in combating it than in pursuing the instinctive course of action. A dipsomaniac takes more out of himself by forcing himself to sit still, than in walking ten miles to a public-house. In fact, I suggest, this applies to every tendency we have to imitate our ancestry, instead of using the common sense they had not acquired at our stage of development.

If I have appeared to treat *Psychical Phenomena* flippantly, it has been clumsiness, not purpose. I have, indeed, little cause to do so. My flippancy was intended for those who build up elaborate theories on isolated cases. It is not the isolated case, but the whole, we must consider.

I bow to " Virginia Milward's " opinion that mankind will always turn to sentiment and ideals in preference to the cold doctrine of reason (it is the old story of not wanting to think), but my suggestion is, that as woman is the complement of man, so are sentiment and ideals of reason. The former, however beautiful, are but of little value if unleavened with the latter.

Sentiment and ideals already abound, it therefore only seemed necessary to suggest a little " Common-Sense " as well.

Yours truly,  
X.

Author of *Superstition and Common Sense*.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In my letter to you not long ago I made the dogmatic statement that in the mode by which I used to take off warts, corns, etc., there was no virtue in the breathing part of the operation, but since writing to you I have been thinking that perhaps it would be better to leave the question open for discussion. Now, is there any virtue in the so-called magnetic breath, apart from the suggestion which is made when the breath warms the part affected? Is it a fact that each molecule of the body has a separate consciousness from its fellows and that it does its work independently of all the rest and even apart from the directing force of the mind? If this is so, then

perhaps the magnetic breath does electrify and put new energy and power into each separate molecule which then goes to work to rid itself of all diseased matter and begins to build up its part according to the plan furnished it from the beginning. I would like to hear from others on this subject, what has been their experience with the magnetic breath and what conclusions have they formed in regard to it? I remember a neighbour of ours one day dropped a heavy iron weight upon his big toe, crushing it apparently and injuring it so much that he could not work. He was a man who did not believe in doctors very much and so he did not call one in. His toe got worse and worse and finally the foot began to turn black. He became frightened and was hobbling by our door with a cane on his way to the doctor when I espied him. I called to him, "Say, —, I know you don't believe in it, but what's the use of paying a doctor five or six dollars when you can let me hoo-doo you well for nothing." He came in and let me look at his toe, and it was not a very pleasant sight. I breathed upon the injured part for about three or four minutes and told him to go home and take it easy the rest of the day and the next morning it would be much better. He reported in two or three days that in a few minutes after I gave the treatment all the pain ceased and that next morning his toe and foot had assumed their natural colour and all soreness had gone. This was the last of his trouble. Now I could give you case after case, as I said in my first letter, of healings accomplished when the breath was used. I remember one day being in the house alone (I am absolutely helpless, I have never walked in my life) smoking a cigar. In reaching to take it out of my mouth I, not having good use of my hands, struck the cigar so that all the fire from it fell upon the back of my hand. Now I knew that if I moved I should knock the fire upon the floor and among papers, which would never do, so I sat there and let my hand take a pretty bad burn. After a while I shook the dead ashes off and began to breathe upon my aching hand. In fifteen minutes all sign of the burn had disappeared and I can tell you it was a pretty bad one. If I was a strong, powerful, perfect man in a physical way, I could understand that my breath might be magnetic, but even then I could not see how it would be possible for me to heal myself by using my own breath.

Not many miles away from us here in Missouri there is a large institute where the head professor heals many diseases by using this so-called magnetic breath, but he does not use it in every case and, in fact, he says that the virtue lies not in the breath itself but in the faith awakened in the patient by this mode of operation. But, as I said before, perhaps he and myself are mistaken in our conclusions?

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.

Yours faithfully,  
WILL R. PENICK, JR.

