

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE REVIEWS

LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.

CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

UNITED STATES: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 85, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK;
THE OCCULT AND MODERN THOUGHT BOOK CENTER, 687, BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

THE ORIENTAL ESOTERIC LIBRARY, 1207, Q. STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.:

NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO;

AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS : The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York ; The *Macey Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York ; The *Occult and Modern Thought Book Center*, 687 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. ; The *Oriental Esoteric Library*, 1207 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. ; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

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

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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

VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER 1912

No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE festival of Christmas has come to be regarded as the occasion on which all Christendom celebrates the glad side of the coming of the Christian Messiah, as typifying the commencement of a new epoch under more hopeful conditions than its predecessors, an epoch that paved the way, at least in theory, to the establishment of a brotherhood of mankind in the place of a multitude of jarring

and warring nationalities. The promise has remained unfulfilled, but it is still a guiding-star to the higher and more generous spirits among men.

THE SIGNIFICATION OF CHRISTMAS. It appeared in the guise of a promise which seemed for a short period possible of fulfilment to the Roman poet, synchronizing as it did with the period of peace ushered in by the reign of Augustus over the Roman Empire following a long spell of bloody wars and internecine strife. This probably gave birth to the idea of the return of the Golden Age, and suggested to Virgil the conception of his Fourth Eclogue. But here there is clearly something more indicated. There is the birth of a child who should inaugurate this reign of universal peace, this Millen-

nium, as the early Christians would have called it. The poet is indeed next of kin to the prophet, and often more of a prophet than the prophet himself. Virgil announced the Christian era, almost, one may say, when the Christ was in his cradle—

“Novus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.”

A new era begins—a new series of centuries—he tells us, from the birth of this child; and over them will reign the Virgin, not the Virgin mother of the child, but the Virgin Justice reincarnate. It is the Saturnian Age come back once more, and as in the vision of Isaiah even the savage beasts will abandon their natural ferocity. Thus in the earliest traditions the festival of Saturn, the Saturnalia of the Roman world, is linked indissolubly with the Christmas festival. Nor is it only linked in sentiment. The Saturnalia lasted for a week at midwinter (December 17 to 23). It is generally held that the earliest celebration of the birth of Christ on December 25 took place at Rome about the middle of the fourth century. The Eastern Church had before this been in the habit of keeping it on January 6, as a joint commemoration of Christ's Nativity and his Baptism.

Linked, too, with the idea of the festival of Saturn, the week when all were free to leave their work and keep holiday, when the slaves for a brief interval were slaves no longer, was the feast which became popular in the third century of the Christian era, of the great God of the Sun. The Emperor Aurelian was a votary of the Syrian Sun-God, Baal. Identified with this Sun-God was Mithra, a Hindu and Iranian divinity akin in character to the Greek Apollo, and associated with many curious myths and mysteries. “Mithra,” says Reinach, “was not only the creator but the mediator between the Supreme God and man, the conqueror of evil, the saviour of souls.” Initiation into the Mithraic mysteries insured happiness upon earth and salvation after death. The Mithraic sacraments are referred to by Tertullian as comprising in their ceremonies of initiation baptism, purification by honey, the use of consecrated water, bread, and wine. Mithraism was adopted by the Emperor Commodus, and Julian in his attempt to re-establish Paganism laid stress upon the worship of the great Sun-God as typical of the ruler of the universe. This worship was violently combated by the early Christians, and Tertullian was at pains to explain the analogies between Mithraism and Christianity by alleging an ingenious device of the Evil One.

SATURN
AND THE
SUN-GOD.



THE NATIVITY.

From MS. in the British Museum.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin from "Christmas: Its Ritual and Tradition.")

It is especially noteworthy that the *Dies Natalis Invicti* was originally the day devoted to the celebration of the birth of the Sun-God, this naturally occurring immediately after the winter solstice, when the days began to lengthen. More curious still is the fact that the word so familiar in our carols and universally adopted by the French as their synonym for Christmas is identical with this Latin word "natalis," "birthday"—"Noel." * This word "Noel" has become incorporated into the French language through the Provençal "nadau" or "nadal," corresponding with the Italian "natale" and the Welsh "natolig." The word still figures as the name of one of the most important British Colonies, Natal, which was first discovered on Christmas Day, *Dies Natalis*. Thus Christmas has absorbed into its significance the conceptions of a new era of love and brotherhood, the return of the fabled Golden Age, the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and, last and greatest of all, the reincarnation in human form of the divine Son of God.

The nature and character of the Christmas festival underwent then in the course of time no little modification through this fact of its synchronizing with other festivals of earlier institution. The struggles of the early Church and its attitude of stern condemnation towards Pagan worship gave Christmas at the first the atmosphere rather of a fast than of a festival. It was far from being regarded by the early Christian Fathers as a day of rejoicing and merrymaking, as it is at present. The fact that the Saturnalia were celebrated by the Pagan world while early Christians were observing the birthday of their Saviour produced an inevitable reaction among early Christian worshippers. To have kept Christmas after the manner of later ages would have seemed almost like identifying themselves with the Pagan celebrators of the feast of Saturn. There is no doubt, however, that this tendency to keep high festival at this period of the year gradually transformed Christmas from a day of repentance or, at best, of grave and austere thankfulness, to one in which the sentiment of human brotherhood and the idea of keeping high holiday was predominant. It is, perhaps, rather remarkable, as showing what curious transformations religion and religious ceremonies

MODIFI-
CATIONS OF
THE
CHRISTMAS
IDEA.

* I am indebted for the above information to *Christmas: Its Ritual and Tradition*, by Clement A. Miles, just published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, price 10s. 6d. net, which contains much interesting information in relation to Christmas customs and the parallel customs of the Paganism which Christianity superseded.

may undergo, that the idea of the brotherhood of the human race which we associate so pre-eminently with Christianity was apparently imported into the celebration of Christmas rather from the atmosphere of the Pagan festival than from the thoughts that centre around the manger at Bethlehem. Once such an attitude of mind had found its way into the Christian feast it was, of course, readily justified by an obvious reference to this Christian root idea.

One of our most modern writers, to give him an epithet which he would probably repudiate,* has asked in one of his latest books, "What's wrong with the world?" He has given us, according to his wont, a book full of illuminating phrases and suggestive thoughts, and yet leaves us after reading it very little wiser than

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH THE
WORLD?

we were before. As to the defective conditions of our modern civilization most people are agreed, but there is in general but little community of opinion as to what is the remedy, and there is no little discrepancy of view as to the nature and character of its most serious deficiencies. There are, however, two leading classes of critics of the world as it is at present: one claims that the woes of the human race are mainly due to their low ideals, while the other takes the view that what the community suffers from is its defective business methods. Something the same was the case when Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem. The whole world was looking for a Messiah—not Judæa only, but the whole world of Roman civilization. Virgil, as I have already pointed out, voiced its anticipation no less than the Hebrew prophets; and Virgil's was the most accurate and exact prediction of them all. But when the Messiah came He was not at all what the major portion of the expectant world had been anticipating. They had been looking out for a Saviour of Society, and declined to admit the genuineness of his mission when Christ came as a Saviour of Souls. So, then, to-day, while the world is, to speak colloquially, spoiling for a new Messiah, we are all nevertheless at sixes and sevens as to what sort of Messiah would best meet the necessities of the case; and it is to be feared that in whatever guise the Messiah might appear He would meet from the bulk of the community with as scant appreciation as did Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago.

The favourites of the public of to-day have no such high ambitions. They are, the most popular of them, just simply the apostles of topsy-turvydom, striking attitudes and cutting capers behind the footlights, doing anything, in short, which will attract

* G. K. Chesterton.

by its dramatic effect and dazzle by its element of the bizarre. Neitzsche, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton, what are they all, in spite of their diversity, in spite of their occasional brilliancy and even genius, but actors in this carnival of topsy-turvydom? Neitzsche, in his latest years, revelled in such paradoxes. He claimed that he was himself "at once Christ and Antichrist." He was, he maintained, "the continuation; that is to say, the destroyer of the work of Christ," at once "his successor and his best enemy." He entitles his autobiography, "Ecce Homo," and signs his last letter, "The Crucified." The truth is, we have reached a point where paradox has almost become commonplace; and it follows that to many the new ideal of a Messiah must be the old ideal turned inside out. Originality, however, does not in reality consist in paradoxes, but in constructive creation. It does not consist in analysis, but in synthesis.

We see the same fault in the politics of to-day, political movements dictated not by the love of the many, but by the hatred of the few. Hatred is a destructive force: love is a constructive force. Love creates: hatred disintegrates. "God is Love." The two great commandments taught by Christ were summed up in the one word, "Love." Love, maintained St. Paul, "is the fulfilling of the law." Neitzsche, on the other hand, maintained of himself, "I am not a man, I am dynamite" (i.e., the principle of destruction). Whether or no the modern community may find salvation in a business Messiah, one thing at least is certain, the Christ of two thousand years ago failed in his lifetime and triumphed after his death by holding up not a cut and dried system of theology, but a high ideal of life—an ideal perhaps too high to be lived up to, but not too high to be made a guiding-star.

Why, we may ask, does the Christ come again, unless it is to re-interpret the old message in language suited to the needs of the day? The appeal of the manger of Bethlehem is to the most human side of humanity, and the rejection of the Mother of Christ carries with it by implication the rejection of all that is most beautiful and most appealing in the infancy of the Son. The cry of human suffering and human need is ever to Jesus, son of Mary, and not to Jesus, son of the Jewish King. The moral is found in that chain of sympathy which binds together all children of the same Father, and it is embodied in the two great commandments which are yet one and the same: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—and thy neighbour as thyself.

THE TWO
GREAT
COMMAND-
MENTS.

A LEGEND OF LIFE

By WILLIAM T. HORTON

PROLOGUE

THE Spirit of Man wandering in barren places finds no rest. Blindly he seeks hither and thither but cannot find happiness and truth, for his eyes are closed except to the things of this life, and the shackles binding him to the ground, shackles that he must wear for a season.

One day as he wanders a ray of light shows him the Kingdoms that he may win, visioned before him. Like a traveller whose eyes have seen the land to which he is bound, but who sees also the high mountains he must pass over and the far distance he must travel, he loses heart and is well-nigh despairing even to the point of death.

He is awakened by a Voice speaking within himself, yet arising from without, of one who in vision, the ideal of his dreams, now stands radiant by his side and breathes into him new hopes, showing how near is the Kingdom, and how the shackles are not lasting, and how by faith and patience he shall come to the City on which his hopes are set.

His thirsting soul is satisfied, but the fight is in nowise finished. Many times his heart shall fail and his foot stumble, but, having seen the Vision, he cannot forget or fail.

THE LEGEND

There was a Traveller who set out with staff and wallet to search for a maiden who should bring him all joy and happiness.

As he travelled he met many whom he loved, but of whom, after a little while, he grew weary. So he ever passed on.

One day, as he prayed in anguish of loneliness, he looked upward towards a high mountain, round the foot of which he would pass, and saw the sky of clouds breaking, and in the break he saw a face looking down upon him, calm and quiet, radiant and wonderful, and he cried out in joy, "I will come unto thee," and began to ascend the mountain.



Faint and exhausted he fell and was lying dead, but the Father of Life carried him in His arms to the precincts of a new life and breathed into his nostrils, and he lived again.

Then the Father left him, and there came to him the beautiful woman whose face he had seen in the break of the clouds, and she bade him arise.

Throwing her arms around him she carried him away to a plain whence he could behold the Cities of the Sun. And she



told him he must come to them journeying alone before they might meet again.

Thereupon she left him, and on the breast of a storm-cloud he was borne to Earth.

Often he would wander under the stars, and in the moonlight, crying to his Beloved for help.

“Surely my Beloved I have conquered Fear, even strangling him as he grappled with me down in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I am ready to come to thee. Thou prayest for

c c

me. Let my prayer mingle with thine, and let me enter the Heavenly City where thou dwellest."

Then he looked for a glimpse of the City where she dwelt, but he was bound to Earth in the prison-house of his own body and by the cruelties of circumstance.

In anguish he prayed for deliverance, and after many days the Sunlight of Life came upon him through the working of



his Beloved and the shackles of Earth fell from him, and he was free.

Free, he flung himself into the Sea of Hope which stretched before him and opened to him the way to his Beloved. Sorely was he tossed upon the waves, but reaching the shore he was received and tended by her.

Into the gates of the Palace of Time they entered, for the Mother of Souls had prevailed by Her prayers that they should come again to Earth together and knowing one another. And She took them into Her arms and blessed them, before their journey, as they waited in the Palace.



And the Mother of Souls stood as guardian, with a flaming sword and shield held over the two who were about to be born again to Earth, and cast round them a sanctifying halo which many men and women should feel but not see consciously.

Then the Father of Life took them into His hand and placed them on an Earth-bound storm-cloud.

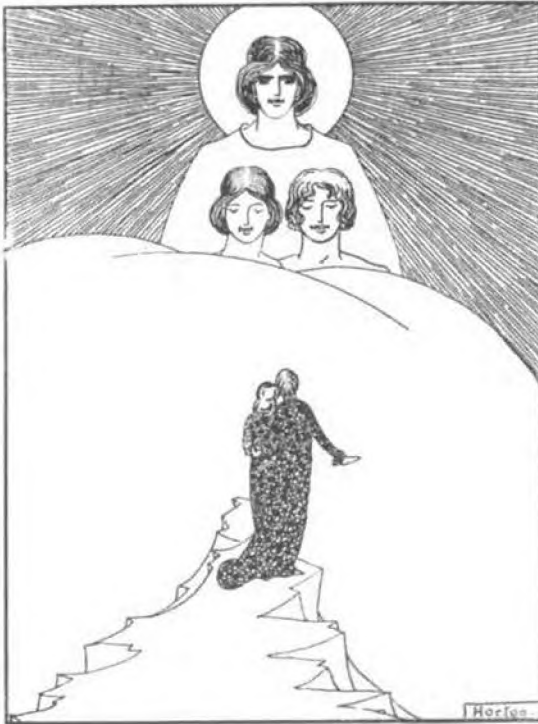
But the storm-cloud broke, separating them one from the other. The man was tossed into a low-lying plain where the



marsh-land surrounded him and the mountains lowered beyond and round, and he tried to walk but his feet ever slipped, and often he nearly fell and sank, and he desired wings so that he might fly to the heights. Then wings were given him, but they were too heavy for him so that he could neither fly nor walk.

He cried out in agony and a vision was vouchsafed him of his Beloved whom he had lost, and he heard her voice saying, "Behold I am with thee even though I wander lonely looking for thee even as thou dost for me."

Then he saw her sitting on the high cliff whither she had



been cast by the bursting storm-cloud, and he was comforted and determined to make his way to her.

Slowly and painfully he arose, but now he could move more easily for his heavy wings were gone, only the invisible ones of his Spirit remained. So he renewed his journey, helped and inspired by the vision.

Black shapes flew round and about him, but he was swifter than they, and was confident in his own strength, now he knew and had seen the wings that bore him forward, and no longer cried out for earthly wings which only weighed him downwards.

So on he came and reached the summit where he had seen his Beloved waiting for him, and the sun shone behind her and through her so that she appeared to him to be radiant with light.

And she took his hand and showed him the City, where they should dwell, into which she had not yet entered, since she had waited for him.

Entering in they partook of perfect happiness and wandered unhurt by any of the forces of evil, knowing that the Angel of Perfect Purity walked with them.

