

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE is an old ghost story in which a man is supposed to awake to consciousness on the other side of the grave, and failing to realize the fact that he is no longer in the flesh he puts the question involuntarily to himself, "I wonder what o'clock it is." And a voice answers from beside him with the one word "Eternity." The moral of the story is obvious, but it is well to bear in mind that the spirit's reply to his inward questioning was, as a matter of fact, quite inaccurate. Time is an essential condition of thought, and without the conception of time we could not think out a single sentence either in this world or in the world to come. "Eternity, be thou my refuge," was the prayer engraved on the tomb of the Swiss philosopher who believed in nothingness, in no life beyond the present. And for him the phrase was appropriate enough. To think in terms of Eternity is to think in terms of the unthinkable. We can postulate Eternity as we postulate the Absolute or postulate the Unconditioned. But this is merely to say that living in a world where all truth is relative, we are bound to assume the con-

verse of relativity, the Unconditioned, the Unrelated. But to do this certainly brings us no nearer to a conception of what the Unconditioned may be, if indeed our logic leads us aright in accepting the assumption. We can only, then, think of Eternity in negative terms, and to think so is actually not to think of it at all—it is, in fact, to have no conception of it, and to admit as much. The admission in thought of any of the terms which we are accustomed to employ in our ordinary vocabulary at once becomes impossible. Such expressions as “time,” “space,” “being,” “not-being,” “positive,” “negative,” “good,” “evil,” and so on, have no relation to it.

In spite of this, owing to the hopeless confusion of human thought in reference to other worlds than the present, and other conditions than those familiar to us on the physical plane, it is the recognized thing to talk as if expressions only applicable to a philosophical hypothesis of which we can have no conception whatever are appropriately employed in speaking of the condition of those who have passed away from the present physical world to states which if they exist at all—and the world is coming every day to believe more and more in their existence—

LIMITS OF
HUMAN
THOUGHT.

are at all events likely to be more or less analogous to those prevailing here. There are, in fact, certain conditions—certain laws—under which alone the human ego, or indeed any other ego, can think and act. He is bound to assume the reality of time and space as a first condition of thinking and acting, and though we may logically disprove both one and the other as merely necessary illusions involved by the states of finite existence, their actuality still remains a fundamental axiom, the truth of which is inevitably assumed in every argument. As soon, however, as we come to treat of these fundamental conceptions as if they were definite and specific thought measurements, we at once realize that we are dealing not indeed with actual realities, but rather with modes of conception which, unless they are so regarded, will land us in endless contradictions and absurdities.

Take, for instance, as does Mr. Sydney T. Klein, author of *Science and the Infinite*,* in his most profound and informing volume, a comparison between the life of a human being and the life of an insect. The apparent duration of the conscious life depends upon our unit of perception. The human being can only perceive about six times per second. Were this unit of perception increased a thousandfold, as it probably is in the

* *Science and the Infinite*. By Sydney T. Klein. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C. 2s. 6d. net.

case of creatures of the insect world, our conscious lives would contain a thousand times more events and experiences than they do at present, and the duration of our lives, though actually as we may say, if measured by time, identical with what they now are, would actually in effect be a thousand times as long. The lifetime of an insect that lives but three or four weeks may then, to that insect's experience, be every whit as long as our own, assuming that its unit of perception is a thousand times greater than ours. It is, in short, purely a matter of relativity.

The phenomena of dreamland are doubtless susceptible of explanation on the assumption that the subconscious mind measures time by a different unit of perception than the normal self. We are all familiar with stories of people who have lived through a whole lifetime during a brief hour's sleep, even if we have not ourselves had some similar experiences. How can such experiences be possible? How can the experience of a drowning man who sees the incidents of a whole life portrayed in a few moments of time, be justified scientifically?

THE PHENOMENA OF DREAM-
LAND. Attempts have been made to explain away such phenomena on the basis of the assumption of illusions of memory, but I think there can be no reasonable doubt that we have the real clue before us. To multiply the unit of perception is to multiply the possibility of experiences in a certain given time. It is, in fact, to all intents and purposes, to multiply time itself. The evidence all points to the fact that the subconscious self has a far more rapid unit of perception than the conscious, and it is quite probable that in deep dream states this unit of perception may be indefinitely accelerated. An explanation of this kind provides a complete solution of all the phenomena recorded, and is entirely in agreement with our present scientific knowledge in so far as it can be utilized to interpret transcendental experiences.

Let us take another parallel instance which will show us that extension in space is just as illusory as duration in time. Here we will leave the author to give his illustration in his own words :—

If we cut off the very end of the point of the finest needle, we get so minute a particle of steel that it is hardly visible to the naked eye, and yet we know that that small speck contains not only millions but millions of millions of what are called atoms, all in intense motion and never touching each other. Try and conceive how small each of these atoms must be, and then try and grasp the fact, only lately proved by the discovery of Radio-activity, that each of these atoms is a great family made up of bodies analogous to the planets of our solar system and whose rate

of motion is comparable only to that of Light. This is not theory, it is fact clearly demonstrated to us by the study of Radio-activity. Curiously enough, we know more about these bodies than we do of the atom itself, we actually know their size and weight and the speed with which they move. We do not yet know what is at the centre of this system, but we do know that each of these bodies is as far away from the centre as our planet is from the sun (93,000,000 miles), and as far from its neighbours as our planet is, *relatively to its size*. And now, for the purpose of grasping this subject of relativity, I want you to ask yourself whether it is conceivable that a world, so small as those bodies are, could possibly be inhabited by sentient beings? Leaving you to form your own conclusion upon this point, I will ask you to follow me down another path leading to the elucidation of the same subject.

If at this moment we and all our surroundings were reduced to half their size and everything were moving twice as quickly, we should absolutely have no cognizance of any change, neither could we possibly note any difference if everything were reduced to a hundredth part of the original size and were going a hundred times quicker; and even when reduced a thousand or a million times, or to such minuteness that the whole of our solar system with its revolving planets became no larger than one of those atoms in the needle point, and the whole of the starry universe therefore reduced to the size of the needle point, its millions of suns coinciding with the millions of planetary systems in that steel particle—our earth would still revolve round the sun, though no larger than one of those minute planetary particles and travelling at the rate of light, but we should still have no knowledge of any change, in fact, our life would go on as usual, though it was difficult a few minutes ago to think it conceivable that so small a globe could be inhabited by sentient beings.

An ingenious illustration of the methods by which our senses are liable to be tricked forms the basis of a striking work of the imagination, by Camille Flammarion.* The hero acquires abnormal psychic powers, by means of which he visits a distant star, the inhabitants of which are endowed with a form of eyesight which enables them to focus scenes at infinite distances through the exercise of the power of concentration. They are thus able by concentrating their attention upon the earth to visualize scenes on this planet, and the inhabitants are horrified to witness, seventy years after they took place, the tragedies of the French Revolution. They fail to realize that what they witness as actually occurring is already a matter of history, and that all the actors in those awful scenes are already among the dead, and they accordingly appeal to their gods to put a stop to the terrible carnage. The scientific basis of the idea rests of course upon the fact that light travels 186,000 miles a second, and that, this being the case, the light ray cannot reach

FLAM-
MARION'S
ILLUSTRATION.