*Further Correspondence unavoidably held over until next issue.*

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

*THE Seeker* has two articles, at once thoughtful and thought-suggesting, on the spiritual understanding of marriage. One is on the Wedding Guest, and the writer is Agnes Leathes; the other is by E. T. Harrison, author of some *Notes on the Lord's Prayer*, and is called the Mystic Marriage. Miss Leathes, as her title indicates, is—for the moment at least—in the Outer Courts of a very great subject; but she tells us, and it is good to remember, that in Scripture “no higher type can ever be offered us than a wedding,” and the reason is that “marriage is the type of union with God.” This is true of the Old Testament as it is true of the New, and the life of the type was perpetuated in Jewry through many centuries, and reappears with strange fulness, under manifold forms, in the great Book of the *Zohar*. It does not in the better sense detract from the merit of the paper if it must be said that it leaves much to be imagined concerning that nuptial vestment about which it sets out to speak. This is so often the case with real matters, even when they are treated greatly. Mr. Harrison, at least by design, is in the Holy Place, recognizing also, and of course, “the great reality which earthly marriage foreshadows.” This reality he sets forth by a comparison with the work of the Holy Spirit for the conception and birth of Christ in and through the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Christ must be born in the soul, and the mystic fatherhood is apparently the work of God thereon and therein. It should be said that it is an imperfect analogy, but it has been held to serve by some of the Christian mystics, as representing a certain form of inward experience in the attainment of Divine Life. A very much greater school, as it seems to one writer at least, speaks of the union of the soul with the Eternal Spouse, which is of course to be distinguished from the psychic experiences of saints like Catherine of Siena, holy and wonderful as were those. Much remains to be done in the elucidation of this distinction, as well as in the contrast of the two schools of symbolism previously mentioned. It should be added that Mr. Harrison speaks also and well about the goal of the soul's journey, as of a deeper union.

It is likely to be said that the intention of *Orpheus*, the organ of an art-movement within the ranks of the Theosophical Society, is much better than its execution, which intimation is commonplace enough to be true, or at least from time to time. Mr.

James Guthrie's somewhat disconcerting sketch of *Rising Mist* is a trouble to the eye and seems open to this criticism, but the frontispiece—*Elegy*—by Cecil French, has some merit of massive grace. Among the literary contributions one turns to the verse instinctively and is not disappointed. The four lines entitled *A Temple made with Hands* embody a striking thought in a rough measure, and Mr. Dermot O'Byrne is a poet, as his conclusion to an elder's note on a children's festival makes evident.

*The International Psychic Gazette*, the official organ of the International Club for Psychical Research, edited by John Lewis, dates its birth from the June number, and the blue cover is adorned with a mystic eye and a life-like serpent holding its tail in its mouth. It takes for its motto Mr. Gladstone's words: "Psychical Research is by far the most important work that is being done in the world," and thus boldly announces that it deals with a subject of palmary interest and significance. The number opens with *A Greeting from Mrs. Annie Besant*, and she speaks wise words in a cordial and urbane manner. She says, "Unfettered liberty of thought and speech seems to me to be as necessary to progress in psychical science as in all other branches of human knowledge." And again, "For myself, the eager welcome of new truth is as joyous at nearly sixty-five years of age as it was at twenty-five, nay, far more joyous." This is indeed like the note of a clarion and will exhilarate all readers. Many interesting articles follow. There is an appreciation of Mr. Stead by Felicia R. Scatcherd, an account of what the Club has achieved in the past year with a number of photographs of the Club premises, and a paper by Dr. Julia Seton Sears, entitled *The Modern Mystic*. The Gazette is to be congratulated upon its wide outlook and the variety of psychic and spiritual subjects to which it opens its columns. *Spirit Photography*, *The Wisdom of the Stars*, by Alan Leo, a lecture on Laotze by Dr. Bernard Smith, a discourse on scientific prediction by "Sepharial," *The Mystical and Ethical Side of the Feminist Movement* by Lady Muir Mackenzie: this enumeration, if only a small portion of the contents, will give some idea of the enterprise and breadth shown by the editor and his staff. A review of this kind, free from bias and welcoming all shades of thought, is calculated to be of great use, and we wish it every possible success.

*La Revue Théosophique Belge* produces an interesting issue as usual, though it depends largely on translations from English sources and is therefore already familiar. Among the original articles, we learn that an Order of the Graal has been established, by a certain Dr. Philip Braun, at Nebraska in the States of

America, and subsequently—or perhaps simultaneously—at Bad Schmiedeberg, by Halle in Germany. It consists of three degrees—Catechumen, Companion and Master—obviously borrowed with the least possible variation of title from the Craft Degrees of Masonry: the great prototype of all external initiation is reflected everywhere, not only in its legitimate descendants but in its latest copies. Dr. Philip Braun may be informed that his experiment is not the first of its kind, for the present writer is acquainted with one at least which has existed privately in England for some years past, in one of the Midland Counties. On the whole, it is extraordinary that the Theosophical Society has not established such an undertaking on a large scale, having regard to its present activities in directions of this kind. It is said, however, to be interested in Dr. Braun's venture, while he on his own part has taken the older institution to some extent as his model. As he borrows Grade titles from Masonry, so he gets objects from Theosophy—development of man's latent powers and the living bonds of brotherhood—though the second is also Masonic—but over and above all the watch for a teacher to come. The last object, according to our informant, is embodied in a species of prophecy which will find an echo in the hearts of many who are looking for such a master and are praying that he may arrive quickly. "We are assisting from this time forth at the return of Christ in spirit and in truth; the great work accomplished 2,000 years ago will ere long be resumed by Him and will bear its fruits; after struggles, diseases and dryness, there will come a great lull; the nations will lay down their arms; peace, celestial light and love will reign among men. Blessed are those," says the prophecy, "who believe and act accordingly." For ourselves we venture to express one hope which does not partake of prophecy: should the new Order flourish, may it exhibit more knowledge of the Graal and its legend than is shown by our present informant.