After a while a craving came upon both of them for the glory of the Cities of Heaven, whence the Father of Life had sent them forth, and they wandered to the edge of the world to entreat the Guardian Angel of Life to let them pass and swim the dark river between the Earth and the Heavens.

But the Angel answered "Not yet, my children, there is work yet for you to do according to your own wisdom. See here for your comfort." And they were shown how even as on Earth so were their Spirits in Heaven.

Then they turned once more to life and, setting their feet firmly, they made their way joyfully up the steep paths, knowing that they were linked in wondrous fashion to their Spirit forms in Heaven.

CATS AND THE UNKNOWN

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, Author of: "Byways of Ghostland," "The Sorcery Club," "Werwolves," etc., etc.

SINCE, from all ages, the cat has been closely associated with the supernatural, it is not surprising to learn that images and symbols of that animal figured in the temples of the sun and moon, respectively, in ancient Egypt. According to Horapollo, the cat was worshipped in the temple of Heliopolis, sacred to the sun, because the size of the pupil of the cat's eye is regulated by the height of the sun above the horizon.

Other authorities suggest a rather more subtle—and, in my opinion, more probable—reason, namely, that the link between the sun and the cat is not merely physical but superphysical, that the cat is attracted to the sun not only because it loves warmth, but because the sun keeps off terrifying and antagonistic occult forces, to the influence of which the cat, above all other animals, is specially susceptible; a fact fully recognized by the Egyptians, who, to show their understanding and appreciation of this feline attachment, took care that, whenever a temple was dedicated to the sun, an image or symbol of the cat was placed somewhere, well in evidence, within the precincts.

To make this theory all the more probable, images and symbols of the cat were also to be found in Egyptian temples dedicated to the moon, the moon being universally regarded as the quintessence of everything supernatural, the very cockpit in fact of mystery and spookism. The nocturnal habits of the cat, its love of prowling about during moonlit hours, and the spectacle of its two round gleaming eyes, may, of course, as Plutarch seems to have thought, have suggested to the Egyptians lunar influence and analogy; and thus the presence of its effigy in temples to Isis would be partially, at all events, accounted for; though, as before, I am inclined to think there is another and rather more subtle reason.

From endless experiments made in haunted houses, I have proved to my own satisfaction at least, that the cat acts as a thoroughly reliable psychic barometer.

The dog is sometimes unaware of the proximity of the Unknown. When the ghost materializes, or in some other way demonstrates its advent, the dog occasionally remains wholly

undisturbed—the cat never. I have never yet had a cat with me that has not shown the most obvious signs of terror and uneasiness both before and during an occult manifestation.

Now, although I won't go so far as to say that spontaneous ghostly demonstrations are actually dependent on the moon—that they occur only on nights when the moon is visible—experience has led me to believe that the moon most certainly does influence them—that moonlight nights are much more favourable to ghostly appearances than other nights. Hence, there is this much in common between the moon and cats. The one influences and the other is influenced by psychic phenomena—a fact that could scarcely have failed to be recognized by so keen observers of the Occult as the ancient Egyptians.

The presence of the cat's effigy in the temples of Isis might thus be explained. Over and over again we come across the cat in the land of the Pharaohs. It seems to be inseparable from the esoteric side of Egyptian life. The goddess Bast is depicted with a cat's head, holding the sistrum, i.e. the symbol of the world's harmony, in her hand.

One of the most ancient symbols of the cat is to be found in the Necropolis of Thebes, which contains the tomb of Hana (who probably belonged to the eleventh dynasty). There, Hana is depicted, standing erect, proud and kingly, with his favourite cat Borehaki—Borehaki, the picture of all things strange and psychic, and from whom one cannot help supposing he may have drawn his occult inspirations—at his feet.

So sure were the Egyptians that the cat possessed a soul, that they deemed it worthy of the same funeral rites they bestowed on man. Cats were embalmed, and innumerable cat mummies have been discovered in wooden coffins at Bubastis, Speos, Artemidos and Thebes. When a cat died the Egyptians shaved their eyebrows, not only to show grief at the loss of their loved one, but to avert subsequent misfortune.

So long as a cat was in his house the Egyptian felt safe from inimical supernatural influences, but if there were no cat in the house at night, then, any undesirable from the occult world, might visit him. Indeed, in such high esteem did the Egyptians hold the cat, that they voluntarily incurred the gravest risks when its life was in peril. No one of them appreciated the cat, and set a higher value on its mystic properties, than the Sultan El-Daher-Beybas, who reigned in A.D. 1260, and has been compared with William of Tripoli for his courage, and with Nero for his cruelty. El-Daher-Beybas kept his palace

swarming with cats, and—if we may give credence to tradition—was seldom to be seen unaccompanied by one of these animals. When he died, he left the proceeds from the product of a garden to support his feline friends—an example that found many subsequent imitators. Indeed, until comparatively recently, in Cairo, cats were regularly fed, between sunset and noon, in the outer court of the Mehkemch.

In Geneva, Rome, and Constantinople, though cats were generally deemed to possess psychic properties, they were thought to derive them from evil sources, and so strong was the prejudice against these unfortunate animals on this account, that, all through the Middle Ages, we find them suffering such barbarous tortures as only the perverted minds of a fanatical priest-ridden people could devise.

The devil was popularly supposed to appear in the shape of a black tom in preference to assuming any other guise, and the bare fact of an old woman being seen, once or twice, with a black cat by her side, was quite sufficient to earn for her the reputation of a witch.

It would be idle, of course, to expect people in these un-reflective times to believe there was even the remotest truth underlying these so-called phantastic suppositions of the past; yet, according to reliable testimony, there are, at the present moment, many houses in England haunted by phantasms, in the form of black cats, of so sinister and hostile an appearance, that one can only assume that black cats, at least, are creations of evil, i.e. Vice-Elementals (the modern name for fiends and demons).

Apart from his luciferan properties the cat was awarded all sorts of other qualities, not the least important of which was its prophetic capability. If a cat washed its face, rainy weather was regarded as inevitable; if a cat frolicked on the deck of a ship, it was a sure sign of a storm; whilst if a live ember fell on a cat, an earthquake shock would speedily be felt. Cats, too, were reputed the harbingers of good and bad fortune. Not a person in Normandy but believed, at one time, that the spectacle of a tortoiseshell cat, climbing a tree, foretold death from accident, and that a black cat crossing one's path, in the moonlight, presaged death from an epidemic. Two black cats viewed in the open between 4 and 7 a.m. were generally believed to predict a death; whereas a strange white cat, heard mewing on a doorstep, was loudly welcomed as the indicator of an approaching marriage.

Occasionally cats were made use of in medicine. To cure

peasants of skin diseases, French sorcerers sprinkled the afflicted parts with three drops of blood drawn from the vein under a cat's tail; whilst blindness was treated by blowing into the patient's eyes, three times a day, the dust made from ashes of the head of a black cat that had been burned alive.

Talking of burning cats reminds one of a horrible practice, that was prevalent in the Hebrides as late as 1750. It was firmly believed there, that cats were extraordinarily psychic, and that a sure means of getting in close touch with Occult-powers, and of obtaining from them the faculty of second sight—such as the cat possessed—was to offer up as sacrifices innumerable black cats. The process was very simple. A black cat was fastened to a spit before a slow fire, and as soon as the wretched animal was well roasted another took its place: victims being supplied without intermission, until their vociferous screams brought to the scene a number of ghostly cats that joined in the chorus. The desired climax was reached when an enormous phantom cat suddenly appeared, and informed the operator that it was willing to grant him any one request if he would only refrain from his cruel persecution. The operator at once demanded the faculty of second sight—a power more highly prized in the Hebrides than any other—and the moment it was bestowed on him, set free the remaining cats. Had all races been as barbarously disposed as these Occult hungry Westerners, cats would soon have become extinct, but it is comforting to think that in some parts of the world a very different value was set on their psychic properties.

In various parts of Europe (some districts of England included) white cats were thought to attract benevolently disposed fairies, and a peasant would as soon have thought of cutting off his fingers, or otherwise maltreating himself, as being unkind to an animal of this species. In the fairy lore of half Europe we have instances of luck-bringing cats—each country producing its own version of Puss in Boots, Dame Mitchell and her cat, Dick Whittington and his cat. It is the same in Asia, too; for nowhere are such stories more prolific than in China and Persia.

To sum up then,—in all climes and in all periods of past history, the cat was credited with many properties that brought it into affinity and sympathy with the supernatural—or, if you will, superphysical—world. Let us review the cat to-day, and see to what extent this past regard of it is justified.

Firstly, with respect to it as the harbinger of fortune. Has a cat insight into the future? Can it presage wealth or death? I am inclined to believe that certain cats can, at all events, foresee the advent of the latter; and that they do this in the same manner as the shark, crow, owl, jackal, hyaena, etc., viz. by their abnormally developed sense of smell. My own and other people's experience has led me to believe that when a person is about to die, some kind of phantom, maybe, the spirit of some one closely associated with the sick person, or, maybe, a spirit whose special function it is to be present on such occasions, is in close proximity to the sick or injured one, waiting to escort his or her soul into the world of shadows—and that certain cats scent its approach.

Therein then—in this wonderful property of smell—lies one of the secrets to the cat's mysterious powers—it has the psychic faculty of scent—of scenting ghosts. Some people, too, have this faculty. In a recent murder case, in the North of England, a rustic witness gave it in her evidence that she was sure a tragedy was about to happen because she “smelt death in the house,” and it made her very uneasy. Cats possessing this peculiarity are affected in a similar manner—they are uneasy. Before a death in a house, I have watched a cat show gradually increasing signs of uneasiness. It has moved from place to place, unable to settle in any one spot for any length of time, had frequent fits of shivering, gone to the door, sniffed the atmosphere, thrown back its head and mewed in a low, plaintive key, and shown the greatest reluctance to being alone in the dark.

This faculty possessed by certain cats may in some measure explain certain of the superstitions respecting them. Take, for instance, that of cats crossing one's path predicting death.

The cat is drawn to the spot because it scents the phantom of death, and cannot resist its magnetic attraction.

From this, it does not follow that the person who sees the cat is going to die, but that death is overtaking some one associated with that person; and it is in connexion with the latter that the spirit of the grave is present, employing, as a medium of prognostication, the cat, which has been given the psychic faculty of smell that it might be so used.

But although I regard this theory as feasible, I do not attribute to cats, with the same degree of certainty, the power to presage good fortune, simply because I have had no experience of it myself. Yet, adopting the same lines of argument, I see no

reason why cats should not prognosticate good as well as evil.

There may be phantoms representative of prosperity, in just the same manner as there are those representative of death; they, too, may also have some distinguishing scent (flowers have various odours, so why not spirits?); and certain cats, i.e. white cats in particular, may be attracted by it.

This becomes all the more probable when one considers how very impressionable the cat is—how very sensitive to kindness. There are some strangers with whom the cat will at once make friends, and others whom it will studiously avoid. Why? The explanation, I fancy, lies once more in the Occult—in the cat's psychic faculty of smell. Kind people attract benevolently disposed phantoms, which bring with them an agreeably scented atmosphere, that, in turn, attracts cats.

The cat comes to one person because it knows by the smell of the atmosphere surrounding him, or her, that they have nothing to fear—that the person is essentially gentle and benignant. On the contrary, cruel people attract malevolent phantoms, distinguishable also to the cat by their smell, a smell typical of cruelty—often of homicidal lunacy (I have particularly noticed how cats have shrunk from people who have afterwards become dangerously insane). Is this sense of smell, then, the keynote to the halo of mystery that has for all times surrounded the cat—that has led to its bitter persecution—that has made it the hero of fairy lore, the pet of old maids? I believe it is—I believe, in this psychic faculty of smell, lies wholly, or in greater part, the solution to the riddle—Why is the cat uncanny!

ABNORMAL PHENOMENA IN THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS

By GERALDINE DE ROBECK

IT is generally admitted, I believe, that in the lives of the saints—canonized by the Church of Rome—experiences of an abnormal character were of frequent occurrence, and it has struck me that, unless it can be proved that all the stories relating to them were merely invented by the hagiographers, we are bound to infer therefrom that certain very unusual faculties were developed by these remarkable people, possibly as a result of ascetic practices or in consequence of the existence of pathological conditions, and to conclude that the quality of their psychic gifts may be tested in a scientific spirit and made the subject of a special branch of Psychical Research.

I fancy I am not likely to be criticized if I make the statement that (1) Genius is very nearly related to madness—at least in its most eccentric forms; (2) that Religion, when altogether possessing a man, has not differed much from a form of madness (pace the sober clergy); and (3) that both fevers of the spirit, when usurping the place of ordinary reason in a man's mind, have been known to modify—sometimes in an alarming manner—the normal state of his health. Therefore it cannot be said to be a natural thing for a man to be a "saint" in the sense of working miracles, of seeing visions, or of living withdrawn from the world, any more than it is a natural thing—strictly speaking—to be a lightning calculator, a Wagner, or a Lazzarotti. In short, to be a saint like St. Peter, who could say to a man, "rise up and walk," and make the cripple whole, is not to be normal by any means. I waive all possibility of the stories having been invented all along the line, for the fact of their being so would still give us the right to inquire for what purpose they were invented. Not all are saintly in character—indeed, in some cases they resemble the tricks of so-called "Elementals." Why, for instance, should the saints have produced "apports," spirit-draperies, flowers, fruit, scents, in order to prove that they were followers of Christ? Why, again, should a saintly man be levitated like a medium at a séance, see things at a distance like an ordinary "clairvoyant" or be subject to hallucinations like the sufferer from hysteria? Does it not seem para-

doxical, to begin with, to call the latter insane and yet look upon the clairvoyant, levitated, altogether uncanny religious as a saint! Who knows but what hysteria may signify the disintegration of an ordinary personality, and the breaking loose of another, as yet but partially-evolved personality, not native to the objective plane?

Before proceeding to give the cases I have collected, I will enumerate the special phenomena themselves, which have been regarded as the peculiar attributes of Saintship. These are, briefly, the following:—

1. Performance of miracles.
2. Fasting powers.
3. Seeing of visions.
4. Hearing of voices.
5. The Stigmata.
6. Levitation.
7. Trance.
8. "Odour of sanctity."
9. Bilocation.
10. Incorruption.
11. Gift of tears.
12. Exemption from necessity for sleep.
13. Gift of tongues.
14. Gifts of healing.
15. The phenomena of "Subjective Light."
16. The Prayer of Contemplation, or "Beatific Vision" (also Ecstasy).

Now these correspond in the nomenclature of Psychology—as used in Psychical Research—to:—

1. "Physical Phenomena" generally, materializations, apports, etc.
2. Fasting powers.
3. Clairvoyance.
4. Clairaudience.
5. Stigmatization.
6. Levitation.
7. Trance.
8. Bilocation.

As will be seen, a few of the former attributes are especially connected with saintliness alone, and—such as "the gift of tears," incorruption, exemption from necessity for sleep—do not seem to have been observed in the case of mediums—though hysteria is accompanied in most instances by nerve storms and

copious weeping, which may resemble the phenomenon described as "the gift of tears" in works on hagiology.