* *Urania*. By Camille Flammarion.

the nearest fixed star from our own globe in less than several years' time. There are, in fact, only fifteen stars that can be so reached in the course of sixteen years. A somewhat similar conception is utilized in Mdme Jean Delaire's novel *Around a Distant Star*.* The point, however, may be raised as to how far the ray of light bearing the picture of the event perceived might travel through space without exhaustion or dissipation. This point is one on which I should be glad of expert opinion.

We see, then, where time and space are concerned, if we take such conceptions as concrete realities, that there is no limit to the extent of the illusions of which we may become the victims. Our liability to deception is, however, not limited to these two necessary conditions of human thought. We are equally imposed upon if we take literally such conceptions as solidity, or to define it more exactly, continuity of sensation. The last instance cited, looked at from another point of view, will serve as illustration in this case also.

Then again, owing to the limitations of our perception, much is obliterated to our consciousness, both in the worlds of sight and of sound. As, on the one hand, as shown above, we are unable to perceive events which are taking place beyond a certain quickness, as they become blurred, and give the impression of continuity (the ordinary moving picture show will serve further to illustrate this idea), on the other hand there are many motions so slow that it is equally impossible for us to follow them, as, for instance, the growth of a tree or the motion of the hour hand of a watch.

Then, again, there is much that our visual organ fails to sense at all. We appreciate the series of colours which we designate the solar spectrum, commencing with red at the one end and terminating with violet at the other, but beyond the violet rays and the red rays there are doubtless other colours which we do not recognize, simply because our optic nerve is not adapted to sense them. The photographic plate, again, reveals to us innumerable stars in the firmament which are quite invisible to the naked eye, even if it does not unveil to us, as some maintain, secrets of the life after death as well.

As our perceptions are strictly limited in the matter of sight, so also are they with regard to sound. We cannot follow separate sounds if they occur quicker than sixteen in a second. Beyond this, as in the case of sight, we get the impression of continuity.

* *Around a Distant Star*. By Madame Jean Delaire. London: John Long.

All these instances serve merely as arguments to show the general illusoriness of the impressions created upon our senses by apparent phenomena, and bring home to our minds the fact that what seem to us the most indisputable and concrete of realities, are dependent not on their own intrinsic reality for the form which they present to our consciousness, but vary infinitely and indefinitely according to the greater or lesser sensibility of the percipient. The same object as seen by one individual or another is the same object no longer, and if there is diversity in an object seen as between man and man, how much greater is this diversity when the comparison lies between man and animal or man and insect ! These illustrations, based on the evidence of science, in proving to us the illusory character of the phenomena of everyday life, serve to draw our attention to the fact that in the phenomena which we observe we are merely conscious of indications of a Reality that transcends these phenomena, and that we are nowhere in touch with that Reality itself. If we appreciate this we shall understand that the Real can never be localized either in time or space, and that what is eternal lies outside all limitations of thought or sense perception.

As the author of *Science and the Infinite* is at pains to make clear, the first step towards getting an understanding of the realities underlying the phenomena of nature is to recognize that it is not we who are looking out upon nature, but that it is the Reality which is ever trying to enter into and come in touch with us through our senses, and is persistently endeavouring to waken within us a knowledge of the truth. This underlying Reality, being unable to communicate with us directly, makes use of a whole universe of symbols and emblems which it is the business of mankind to interpret to themselves in terms of their own consciousness. In this work of interpretation the human race in the earlier stages of its growth must needs take the symbols in lieu of the Reality, and confound the written word with the thing signified, just as the primitive barbarian confounds the graven image with the god whose representation it is. The average man, indeed, still continues to accept the symbol as the Reality, and would, I am afraid, ridicule the rather abstruse metaphysics of the present article, which seeks to show that the thing symbolized is merely making efforts to get in touch with the percipient by means of the simplest and most primitive methods of the nursery-book of the human race.

ILLUSORI-
NESS OF
THE SENSES.

MANKIND
INTER-
PRETERS OF
SYMBOLS.

HAUNTED CHURCHES

BY ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, Author of "Byways of Ghostland," "Sorcery Club," "Werwolves," etc., etc.

WHEN one reflects upon the number of people one meets who lead almost entirely animal lives, can one wonder that so many cemeteries and churchyards are haunted! It was once popularly supposed that only the spirits of suicides and murderers were earthbound, but that idea has long been exploded, and it is now recognized by all who have given the subject any earnest reflection at all, that the bulk of hauntings when not due to elementals are caused by the earthbound phantoms of the extremely sensual or even the merely intensely material. The spirits of such people would appear to be attached to the material world they loved through the medium of their bodies, articles of clothing, or any personal effects which act as magnets, and to be either loosened from it and transferred to some other sphere, or maybe annihilated altogether—no one knows—the moment such remains and effects are cremated or otherwise equally obliterated.

This being so, these phantoms would divide their visits between the places containing the objects of attraction, haunting most frequently that spot to which they were most strongly magnetized, in the majority of cases the spot containing their bodies or skeletons, usually a churchyard or cemetery. And as it is so often but a step from the grave to the chancel, a reason may thus be supplied for some, at least, of the occult happenings that are commonly reported as taking place in churches. The cessation of hauntings do not, however, always depend on the destruction of articles; on the contrary, they are not infrequently dependent on their careful preservation and return to the rightful owners, when those owners are either alive or, as it more often, perhaps, happens, dead. Here is a case in point:—

Ratherby Church until quite recently was haunted by an old lady with a poke bonnet and violet petticoat. The Vicar, the Rev. C. Bodkin, was inveigled one day into confessing that he had seen the apparition on at least three occasions. The first occurrence was as follows: Entering alone into the Vestry one August evening, hot and weary, he sat down, and taking off his boots, which, being new, had blistered him badly, he was preparing

to put on a pair of somewhat antiquated "elastic sides" which he kept there, when, to his surprise, he saw standing in front of him a little old lady with a big poke bonnet and a violet silk petticoat. As the bonnet covered the upper part of her face, which she kept rather bent down, and the sunlight was fast fading, the Vicar could not distinguish any of her features saving the chin, which was very prominent, but from her clothes he saw that she did not belong to the parish and accordingly concluded she was a stranger. He felt annoyed that she should have entered without knocking, more especially as he was not in the mood to be disturbed. However, trying to appear as courteous as possible, he hurriedly slipped on his old pair of boots, and rising to his feet exclaimed, "What can I do for you, madam?" There was no reply—only a silence which at once impressed him as being singularly emphatic, if not awe-inspiring. He repeated his question, this time, he admits, not quite so politely: whereupon the old lady slightly lifted her gown, and with a naïve gesture, pointed at her feet.

The Vicar, who, no doubt, despite his vocation, was human enough to admire a pretty ankle, following with his eyes the direction indicated, perceived with astonishment she only had on one shoe—a remarkably small patent leather one with a large, highly polished silver buckle. On her other foot was a violet stocking, nothing more.

"Good gracious, madam," he ejaculated, "you will catch your death of cold. Pray be seated here whilst I go and find your shoe. Where do you think you dropped it?"

He took a step towards her as he spoke, with the idea of helping her into a chair, and his hand was actually within reach of her arm, when she suddenly vanished, and there was nothing in front of him but a bare wall. He was then frightened, for he could not persuade himself that what he had seen was merely an hallucination, and without waiting to complete his toilet, he went into the churchyard and waited there till the arrival of the sexton.