That excellent and famous astronomer Camille Flammarion draws attention in *La Revue Spirite* to a remarkable poetic drama, *Le Songe de la Vie*, by Gemma de Vesme, whose age is nineteen years. We have heard of it in other connections, and it seems to be regarded generally as showing not only considerable erudition but high originality and remarkable metrical power. The story depends from the old legend of Melusine and tells how this fairy guardian from time immemorial of the house of Lusignan was re-incarnated in Geoffrey de Lusignan, brother of Guy, the last King of Jerusalem. We believe that the writer belongs to

a family which is not unknown in the French annals of psychical research and spiritism ; M. Flammarion indulges in romantic enthusiasm when he connects her with such names as Sophocles, Shakespeare and Victor Hugo ; he is a man of science and not a literary critic ; but certain quotations from the drama make us wish to know more regarding it and regarding the gifted young woman who makes her first bid for recognition therein.

Those who are drawn in the direction of a monistic view of the universe will find something to their purpose in *The Open Court*. It has in the first place a paper entitled Monism, which distinguishes a trinity of matter, energy and mind, regarding the last as an universal attribute of existence. It discerns indeed not only a mental element in every animal, "however minute and low in the scale," but in plants and the inorganic kingdom. "Every primordial particle is a 'body,' and as such is a trinity of matter, energy and mind." In an English periodical a paper like this would be left to stand at its value for the time being at least, but it so happens that the editor of *The Open Court* is himself a monist, though not after the manner of his contributor, and he enters the lists at once with a reply which follows the article. He offers an alternative triad, being matter, energy and form, and thus rules out mind as an universal attribute, restricting it to creatures possessing sentiency. To those who are not monists it may afford consolation that there is dualism and probably pluralism within the mental field of the subject, as its exponents have not settled their own terms. Among a few who are of another school it may be felt that there are many palaces, many temples, cottages and even dungeons of the mind, which in truth is so much prisoned in the animal that it may not be wholly foreign to far greater restrictions.

There is a discourse on Divine Love, under its eastern name of *Bhakti*, in a recent issue of *The Theosophist*. It draws from Hindu, Jewish and Sufi sources ; and in such a field it is easy to find pearls of great price. The object throughout is to show the unity of mystic faith, experience and attainment ; and this task also is easy. But after a multitude of quotations, and after all allowance for the charm and persuasion of many, the feeling brought away is that the faith has found no adequate expression, the path of experience is still a clouded path, and we are still seeking ever the symbols of the attainment. This is not an accusation but rather a statement of the inevitable. Perhaps we must try one experiment more in the forlorn hope of expression.

## REVIEWS

PERSONAL INFLUENCE AND HEALING. By Prof. Elmer E. Knowles.  
London : National Institute of Sciences.

THERE are already many books of instruction in the art of Hypnotic Suggestion, Auto-Suggestion, and Mental Healing, but while most of them are replete with instances of the working value of the theories expounded, few contain practical instructions for the development and exercise of the hypnotic power. They are chronicles rather than books of instruction.

The National Institute of Sciences, of which Prof. Elmer E. Knowles is the founder, has issued a series of manuals, covering the whole ground of practical instruction in Personal Influence and Healing.

In these private instructions, issued only to enrolled members of the Institute, Prof. Knowles has simplified much that was formerly abstruse in the science of Magnetic Healing and Suggestion, and in effect those who desire success along these lines will find it easy of achievement. The fact that Prof. Knowles has many thousands of students among the masses has induced him to render his instructions particularly clear and practicable, and it has been his aim to give his pupils something that has a working value in daily life. Of course there is a great difference between the first efforts of a tyro and the finished work of a skilled professor, but from the first page to the last of these instructions the student will find teachings and principles of practice that can be applied in business and private life.