1. Amongst notable cases of the performance of miracles we have such stories as that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who turned water into wine, healed a leprous child, dematerialized loaves beneath her mantle and rematerialized them into glorious red roses, blooming in the depths of winter, and who could envelop herself in light so that none dared approach her.* St. Thecla, who, in the midst of flames, remained totally uninjured.† Santa Lucia, who could not be moved by ropes pulled by strong men, when ordered against her will to be haled to a place of infamy.‡ St. Peter of Alcantara, who walked on the waters and was so insensible to cold that in mid-winter—and that at night—he would remove the miserable garment that alone served to protect his meagre body and do without covering of any kind.§

It is needless, here, to multiply instances of the wonderful gifts possessed by these saints, and I refer the curious reader to Migné's *Dictionnaire de Mystique*, which he will find crammed with information on the subject.

2. Amongst cases of fasting we have the following:—

St. Francis of Assisi, having fasted about fifty days, beheld, in a vision, the Lord Himself, and received the Stigmata. St. Peter of Alcantara sometimes fasted for eight days at a time,|| and seldom partook of nourishment more often than every three days. St. Lydwine of Schiedam "in the course of thirty years did not eat more than a healthy person would consume in three days." (I quote from a life of that saint by Huysmans.) For years she sustained herself on a tiny scrap of bread dipped in wine, milk or ale, and towards the end of her days took no nourishment at all.¶ I propose to refer to this saint and her very remarkable history again later on. Among saints who have lived on the Holy Elements alone, we have St. Angela de Foligno, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Colomba de Rieti, St. Joseph of Cupertino, Nicolas de Flue and St. Peter of Alcantara.** But the number who fasted were too many to be here set down, though

* Migné, *Dictionnaire de Mystique*, p. 532.

† Alban Butler, *Lives of Saints*, vol. ii, p. 498.

‡ Alban Butler, *Idem*, p. 1035.

§ *Idem*, p. 712.

|| I know of a modern case where a man, when working at a big discovery, will abstain altogether from solid food for twenty days.

¶ Migné, *Dictionnaire de Mystique*, p. 728.

** Huysmans, *Vie de St. Lydwine de Schiedam*.

in a fuller paper I have given nine names of uncanonized "Bienheureuses" who also achieved the feat of fasting almost incessantly. The Fathers of the Desert seem to have lived chiefly on pulse—to-day, I believe, called "Revalenta" and recommended to dyspeptics!—and a little oil, which doubtless took the place of butter and fats.

3. The faculty of seeing visions was so generally possessed by saintly beings that it seems hardly necessary to name special cases. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Antony, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, were all great visionaries, but Anne Catherine Emmerich was perhaps the most wonderful seeress of the times more approaching to our own, and she followed day by day the incidents of our Lord's Life—especially His Passion on Calvary—the itinerary of her journeys to Palestine being given in great detail both by Migné and Gorres. Many saints had the privilege of seeing and communicating with their guardian angel, as a rule a being of transcendent beauty, and on occasions when danger threatened this angel appeared and rendered timely assistance, or at a word caused the object feared to be miraculously removed. To Jeanne of the Cross her angel appeared to be more brilliant than the sun in heaven, with raiment of light and crown of glory on his head. Wherever St. Françoise Romaine went her angel went too, and she saw him beside her at every moment, a young man of radiant beauty, whose aid she could count upon at any moment of perplexity or danger.*

4. Hearing of Voices. St. Joan of Arc is, of course, the typical example of the possession of this abnormal gift, but many others in like manner heard themselves addressed by invisible beings and held communion with denizens of a higher sphere or holy friends at a distance.

5. The Stigmata. Of those saints who, during the "Prayer of Union," were privileged to receive the marks of the Passion of the Saviour—the five wounds of the Crucifixion—St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Siena are the most oft-quoted examples, but I find more than seventeen names in Migné's *Dictionary*, and many are those of women who lived as recently as the nineteenth century, one of the latest being the well-known case of Louise Lateau, who died in 1883. In St. Francis' case the nails were formed of his own "flesh," apparently, but seemed hard and of a metallic hue, having sharply defined points and heads that could be moved.† The strange

* Migné, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

† Migné, *op. cit.*, p. 1242.

part of the matter was that in some cases, notably that of Marie de Moerl, the wounds broke out afresh, every Friday—in honour of the Saviour's Passion—and bled profusely, but without staining the victim's sheets. The aim of most of the stigmatized saints seems to have been to conceal the wounds, and their prayer was often granted, for in a good number of cases the skin grew again over the open wound and only a livid patch remained to be seen.

6. Levitation. St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Philip Neri, are well-known examples. Also Christina Mirabilis (mentioned in Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, who "flew over the tops of trees and had to be hunted like a bird by her relations!" Maria d'Agreda, who was seen, poised on nothing, and could be blown about like a feather, and St. Catherine of Siena, who was lifted invisibly from her bed, while praying, and floated about in a horizontal position as if upheld by unseen hands. Levitation of objects is also mentioned under the heading of "Attraction Mystique," in Migné's work, things placed out of their reach being conveyed by miraculous means to the bedside of helpless saints, and so on.

7. Trance, or Ecstasy. In this state the body of the saint oft-times appeared to be dead, while the spirit enjoyed a life unknown to material beings. St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena and St. Francis of Assisi often fell into it, and of St. Joseph of Cupertino it is said that on these occasions he became as light as a feather, while some of the saints, though to all appearances motionless as images of stone, lost, in this condition, all material weight.*

8. "Odour of Sanctity." By this is meant, as a rule, the indefinable and sweet perfume said to have emanated from the marvellously preserved bodies of the majority of the saints, after death—this was not due to any process of embalming, but seems to have been noticeable even during the lifetime of some of the great saints—St. Teresa, for instance, whose person exhaled an exquisite fragrance of lilies and roses. St. Lydwine of Schiedam—who suffered from the most terrible and unheard-of diseases, and whose body was a sort of patchwork of traces of weird ailments, is said to have also exhaled such life-giving and aromatic sweetness from her suffering body that the sick were restored to health by merely approaching her couch! †

* Consult Migné, Alban Butler, and Helyot and Bullot. *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*.

† Huysmans, *St. Lydwine*, p. 198.

9. Bilocation. This psychic gift was possessed by a number of saints, and seems to have been the special privilege of all those, who—like Lydwine, Marina Escobar and Anne Catherine Emmerich—spent the greater part of their lives as bed-ridden invalids.* We read of St. Joseph of Cupertino, who spoke to friends at the same instant of time in two different parts of the world; of Marie d'Agreda, who, while performing her duties as abbess in her nunnery in Spain, was seen and heard teaching and converting the heathen in Mexico, and of Pudentiana Zagnoni, who, being ill for thirty-two years, used to travel about the world and visit Paradise with her "angel"; she was among the number of those saints who believed that their sufferings paid for the sins of the whole world.

10. Incorruption. Among those saints whose bodies appear to have shown no signs of decay after death, we have St. Lydwine, who was restored to youth and beauty after her passing, and bore no traces of the terrible maladies that had during her lifetime marked and disfigured her countenance. Marie Jeanne de Tours, who died at the age of ninety-two, appeared no older than eighteen summers after her death.

11. Gift of tears. This phenomenon, very probably hysterical, in nature, was said to have attended the oncoming of "rapture" in the case of many of the saints; there are possibly exaggerated descriptions of the flow of tears—such as, for instance, the story of St. Veronica of Binasco, who had to keep an earthenware vessel in which to catch the holy rain from her eyes—but it is reported of too many of the saints to be an absolute invention.

12. Exemption from necessity for sleep. I find many instances of this—too many, in fact, to mention in detail—and it seems to have been considered a great virtue. St. Lydwine slept barely an hour in the twenty-four. St. Peter of Alcantara one hour and a half, Suso rarely, St. Symeon Stylites very little, and then only in a stooping position on his pillar. Of St. Catherine of Siena, her biographer, Raymond of Capua, reports that "she slept barely an hour every two days," and then only to satisfy the cravings of nature.†

13. Gift of tongues. Throughout Migné's Work (*Dictionnaire de Mystique*) there are allusions to this phenomenon, the names of Sts. Pacome, Dominic, Antony of Padua, Francis Xavier and Colette figuring in the list.

* Huymans, *St. Lydwine*, p. 163.

† Migné, *op. cit.*, p. 41.

14. Gifts of healing. These I have included under the heading of "Miracles," and they seem to have been performed by almost all the saints in the Calendar, but under "Thaumaturge," in Migné's work, we have special mention of St. Damas of Cappadocia, St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne and St. Gregory of Neocæsarea, who were wonder-workers of pre-eminence.

15. "Subjective Light." It is said of St. John of the Cross that he was on occasions seen by his brethren at the Monastery of Avila surrounded by a nimbus of light, which seemed to shine forth from his body itself. The faces of at least fourteen saints mentioned in my first paper are said to have been seen at various times, illuminated in this manner, but Migné's work includes many more instances.*

16. "Beatific Vision." This was attained to by St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, Richard of St. Vicar and many others. It was generally followed by the privilege of receiving the Stigmata.

Another strange faculty possessed by the saints—notably by St. Brigid (who knew a sinner, and could detect his special form of vice, by the, to her, detestable smell of his garments)—was that of detecting evil by the offensive odour it seemed to them to emit. St. Catherine once complained of the malodorousness of a celebrated town when at a distance of forty "milles" from it.

I should say something, in conclusion, about the supernatural fire, or fever, accompanying in many cases the oncoming of the state of ecstasy in some saints—for instance, St. Colomb of Siena, who needed no cloak in mid-winter because of the fire of Divine Love burning within him; and many others who, like St. Philip Neri, were almost consumed by the heavenly ardours.

* * * * *

It is a noteworthy fact that the greater part of the miracles performed by the saints have been performed by so-called "magicians," or, as they are now called, mediums, and the latter have also been levitated, haunted by visions, possessed by discarnate intelligences, and gifted with clairvoyance, clairaudience and prophetic powers. When we read of Santa Lucia becoming immovable at will and remember that, when in a trance at a séance, Eusapia Paladino could also make herself absolutely rigid, we feel disposed to call the mysterious force which kept them thus rooted to the spot, by the same name, and the fact

* See Migné's *Dictionnaire* under "Lumières Surnaturelles,"

of calling the one a saint and the other a medium does in no way explain the facts. In like manner, when we read of a fast of fifty days—as in the case of St. Francis—and remember that at the present day “fasting men” are prolonging their fasts until they arrive at abstaining from food for sixty days (see Hereward Carrington's *Vitality, Fasting and Nutrition*), we begin to ask ourselves pregnant questions and are prepared to accept the statement of the modern advocates of abstinence, who declare that a man only poisons his system with meats and lives longer on thought, well directed, than on the so-called “fat of the land.” It perplexes us, at first, to find that the religious man has the same experiences as the abnormally constituted individual called a “psychic,” and we begin to wonder why it should be so, but can hazard as yet no hypothesis beyond the old supposition that man is living, in reality, in two worlds, and has an invisible partner—very gradually showing himself on the material plane—who can work marvels (i.e., perform miracles) in the objective world, already, and will, at his coming in power, be able to dispense entirely with the services of the mortal-objective man.

* * * * *

In many of the cases that I have studied, in order to write this paper, I have observed that the saints—in particular those called *âmes réparatrices*, who, like St. Lydwine, were *grabataires* (that is, bed-ridden)—suffered from some form of disease almost all their lives, some of them being, as a consequence of their many infirmities, reduced to the appearance of mere skeletons. What produced these conditions of disease? Was it the saintliness of the sufferers, or did the suffering produce the saintliness? This is an important question, for, if it can be proved that all saintly beings—or the greater number of them—were physically imperfect, what will become of those who are now aiming at bodily perfection in order to make perfect both soul and body? Well may we say, “Why should not health, or wholeness, be an attribute of sanctity?” Personally I believe that so it should and will be, for we now understand that the body is an outward expression of the will of an immaterial being—only known as “subconsciousness” to the material man—and, therefore, the aim of the saint of to-morrow must be to become not only in spirit but outwardly perfect, even as Christ enjoined. At the same time it must be borne in mind that as these saints of old-time believed that the sins of the world must

be paid for through sufferings experienced in the body—if not by the sinner himself, then by a vicarious substitute—and so offered themselves as scapegoats and expiatory victims, it is not irrational to suppose—in the light of what “suggestion” teaches to-day—that “as their Faith so was it done unto them.” By this I do not mean that it is my belief that an Omnipotent and Just Deity actually visits the sins of the erring on the innocent—this has always been a thought repugnant to me—but that the prevailing thought of a generation can be proved to have found expression in the physical state of those holding a pronounced belief, such as that held by the mediæval Christians, who were firmly convinced that God “vented His Fury”—not only on the “Sacrifice for Sin” (Christ)—but on all His holy martyrs in order that the sufferings of the saint might be found to outweigh in the Heavenly balances the accumulated crimes of generations of sinful men and women. To my thinking there is something revolting about many of the stories I have read while undertaking a study of the “lives of the saints,” for I believe that our bodies should express beauty and joy and wholeness. but I am none the less aware of the fact that there must be something true in the idea of the “Substitution Mystique”—the sharing in the suffering of others, in a way that is not yet at all understood. Again, why is it that so many of the saints were eccentric (vide the Stylites, for instance), sickly (like St. Lydwine) and altogether unlike what Christ desired a man to be? And why were their experiences the same as those of ordinary mediums? By what means were they able to heal others while suffering so terribly themselves? Whence did they obtain the vitality which their own poor bodies apparently lacked so entirely?

Reviewing the incidents in the lives of those saints that I have made special mention of, we see that the more the body of the victim suffered, the more free was the spirit to roam about space, Paradise and the world at large, so that the soul of the subject of Bilocation could no longer be called a prisoner in the flesh—nay, that the cosmic freedom of the bed-ridden ascetic—who, while apparently chained to his miserable couch, had the power of transporting his visible presence to distant lands and recuperating his famished frame at unseen tables of plenty—surpassed altogether the so-called freedom of the man as yet unaware of the dormant forces within him. In some cases the suffering flesh—as in St. Lydwine’s case, who was so frightful to look upon that people shrank from the sight of her—seemed to give out healing properties, so that the sick were cured by approaching

her couch. In the lives of all the mediæval saints we read about their confessors, who spent perhaps years at the bedside of infirm penitents, and the teaching of these men may have been responsible for a great deal of the morbid delight in suffering which is expressed in the lives of those who were taught to look upon themselves as expiatory victims. How can it surprise us to see the result of this fanatical instruction expressed in the lives of such "sensitives" as St. Lydwine, of Anne Catherine Emmerich and St. Catherine of Genoa, who describes herself as being "torn from head to foot to appease the Wrath of God on sinners!" The power of suggestion has been proved to be *par excellence* fruitful in the production of abnormal phenomena, and may it not be that the saint, who believed himself to be (like Jesus) a sacrifice for sin, inflicted on his own body—subconsciously—all the torments deemed necessary for the perfecting of the spirit? So it may become possible for the modern saint to heal his own diseases, and those of his suffering brethren mentally, as the Christian Scientist claims to have already done.

Again, the study of the lives of the saints shows us that this life was in almost all cases an abstemious one, if not always an ascetic one; the body being subjected entirely to the spirit. Pleasure was utterly denied and hardships devised with cruel ingenuity, at times (as in the case of the famous Suso) the tortures being rendered more severe by the rigorous fasts endured, to the manifest detriment of the body. Sleep even was only sparingly indulged in, and the material interests of existence were reduced to a minimum in order that a man might give all his time and not a mere fraction of it to the service of God, that devotion to prayer, communion with the Highest, and the discovery of the little explored world of the spirit, might occupy his whole day and eclipse the present with its petty endeavours and happenings, altogether. I have said before that some of the saints were entirely nourished by the Sacrament, and that, not our Eucharistic feast of bread and wine, but a mere wafer of almost impalpable substance.