Ten days later he saw the same phantasm again. The *rencontre* took place this time during the evening service. The congregation were kneeling down and the Vicar was about to begin the collect when some one laughed, a very malicious and highly disrespectful he-he-he! The Vicar, shocked beyond his senses, instantly stopped, and glancing furiously in the direction of the noise, was on the verge of ordering the offender to quit the Church, when his jaw fell. Looking up at him from almost beneath his very nose were a pair of pale, wide open, luminous eyes, full of an expression of malevolent quizzical coyness, that at once sent his

thoughts back to certain queens of the *demi-monde* he used to see, surreptitiously parading the streets, in Cambridge, thirty years ago. They made him so hot and cold all over, he was horribly ashamed—ashamed that his, or as a matter of fact any other church, could hold such things. They must be removed with the utmost precipitation—immediately.

He tried to speak—to tell her to go, but found himself spell-bound, hopelessly fascinated. His throat was parched, his mouth all tongue, he could not articulate a syllable, and all the while he was striving his utmost to overcome this condition of helplessness, the eyes kept continually leering at him. As for the rest of the face, it was that of an old, a very old, woman with obviously dyed hair arranged coquettishly in tiny yellow curls on either side of a low, straight forehead. She had neat, regular features, a trifle aquiline perhaps; with a chin that although rather too pronounced now—the inevitable effects of old age—might well have been once full of soft dimples, and beautifully rounded. The teeth even, pearly and glittering, struck the Vicar as far too perfect to be anything but false, though on that score he had no grounds for complaint, as he was in the same plight himself, having long since parted with his own molars, a fact which, however much he tried to persuade himself to the contrary, was the common knowledge of every one in the parish. The figure wore a rich cream-coloured cashmere shawl, from between the folds of which he could catch the gleam of silver buttons and mauve silk; and although the rest of her was hidden by the pew, he knew her at once to be the unknown stranger who had vanished so inexplicably. As he stared she got up, and, leaving the pew, commenced gliding towards him, holding her violet skirt high above her ankles, and pointing significantly at her tiny feet, one of which was encased in a glittering buckle shoe and the other merely in a stocking. The Vicar's heart almost ceased to beat, his eyes swam, his knees shook. God help him, in another second she would be in the pulpit!!

In the frenzy of despair he burst the paralytic bonds that had so effectually held him, and stooping down picked up a box of matches and threw it at the old lady. She instantly vanished. Then the reaction set in. Relief brought hysterics, and in a state of utter collapse the worthy Vicar lolled against the ledge of the pulpit and began to laugh and cry alternately. He was promptly escorted home by a half dozen sympathetic, if somewhat—at least so his wife thought—over-zealous ladies, and the congregation, who it transpired had seen nothing of the phantom, attri-

buted his behaviour to an unlimited variety of popular ailments.

The third encounter with the ghost occurred about a year after this incident. It was on St. Martin's Eve, and the Vicar was preparing to leave the church for the cheerier precincts of the vicarage, where a substantial supper was awaiting him, when a current of icy air suddenly blew into his face, and he found himself confronted by the dreaded figure of the old lady. The enveloping gloom, for there was no other light in the church save that proceeding from the candle the Vicar carried, intensified the lurid glow emanating from the phantom and made it stand out with horrible distinctness. Each line, each feature, were magnified with a vividness that is indescribable, the *ultima thule* of horroddom being attained in the eyes, which, paler and larger even than before, scowled at the Vicar in the most diabolical fashion. Paralysed with the suddenness of the vision, the Vicar felt all the strength die out of his limbs; his blood congealed, his hair rose on end. Nor were his feelings in any way mollified when the figure stretched out a long and bony forefinger, and shook it angrily at the floor. The Vicar looked down, and be it to his everlasting credit, blushed—he admitted as much to me afterwards—for whilst there was the same gaudy, shameless buckled shoe on the one foot—on the other there was simply nothing—not even half a stocking. And the abandoned phantom laughed—a laugh that set every stone and rafter in the great, gaunt building resonating. When the Vicar looked up again the figure had disappeared. This was the climax. Sooner than run the risk of incurring another such indignity, the Vicar declared his intention of leaving. One of his most ardent devotees heard of the matter, and in mad desperation wrote to me. Candidly, I never refuse ladies. I am an advocate not merely of woman's suffrage, but of woman's participation in everything. I daily visit a lady barber's, and think there ought to be lady soldiers, sailors, Members of Parliament, dentists, coal-heavers, gutter-rakers and sanitary inspectors.

I went to Rathaby, and although my vigils in the church for three consecutive nights were productive of no ghostly result, the atmosphere of the place struck me as so conducive to occult phenomena that I was quite ready to believe that what the Vicar had seen was subjective and not hallucinatory. Consequently I made vigorous inquiries in the neighbourhood, and at length elicited the information that some forty years before an old lady corresponding to the phantom in the violet petticoat had stayed

for the summer in a farmhouse about three miles from Rathaby. Rambling about one morning on the lonely hillsides, she had fallen into a disused quarry and broken her neck.

"I remember quite well," my informant went on to say, "that when I helped raise her body she had on only one shoe—a shining leather thing with a bright buckle. We could not find the other anywhere and concluded it had got wedged into some crevice. Her relatives—a nephew and niece—were at once sent for, and at their directions, the old lady was buried in the Rathaby Churchyard in the exact clothes she wore at the time of her death."

This is all the information I was able to extract from this individual. Another person—a septuagenarian ex-blacksmith—afforded me a great sensation. Leading me upstairs into a tiny bedroom not much bigger than a bathing machine, he approached a worm-eaten chest of drawers, opened it cautiously, and beckoning to me in a very mysterious manner, pointed to an object that lay in one corner. It was a small patent leather shoe with a large silver buckle and Louis heels. A more rakish-looking affair I had never set eyes on.

"I found that," he said in a hoarse whisper, "in the quarry where the old lady broke her neck. It had got wedged into a hole. You may have it for a trifle."

I gave him five shillings and brought away the giddy article.

My next step was to find the grave of the old lady, in order that the missing shoe, which I suspected was the origin of the haunting, might be returned to the rightful owner. But here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The Vicar foolishly declared he could not sanction the opening of the coffin without permission of the old lady's relatives. As this permission could not be obtained, for the simple reason that the relatives were not traceable, all further investigations ceased, and I came away highly incensed.

The third night after my return home, between 2 and 3 a.m., there was a violent knocking at my bedroom door and on opening it—very reluctantly, I admit—to see who was there, I perceived a shadow on the moonlit wall opposite—the shadow of an old lady with a poke bonnet. For some seconds I stood and watched it anxiously. Then I fetched the shoe and gently threw it at the spectre. It vanished, but from along the passage, down the narrow winding staircase, and from the hall beyond there came the clearly unmistakable tappings—the sharp resounding tap-tap-tap of a fast, a joyfully fast, receding PAIR of Louis heels. The front door slammed—a neighbour's dog howled—a church clock sonorously thundered two—and all was still. From that

cc

night, neither in my house nor in Rathaby, has the ghost been seen again.