It has quite recently been established that Suggestion is at the root of all action. Every action is either involuntary or purposive, and is due to hypnotic suggestion or auto-suggestion. Hypnotism is the compelling art; auto-suggestion the art of creation, invention, and self-realization. Your world of advertisers, of political and religious speakers, of officials in every department of life, are users of the compelling power of hypnotism. The desire and wit of a master-mind overawes and asserts its power over the masses. "I can and will do" is the potent auto-suggestion of the pioneer, the inventor, and the genius in art, literature and science.

These instructions of Prof. Knowles enable us to realize the tremendous significance of the power of suggestion. They will serve very well to dispel the hazy notions of the average mind in regard to Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, and Personal Magnetism. Men have hitherto wasted their lives in the search for the Philosopher's Stone. Prof. Knowles proposes to give it to us "in one lump." To this end he has dealt with the principles of the Magnetic Art, and has given practical teaching of the most explicit kind on Telepathy, the use of the Radio-hypnotic Crystal in the production of Fascination, Healing, self treatment by auto-suggestion, the cure of bad habits, treatment at a distance, anæsthesia, physiognomy, phrenology, graphology, and cheiromancy, together with practical instruction in Hindu and Oriental methods of concentration, telepathy, magic and a description of a new Suggestiphone for inducing effects by word of mouth. Prof. Knowles has succeeded in bringing together a mass of most interesting matter, and has presented his subject in such lucid form as to be easy of application by all and sundry.

SCRUTATOR.

ASTROLOGY AND RELIGION AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. By Franz Cumont, Ph.D., LL.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 6s. net.

DR. CUMONT has contributed a most interesting volume to the series of American Lectures on the History of Religions. He herein seeks to show how oriental astrology and star-worship transformed the beliefs of the Græco-Latin world, how this influence increased and at length came to be established in the West as a sidereal cult, the highest phase of ancient paganism. Babylon, it is said, "was the first to erect the edifice of a cosmic religion, based upon science, which brought human activity and human relations with the astral divinities into the general harmony of organized nature." Dupuis thought the Egyptian zodiac antedated our era by some 12,000 years. Letronne proved that the Denderah Zodiac only dated from the Roman period. Even the Pan-Babylonists are found to have erred in the view that the religious system of Babylonia was based upon astronomical facts thousands of years before the Greek era, for the reason that these facts were not then known. "Even Astrology, which the theory presupposes as a foundation, is not a product of primitive popular fancies, but rather an advanced scientific hypothesis," says Dr. Jastrow. It is therefore a supreme question as to what time a scientific astronomy and astrology were developed in Babylon, since this must be prior to all religious conceptions based upon these sciences. The original documents of Chaldea have been deciphered and published. It is seen that under Sargon I (722 B.C.) and his successors, the Assyrians had traced the course of the Sun, had established the four cardinal points, and had discovered the five planets, without knowing anything of their relative bulks, densities or distances. But they knew their relative apparent velocities, and what is known as the Chaldean order—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon—reflects this fact, although it is not made use of by Dr. Cumont. The assignment of the planets to the days of the week is said to be Hellenist in origin, the Hebrew days being merely enumerated and not named. Yet despite this elementary state of astronomical knowledge in the eighth century B.C., we have a tablet dated 523 B.C. which is practically an astronomical almanac, giving the precise dates of the conjunctions of the Moon and planets, of the planets with each other, and the relative positions of the Sun and Moon, together with the signs of the Zodiac occupied by them. These celestial phenomena, including eclipses, were all predicted, and the document constitutes the oldest known evidence of scientific astronomy. It was in the sixth century that Thales predicted the eclipse since identified with his name. Dr. Cumont is perhaps too grudging in his chronology, for it can be shown that in China Wan-Wang established an observatory in the twelfth century B.C., that the observer and recorder were punished by exile for failing to predict the eclipse of October 11, 2154 B.C., in the reign of Chung Kung, and that the Emperor Yaou confirmed by observations the astronomical calendar of Chuen Hio 2355 B.C., commanding his officials to "determine and portray the courses of the Sun, Moon and planets with the asterisms, and duly to inform the people concerning the seasons." Confucius, who compiled these records, was himself an observer of astronomical facts. The work of Dr. Cumont thoroughly covers the Græco-Roman religious founda-



tions, but cannot be regarded as secure in regard to astrology before the Babylonian era. It is a work of vital interest.

SCRUTATOR.

GREAT SAVIOURS OF THE WORLD. By Swâmi Abhedânanda. Luzac & Co., Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C. Cr. 8vo. 176 pp. 4s. 6d.