The abnormal phenomena in the lives of the saints should, I take it, be either denied altogether as fiction, or admitted and made the subject of deeper research than even the Church has bestowed upon them, for, merely to dismiss the alleged facts as unproved fable, is to neglect, perhaps, one of the most far reaching and salutary of all the lessons of saintliness—i.e., the fact that it is still possible, as it has been before, through a scientific use of the psychic gifts of the hidden man, to live with God and hold

communion with the angels while still walking this earth in a human form.

To some it may seem that I have shown lack of reverence for the saints by hinting that there is a similarity between their gifts and those of other psychics, but such has certainly not been my intention, and I continue to hold these religious specialists in veneration in spite of the fact that my studies have proved to me beyond a doubt that the higher type of medium does certainly possess many of the abnormal gifts by the majority of people deemed to have been the exclusive property of the saint. Because, to-day, most of the mediums who exploit their gifts for the sake of making a living, are looked upon as of questionable honesty, there is no reason for objecting to their possession of the gift itself—Atheists and some Agnostics make this mistake where men of religious life are concerned, and argue that because in times past the Church—or Churches—erred grievously, and dragged the Holy Name of the Founder of Christianity in the mire, all priests are lovers rather of gold and of power than of good—of pleasure than of prayer—and have denounced the Christian as an impostor and a liar, because, professing to believe in a pure Saviour, he lives the life of a sensualist and libertine, and, believing in a just Father, takes so few pains to escape from the “Wrath to come.” Why, because a few mediums have lived questionable lives and been addicted to fraud—even the nature or reason of this fraud we do not yet pretend to understand—should we infer at once that “mediumship” is a questionable gift, and necessarily far removed in all particulars from the gift, so essentially resembling it in most particulars, which set the saintly man—as it set the Fakir, the Yogi, and the high Brahmin—so far above ordinary mortals in his life and work? Therefore, let us dismiss from our minds the idea that because the works of the so-called “medium” are not done in the name of God they are necessarily unholy in themselves, and inquire, rather, why it is that the works both of mediums and of saintly beings are so alike in quality, and seek to arrive at an understanding with the religious as to what they look upon as the motive and purpose of some of the seemingly inexpedient and purposeless miracles—such as the eating of some capons by a cat, at St. Lydwine’s desire, because their owner refused to let her have the fat to make liniment with—which we read of in the lives of many of the mediæval saints.

No doubt the teachers of religion did not err when they taught that only by overcoming his carnal tendencies could a man enter

into that heaven which the Lord Himself spoke of as being "within." Some of us, to-day, see as the initiates of old-time saw, that this is not a permanent but a transitory world, and are setting our faces altogether towards the "way out," and those in whom the spirit of the old saints dwells, see in Christ—that is, in His life lived as He lived it—that way, but to find that way itself it is not necessary for the pilgrim to seek the same line of suffering—as St. Lydwine and the Ascetics did—for the true teaching of the Founder of Christianity is admitted now to be that a holy mind must dwell in a whole—i.e., holy—body, and the aim of the followers of the ascended One will be more and more present to the world, in their bodies, a copy of the risen, joyous Christ in place of the tortured crucified Victim, whose agonized humanity was assumed by miraculous means by the stigmatized saint, as a witness to the sorrows borne centuries ago by Jesus for the redemption of mankind. That this is a world hastening to destruction very few thinkers will deny, and if so, why continue to fight for paltry gains therein? Why not give a hearing to the explorers of the "within" land of the Spirit? We talk airily of meeting there some day, but have never asked ourselves "How" or in what way! Surely to some that world (though it be but a state of consciousness) will appear strange beyond words—they may not be conscious of it at all, at first, for, not having troubled to inquire about it or so much as peep into the borderland separating the two countries (or states of consciousness, i.e., knowing) they will, no doubt, on losing consciousness (at death) of a material world, have developed no consciousness wherewith to cognize the new aspects of their environment: and to be thus without consciousness is the only death.

To say that the saints—in particular the female saints—(and they were more numerous than the men) were all hystericals, eccentrics and psychopaths, in reality explains very little, and if anything, implies that, in order to "go to heaven" as the orthodox put it, and as all profess to hope they may eventually do, a man must be a mad or a sick man, in which case it would seem strange that Christ should have said nothing to this effect while engaged on His mission to earth.*

* The substance of this paper was read at a private meeting of the Dublin Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, on May 12, 1910.

THE MYSTICAL MARY

By HARRY J. STRUTTON

AT this time of the year, when the whole of Christendom is on the eve of the joyful celebration of the birth of the Child, it may not be inopportune to endeavour to contribute a few words, however brief and faltering, in honour of the Mother. It is, however, of Mary in the mystical sense that we would speak. Mystically interpreted, Mary may be regarded as symbolizing the Feminine aspect, the shakti, of the universal Christ principle, of which Jesus stands as symbol. The fact that with many mystics of the Roman Catholic Church the Virgin Mary is regarded as synonymous with the Wisdom of Solomon, which in turn is identifiable with the Divine Sophia of the Gnostics, is our warrant for this assumption. Nevertheless, we fully recognize that orthodox Catholics half-apologetically disclaim anything more than the intention of rendering due homage to the physical mother of Jesus in the devotion offered to the Blessed Virgin; but the mystic is never orthodox.

It is well known that Suso had a particular devotion to the goddess Wisdom. Suso's imagination, says Dean Inge, in his *Christian Mysticism*—

concentrated itself upon the Eternal Wisdom, personified in the Book of Proverbs in feminine form as a loving mistress, and the thought often came to him "truly thou wouldst make trial of thy fortune, whether this high mistress, of whom thou hast heard so much, will become thy love; for in truth thy wild young heart will not remain without a love." Then in a vision he saw her, radiant in form, rich in wisdom, and overflowing with love; it is she who touches the summit of the heavens, and the depths of the abyss, who spreads herself from end to end, mightily and sweetly disposing all things. And she drew nigh to him lovingly and said to him sweetly, "My son, give me thy heart."

But Suso was fairly orthodox as mystics go. A less orthodox mystic, Boehme, regarded his teaching of the Divine Sophia as the most valuable that he had to offer. In his intensely mystical little treatise, *The Gates of the Paradisical Garden of Roses*, in passages of exquisite beauty, consisting of intimate conversations between the soul and the Divine Sophia (Wisdom) he also adopts the feminine symbology. "I may not espouse myself with thy earthly flesh, for I am a heavenly Queen," she tells him, and

reproaches him, "Thou hast broken the bond of wedlock and set thy affection upon a stranger." But the wanderer has turned his face homewards, and Wisdom speaks once more: "O my bridegroom, how well am I, now I am in union with thee! Oh kiss me with thy desire in thy strength and power, and then I will show thee all my beauty. All the holy angels rejoice with us, to see us united again."

A less notable mystic, John G. Gichtel, a student of Boehme, has the following paragraph on the Divine Sophia (quoted in the *Porch* for September, 1910):—

Without Christ we cannot understand or apprehend the heavenly Sophia or Wisdom. She is not God, but his mirror; she is not Jesus, but his heavenly flesh and blood, and when we put on Christ we put on Wisdom, and we must seek and find Her nowhere but in Him. This Sophia is the corporeity of the Holy Spirit, a pure burning Love, which changes everything, and which nothing can change; he who is clothed with her in time, can stand in the fire of Eternity. She is not the Word himself, but *his*, and not separate from him.

In the *Pistis Sophia*, a valuable Gnostic fragment, translated by Mr. Mead, Jesus teaches his disciples of the Divine Feminine, Sophia, the Wisdom, and of her fall and her redemption. For the love which at first manifests as desire and passion, when transmuted becomes the all-embracing Charity of Christ and S. Paul. If in Wisdom we see that Love which sustains and preserves the universe, the unifying power, the centripetal force of the cosmos, then in the "Wisdom Below," and the "Wisdom Above," or "Heavenly Sophia," of the Gnostics we have the two above-mentioned forms of love, to which Spencer alludes in two of his *Fowre Hymnes*: "An Hymne in Honour of Love," and "An Hymne of Heavenly Love."

As a matter of fact, to the mystic, the beginning and end of whose philosophy is the one short aphorism, "God is Love," maternal love must always appeal as the purest form of that great power, a peculiarly appropriate symbol of that Divine Love which is ever brooding over humanity, cherishing throughout the ages the sleeping germ of man's divinity until the tender Christ-soul begins to throb in response to the heart-beat of the great World-Mother. To the heart of the mystic, treading as he does the path of humility or "self-noughting," the conception of Divine Motherhood is specially dear; for no other relationship brings the worshipping soul into a purer or more tenderly intimate communion with its Ideal than that of Mother and child.

The ideal of Divine Womanhood, whether embodied in the

conception of Isis, Aphrodite, Kali, Mary, or any other, has ever appealed strongly to the human heart, and there can be no doubt that what Lecky, the historian, says in speaking of the influence of Madonna worship upon mediæval Europe, applies with equal force to the worship of the Divine Feminine generally: "No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman rose into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage." Its reaction upon womanhood cannot be anything else than purifying and ennobling. Shree Ramakrishna, a devotee of Kali, the Divine Mother of the Hindus, regarded every woman as a living symbol of Divine Motherhood, and such an attitude towards womankind cannot but assist in the elimination of immorality and other vices that prevail in civilized communities. It may be urged, moreover, that in this age of intellectual independence the tenderness of the mother rather than the justice of the father is the more likely to arouse the sinner to a sense of compunction for his his than the fear of the penalty is likely to deter him from sin misdeeds. The days are past for fear to be seriously regarded as a factor of permanent value in the uplifting of the individual. Men's hearts are more likely to be gained by a love that wins by its sweetness rather than by that which awes by its majesty. Man's self-surrender can be brought about in no other way than by a spontaneous love of the eminently lovable.

The highest expressions of the art of poet and painter also have centred round this conception of the ideal Woman, and in conclusion we may perhaps not inappropriately quote from Browning a passage which is most felicitous in its expression of the moral charm of that ideal:—

There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure,
And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received
From God above her to mankind below !

TRUE GHOST STORIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGER THAN FICTION"

THE various instances of the supernatural contained in this article are taken from a large collection of such happenings which I have from time to time written down as I heard of them. They are all true, inasmuch as they were given me by people whose veracity is unquestioned, and who themselves believed in the stories they narrated. And though I am aware that members of the *Psychical Research Society* would probably demand better "evidence" than this, yet I venture to think that the average reader may consider the authority good enough to make the stories interesting.

Amongst people at all given to reflection there are probably very few in these days who do not sometimes turn their thoughts to that vast realm beyond our human consciousness which *Flammarion*, the great French scientist, has so well called "*L'Inconnu*." Truly to most of us it is "unknown" and must remain so for this and perhaps many succeeding generations. For between us and that region there lies a great gulf, across which we can only very occasionally and obscurely catch glimpses of the light and life beyond, and sometimes hear faint echoes of sounds strange and wonderful to our unaccustomed ears. Such vague sights and sounds we call for want of better words "*psychic phenomena*," and mysterious and inexplicable do these occurrences often seem to us to-day. And yet we are beginning dimly to feel that they have a meaning and purpose far beyond our finite imaginations, and that the better understanding of them which will come with the future, will gradually but very surely change our whole outlook on the Universe. Such reflection and the speculations they give rise to are most fascinating to follow, but they are outside the scope of this short article, which is merely a record of a few *psychic phenomena*, and attempts no explanation of their mystery. In each case I have related the stories exactly as they were given to me, without enlargement or embellishment, only changing the real names for fictitious ones, for reasons obvious to everybody.

Five or six years ago I happened to stay in a house where I met a Miss Burton, and one day our conversation having

drifted to the subject of "ghosts" she told me the following story. Her mother, Mrs. Burton, had recently been writing a history of the family—a rather old and interesting one—for the benefit of her children. While collecting material and data for the history she went to stay at a house we will call Z— Park, where lived a cousin, Mr. Bainbridge, who possessed a collection of family papers and pictures which Mrs. Burton was anxious to see. In one of the rooms at Z— there hung a fine portrait of Mr. Bainbridge's grandmother, representing a handsome, attractive woman, with a child by her side.

One day, not long after her arrival, Mrs. Burton chanced to be walking down a long corridor of the house, when she suddenly became aware of a figure—or rather figures—advancing to meet her; a tall, beautiful woman, whose face Mrs. Burton instantly perceived exactly resembled the lady of the portrait in her cousin's study, leading a child by the hand. There was, however, this difference in the group, that whereas in the picture there was only *one* child, Mrs. Burton now saw *two*, for the lady carried a baby on her arm. But as she looked, and before she could recover from her astonishment at the likeness, the little party disappeared as suddenly and unaccountably as they had come. Wondering greatly, Mrs. Burton immediately went in search of her host, and told him what she had seen. He was much interested, but remarked it was strange that Mrs. Burton had seen two children, for he was certain there never had been more than the one who had been painted with his mother.

But, when Mrs. Burton subsequently continued her investigations amongst the Bainbridge papers, she came across some information about this very grandmother which till then was absolutely unknown to the present generation. It appeared that there was a "history" attached to this beautiful and fascinating lady, which had never been allowed to transpire, and that she had indeed had a second child, whose existence was kept secret and about whose end sinister rumours and suggestions had been made.

A very different type of spectre figures in my next story. Mr. and Mrs. Caxton, who recently rented a house I know in South Wales, spent some years previously farming in South Africa. They had a farm which had been formerly owned by a regular *mauvais sujet*, who eventually died there, poisoned by an enemy. This farm was most unlucky: stock died; nothing would go right; and the Kaffirs were terrified, and would never

eat anything of the "found dead" description belonging to the farm, though it is said they are not as a rule at all particular in those ways. From the very first, the Caxtons, who were strong-minded people, untroubled by "nerves," became accustomed to hearing a horse gallop up, and some one fling himself off and hammer at the door, to find no one there when they answered the knocking and looked out. This did not trouble them a bit. The house was small, and on one occasion they had to shelter a stray traveller. For lack of a bedroom he was put to sleep in the parlour. Next morning he appeared, white and shaking, declaring that "some one" had tried to throttle him in the night. Even that did not disturb the Caxtons very much! But finally, getting tired of the continued bad luck which followed all they undertook on the farm, they decided to leave. During the process of moving, Mr. Caxton for some reason or other slept one night on a mattress placed on the parlour floor. Suddenly in the night he was awakened by feeling some awful creature jump on him and begin tearing at his throat. He fought, kicked and struggled for what seemed to him hours, and at last he somehow managed to roll up against the wall. Directly this happened the creature disappeared. Panting and exhausted by his fearful efforts, and greatly wondering who or what his assailant could be, Caxton lay waiting for the dawn. When daylight came, he found his throat and chest were covered with huge, red finger-marks, which did not turn black as bruises made by human hands would have done, but remained bright scarlet for days. After such an experience it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Caxton became very ill with a nervous breakdown.

The friend who sent me this story added: "My theory about this is that the previous owner, being a very wicked man, was earth-bound and having been hurried prematurely out of life was extra strong, and was simply trying to get hold of a new body. . . . That room was most likely the one he died in, and as he was strongest there, a sleeping person would of course be the very thing for him."