I think I have referred elsewhere—in *Ghostly Phenomena* (published by Werner Laurie)—to the former haunting of the Churchyard at Guilsborough by the apparition of an old woman in a red cloak, who was constantly seen by the villagers in the daytime sitting on the churchyard wall. I gleaned this information from some one in the parish who distinctly recollected seeing the phantom. She was, she explained, in the company of a number of other children, all of whom saw the figure too, and far from being frightened at it, used to call it by some funny nickname, and after gazing at it attentively for some minutes, used to "shoo" at it, and enjoy the thrill of seeing it suddenly vanish.

Two ladies I met the other day at a Club in Hay Hill, informed me that on several occasions they had seen a ghost in St. Marmaduke's, Leeds.

"It always happened during the sermon," they said, "almost as soon as the lights were turned low. The pew we occupied was in the left aisle, not very far from the pulpit, from which it was partially hidden by a pillar. The manifestations, always precluded by a feeling of intense cold and fear, took the form of an extraordinarily tall young man—quite six feet ten, who, with his back turned towards us, stood leaning lazily against the pillar. After remaining in this position some minutes, during which time we had ample opportunity to assure ourselves it was no hallucination, he used to turn round and look at us. And what we saw struck terror into our souls—indeed, it is almost indescribable. His complexion, of a dazzling whiteness, seemed to be composed of a mass of vibrating molecules; his features were remarkable, inasmuch as the nose was very curved, the mouth the merest line, the chin deeply cleft in the middle, the ears pointed. The head rose to a point, there was an abnormal width between the eyes, which were greenish-blue, obliquely set, and full of a malignancy for which we can find no name—it was more like that one sees in the light eyes of the leopard than anything else we can think of, and could surely only have originated in Hell. On observing our terror, the whole face suffused with fiendish glee and the young man sidled noiselessly towards us, but always, by a merciful providence, stopped within a few feet from us, and, on one of us fainting or making an exclamation suddenly vanished. We mentioned the matter to one of the Churchwardens and to the verger. The former pooh-poohed the story, saying it was merely fancy, but rather gave himself away by adding he

sincerely hoped we would not speak about the matter to the Vicar, much less his wife. The verger reluctantly acknowledged he had often seen the same phenomenon, but begged us not to tell any one, as he might lose his place. Accordingly, we said nothing—not at the time, at any rate.”

This is the gist of what the ladies told me. The Church is, so I understand, still haunted, and apparently there is no solution to the mystery. The ghost may of course have been either the phantom of some one formerly connected either with the preacher or the place (phantoms of the dead are often of monstrous stature), or an elemental (I dislike the term elemental, it is too theosophical—and wish I could find a more appropriate one), attracted to the spot either by the bodies interred in or near the premises, or even—remote as the possibility may seem—by incongruously carnal thoughts from time to time engendered there by members of the congregation. The presence of elementals is not attributable to one cause but to legions.

A Hackenthorpe Church was once the scene of a curious outburst of ghostly occurrences. The squire of the village—I will call him Richard Leigh—had a brother Ralph, who, for some unknown reason, formed a bitter hatred for Mrs. Richard Leigh, which that good lady fully reciprocated. Indeed, so strong was the antipathy these two bore each other, that Ralph Leigh never came within twenty miles of Hackenthorpe, and it was not until Mrs. Richard Leigh and her daughter were both dead—they died within six weeks of each other—that the brothers once again met. Ralph Leigh then took up his abode at Hackenthorpe Hall, where he remained for two years, when he was taken suddenly ill and died, beseeching his brother with his last breath not to bury him anywhere near Mrs. Richard Leigh or her daughter.

“If you do,” he added, “I shall never rest. That woman was accursed.”

Of course the Squire ought to have respected this request, but he was painfully material, and only smiled.

“It was only a whim,” he argued. “What can it matter to Ralph where he is buried? I am sure I shan’t care where they put me.”

Accordingly, he had the coffin with Ralph in it placed in the vault containing the coffins of Mrs. Richard Leigh and her daughter. The three coffins were within a few feet of one another.

That night those passing the church were alarmed at hearing the most appalling shrieks and oaths proceeding from the interior of the building. They quickly informed others of what was

happening, and before very long the whole village was collected in the churchyard listening. Some one told the Squire, and with an expression on his face in which fear, anger and incredulity struggled for mastery, he, too, joined the throng.

"It's some one playing the fool, of course," he ejaculated, as he took up his stand on the gravel path. "Ah!"

The shrieks were just then renewed and they were so awful, so full of a harrowing something, utterly unlike anything he had ever heard before, ever even conceived in his most grizzly nightmares, that his feelings at once found vent in the spontaneous exclamation, "That's nothing human!"

The effect on the crowd was such that no one cared to move away from the rest, but all stood huddled close together, like some great flock of silent, shivering sheep. Again the cries, again the hoarse and hideous oaths, which though intermingled and partially obliterating one another, and developing into a regular jargon of shrill and harsh keys, nevertheless bore sufficient resemblance to the tones of the late Mrs. Richard Leigh, her daughter, and Ralph Leigh, to make the Squire believe they actually were their voices—their voices, that is, after they had undergone some strange, unaccountable, superphysical metamorphosis.

As one might have expected, Richard Leigh's thoughts at once reverted to the dying request of his brother, and impelled partly by penitence at not having acquiesced in Ralph's wish, and partly by curiosity, he yielded to the suggestion of those around him, and gave orders for the family vault to be opened. This was immediately done, and the first sight that greeted the eyes of those that entered was the coffin of Ralph Leigh standing upright at one end of the vault, whilst at the other, as far away as possible, were the coffins of Mrs. Richard Leigh and her daughter, the latter lying crossways on the former. Though this spectacle convinced all that beheld it that it was entirely due to superphysical agency—whence the ghastly noises—the Squire, too proud to appear superstitious before the simple villagers, commanded the coffins to be restored to their original positions and the vault to be bricked up.

The following night the disturbances were repeated, and on the vault being opened, the coffins were found disarranged as before. Still the Squire stubbornly refused to make any alteration, and it was not until the vault was broken open the third time and the coffins were once again discovered to have been molested, that the Squire had the vault divided into parts by a stone wall, and in one of the divisions thus formed, consigned the remains of his

brother, and in the others those of his wife and daughter. When this was done, there were no further manifestations.

Another case, and this time one in which phantoms of the dead certainly play no part. For a long while a Church in Yorkshire—I will call it Northington—was haunted by a ghost of the most repulsive order. Happening to pass through the churchyard one bright, moonlight night, a postman of the name of Mullins saw, issuing from the newly-made grave of a man called Peters, a large white object that wriggled in and out like a huge worm. For a moment he was too dumbfounded to do anything, and stood staring at it, immeasurably perplexed as to what it could possibly be. Then, urged on by a fascination he could not resist, he advanced a few paces. To his inconceivable horror the thing was a maggot—a monstrous maggot, from the inside of which emanated a glow like the very magnified glow of a prodigious glow-worm. He looked at its head—pulpy, pointed, poisonous, and saw two large and long light eyes, fashioned after the shape of those of a human being, and filled with an expression so insatiably cruel and vindictive that his blood congealed in his veins as he gazed at them. The body of the thing was “ringed,” and from all over it issued a saliva-like fluid which marked its wake as it glided forward.