THIS collection of lectures by the well-known Vedantist constitutes the first of a series of three volumes dealing with the same subject. As the author indicates in his preface, the word "Saviour" is used by him in the broad sense, and not as denoting "a Saviour who saves from eternal damnation." The present volume deals with the lives and teachings of Krishna, Zoroaster, and Lao-Tze, viewed in the unifying light of the Vedanta. The many admirers of Swâmi Abhedânanda's works will welcome this addition to the list, whilst those who have not yet had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the grandeur of the teachings of this religio-philosophy, through the light of which "the Unity of the Godhead under variety of names and forms" may be perceived, will assuredly read the book not only with interest, but come from its perusal with the conviction that the Swâmi possesses the happy gift of bringing to light in an interesting and attractive manner the harmony existing between the leading world-religions.

H. J. S.

WHEN THE SUN MOVES NORTHWARDS. By Mabel Collins. Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. 183 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

THE title of this book takes its form from the fact that the sacred months of the year (December to May) are those in which the sun apparently moves northwards. The occult ceremonies of the psychic (not physical) schools to which these teachings have relation, are here outlined by the Egyptian Initiate who gave through the author the litanies of "The Story of the Year." In fact, the little volume before us may be considered as containing the mystical teaching from the above-mentioned book and "Green Leaves" in a systematic and amplified form. The purport of the teachings given may be gathered from the author's words: "It was the work of the Christ to show the meaning of the Cross, and to teach the great lesson . . . that none shall seek Freedom till all are saved. He promised to remain with us always, renouncing His Nirvana, and dwelling with His beloved children . . . in the mysterious inner places of consciousness. And those who desire to follow Him must do likewise, . . . and each year show an increase of the will to help the world." "The story of the pilgrimage of the spirit of man is contained within this yearly drama." "Desire, marriage, birth; these bring us hither: love, death, resurrection, these carry us hence." All are more or less psychically sensitive, and the soul of man and the soul of the world are in such close rapport that no earnest aspirant who "knocks" need fail to find response and "the opening of the Door." In brief, this little work should form a most helpful companion for those who will to "live the life."

H. J. S.

MY PSYCHIC RECOLLECTIONS. By Mary Davies. London (published for the Author) : Eveleigh Nash, 36, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

"It is a remarkable fact that while the Churches are lamenting the decay of the religious spirit, there is an ever-increasing number of earnest men and women who are inquiring eagerly into the nature and the truth of the revelations made through psychics." Thus Miss Davies opens her sincere volume, which is supported by a kind introduction from the pen of Lord Rossmore, who expresses a hope that a perusal of the work "will induce many to inquire more fully regarding the source whence her great gift is derived." We are sure that the reader, the interested reader in the first case, will catch a little of Miss Davies's enthusiasm for her work, and delve deeper into the mysteries of psychic phenomena, while the layman into whose hands it may happen to fall will, assuredly, desire to penetrate into those wonderful worlds of mysticism, on the threshold of which many of us are standing, and may, if he so wills it, pull the curtain aside, and explore the Great Beyond, with us. Miss Davies's "Recollections" are, indeed, striking psychic experiences; nay, they are remarkable. We see a number of her wonderful associations with the spirit world as the result of different agencies from those to which she attributes them. To Miss Davies they appear in one form; to us in another. We do not deny her experiences; they might have happened to ourselves, only in a different way. We wish that all who speak and write of their reminiscences would thus see the other view-point. Miss Davies, in her beautiful story of Saint Theresa—and it is, indeed, a saintly tale—says "From that day death was not death to me—only a transition." Would that all Christians, *all* men and women, saw the Great Wrench in that light! Miss Davies's mind is of the right calibre to justify her unspoken claim to authenticity. She has the art of sensing the other world; in other words, she is clairvoyant—clear-seeing; a mental condition which could not have been nourished on better spiritual food than the ecstatic environment of the Roman Church. We meet men who pass from Evangelicalism to Materialism through Rome; but we rarely hear of the passage through a similar track to Spiritualism; and we are surprised—for Rome surely points to the abnormal in the mystic existence. We like Miss Davies's frank examination of her own arguments; we appreciate her sincerity, and her toleration; we applaud her devotion and piety. When earnest students study their own investigations, tell us carefully concerning their own strange—and we use the word appropriately, because we are so limited in our *understanding*—experiences, place before us rhyme and reason, in justification of these experiences, then, we say, a fresh coterie of influences rises up, and guides us into realms which we have seen, or rather, caught a glimpse of, a long way off. The Chapters on "Mediumship a Natural Gift," "The Naturalness of Communication," and "Materialization," tempt us to an examination and an analysis, but we forbear. In the above brief lines we have just attempted to indicate the scope of the work. M. C.