The curious part of the experience is that touching the wall seems to have acted instantly as a charm and caused the disappearance of the demon. One would like to find a reason for this, but it is quite time to leave this malignant South African ghost, and pass on to a more usual type of *revenant*.

Stories concerning the apparitions of dying people seen by their friends at the moment of dissolution are common enough—

probably most of us could cite at least one instance of the kind. The following seemed to me a particularly interesting incident of this sort, as the vision was not confined to one person, but was seen collectively by three, thus minimizing the possibility of illusion or imagination. A young lady, Mrs. Wright, living in one of the Midland counties, some years ago, had a brother in India. One day, she and two other people were sitting at the window of a first-floor room in her house, when, looking out, she saw her brother—whom she believed to be abroad—appear from amongst some trees and walk across the lawn. Exclaiming, "Why, there's Rupert!" she and her companions, who had also seen the figure, ran downstairs to the front door to meet their relation. But no one was there, and though all three searched every corner of the garden and grounds, and made various inquiries, no one could be found, and nobody had seen the brother. Yet, although Mrs. Wright and her friends were repeatedly assured that they must have been mistaken, they felt absolutely certain they were not, and that they had really and truly seen the figure of "Rupert" walk through the garden as they described. So remarkably vivid was the impression that a careful note was made of the date and hour of the mysterious occurrence, which in a way prepared Mrs. Wright for the sad news she received a few weeks later. Her brother had intended to sail for home on the very day that his sister and friends saw him in the English garden; and, *at that same hour*, as he was crossing the gang-plank to go on board the ship, his foot slipped, and falling between the quay and the vessel, he was drowned.

Another curious instance of an apparent "warning" conveyed by psychic means is not perhaps as interesting as the foregoing tale, but may still be worth noting here.

A friend of mine has a sister whom we will call Mrs. Evans. Her husband is a clergyman, and her father, also a clergyman and an old man, was, at the date I write of, very ill. On a certain Sunday morning, before church-time, Mrs. Evans was sitting with her sister—my friend—and the house was quite quiet, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, there is Willie (her husband) calling me! What can have brought him back?" Mr. Evans was known to be out, presumably at Sunday School, or some earlier service. His wife rushed out into the hall, but no one was there, and the servants when questioned were surprised and said they had heard nobody calling, and that certainly their master had not returned to the house. Still, Mrs. Evans persisted that she *had*

heard her husband calling her loudly, and nothing her sister or the servants said could shake her conviction. Nor could her husband's assertion afterwards that he had never returned home after he started, and that consequently she could not have heard his voice, induce her to believe herself mistaken. A week passed by, and the impression was just beginning to fade a little from her mind, when at the same hour on Sunday morning Mrs. Evans again heard her husband's voice loudly summoning her from the hall. This time when she went out, she found him really there, unexpectedly returned to tell his wife the melancholy news of her father's death, which he had heard on the way to his services.

There is a house in South Wales (which I know well by name, though I have never actually been in it) which is credited with a rather extraordinary kind of apparition. Not many years ago, a neighbour, Mrs. Long, who, it should be mentioned, was entirely ignorant of any stories connected with the place, walked over to this house one afternoon to make a call. As she proceeded up the drive she suddenly perceived, lying right in the middle of the road, a few yards in front of her, a large cart, overturned. There was no mistaking the fact of its being there, yet happening to turn her head aside for a moment, when next Mrs. Long looked up the drive, the cart had completely disappeared, how or where she could not imagine. There was absolutely nothing to be seen; the road was empty where a minute before it had been blocked, and her astonishment was very great. The incident seemed so odd that it dwelt in her mind and she spoke of it to several people. A few days later a death occurred at this house, and it was after this event that Mrs. Long learnt that a queer tradition existed regarding the place, to the effect that on several former occasions the same curious vision of an overturned cart in the drive had been seen a short time previous to a death in the household.

This story of the vision of a spectral vehicle upset, reminded me of a far more impressive example of this kind of haunting, which I recently heard. The correspondent who sent it to me wrote that it was the experience of some friends of hers in India. At one time these people, whom we will call the Browns, occupied a bungalow approached by a long and wooded drive. One evening when they were sitting on the verandah they heard the sound of horses coming rapidly up the drive, getting nearer and nearer, until at the last bend, when the vehicle, whatever it was, should have become visible, the sounds quite suddenly ceased with a loud crash! Yet nothing was to be seen, and the hearers were much surprised, but concluded the noise must be the result of

some curious echo, produced perhaps by some carriage passing along the main road below. They thought no more of the matter until a year later, when on the same day of the month the mysterious incident was repeated exactly the same as before. The thud of horses' hoofs and the sound of wheels coming ever nearer, then the crash, followed by dead silence, and yet nothing to be seen. After this the Browns found themselves rather disliking a place possessing such an unaccountable and suggestive "echo," and accordingly they were not sorry when a few months afterwards they were moved to another part of the country.

Some years went by, and one night when dining out Mrs. Brown happened to talk to the man next her of the various parts of India she knew, including the station where the above incident occurred. "Oh," said her neighbour, "that is the place where there is a bungalow with a haunted drive. It is rather an odd story. A rich Englishman once lived in that house, and returning home one night about ten o'clock, he was set upon in his own drive by natives (who had hidden in the woods) and murdered. The murderers sprang on to the carriage, killed the Englishman and his servant, and the frightened horses, bolting at full gallop up the drive, wrecked the carriage against the verandah. It is said that every year on the anniversary of the crime you can hear the horses dashing up the drive to the house at the very hour that the real thing happened. But nothing is ever seen, and I daresay it is all nonsense." Mrs. Brown knew better.

Of a very unusual type is the spook whose idiosyncrasy caused considerable uneasiness in a quiet Carmarthenshire vicarage not very long ago. With a little paraphrasing and alteration of names I will give the tale in the words of the friend who sent it me, and who was, I may add, in a position to give authority to what he wrote.

"In the year 1907 the Rev. A. B. Clarke . . . was Vicar of Llanarfon in Carmarthenshire. From a certain date in that year up to the time of Mr. Clarke leaving the parish on obtaining his new preferment in the next year, the following extraordinary circumstance repeatedly occurred: Whenever a loaf of bread was placed and left upon the table in any room, no matter what, of the vicarage house at Llanarfon, it was invariably found nibbled all round, when the room where it had been placed was again entered. This happened so often as to cause considerable annoyance to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and the members of their household, and every possible attempt was made to discover who or what the marauder was.

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“Rats, mice, or even possibly a neurotic servant-maid were suspected; but the charge in each case was incapable of being sustained. More than once was a loaf placed upon the dining-room table, the windows of the room shut and fastened, a chimney-board placed in the fire-grate, the furniture moved out from the wall, the door locked from the outside, and both door and windows afterwards watched. And yet on entering the room the loaf was invariably found gnawed, and this even when, for the sake of experiment, it had been suspended from the ceiling by a string. On one occasion a young man, with the approval of the master and mistress of the house, concealed himself in the dining-room, and the loaf was still found to have been nibbled, though the young man declared he had heard and seen nothing. However, he may possibly have fallen asleep and not cared to acknowledge he had done so. This unpleasant happening went on for more than twelve months, and several outside persons besides Mr. Clarke and his family are cognizant of it. It is not generally known whether it still occurs, the subject being, we understand, taboo by those interested in the benefice of Llanarfon.”

I think the above is the only instance of a *hungry* ghost I have ever heard of. It would be interesting to trace the history of Llanarfon vicarage since its erection and try to discover what extraordinary event, or sequence of events, took place there, which could have induced a subsequent “haunting” of such an unusual and annoying character.

A COMPARISON OF THE HEBREW SEPHIROTH WITH THE "PAUT NETERU" OF EGYPT

BY K. A. C. CRESWELL

I PROPOSE to compare the "Paut Neteru," or members of "Great Company" of the gods of the city of Heliopolis, with the Hebrew scheme of the Sephiroth.

I assume an acquaintance with the idea of the Unknowable Absolute, Ain Soph, a Being infinite, boundless, absolutely identical with itself, united in itself, without attributes, will, intention, desire, thought, word, or deed; the primary cause and governor of the world, who is both immanent and transcendent. Also with the Sephiroth, which are the medium between the absolute Ain Soph and the real world.

I shall now consider the Egyptian doctrine of Neter and the "Paut Neteru," which I believe correspond to the "absolute," Ain Soph, and the Sephiroth.

The Egyptians believed in the great and supreme power which made "the earth, the heavens, the sky, men and women, animals, birds, creeping things, and all that is and shall be," and to this power they gave the name Neter.

But side by side with Neter, or God, they believed in a number of beings, or existences, which, because they were thought to have something of the nature of God in them, they called Neteru, or "gods." All gods, as such, were absolutely equal in their might and their divinity.

Some of these were mythological personifications of natural phenomena and whatever is permanent or subject to fixed rule in time and space: such as Earth, Sky, Sun, Moon, Stars, Light and Darkness, the Inundation, etc., but, as Budge remarks, it will be readily imagined that only those who were thought to deal with man's destiny, here and hereafter, obtained the general worship and reverence of the people of Egypt. These were comparatively limited in number, and in fact may be said to consist of the great company of the gods of Heliopolis, that is to say, of the gods who belonged to the cycle of Osiris.

The idea of this "Great Company" or "paut neteru" was formulated by the priests of the city of Heliopolis. It is, I venture to say, the *coherent and central figure* in Egyptian

theology, and to it we must look for an Egyptian counterpart of the Sephiroth.

The late Dr. H. Brugsch collected a number of epithets applied to God, from texts of all periods. I have copied them from Budge's *Egyptian Religion*. They were translated by him from Brugsch's *Religion und Mythologie*, and read as follows:—

" God is One and alone, and none other existeth with Him.

" God is a spirit, a hidden spirit, the spirit of spirits, the great spirit of the Egyptians, the divine spirit.

" God is from the beginning, and He hath been from the beginning ; He hath existed from old, and was when nothing else had being. He existed when nothing else existed, and what existeth He created after He had come into being. He is the father of beginnings.

" God is the eternal One, He is eternal and infinite ; and endureth for ever and aye ; He hath endured for countless ages, and He shall endure to all eternity.

" God is the hidden Being, and no man hath known His form. No man hath been able to seek out His likeness ; He is hidden from gods and men, and He is a mystery unto His creatures.

" No man knoweth how to know Him. His name remaineth hidden : His name is a mystery unto His children. His names are innumerable, they are manifold and none knoweth their number.

" God is father and mother, the father of fathers, and the mother of mothers. He begetteth, but was never begotten ; He produceth, but was never produced ; He begat Himself and produced Himself. He createth, but was never created ; He is the maker of His own form, and the fashioner of His own body.

" *God Himself is existence*, He liveth in all things, and liveth upon all things. He endureth without increase or diminution, He multiplieth Himself millions of times, and He possesseth multitudes of forms and multitudes of members."

If we remember that the word translated God is Neter, we will see that it is identical with Ain Soph, the Unknowable Absolute.

In the sentence above where we read " God Himself is existence," we have the first principle and axiom of the Qabalah, the name of the Deity, translated in our version of the Bible, " I am that I am," Eheieh asher Eheieh, " Existence is Existence," or " I am He who is."

We also read above : " God hath existed from old, and was when nothing else had being," etc. This corresponds to the Qabalistic titles:—

- Authiqa, the Ancient One,
- Authiq Iomin, the Ancient of Days,
- Authiqa De-Authiquin, the Ancient of the Ancient Ones,
- Authiqa Qadisha, the Most Holy Ancient One,

In the sentence "God is the Eternal One" we have a counterpart of the Qabalistic title, the Eternal of the Eternal Ones (*Greater Holy Assembly*, p. 38).

In the sentence "God is the Hidden Being and no man hath known His form," we have the Qabalistical title "Temira De-Temirin," the "the Concealed of the Concealed."

In the sentence "His Name remaineth hidden" we have the idea of the Tetragrammation. I H V H (Jehovah).

To return for a moment to the idea of "self-existence," we find that the eminent French Egyptologist, E. de Rougé, connected the name of God, *neter*, with the other word, *neter*, "renewal" or "renovation," and it would, according to his view, seem as if the fundamental idea of God was that of the Being who had the power to renew himself perpetually—or, in other words, "self-existence." The late Dr. H. Brugsch partly accepted this view.

I think that we may now say that the idea of the Unknowable Absolute, *Ain Soph*, is identical with *Neter*.

We now come to the consideration of *Ra*, whose type and visible emblem was the Sun. *Ra* corresponds with *Kether* the commencement of manifested Deity.

According to Brugsch, the Egyptians considered that there was a time when neither heaven nor earth existed, and when nothing had being except the boundless primeval water, which was, however, shrouded with thick darkness. At length the spirit of the primeval water felt the desire for creative activity, and having uttered the word, the world sprang straightway into being in the form which had already been depicted in the mind of the spirit before he spake the word which resulted in its creation. The next act of creation was the formation of a germ, or egg, from which sprang *Ra*, the Sun-God, within whose shining form was embodied the almighty power of the divine spirit.

We will just glance at the Egyptian correspondences of the remaining nine sephiroth after *Ra*, or *Kether*. These are described in the papyrus of *Nesi Amsu*. The speaker is a form of *Ra*. It reads as follows:—

"I was alone, for nothing had been brought forth; I had not then emitted from myself either *Shu* or *Tefnut*. I evolved myself. . . .

"I emitted from myself the gods *Shu* and *Tefnut*, and from being One I became Three; they sprang from me, and came into existence in this earth. . . . *Shu* and *Tefnut* brought forth *Seb* and *Nut*, and *Nut* brought forth *Osiris*, *Horus-khent-an-maa*, *Set*, *Isis*, and *Nephthys* at one birth."

Here we have :—

(1) The Sephirotic idea—the idea of the Sephiroth as emanations, and not creations, being expressed in the words “they sprang from me and came into being.”

(2) The Triad proceeding from the Monad.

The Egyptians recognized the necessary absence of the Duad as well as the Hebrews.

(3) The second Triad,

Seb Nut
 Osiris

and the remaining four, whose arrangement I shall consider later.

It is also worthy of note, that Shu and Tefnut are twins, Shu being male and Tefnut female; and also that Seb and Nut are husband and wife.

We will now consider the emanations in detail :—

In the Qabalah the second Sephira is called Chokmah, Wisdom, a masculine active potency reflected from Kether. This Sephira is the active and evident Father, to whom the Mother is united, who is the number 3.

This second Sephira is represented by the Divine Names, I H, Yah, and I H V H, and along the angelic hosts by Auphanim, the wheels (Ezek. i.). It is also called Ab, the Father.

The third Sephira is a feminine passive potency, called B I N H, Binah, the Understanding who is co-equal with Chokmah. This Sephira completes and makes evident the supernal Trinity. It is also called Ama, Mother, and Aima, the great productive Mother, who is eternally conjoined with Ab, the Father, for the maintenance of the universe in order. This third Sephira is also sometimes called the Great Sea. She is the supernal Mother, as distinguished from Malkuth, the inferior Mother, Bride and Queen.

Chokmah is powerless until Binah forms the Trinity and the “equilibrium of balance” is restored.

This is expressed in the Papyrus of Nesi Amsu, in the words “I was alone . . . I emitted from myself the gods Shu and Tefnut, and from being One I became Three.”

As I remarked above, the impossibility of a stable Duad was recognized by the Egyptians as well as by the Hebrews.