Though filled with dread lest it should turn round and discover him, he could not resist following it, and keeping some ten or twelve yards in its rear, he dogged it stealthily. In and out the tombstones it went, across first one path and then another, until it reached the confines of the churchyard, when, to the postman's consternation, it passed through the gate leading into the vicarage, and vanished from sight altogether on the threshold of the front door. The postman then went home, his flesh creeping horribly, and did not feel at all safe till he was well within the sheets with two stout doors between himself and the road.

He told his wife and his greatest friend what he had seen, but no one else, and on the following night, in company with them both, visited the churchyard, when all three witnessed the same phenomenon. The ensuing day the Vicar, his wife and child were all seized with violent vomiting, which the local doctor attributed to ptomaine poisoning, and died. On the fourth night, the postman, accompanied by the same people, again went to the churchyard and tracked the phantom to the house of the village blacksmith, who within the next twenty-four hours was taken ill with the same symptoms, and also died. Several nights then passed quite uneventfully, and the postman and his companions were

coming to the conclusion that the thing would not be seen again, when, on the tenth night after its first appearance, they again beheld it, and to their unmitigated horror saw it enter the postman's own house. The succeeding day the postman's only child, a boy of five, was seized with sickness and died in less than an hour.

The postman then took the law in his own hands, and without consulting the temporary Vicar, who did not reside in the village and consequently took little or no interest in the Church, went to the churchyard in the dead of night, when no one was about, and dug up the grave from which the phantom appeared to originate. The coffin was intact, but on opening it, the postman fainted—the face of the corpse within was no longer that of a human being but of a devil—a devil that leered at him. On coming to his senses the postman, aided by his wife, carried the coffin and its contents to a neighbouring field, and after saturating it thoroughly with paraffin, cremated it. Then they stole back to the churchyard and filled in the grave. They visited the churchyard the next night, but nothing happened, nor did they ever again behold the phantom.

It must be added that the man whose body they burned, was well known to have been on very bad terms with the Vicar, who had constantly rebuked him for drunkenness, and with the blacksmith, who had recently put him in the County Court for not paying his rent; but the postman could not understand why the man should have had any grievance against him, though they had often had heated arguments on religion and politics.

In Glamorganshire there is a church that is haunted on one night of the year only. A tourist of the name of Marsden was recently tramping along a mountain road on the evening of November 23, when he was overtaken by a storm of such a cyclonic nature that, drenched to the skin and scarcely able to keep his feet, he was obliged to take shelter under a hedge. This, however, affording him little protection, he staggered on, until espying what he took to be a light proceeding from a cottage window some hundred or so yards away on his right, he immediately struck out for it, and in a few minutes found himself face to face with the bare, grey, inhospitable-looking walls of a church—no other building was in sight. Entering the edifice, the belated traveller discovered a service was going on—the clergyman was praying and about twenty people, scattered about in the body of the church, were kneeling. Under the circumstances the traveller, though by no means irreligiously inclined, would have preferred to find himself in an inn, where he could have minimized

the risks of catching cold by imbibing a glass of hot Johnny Walker. As it was, feeling miserably cold and wet, he had willy-nilly to kneel down, and with the rain trickling down his spine and squishing on his boots, he prayed, not as the others around him were doing, for forgiveness of their sins, but for preservation against an infernally bad attack of rheumatism.

On the commencement of the sermon, the lights were turned low, and a curious eerie feeling, such as he never remembered experiencing before, stole over the traveller. It seemed to him that the lights had acted as a sort of protection against a horrid, malignant influence which, attached to the dismal and deserted countryside without, had now entered. Half expecting to see something, he looked timidly round, but nothing uncanny met his eyes save certain phantastic shadows that flickered to and fro on the bare walls and floor, and which certainly had no material counterpart in any of the objects about them. He was still staring over his shoulder, endeavouring to probe into the darkness that enveloped the furthestmost nooks and corners of the building, when his heart gave a great jump. Stealing surreptitiously through the closed doorway came a tall hooded figure swathed all over in black sheet-like drapery that clung tightly around it. Moving forward with a "stalking" motion, it noiselessly passed him, and entering a pew a little to his left, extended a very long arm and touched a lady on the shoulder. The lady looked round and the traveller will never forget the awful expression of terror in her face as her eyes encountered the object behind her. She appeared too overcome to make any exclamation, but simply fell forward, head downwards, in a state of collapse. The figure then left the pew and, entering that of an old man, performed the same act, but with a different result: the old man merely shivered and drew his coat closer round him. Apparently he saw nothing.

The figure now retraced its steps, and as it stalked down the aisle, turned its head towards the traveller. The latter cannot actually describe what he saw. To do that he declares is utterly beyond him. He can only say that the face, or as much as he could see of it under the hood, was nothing human. It was more like that of some horrid animal half-pig and half-tiger—illuminated from within with a strong lurid glow—particularly perceptible in the eyes, which were the very incarnation of everything cruel and devilish. The shock of seeing it was so great that for some minutes after it had left the church he remained glued to his seat, stunned and petrified, his heart pulsating with irregular sickly throbs; and he was so terrified at the idea of fac-

ing the darkness outside alone again, that he interviewed the clergyman directly the service was over, and telling him what he had witnessed, asked if he might walk with him to the village.

The clergyman, who had listened to him in silence, readily acquiesced, and as they walked along together, asked the traveller if he would mind describing again, as accurately as he could, the two people whom the phantom had touched.

"I am not surprised at its being Owen Ap Morgan," he exclaimed on the traveller concluding his description, "because he's been ailing for some time, but Mrs. Llewellyn—there's nothing the matter with her now. God forbid it won't be an accident or anything very sudden."

"Was it a phantom of death that I saw?" the traveller queried.

"Yes," the Vicar said slowly, "it is something—Heaven alone knows what—that always appears in my church on this night every year, and touches those people who are destined to die before the last day in December. Some see it, some do not. Fortunately for me, I am one of the latter, but I am always truly thankful when this night is over."

"Does it never err?" the traveller asked.

"I have never known it to," was the reply, "though I would give much if it would do so on this occasion, as Mrs. Llewellyn is the best Churchwoman in the parish."

At the beginning of the succeeding new year the traveller wrote to the clergyman asking him if the premonitions had been fulfilled, and the reply was "Yes! Mr. Owen Ap Morgan died of pneumonia on December 1, and Mrs. Llewellyn from the effects of falling down a flight of stone steps on December 30."

The traveller was so impressed that he consulted a professional occultist in Bond Street, who, after listening to the story, remarked with an air of exaggerated earnestness, "But of course you know it might all have been prevented. Had the apparition been boldly intercepted nothing would have happened." He then proceeded to give the traveller instructions as to the laying of the ghost, adding, with a delightful air of ingenuousness—

"It is really quite simple—all you require is confidence in your own powers—such as I possess—but there, one cannot expect you to acquire that until you have had MY experience. I have LIVED on the Astral Plane for the last twenty years, and literally do not know what fear is."

"I wonder why," the traveller observed thoughtfully, "there are any haunted houses left when such men as you exist."

The professional murmured something about "modesty and hiding one's light beneath a bushel," and the traveller came away marvelling.

The evening of the ensuing November 23 saw him once again in the haunted church, resolved at all costs to intercept the phantom. He sat in the same part of the church as before, and in sickly anticipation awaited the advent of the Horror.

It put in its appearance just as it had done on the previous occasion, i.e., directly after the sermon had commenced, and, entering the middle aisle, began to glide stealthily up the church. Screwing up his courage, the traveller waited till the eerie thing was almost abreast with him, and then, stepping out of his pew, placed himself desperately in its way. The thing shot forward, there was a wild cry of agony, a heavy thud, and the service came to an abrupt end. Both the rector and verger, as well as several members of the congregation, rushed to the spot where the traveller was lying, but on turning him over and feeling his heart, they discovered he was dead. It subsequently transpired that he had been suffering from heart trouble for a long time, so that it was publicly given out that he had died from ordinary syncope, which was, in a way, perfectly correct, though in my opinion it is more than probable the shock of an immediate encounter with any kind of elemental phantom—such as the one in this instance—would kill a man of a tolerably, if not wholly, sound constitution.

Stories were at one time circulated to the effect that the Galleries at Gloucester Cathedral were notorious for more than "whisperings," and that on certain nights in the year the apparition of a nun, wringing her hands, as if in great trouble, had been seen gliding about in and out the stone columns.

Canterbury Cathedral is reputed to be even now haunted by the ghost of Thomas à Becket, that appears amidst sepulchral groaning with the blood pouring down his face, whilst of the grim occult happenings in St. Paul's there are endless versions.

The moral of all this is that holy surroundings do not any more generate holy things than do good parents necessarily generate pious children, and that if we wish to look for devils or their counterparts, we shall find them almost as readily in a church as in a pot-house or theatre.

A DAUGHTER OF DESIRE

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

WE are living in an age when "God fulfils Himself in many ways," and if some of them are the old ways, under honoured sanctions of the past, it is for us to recognize the fulfilment wherever we meet with it, in a true catholicism of the heart. Assuredly there are many witnesses to the great truths, and if there were several centuries of this western world of ours when the testimony to the life of life was uttered only from within monastic walls, we should feel no sense of astonishment that there are witnesses still within them. If we have found on our own part that there are many paths which may lead to the centre, those which were travelled of yore by innumerable sons and daughters of Divine Doctrine are not for that reason to be held as henceforth of no service in respect of the end proposed. I am speaking, of course, to those who realize—in whatever measure—that there is a life of the soul possible on earth by the following of which it can enter into the experience of God dwelling within the soul. It is more than probable that their understanding of the kind of life is remote from that of asceticism; in the ordinary meaning of the word I hold no brief for its defence as the best way at the present epoch of the world, much less as the only way; but I have before me the memorial of one * whose name is filling at this moment the whole world of Latin Catholicism, the episcopal process of whose beatification was closed in 1911, is now in the hands of the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome and will be followed by the Apostolic or Roman Process, the result of which is probably regarded as certain by thousands of devoted hearts. Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was born on January 2, 1873, and she died of consumption on Thursday, September 30, 1897, in her twenty-fifth year. She is, therefore, in the plenary sense of the term a contemporary instance of that which is represented by her life, the external particulars

* *Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus: a new and complete translation of L'Histoire d'une Ame. . . .* Edited by T. N. Taylor, Priest of the Archdiocese of Glasgow, Witness before the Tribunal of the Beatification. Demy 8vo, pp. xiii., 429. London: Burns & Oates. Price 6s. net. The illustrations in this article are reproduced from the volume by kind permission of the publishers.

of which, for the purpose of this brief notice, can be given in a few words. She was a child of profoundly religious parents and bearing from her tenderest years all signs, characters and seals of an uncommon election, she had leave—after much



THÉRÈSE WITH HER MOTHER.

difficulty, involving appeals to the Bishop of Bayeux and Pope Leo XIII himself—to enter the Carmelite Convent of Lisieux at the age of fifteen. This was on April 9, 1889; in conventual language, her “clothing day” was on January 10 of the year following, and she was “professed” on September 8, 1890.

It was not long before the charge of the novices passed into her youthful hands. The life and the spirit have naturally evaporated in this bald recital, nor can I say that the book itself conveys more than an intimation of the influence which she exercised within the "Carmel" walls of her dedication. It is rich, however, beyond words in other and more essential respects. It contains in the first place her own "story of my soul," and this memorial is of permanent and living value. It is followed by an account of her death by the Prioress of the Carmel, extracts from her correspondence and certain other writings. Most of the remaining pages are concerned with events after her death which have made her name something like a household word throughout the Roman Catholic world.

Now, it is out of the simple and general matters of fact so far related that the two main points of our concern arise; one is the manner in which *Sœur Thérèse* appeals to the mystics, while the other is her alleged connection with extraordinary phenomena which are here and now among us. In respect of the first, her rule of life was the perfect and zealous pursuit of the severe regimen prescribed by the Carmelite Order, and she raised it in her own case far beyond the ordinary formal degrees. Whether we like it or not, the lesson which her story conveys is the quality, depth and extent of the graces which remains in the ascetic path for those who are still called to follow it. I speak as a Christian mystic and as an apostle of the other ways, believing that she might have reached her term otherwise, yet recognizing her particular fitness for that state in which the Divine called her. I need not add that such practices are of themselves nothing; it is the motive which makes them aids. Her secret from the beginning was the all-secret of love, and this is why I have called her—in the words of Richard Crashaw—a "daughter of desire." It was in virtue of love that she could say that "days of earth become days of Heaven." She spoke also of "the delicious fruits of perfect love and of complete abandonment to the Divine will." With her it was loving union in the mode of the purified mind. She was spared for the most part the "visions" and "lovutions." It must be said also that her experience was rather by the way of faith in the childlike spirit than by mystical realization understood in the sense of the mystics, and this notwithstanding that she found high lights in the works of St. John of the Cross. Her first reception of the Eucharist was the great turning-point in her story, and this is why I have chosen her portrait on that day

as one of the illustrations to this article. One cannot help feeling that there are many beautiful and sacramental signs which cover the same holy, deep and mysterious things, and yet, amidst all, there is not less the convinced sense that there



THÉRÈSE AS SHE APPEARED AT HER FIRST COMMUNION.

is no mode practised in the external religions which so helps towards realization of the Divine inwardly as the Eucharistic rite of the Latin Church. On the day of her First Communion "all the joy of Heaven" came down into the heart of Thérèse

and Heaven itself dwelt in her soul. The beginning thus made was continued to the end with ever-growing frequency and fervour. It was doubtless thereby and therein that she was truly in touch with the infinite and had the gift of being lost therein. So also her story is one of stages in "the science of love"—an expression of B. Margaret Mary Alacoque. Thérèse reached the fulness of the state of love on June 9, 1895, and so found that her vocation was love simply. But that was a question of consciousness, for this had been her call from the beginning; and hereto was due her valiant chivalry of aspiration, by virtue of which she dared, even as a child, to be a saint in resolve, dared to believe that she was "born for great things," said to herself ever and continually: "I shall be a great saint." Yet the valiance was one of all humility—in virtue of the vesture of Christ. So also she was catholic in the best sense, in the encompassing sense of love. The whole of the Christian world, that world which she could enfold with love in her consciousness, became to her a garden of the soul and a "living garden" of the Lord. Though she called herself only "a little flower," she reminds one rather of that lady, "the wonder of her kind," who tended "from morn to even" a certain paradise known to the poet Shelley. Thérèse nourished her garden with her love, watered it with her prayers, offered up her many sufferings because of it, filled it with the graces of her days, while those whom she brought to God were the flowers of her tending. And so at last God called her by the "death of love." The Prioress of the Carmel says: "Suddenly she raised herself, as though called by a mysterious voice. . . . Thus she remained for about the space of a *Credo*, when her blessed soul . . . was borne away"—a victim of Divine Love, as the Prioress says also.