In the Egyptian system Shu corresponds to Chokmah. Shu was the first-born son of Temu or Ra. According to one legend

he sprang direct from the god, and according to another, the goddess Hathor was his mother. He it was who made his way between the gods Seb and Nut, and raised up the latter to form the sky, and this belief is commemorated by the figures of this god in which he is represented as a god raising himself up from the earth with the sun's disk on his shoulders. As a power of nature he typified the light, and, standing on the top of a staircase at Hermopolis Magna, he raised up the sky and held it up during each day. To assist him in this work he placed a pillar at each of the cardinal points, and the supports of Shu are thus the props of the sky.

Tefnut corresponds to Binah. Tefnut was the twin sister of Shu, just as we see in the Qabalah that Chokmah and Binah are equal. As a power of nature she typified moisture or some aspect of the sun's heat, but as a goddess of the dead she seems to have been in some way connected with the supply of drink to the deceased. This recalls the reference to Binah as "the Great Sea."

Her brother Shu was the right eye of Temu, and she was the left, i.e. Shu represented an aspect of the Sun and Tefnut of the Moon. The gods Temu, Shu and Tefnut thus formed a Trinity, and in the story of the creation the god Temu, after describing how Shu and Tefnut proceeded from himself, is made to say, "thus from being One I became Three."

This idea of the *Trinity proceeding from Unity direct* cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Thomas Taylor in his introduction to the writings of Jamblichus lays great stress upon it, and Jamblichus represented Egyptian initiation.

We will now consider the fourth and fifth Sephiroth. In the Qabalah the union of the second and third Sephiroth produced Ch S D, Chesed, Mercy or Love, also called Gedulah, Greatness or Magnificence; a masculine potency represented by the Divine name A L, El, the Mighty One, and the angelic name, Chashmalim, Scintillating Flames (Ezek. iv. 4).

From this emanated the feminine passive potency, Geburah, G B V R H, strength or fortitude; or Deen, Justice—represented by the Divine Names; A L H I M G B V R, and Elohim, and the angelic name Seraphim (Isa. vi. 6). This Sephira is also called Pachad, Fear.

In the Egyptian scheme the fourth and fifth are Seb and Nut. Thus in the papyrus of Nesi Amsu we read . . . Shu and Tefnut brought forth Seb and Nut.

He is called the "Erpā," i.e. the "hereditary chief" of

the gods, and "the father of the gods," these being of course Osiris, Isis, Set, Horus and Nephthys. He was originally the god of the earth, but later he became a god of the dead as representing the earth wherein the deceased was laid.

Nut was the wife of Seb. Thus in the Qabalah the fourth and fifth are co-equal; in the Egyptian scheme they are husband and wife. Nut was the mother of Osiris, Isis, Set, Horus and Nephthys.

Originally she was the personification of the sky, and represented the feminine principle which was active at the creation of the universe. According to an old view, Seb and Nut existed in the primeval watery abyss side by side with Shu and Tefnut; and later Seb became the earth and Nut the sky. These deities were supposed to unite every evening, and to remain embraced until the morning, when the god Shu separated them, and set the goddess of the sky upon his four pillars until the evening. Nut was, naturally, regarded as the mother of the gods, and of all things living, and she and her husband Seb were considered to be the givers of food, not only to the living, but also to the dead. The goddess Nut is sometimes represented as a female along whose body the sun travels, and sometimes as a cow; the tree sacred to her was the sycamore.

To return to the Qabalah we find that from Chesed and Geburah issued the uniting Sefhira, Tiphereth, Beauty or Mildness represented by the Divine Name, Eloah Va-Daath, and the angelic name, Shinanim (Ps. lxxviii. 18), or Melakim, kings. Thus by the union of justice and mercy we obtain beauty or clemency, and the second Trinity of the Sefhira is complete.

In the Egyptian scheme we find that just as Tiphereth issued from Chesed and Geburah, so Osiris issued from Seb and Nut. Osiris was the husband of Isis and father of Horus. The legend of Osiris is too well known to need repetition here. This completes the second trinity in the Egyptian scheme.

Now in each of the three trinities or triads of the Sephiroth is a duad of opposite sexes, and an uniting intelligence which is the result. In this the masculine and feminine potencies are regarded as the two scales of the balance, and the uniting Sefhira as the beam which joins them. Thus the term, Methaqela, balance, may be said to symbolize the Triune, Trinity in Unity, and the unity represented by the central point of the beam. The third trinity in the Qabalah consists of Netzach, Firmness or Victory, the feminine passive potency Hod, Splendour, and Yesod, the Foundation or Basis. In the Egyptian scheme the

balance of male and female occurs in the first two trinities, but is apparently absent from the last if arranged :—

Nephthys	Isis
8	7
Horus	
9	
Set	
10	

There is considerable evidence for the coupling of Isis and Nephthys. For instance, they were twin sisters, and Nephthys was the companion of Isis in all her wanderings and troubles. In funeral papyri, stelae, etc., she always accompanies Isis in her ministrations to the dead, and as she assisted Osiris and Isis to defeat the wickedness of Set, so she helped the deceased to overcome the powers of death and the grave.

Also Isis and Nephthys were called the divine Merti (literally the Two Eyes), because they represented the ideas of straightness, integrity, righteousness, what is right, the truth, and such like. They were supposed to sit outside the shrine of Osiris, or to stand by the side of this god in the shrine.

Isis was the wife of Osiris and mother of Horus. After sorrow, trouble, and persecution, she was successful in revivifying her husband's body, and in this sense bears some resemblance to the corresponding Sefhira, Netzach, Victory.

The tenth Sefhira is Malkuth, the Kingdom, and also the Queen, Matrona, the inferior Mother, the bride of Microprosopus, and Shekinah.

In the Egyptian scheme as arranged above, the place of Malkuth is occupied by Set.

Set was the son of Seb and Nut, and the husband of Nephthys. At a very early period he was regarded as the brother and friend of "Horus the Elder," the Aroueris of the Greeks, and Set represented the night whilst Horus represented the day. Each of the gods performed many offices of a friendly nature for the dead, and among others they set up and held the ladder by which the deceased made his way from this earth to heaven, and helped him to ascend it. But, at a later period, the views of the Egyptians concerning Set changed, and soon after the reign of the kings called "Seti," i.e. those whose names were based upon that of the god, he became the personification of all evil, and of all that is horrible and terrible in nature, such

as the desert in its most desolate form, the storm and the tempest, etc.

At first sight the connexion between Set and Malkuth does not seem very obvious, but can Set represent an aspect of Malkuth?—that aspect, in fact, in which, in the words of the Qabalah, “the dragon has raised his head behind the shoulders of the bride.”

The dragon of the Qabalah is the king of all “shells” or demons. There is much information about this dragon in the *Book of Concealed Mystery*, paragraphs 25–30.

Mr. Mathers remarks in p. 25, note:—

“This great dragon which is here described is evidently identical with the leviathan of Job. He is the executor of judgment, the centripetal force, the old serpent, ever seeking to penetrate into Paradise; finally, in a more *exoteric* sense, he is Satan and the devil, the accusing one. In the *Sepher Yetzirah*, a most important qabalistical book, he is called ThLI, Theli, the dragon.”

In p. 26 we read:—

“His tail is in his head (that is, he holdeth his tail in his mouth, in order that he may form a circle, since he is said to encompass holiness). He transferreth his head to behind the shoulders (that is, he raiseth his head at the back of the bride of Microprosopus, where is the place of most severe judgments), and he is despised (since, in him is the extremity of judgments and severities, whence wrath is the attribute of his forms).”

This last sentence is in complete accordance with the later Egyptian ideas about Set.

The passage continues:—

“He watcheth (that is, he accurately searcheth out and seeketh in what place he may gain an entry into holiness). And he is concealed (as if laying traps; since he insinuateth himself into the inferiors, by whose sins he hath access to the holy grades, where the carrying out of judgments is committed to him). . . . (But that dragon hath about this his most powerful location, whence if a defect occurreth only in one numeration of that system through the fault of the inferiors, he is immediately manifest, and thus commenceth his accusations before the throne of glory).”

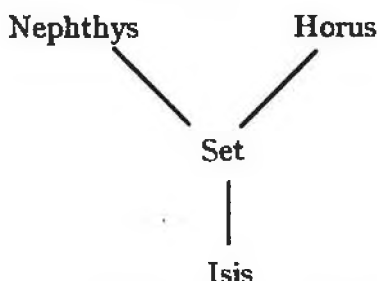
Mr. Mathers here remarks:—

“Here is the origin of the well-known symbol of a serpent holding his tail in his mouth, like a circle—the serpent of Saturn. The reason that he raiseth his head behind the shoulders of the bride (Malkuth) is because he is, so to speak, not only the executor of judgment, but also the destroyer; destruction as opposed to creation, death as opposed to life. For the whole Sephiroth are represented as being the balance of mercy and justice, and the tenth Sephira is especially of the nature of justice as also Geburah, the fifth. He is concealed because he is not called into action until justice requires him. The presence of the serpent

when revealed is an accusation, because it shows that the balance is destroyed. . . . The throne of Glory is the Briatic world."

Hence I think that Set may correspond to Malkuth in one aspect, namely, when justice has called the dragon or serpent—as the destroyer and executor of judgment—into action in Malkuth.

This scheme, however, interferes with the balance of male and female in the third trinity and with the continuity of the right hand male pillar of mercy—a grave defect, and I therefore suggest an alternative arrangement, viz. :—



In this the continuity would be maintained. We have also the close analogy between Malkuth, the Kingdom, the Queen, Matrona, the inferior Mother, and Isis, or Nature, the Great Mother of us all.

Also we read that when Horus, the son of Isis, had grown up he did battle with Set, who had murdered his father Osiris, and vanquished him, and this defect seems to have been understood as the victory of life over death, and of good over evil. Hence the correspondence between the 7th Sephira Netzach (Victory) and Horus is very close.

It would, therefore, seem that this is the correct arrangement :—

<i>THE SEPHIROTH</i>		<i>THE PAUT NETERU</i>	
	Kether		Ra
Binah	Chokmah	Tefnut	Shu
Geburah	Chesed	Nut	Seb
	Tiphereth		Osiris
Hod	Netzach	Nephthys	Horus
	Yesod		Set
	Malkuth		Isis.

ISLAY BELIEFS

By MINA H. SCOTT

THE borderland over which it is so easy to step, always seemed very near in the wild and beautiful Isle of Islay. The water of the Sound tore fiercely through the narrow channel between Islay and the high stern mountains of Jura. The noise of their rushing was ever in my ears. And in Islay cottages, sitting at night quietly talking by the light of the peat fire, I heard many tales of Islay beliefs, which carried the memory far back to similar beliefs and customs in other lands.

Many of the Western Islanders possess occult powers of which they are scarcely conscious; one finds that in speaking to them. Of course, some old women in the island exercise their powers deliberately and consciously, but I do not think they are very far advanced. They seem to be neophytes in the art of black magic. It is curious that so few of them seem to exercise their powers for good. They work much oftener on the side of evil. The principle that thoughts are or can become actual things, and take form when powerfully projected, explains partly, I think, the spells and powers of these women, though I believe them to be unconscious that they are actually using black magic, albeit in a limited form.

The women who have these powers are invariably women of very strong resolute character, and are feared and dreaded by their neighbours.

Personally, I felt very sceptical as to their power of casting a spell over milk and butter, but the islanders have no doubt at all on the subject. It is a thing I should very much like to have tested, but from the very nature of it, testing it would be most difficult. One woman I was told of "puts ill wishes on people, it's no safe to refuse her anything." She was a tall gaunt woman, very striking in appearance, and in the island she was believed to have the power of bewitching milk, and of preventing butter from coming. If she passed the dairy on churning day, the butter was sure to go wrong; the dairymaid might churn and churn, but no butter would come. I was given instance after instance of this having happened. She could cast a spell over cows, so that at the next milking they would yield no milk.

The mischief is done if she merely walks through the field, and naturally any accident which may happen to the cattle during the next month is ascribed to the curse of her evil eye and evil wishes.

The materialistic suggestion that atmospheric and other conditions may affect the butter, is received with a quiet contempt, and churning is often carried on with locked doors. There is only one way of averting the bad consequences to the butter from the evil eye, and that is to ask the woman to give a few turns to the churn. She dare not refuse when she is asked, and she is unable to cast a spell over the butter which she herself has helped to churn.

Bewitching milk or butter is trifling, compared with the awful power of ill wishing. It is an interesting speculation, whether ill wishing belongs to the same category as second sight, which formerly was very common in the Western Highlands, or to the realms of black magic. The only argument I see against the connexion between this power and second sight, is that people possessing second sight never consciously wished ill to their neighbours, and the tragedies they saw, usually funerals and drownings, often related to themselves or to their friends. Possibly they may have had some powers of clairvoyance, although it is a word I have never heard in the Western Highlands.

The first part of the story told to me was ordinary enough in its way; it was the second part of it that struck me as awful in its realism and the simple faith with which it was told.

The woman I speak of who bewitched milk inherited the power from her mother. The mother seems to have had it in a stronger form, and was a woman of strong character, full of the primitive passions of hate and revenge, and with full belief in her own gifts. This woman, the mother, had been wronged by the man who should have married her, and who married another girl. As the bridal party were returning from the marriage feast to the bridegroom's house, they had to cross Loch Indall, and on the way they were met by the wronged woman. She knelt on the road in front of them, and the pipers stopped playing. She tore off her white mutch, and placed it on the ground, before her, loosened her dark hair and let it fall over her shoulders, and raising her hands to her head, she cried down curses. And her last words as she raised her voice in wailing and denunciation were: "It's a het supper ye've had the night, but it's a cauld breakfast ye'll have the morn."

The boat in which the bridal party crossed Loch Indall was upset in a squall, and all were drowned.

This woman passed over a few years ago, and I listened to the tale of her passing, told me in an Islay cottage when the darkness of night lay over the hills of Jura, and the wild rush of the tides in the Sound tore past the window.

"They've an awfu' sight o' freets about here, and I'm no believing in their freets. But she was lying in there in this vera house, and they were waiting for her to dee, and they thocht she was deid, and they began dressing her, and a man went awa' to the inn to get a bottle of whisky, and they asked him there if she was deid, and he said she was. But she wasna deid at all, and they got an awfu' fricht, for she started up and spoke terrible to them. She had been in a kind o' a trance, and she deid soon after. There was a man coming up the hill. Ye ken him, him wi' the grey cap that lives doon there, and he heard the maist awfu' screaming and yelling, no like anything human, and there were over thirty cats there, of colours that ye never saw before, all colours, red and black, and blue and yellow, and they were all fighting and clashing and yelling, and he got the maist awfu' fricht he ever had, and the whole lot o' them went fighting and screaming over the hill and out o' sight. And he is a sober man. He hadna had a drop, and he hasna touched whisky for fourteen years. There was a woman coming down the hill on the other side, and she saw and heard them too, and it was the maist awfu' thing she ever saw. They werna ordinary cats at all. The noise was fearfu'."

"Could they have been the cats about the place?" I asked, though I did not believe that they were.

"These were no' the cats about the place at all. The like o' them had never been seen before. They were far bigger and wilder. They were just the evil spirits out o' her. Ye see, she was a witch."

The quiet grave tones in which the man spoke carried conviction, and yet he said he did not believe in what he called "freet." His belief in them was deeper than he himself knew. That was seen at once if one threw the slightest doubt on any story. It was useless to say that the wedding party might have been drowned in any case, for squalls often rise on Loch Indall. You are silenced at once. Did not the ill wish come true?