Here is the first point at some length, but of the second I must speak shortly. The desire of Thérèse was to "spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth," to "come down" to her friends, to spread the love of Christ, her Spouse, more fully and more perfectly among men than was possible within the narrow measures of personal life in this world. "After my death I will let fall a shower of roses," and the book says that the graces "attributed to her intercession" are innumerable. They are conversions, physical healings, escape from death, accident averted, even gifts of money. I suppose that the cures of the sick will be most important as evidence to those in search of such things; they include cancer, loss of vision, elephantiasis—among others numberless. I do not adjudicate upon the value of any;

that which is given the place of first importance is comparable with certain phenomena of modern spiritualism ; an apparition is included, and the transportation of money and notes. The beautiful life of " the little flower of Jesus " is at least becoming



THE SERVANT OF GOD.

known by these means, while, of course, those that are purely spiritual in their compass are of an order which is familiar in the annals of the saints, and they are distinct from psychical happenings.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

BY HENRY J. NASH, PH.D., ETC.

I

THE religious system of the Ancient Egyptians is replete with interest, and, for this reason, it is worthy of a prominent position in Egyptology.

It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to label it in any distinct class as Polytheistic, Pantheistic, Henotheistic or Monotheistic ; although when we go into it carefully, we must conclude that it seems as if the Egyptians were in a certain sense of the word Monotheistic, as they believed in one Supreme Being, one Original and Divine Source, incomprehensible and mysterious, from Whom all else emanated—soul, intelligence and matter. He was the Source of all good ; the Combater of everything evil.

All this was embodied in symbols. The animals looked upon as being sacred, were but symbols, and not objects of worship. True, they were endowed with divine attributes, and each one was supposed to possess a small portion of divinity ; but at death, that divinity from which it sprang was in no manner affected. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that these representations were merely symbolic, and not to be worshipped. Is not present day Christianity filled with concrete examples of symbolism ? Thus have we not the Paschal Lamb as being typical of the sacrifice of Christ ? And we also find :—

1. The Spirit of God descending in the form of a dove.
 2. The men of this world compared with sheep and goats on the Day of Judgment, the sheep being placed upon the right hand and the goats upon the left.
 3. The remedy for sin and evil likened unto the leaves of a tree given for the healing of the nations.
 4. Life likened unto a river of water clear as crystal.
 5. St. John describing the beasts of his vision as being full of eyes, before and behind. This would be more grotesque and fantastical upon canvas, and far more terrifying than anything left by the ancient Egyptians.
 6. The Sacred Heart in Roman Catholic theology.
- And lastly :—
7. The Apocalypse is in itself completely filled with symbolism,

and in many of Christ's utterances purely symbolical forms of expression occur.

The Egyptians regarded the world as a drama, which had essence and origin in one Supreme Being, who guided the destiny of man, disposed of the soul after death, punished the evil and rewarded the good.

As has already been stated, the Egyptians worshipped one Supreme Being, the Primary Cause of all, out of whom everything else had been evolved. This Primary Cause was called Nun. After the god Nun, we find that Ptah occupied a prominent position, but it must not be overlooked that, although Ptah was regarded as being the creator of all things, and was worshipped under various forms or symbols, it was assumed that he himself had emanated from the Source of all life, Nun.

We next have the Creative Power of Nature, who received the name of Khepera.*

The fact of there being one original Impress, and Nun having been recognized, we are enabled to proceed to a further study of Egyptian Mythology.

The next to appear in the Nun deity received the collective name of Ra, or the Sun; his different phases were studied, and they received various names. Thus:—

1. Ra, when in his midday splendour.

The title of Pharaoh, given to the Egyptian kings—belief in whose divinity was maintained throughout the history of Egypt—was derived from Per-ôa, which means Great House; and, for this reason, the appellation, Pharaoh, was not derived from "Ra." In later days the king was regarded as being half monarch and half god.

Ra was the king of gods, the great universe itself, the divine essence, as it were, pervading all space, everywhere present; all other divinities were worshiped in conjunction with him.

The foundation of the Temple of Ra is lost in antiquity, but this great temple of the sun at Heliopolis was rebuilt during the twelfth dynasty, and the Obelisk was first used as an emblem of the sun's rays and of the creative power which endowed animals and men with life. At this period the name of the god Amen or Ra the monarch of all the gods appears for the first time—an old deity under a new name. He was supposed to have his

* The emblem of this god was the sacred Scarabæus, together with the sun's disc; it was a beetle, and to the present day is a favourite ornament.

habitation in a distant and mysterious land situated in the East—a land the exact location of which was not revealed. It was from this land that all the gods were said to have come—a land unknown to mankind. This idea is somewhat analogous to the Greek conception of their gods dwelling upon Mount Olympus.

The sun temple of Ra situated at Heliopolis was the most ancient and celebrated shrine in Egypt, if we except the temple of Ptah at Memphis. The rites offered in the former temple were both lengthy and splendid; they were in honour of every god connected with the sun. Osiris, Horus and Isis were especially worshipped, the former as the soul of Ra, called the "Ancient of Heliopolis." Horus represented the upper world and the regions of light; he is emblematical of the resurrection—the triumph over everything evil, he also receives the name of the "Wing Expander." The Lotus flower was looked upon as being sacred, and is frequently observed as serving the purpose of a religious symbol, as is exemplified in the case of Nefer Tum, god of Heliopolis, and lord of the world, who is represented in the great hall of Heliopolis with the head of a lion, upon which is perched a hawk crowned with lotus flowers—the emblem of all purity.

The Temple of Ra was in possession of immense wealth, since the kings presented it with magnificent gifts, each one endeavouring to outvie his predecessor or predecessors in generosity.

2. Horus, when on the horizon, either rising or setting.

3. Osiris, during his journey in the night through the underworld of darkness, being in control of these particular regions. The myth surrounding Osiris, from which the idea of a future state of existence originated, was clearly solar.

Isis, the moon, had not the same variety of names, nor the same stages of career; she was not so important as Ra, of whom she was both the wife and the sister, their son being known as Horus.

It is impossible for us to see the figures of Isis and her son Horus without their bringing to our mind vividly the representation of Jesus and the Virgin Mary—a comparison which gives emphasis to the words of Scripture: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son." Again, the Christian Trinity, when compared with the Triads or Trinities of the Egyptian creed, was the acme of simplicity. The Egyptians considered that their gods were mortal, and, when the father died, the son became the father and also the husband of his mother. More difficult

of conception is the expansion of these Triads or Trinities into Enneads, or cycles of time, some of the temples possessing a large as well as a small Ennead.