Faith in the "little people" still lingers in Islay. In this land of moor and hill and silence they never seem far off, and the veneer of education has not been strong enough to eradicate ancient faiths and old beliefs handed down for generations untold.

In the wild and solitary glens of Islay, where ash and birch

wave in the heather-scented air, the "little people" are still seen dancing in the moonlight, and the music of elfin pipes is heard on the hills at night. The "little people" usually exercise their powers in a way comparatively harmless. They do not seem to be inspired by feelings of evil or malice. Their actions are more like the irresponsible actions of a child, who takes the most direct way to get what he wants, regardless of consequences. In this the "little people" seem to differ from the elementals. I sometimes wonder if different classes of these soulless beings inhabit different parts of the world. In one place, it is gnomes that are heard of, or salamanders, in another brownies, and again the "little people." The old belief that people, usually women, can transform themselves into the shape and form of animals, is very widespread, and I have heard several stories of this kind throughout the West Coast.

There was a boy of fourteen in the island who played the bagpipes. I first heard the weird music across the moor in the moonlight. The boy's father told me how the "little people" had taught the boy to play. When he was three years old his mother left him sitting in a corner of the field where she was working, but when she went to look for him, he was gone. The parents and neighbours spent the rest of the day looking for the child, and late at night his father found him under a tree, fast asleep, in a glen not very far from the house. He was wakened, shaken, and scolded.

"But it's that little man in the red cap who took me, and I want a whistle like his," said the child.

The father could see no one, and said so, but the boy merely pointed to the little man again and said the little man was waving to him. "And you see, it was the little people who had him the whole day, for before they had him, he couldna' play a note, an' when I brocht him home he prigged again for a whistle, an' I made one an' he played airs on it, a lot o' different airs, an' him only three, an' then I made him a chanter with nine holes in it, an' now he plays the pipes, but he do'sna play a bit better now than when he was three. Ye see, he'll never learn any more till the little people take him again, an' teach him more. I don't tell this to all the people about, for they might make a fool o' the boy, but he'll play a lot better when they teach him again."

I repeated this to my friend at whose peat fire I had heard so many stories. He promptly assured me again that "they are awfu' here wi' their f'reets. I don't believe them myself."

After a pause he added: "But I know a lad myself, down

Sanaig way, who was taught by the little people. He was a little lad, no' much more than a baby, an' his mother had him in the harvest field, an' she left him under a stook when she was working, an' when she went back for him, he had a stalk o' corn with holes in it, an' he was whistling airs on it, fine airs they were, an' it's the little people that had come and taught him. Where else could he have learned? Ye see, he just plays by the ear now, the way he was taught."

Another tale I was told of two men from Mull, who came over to Islay at "the New Year," to get smuggled whisky.

"They were crossing the hill below Scar, where ye were the other day, an' they were going over Piper's Hill, ye ken it, just on the other side o' the Lochan, Loch Murdoch it is in English, when they saw an opening in the hill, an' heard music, an' they went to listen. An' they heard the pipes play the beautifullest music. One o' them was kind o' frightened, an' wanted to go back, but the other said—

" 'Wait an' hear the music a bit.'

"The other man left him an' got the whisky an' went home to Mull, an' in a twelvemonth he was back for mair smuggled whisky at the New Year, an' when he came to Piper's Hill, the music was playing, an' he had a steel hook wi' him, the kind they use at the harvest, an' he stuck it above the opening afore he went in, an' then the fairies couldna close it, for they've no power over steel, an' there was the man where he left him, in the middle o' the fairies, an' all he said was—

" 'Oh, let me stop an' finish my reel'; but the other man wouldna, an' the fairies couldna keep them wi' the steel above the door. Ye see, he had been there a whole year, an' he thocht it was but a day. The little people are no' very often seen now, though. It's the man next door telt me, but it's in Gaelic he'd be telling it.'"

The belief in changelings is common among all the northern nations. It is one of those things of which it is almost impossible to get actual proof, supposing such a thing to be possible. The belief seems to linger in remote places on the West Coast, judging from some stories I have been told. I give one as I heard it:—

"They're saying there's a man down the country a bit, an' the little people changed his child. They didna know it at first, or what was wrong wi' it. Their own boy was a fine, healthy child, an' this was a queer puling thing, no' like their own. The little people changed it one day when the mother left it alone in the cradle, an' the man wanted to find out if it was a witch child

or not. So he lit a big fire, an' he put the cradle beside the fire, an' the child just disappeared."

"How did the child disappear?"

"Ye see, it was a witch child, an' when it saw it was to be put on the fire, it just went back to its ain people."

This horrible trial by fire is also widespread, and some years ago a tale of diabolical cruelty to an unfortunate woman supposed to be a witch, in some out-of-the-way district in Ireland, horrified the people of this country. In Islay, fortunately, the fire trial was not carried out, solely, according to the story, on account of the lucky disappearance of the child. Changelings are not always treated in this drastic fashion. An old man in the island told me of another changeling, his son, who was a little weak in the intellect. "Ay, ay, poor Dunky is no oor ain boy."

"Isn't he?"

"No, he's no oor ain, but we're vera kind to poor Dunky. He's a changeling. Oor ain boy was in his cradle, an' he was no like Dunky at all. He was as fine and strong as any o' the others, an' when his mother came in one day, she saw the little people had been before her, an' they'd taken away oor boy, an' left poor Dunky. Ay, ay, we're vera kind to poor Dunky, for if we were bad to him they would be bad to oor ain boy, but as long as we are kind to Dunky, they'll be kind to him."

Does that old father expect his own boy to return to him some day from the land of the underworld? A strange inner life it is, with this belief in the active interposition of fairies who at any moment may interfere, unseen and unheard.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Quest* is full of good things, and if it cannot be said that he who runs may read, it is at least true that much of the contents—the subjects notwithstanding—is expressed with that simplicity which we know, on high authority, to be the seal of Nature and Art. Personally speaking, it is long since we have met with a more admirable tonic than Mr. Delisle Burns' brilliant and gently caustic paper on the Mysticism of a Rationalist. Mr. Mead's account of "Ceremonial Game-Playing" in mediæval churches is full of curious archaic lore and, though needs must, it is difficult to part with in a sentence. After a reference not less brief to Dr. Robert Eisler's singularly clear and profoundly instructed article on the "Triple Baptism of the Last Days," one must pass over all that remains in favour of that contribution which is most direct in its appeal to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Sir William Barrett writes on the spiritual significance of Nature in connection with telepathy, on the assumption that the latter is something more than a series of "brain-waves in the ether" and thus in simple analogy with radio-telegraphy. If more—and this is the thesis of the article—there is discernible behind all known and material causes an inscrutable Thought-Power which is immanent in the whole universe. Now, thought postulates mind, and the crux heretofore has been the interaction of mind and matter outside of nerve-structure, or, in technical terms, the direct exo-neural action of thought. Sir William Barrett believes that he sees a solution of this difficulty in the evidence for telepathy, "regarded as a transcendental and spiritual mode of communion, wholly distinct from the physical forces in its origin and mode of transmission." It offers examples of "the direct action of thought on living matter outside the organism." The Supreme Mind as a directive and formative power becomes therefore conceivable, and—more than this—we have some warrant for recognizing on our own part that we are related to a greater universe, a noumenal world behind that which is phenomenal and yet essentially one therewith.

We are tempted to mention an essay on the Innermost Self which appears in *The Divine Life*, a Theosophical magazine of Chicago conducted on independent lines. It is not a very important paper, but it is noticeable from two points of view. It illustrates in the first place an ever-recurring tendency to describe

states of consciousness in the terms of distinct personalities inscrutably bound up in a single being. Could it be once understood that the so-called lower and higher personality, or outer and inner self, are different states of realization in the one individual consciousness, an important simplifying of terms would follow, and even the key which opens the deeper or higher states might be found less hard of attainment, for the mind tends to be hindered by the undue multiplication of its own categories. The article under notice is, in the second place, whether consciously or not, a testimony to the intimate analogies between mystic experiences at all times and everywhere. There may be profoundly important points of divergence on the doctrinal part, being that which lies outside the experience and is concerned with its interpretation. Pantheism is at one pole and Christian Trinitarianism is at another, but the state entered in attainment is always the same state, and so is the witness that it is possible here and now. On this basis the desirable eirenicon between East and West in mysticism is not very far from our thresholds.

We are glad to see that *The Path* has received the co-operation which is necessary to its continued existence. The last issue has the first in a series of papers by Mr. W. L. Hare on the Lord Maitreya, designed to compare, and doubtless at need correct, what is termed "the current talk" on the subject by the evidence of early Buddhist scriptures, of which there are four groups or canons. It will be interesting to note later on the conclusions reached on the basis of the old records. . . . We have received the first three issues of a *Boletim do Instituto Internacional de Psychologia*, published at Lisbon. There are articles on Thought-Photography and Food-Reform, but the Bulletin is merely preparatory to the foundation of a review entitled *Novos Horisontes*, which will be the official organ of the International Institute of Psychology, already mentioned. Our felicitations are offered to the new Society, and we much appreciate the name which has been chosen for its representative magazine. In addition to a comprehensive educational scheme in the higher sense and to the study of experimental psychology, the Institute will pay attention to ancient and modern philosophy. . . . Under the title of "A Sufi at Paris," *Le Théosophe* gives account of a visit paid by Professor Inayatkhân to the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, when three lectures were delivered in English, one of which was on Sufism and Mysticism. The former term seems to have been taken in an extended sense, as representing

a philosophy which in its roots is not only older than the religions of Islâm or Christendom but of Buddha and Brahminism itself. Under whatever name it may have passed, it was then as now the doctrine of unity—that is to say, of pantheism. . . . *Le Voile d'Isis* continues to be one of the most interesting periodicals which reach us from the Continent. The last issue has a curious point of information on life in the mineral kingdom. Some interesting, if rather sentimental, discourses by Sédir on his personal understanding of Christ and His mystic message are here concluded; and we continue to study, with growing wonder, the evidence for the survival of Joan of Arc.

From our new London contemporary *The International Psychic Gazette*—the last issue of which is exceedingly bright and varied—we learn that the spirit of William Shakespeare has certified his repentance for having deprived Lord Bacon of his deserved fame as the author of the immortal plays. The confession is vouched for by other spirits, including Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edmund Kean. There was, however, a certain collaboration on the part of Shakespeare and, moreover, the inevitable other world seems to have stepped in and had its share—not otherwise specified—in the production of the masterpieces. We gather that our contemporary does not lay much stress upon the testimony, and we suggest that *la haute convénance* might assist some recipients of "spirit-messages" to suppress them in the interests of good taste. . . . *The Co-Mason*, in its most recent number, is for once a little scrappy in character, and though it is no doubt doing excellent work by giving prominence to the question of existing operative degrees, and the evidence for their existence in the seventeenth century and otherwise, it would be well to remember that the palmary interest is in the symbolic degrees. . . . The letterpress of *Orpheus* continues good and the drawings are still—let us venture to say, negligible, which is on the side of charity. A lyric by Mr. Ernest Rhys called "The Castle of Carbonek" has a lilt which—willynilly—remains in memory. The implied suggestion is admirable. . . . *The Word* gives us a first and very long instalment of Eliphas Lévi's "Doctrine of Transcendental Magic." The translation, made, we believe, many years ago but not previously published, is by General Doubleday, and the notes are by the late Alexander Wilder. The misprints in both cases are confounding to the last degree, and we feel bound in the spirit of goodwill to reprove the carelessness which has overlooked them. Taken in connection with the awkward and raucous

style of the rendering, the result is very rough indeed. . . . A magazine entitled *The Initiates and the People* appears to have reached us for the first time at the opening of its sixth volume. It is an organ of "soul science and success," terms usually printed with capitals. The common shibboleths of a subject which has become over-familiar through the worst class of American occult writing are here presented in a form more peculiar than ever in respect of English. We learn, however, that the present aspect of the movement—located at Allentown, Pa.—has a Temple of the Illuminati, which is an inner circle of the Church of Illumination. Considered as a religion, both "church" and "temple" are "free from iron-clad dogmas and fettering creeds." Both institutions seem to be guided by a certain Dr. Clymer, whom we remember as the author of some worthless books on Rosicrucianism.

The first English work which claimed to provide an extended and authoritative account of the Rosicrucians, "their Rites and Mysteries," was that of the late Hargrave Jennings, and students are well acquainted with its imperfections, perhaps even its failure. It has been recently translated into German. The fact has occasioned a letter of considerable interest, addressed by an anonymous writer to the *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, of Berlin. It says that Mr. Jennings belonged to a Rosicrucian Society, of which the American half-breed Pascal B. Randolph was once at the head; that some of its papers were betrayed of recent times and have thus appeared in print; and that it derives from a pseudo-Rosicrucian Society founded by Godfrey Higgins. It seems desirable to correct these mistakes. Godfrey Higgins was a writer on the origin of religions in the first half of the nineteenth century. He mentions the existence of Rosicrucians in England at that time, but affirms that he refused to join them, as he desired the free use of speech and pen. The Society referred to is the *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*, which is a body of students working under Masonic ægis, making no claims to antiquity and none as to derivation from the mysterious Order first heard of at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was never under the government of Randolph, and its papers—meaning its Rituals—have not been published. It issues transactions annually, a complete set of which is exceedingly rare and commands a high price in the book-market on the few occasions when it is available. Colleges, having a considerable membership among the more thoughtful sections of Masonry, exist in various parts of England, and some have been established abroad, especially in America.

REVIEWS

WERWOLVES. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. Price 5s. net.

EVER since the publication of Jack London's fascinating autobiography of a wolf entitled, *White Fang*, and Rudyard Kipling's still finer wolf studies in the sketches relating to Mowgli, that forest-bred demigod, in *The Jungle Book* and *Many Inventions*, the wolf has been a centre of attraction in the animal-kingdom to many modern readers. But Mr. O'Donnell, who will be remembered as the author of *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*, *The Haunted Houses of London*, and other works of similar psychical value, presents us with a weirder picture of lupine life in his present volume on *Werwolves*. He has collected a medley of true anecdotes, fables and superstitions concerning those dreadful phantasms which must be of great interest and importance to occultists and students of folklore. The belief in werwolves circulates throughout India, Africa, the British Isles, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Lapland, Finland, Russia and Siberia—in themselves an overwhelming array of testimonies to prove the prevalence of the belief and the generality of its currency. Mr. O'Donnell tells a series of werwolf stories which prove irresistible to the reader, as his language is impressive throughout and he has a quiet but thrilling descriptive style. Some of the narratives are cast in romantic form, a few are half-laughing and semi-serious, yet others attain a grim tone of realism. Perhaps the best stories are the Swedish one of "Liso of Saroa," the Russian tale of Ivan of Shigan-ska, who was the unfortunate spouse of a werwolf-bride, and that of the Dutch trader in Arawak, Van Hielen, wherein there is a clever pen-picture of a jungle by night and in which an immense Victoria Regia water-lily plays a poetical part.

Altogether, Mr. O'Donnell has written an at once entertaining and valid volume concerning that werwolf band of which mention was already made in the early Anglo-Saxon epic of "Beowulf"; those sinister creatures whose wolf-brethren were associated with the powers of darkness and gloom infernal in the sagas of the Edda, wherein they were said to dwell in the nether regions, greedily waiting for the day of Ragnarök, the end of the world, when they could arise to slay and devour.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF RELIGION. London: Geo. Allen & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

THE title of Mr. Bevan's book will prove misleading to those accustomed to define science in its narrower sense, since he obviously uses it in that broader one which comprises all human knowledge and some human speculation arising out of that knowledge. His object has been to draw from every field, scientific, philosophic, and the rest, into which human reason may penetrate, its quota towards substantiating the "faith that is in him." It is a plea for, and a defence of religion, *per se*, and hence, though a Christian himself, the writer makes no appeal to the Scriptures but rather to

the facts of human knowledge and of human experience, and shows how, though one may not be able to mathematically demonstrate the Existence of God (the wholly unscientific desideratum of the average sceptic) or reduce His relations with His world to a problem in equations, yet the weight of evidence is in favour both of His Existence and His Goodness. As Bruno thundered out in the sixteenth century, "You cannot judge of God and His Universe by a dead worm," so Mr. Bevan more gently reminds us in the twentieth that "You cannot judge of a Whole except as a Whole."

Perhaps it should be added that though dealing with scientific and abstruse questions the writer nowhere loses a clearness and simplicity of diction understandable by the reader minus both scientific and philosophic training.

N. A.

MY PARISIAN YEAR. By Maude Annesley. With 20 Illustrations from Photographs and one in colour. Demy 8vo, pp. xii + 293. London: Mills & Boon, Ltd., 49, Rupert Street, W. 1912. Price 10s. 6d. net.

BRIGHTLY and amusingly has Maude Annesley treated her subject; her sure touch unhesitatingly lights on the essential in the many phases of Parisian life with which she deals. From the average English point of view many fresh aspects of Parisians and Parisian life are put forward, and many popular fallacies exposed.

In *My Parisian Year* the authoress touches on almost every phase of French life in the capital—French politeness, sincerity, Montmartre, Midinettes, The Flâneur, etc., etc., are dealt with in a way quite foreign to most books on the subject, and the views expressed in such a common-sense manner that those who have more knowledge than that of the average week-end tourist will thoroughly endorse her standpoint.

The *demi-monde* is a delicate subject to most English people, but the authoress handles it fearlessly and sanely. "I shall offend many blindly virtuous people, I fear, but it is impossible to write of Paris without mentioning the *demi-monde*; it is impossible to write of the *demi-monde* and not realize that the system of registration and licensing makes the streets possible for decent people to walk in without fear of the unpleasant sights which one may see every night in Regent Street, Piccadilly and the neighbourhood," she remarks.

And who can deny the truth of this assertion?

On this and other subjects we hear the opinions worth listening to of one who thoroughly understands the world—the good in it to which we must not shut our eyes, the evil in it to which we ought not to close them.

To those about to pay Paris a visit for the first time (though in no sense is *My Parisian Year* a guide book); to those who like to read of national characteristics; and to those who know the city well—the book will equally appeal. It is one of the few books that it is a delight to have within easy reach on the bookshelf, to dip into again and again and be thoroughly entertained and amused.

S. D. J.

THE PERFUME OF EGYPT. By C. W. Leadbeater. Madras: The Theosophist, Adyar. Price 3s. 6d. net.

OF course one expects to be interested in reading a work from Mr. Leadbeater's pen, and usually one is not disappointed. It is the case in the present instance. This volume of fiction, the title of which takes its name from the first story in the volume, is intensely instructive reading, and OCCULT REVIEW readers will be well repaid for the time given to it. The other stories, weird and entrancing, are not a bit behind in breathlessness. The present volume is a second and enlarged edition.

X.

LOVE AND ETHICS. By Ellen Key. Pp. 62. Price 1s. net. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

ANYTHING from the pen of this well-known Danish authoress is of interest, and although the present book covers some of the same ground as her former one entitled *Love and Marriage*, it is, nevertheless, well worth reading. The author's ideal is that the present state of things, in which individual happiness so often has to be sacrificed to the demands of society, should be gradually altered and improved, until society is *so re-adjusted as to make the happiness of the individual subserve the betterment of the species*. With her plea for the greater ennoblement of the love-relationship, or her statement that love is "the first and the greatest duty in contracting a marriage," few are likely to quarrel; but the theory that only exceptional people are at present capable of a life-long love seems, in the face of experience, to demand further consideration. The authoress, however, most emphatically denies that her demand is one for "freedom alone, without any bonds." What she does demand is greater freedom and equality in the divorce laws, claiming that in this, as in the wide liberty now allowed to young people in the choice of a marriage partner, the very forces that liberty sets free will "work against the dangerous consequences of liberty." The whole question is one which it is well should be discussed, lest we fall into that snare of dull satisfaction with the *status quo* which mitigates, more than any active opposition, against the bringing about of necessary reforms.

E. M. M.

SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE. By Sydney T. Klein. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row. 2s. 6d. net.

A MORE useful and helpful book has not been given to the public for many years. Since Prentice Mulford wrote his intuitions, there has been little or no attempt to bring the problems of daily life and thought into array with our higher concepts of the permanent good of life as expressed in the divine order of things. Behind the phenomenal there is always the noumenal, and this is lost sight of in the strife and stress of our daily life. We give a false proportion and significance to the affairs of our everyday existence. Instead of looking at them as we should through a telescope and giving them thus their true perspective in the Infinite, we regard them through a microscope and magnify them into eternal and insuperable

terrors. This book is intended to adjust our view of things and give them their true relativity, the argument being drawn directly from the observed laws of the universe and the facts of science. The gifted author questions the reality of the phenomenal world and suggests that we should give to time and space and incident the characteristics of a mode of frequency similar to that of light, electricity, etc. Physical life under these conditions can thus be looked upon as a reality "only in the same sense in which all other forms of energy or matter appear real to our finite senses, namely, as shadows of manifestations of the Absolute on our limited plane of consciousness."

The author believes that Introspection and not Intellection is the key to the right understanding of the world of life. The book contains some excellent chapters on Mysticism and Symbolism, The Physical Film, Space, Time and Creation, and there is much else of a controversial nature that has been dealt with in a constructive and thoughtful manner. The view which the author presents to us "Through a window in the Blank Wall" is particularly inviting to the metaphysical thinker, and if carefully read and thought out will prove of immense mental and spiritual benefit to the average wayfarer, whose path along the dusty highroads of life presents little that is attractive, restful, reassuring, or of any but a passing value.

SCRUTATOR.

A STUDY IN KARMA. By Annie Besant. 7½ in. by 4½ in. Pp. iii. + 113. India: The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras. Price (in U.K.) 1s. 6d. net.

THIS is an interesting and authoritative statement of one of the central doctrines of the Theosophical Society. There are times when one would prefer reason to authority; there are assertions as to "mental vibrations," the future of America and other matters, which must be regarded as somewhat hypothetical; and readers who are not "theosophists" may not be prepared to accept Mrs. Besant's views as to reincarnation. Apart from all these matters, however, there is much in Mrs. Besant's book which is undoubtedly valuable and true. Whilst natural science willingly accepts the principle of natural law and works in harmony therewith, producing (as it could not otherwise produce) discoveries and inventions of the utmost importance and utility, theology has been too prone to teach that the realm of the spiritual is a lawless and disorderly realm; that there, no definite relation exists between antecedent and consequent;—that the forgiveness of a beneficent Deity, for example, consequent upon a mere change of opinion or belief, can wipe out the consequences of an evil life and cause an evil character to delight in that which is good. We may not, perhaps, be able to accept the principle of order and law in the spiritual world in exactly that sense connoted by the term Karma; but no one who reflects upon the subject can deny that "as a man soweth, so shall he also reap"; and to the extent thus implied, at least, must one appreciate Mrs. Besant's *A Study in Karma*.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE OPEN SECRET : INTUITIONS OF LIFE AND REALITY. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. vii. + 124. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE theory that evolution and devolution succeed one another endlessly, the products of the first being destroyed by the second, only to be reformed and re-destroyed, is not unpopular nowadays. Dr. Whitby, however, argues that it is not a true theory. Indeed, looked at ethically, it is a hideous doctrine. It denies the reality of progress, and the reality of worth. If it is true, nothing really matters, and the concept of value is fallacious. In place of this doctrine Dr. Whitby advances the far more attractive, and we think, truer, idea of a Reality that is progressive, of an evolutionary process that is really creative and productive of an absolute increase in the value of the Cosmos. And herein, as the author shows, is suffering justified, since the worth, not merely of the whole, but of the individual, is only to be obtained at the expense of anguish. The presentation and justification of what may be termed absolute meliorism is Dr. Whitby's main concern. He believes—and the study of the guesses of ancient and mediæval philosophy justifies his conviction—that whilst induction from experiential knowledge yields the surest truth, the human mind cannot always wait for science to reach the goal by this slow if sure method, and must leap ahead, framing hypotheses by the aid of its intuitive power, which hypotheses should, of course, be tested in the crucible of growing experience, and rejected if found to be false. Adopting this method he deals with some of those speculative problems which are embraced under that wide term Philosophy. Dr. Whitby's style is always restrained and pleasing; he never dogmatizes, and his views are always interesting and provocative of thought; though we think he errs in his criticism of Idealism, and we are not able to accept his pluralistic concept of God. The chapter on "The Psychology of Nature" is particularly good, and readers interested in philosophical speculation should not miss studying it. Nature, according to Dr. Whitby, is the realm of impulse, "experience is her insatiable quest . . . yet she has her portion in the lover and the saint for depth and intensity of life not less—far more even—than mere sensuous vividness or superficial expanse, will serve her turn. So the uprush of Nature meets and permeates the downrush of divine Reality; so from wild impulse victorious will wins birth." There speaks the true philosopher, rightly delineating Evolution, both in the Cosmos and in individual man.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE SORCERY CLUB. By Elliott O'Donnell. London : Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 6s.

WHAT does the average reviewer know about spooks and apparitions of the genuine and authentic order, and not merely the fictional? What little he may chance to know will be his passport to the understanding and appreciation of this rare, weird and fascinating narrative.

A shower of rain which drove Leon Hamar to take shelter in a musty old second-hand bookshop was responsible for the formation of the Sorcery

Club. How it all came about you may learn from the opening chapter of Mr. O'Donnell's book. In effect Hamar found himself to be possessed of a book which he did all that was humanly possible to get rid of, the obvious expedient of taking it home and burning it being frustrated by the fact that there was no fire in the only grate at his disposal. But on arriving at his room in 115th Street, San Francisco, he found two derelicts by name Matt Kelson and Ed Curtis trying to find comfort by sitting before it. They were all hungry, all out of work and all desperate. They found some relief in the pages of the remarkable book Hamar had acquired against his will. It was a book of strange lore dealing with the Black Art of Atlantis. Then follows the description of how these colleagues learned to sin and how in due course by a series of initiations of the most diabolical character they attained to the possession of faculties which gave to them the money and fame they desired, and incidentally a great deal of experience that they neither desired nor expected. The story ends tragically and under conditions which would appear natural if one could use the word in connection with a set of circumstances such as those which enter into the structure of this most eccentric story. The narrative is one that is reminiscent of the best creations of the late Bram Stoker, and will go far to reinforce the general belief that the supernatural is the native element of the Celtic mind. The appearance of this story at the present time is opportune.

SCRUTATOR.

THE GODS OF THE DEAD. By Winifred Graham. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 6s.

THE story opens with the burning of an Egyptian mummy by its owner because of the supposed inimical results which its possession might entail. The spirit of the princess mummy was thus liberated from the mortal frame which had hitherto enchained it and entered the body of a daughter born to the possessor of the mummy who happened to come into the world at that moment. The story is mainly concerned with the career of this daughter, who, as she grew up, was possessed of extraordinary powers of fascination and will which enabled her to overcome all obstacles. Although only the daughter of a plodding architect, not over-burdened with worldly possessions, she is sought in marriage by a wealthy English baronet, but selects instead as her husband an aristocratic Scottish laird. Such briefly is the outline of the story, but many other characters are introduced, all necessary for the development of the "plot." The book has many occult and psychical episodes, but these are not paraded or made too prominent to destroy the interest for the general reader. Miss Graham was interesting in *Erva, the Mormon*. She is more than interesting in this, the latest production of her pen.

D. W.

WOMEN AND ECONOMICS. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Pp. 358. Seventh edition. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

THE very fact of *Women and Economics* having reached a seventh edition is eloquent testimony of its being a more than usually valuable contribu-

tion to the existing literature on one of the most urgent questions of the day. It is a book which, whether we agree or disagree with its theories and its suggestions, contains a large amount of genuine first-hand thinking—there is nothing "borrowed" about it. Mrs. Gilman traces the social and economic evolution of humanity through many stages, lays bare with a pitiless hand the flaws and the weaknesses of the condition which it has reached at present, and offers an outline of its future tendency and growth which certainly cannot be carelessly dismissed by any real thinker. Let it be added that her point of view is an optimistic one, and that her book leaves an impression of hope for the future combined with some amount of impatience with the apparent slowness of our present rate of social evolution. But that things *are* moving, and in the right direction, Mrs. Gilman succeeds in making very clear. No part of the book is dull, and it is considerably enlivened throughout by the authoress's happy knack of phraseology. Speaking of the creative desire common to all humanity, exemplified by the child demanding a pencil who cries, "I want to mark!" she says: "He is not seeking to get something into himself, but to put something out of himself." Of the idea of eating together, which has been made something of a family fetish, she asserts: "A family unity which is only bound together with a tablecloth is of questionable value." Many, again, will rejoice over "that crowning imbecility of history, the banded opposition of some women to the advance of the others." It could scarcely have been better put. And those who think that Mrs. Gilman's ideas are "too modern" should turn to p. 221 and read there her description of a true home—the kind of home which it is her aim and ideal to make and preserve, not to abolish and destroy. Certainly this book should be missed by no student of human nature and of human growth.

E. M. M.

ANTARES ALMANAC, 1913. London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price 4d.

THE appearance of the second issue of this Almanac will be a matter of interest to all who are looking ahead of the drift of things and attempting to realize where the course of events is taking us. The Editor of this almanac has some prognostications on the ruling potentates. King George's star still shines brightly. The Queen and Dowager Queen have need to regard their personal health. The same remark applies to the Prince of Wales. The Czar of Russia has need of circumspection. Revolutionary activity is threatened. Military disaster is threatened by the star courses in the German Emperor's horoscope. The Crown Prince is warned of accidents. This does not exhaust the list of horoscopes dealt with, and to the royal horoscopes the editor has added those of all the chief members of the Government of this country. It may be some consolation to know that Mr. Redmond is doomed to disappointment. A large portion of the almanac is filled with an exposition of the Editor's discovery of forty-five new aspects which are applied to the horoscopes of the *Titanic* engineers. The birthday information contained in the almanac will prove of more general interest.

SCRUTATOR.

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A RALLY of the AMES TROOP SCOUTS will be held by Asst. Scout-Masters Baker and Henry early in December, when Mrs. Hugo Ames will deliver the prizes for the best Essay on the "Galahad" story, and give the Lantern Lecture on "King Arthur's Knights."

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8.15 p.m. Lecture by Mr. Foot Young. Subject: "The Dying Red."

December 11th. 3.30 p.m. Lecturette by Miss F. M. M. Russell, on Bulwer Lytton's Book "The Coming Race."

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8.15 p.m. Lecture by Madame St. Leonard. Subject: "My Psychic Experiences."

December 18th. **Social Christmas Social,** 4.10 p.m. Tea 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. Gallery Floor.

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