Osiris and Isis were the children of Knut, the goddess of space, and Sib, the god of the earth.

The same gods possessed different functions or influences at various periods. Thus we find that at one time Osiris was called the soul of Ra, making visible the hidden principles of light; at another he is the emblem of moisture, producing fertility as embodied in the Nile and its outflow. Again, at one time Isis is the moon; at another she is the fruit-bearing earth.

Pasht, or Sekhet, was the daughter of Ra. Her duties were not confined to the gentler passions, and she was a symbol of the intense and burning heat of Ra. In Amenthes, or the underworld, she had to fight against Apep, the serpent.

Again, according to certain authorities, we find in the theology of Egypt, together with many other cults, the following forms of worship:—

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1. Ancestor Worship. | } We must repeat, however, that these were merely representations of the original impress, or primary cause, Nun. |
| 2. Animal Worship. | |
| 3. Nature Worship. | |
| 4. Plant Worship. | |

The Egyptians were firm believers in holy bulls being born of virgin cows, and in evidence of their divine origin—"a ray of moonlight descended from the deity."

Their nature-gods possessed the heads of crocodiles, jackals, or hawks, as well as such fabulous monsters as the Sphinx and the Phoenix. The Phoenix was called Bennu—the bird from the land of palms. The legend surrounding this bird was that after a period of five hundred years, it rose from the dead and brought its ashes to Heliopolis. Whenever this bird is placed by the side of Ra, it is regarded as the symbol of the soul of Osiris. Ra is usually represented with the head of a hawk coloured red, above which appears a disc-carving of Urceus, the serpent, but he has the body of a man. We also find magic, sorcery, omens from dreams and other phenomena, and, running parallel with the above, we have sacred writings, rich in exalting and spiritual conceptions, setting forth ethical maxims whose high and ennobling features call for comparison with the teachings of the Hebrew prophets and The Sermon on the Mount. At El Amarna, in the tomb of a high official by the name of Ai, there was found a hymn to the sun god Atea. These verses for sublimity are considered equal to the finest Hebrew poetry.

The Egyptian stage of religious development opened out many metaphysical speculations. To quote one learned authority: "Priests of Heliopolis, Magi of Eridhu and of Ur, reasoned like Christian Fathers."

Let us now glance at the Egyptian conception of the future state.

Man was supposed to be made up of three distinct parts:—

1. The Body.
2. The Ka, or shadowy self.
3. The Sahu or Soul.

This theory surrounding the Ka is a natural inference deduced from dreams. At death this shadowy self or Ka becomes a ghost, which haunts its former habitation and is usually associated with evil design.

This theory of the soul may be due either to:—

1. A philosophical speculation of more advanced periods, dating from the time of Menes, which advances the theory that there exists a universal spirit underlying the whole of creation, and which thus perceives in humanity the element, or root principle, of this spirit, which is regarded as indestructible, migrating in the course of time into different and more advanced spheres of celestial bliss, or entering the infernal regions, finally to be absorbed into that from which it originated, or, failing this, migrating into new forms of life—Reincarnation. Or—

2. A belief in Animism—that every object of nature possesses life—thus trees and stones are supposed to have souls.

The soul was looked upon as a subtle essence, which, upon death, went to be judged by Osiris and his council of forty-two, and either to be rewarded for its merits by residing in heaven, or to be punished for its transgressions by dwelling in eternal torment. The soul, however, retained some connection with its former body, so as to be enabled to come down from time to time to visit it.

The Ka, or shadowy self, retained its former connection with the body, so as to be able to live in it, only emerging to drink or to eat, or to repeat the acts of its former life, but it was unable to exist without the physical basis of its old body, or some likeness of it. At this juncture, it must not be forgotten that the same idea of the Ka was applied to all animate, and even inanimate objects. Thus it is possible to follow the idea that the Ka could emerge from its mummy, live in its own shadowy house (or Ka house), feed upon shadowy food, and be surrounded by

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shadowy geese, fowls, oxen and other shadowy simulacra, which had been amongst its former possessions.

Thus, a great deal of care was exercised by the Egyptians in supplying a proper tomb and in preserving to the best of their ability the mummy. If, however, a decay of the mummy set in, they provided a painted likeness of the original. This was done in order to supply a physical basis for the Ka, and also to act as a receptacle for the occasional visits of the soul. If, however, the physical basis perished, the Ka, together with the soul, was left without a place of abode, and either ceased to exist, or was left to wander through the world of shadows bereft of a name or a local habitation.

Let us now return to the soul, and glance at its journey to eternal happiness through the underworld of Amenthes.

The soul, upon arriving at the "Hall of Justice," pleaded its cause before the supreme judge, Osiris, and the council of forty-two, making use of the following prayer, which was enunciated in the "Great Ritual," or "Book of the Dead," which was composed of hymns, magical formulæ against the opposing forces of evil, and prayers, besides many other trivial matters.

"All honour and adoration be unto ye, Lords of truth and justice! All honour and adoration unto thee, O Osiris! Most perfect and great Deity! I have come towards thee, my lord and master; I stand before thee that I may be enabled to contemplate thy perfections! I have committed no fraud or crime towards mankind, when upon earth! I have not oppressed the widow! I have not foresworn myself in courts of justice! I have not set the servant against his master! I have not starved the poor nor caused their tears to flow! I have done no murder! I have not robbed the temples of their bread, nor have I rifled the dead in their tombs! I have neither given short measure, nor taken grain from the fields of the stranger! I have neither falsified the scales, nor have I robbed the children of their inheritance! I have never snared the sacred birds!

"I am pure! I am pure!! I am pure!!!"

By the above both wonderful and beautiful prayer, we are able to judge what a strictly moral code the Egyptians possessed.

Prior to this, and upon leaving the body, the soul passed within the gates of Amenthes, the region of darkness, and, at this stage of its progression, it was obliged to undergo many trials; battles had to be fought, and all this had to be accomplished by the aid of the "Ritual of the Dead." This book was compiled with the intention of facilitating the entrance of the soul into

perfect happiness. It was also intended to aid it in its conflicts and fights with the powers of darkness and evil, which would endeavour to hinder it from its ultimate purification upon its journey through Amenthes, and, for this purpose, a copy of the *Todtenbuch* or "Book of the Dead" was placed in every mummy case.

Many conflicts having been engaged in and successfully sustained, the soul entered the great Hall of Justice, where it proceeded to recite the above prayer. After this, its heart was placed in the balance of one of the pans of the scale, which was held by the goddess of truth. The court was present. Horus was at his post, and conducted the weighing. Anubis the watcher was also there. Thoth entered the records, and Osiris, the supreme judge, pronounced sentence, being aided in doing so by his council. If the heart did not reach the expected weight and was ascertained to be wanting, it was condemned to the regions of darkness for a certain period, being obliged to take up its abode in the body of one of the lower animals, after which it returned to its original body, and started life afresh. If, however, upon the second trial its weight proved to be satisfactory, the soul—not immediately, but after a series of progressions—passed onwards into a condition of perfect happiness. It is noteworthy that the Egyptians were firm believers in transmigrations and reincarnations, as is proved by the above. No other nation, before or since, has ever attained such a vivid and practical belief in the future state.

II. BURIAL.

From the above we are able to grasp the views held by the Ancient Egyptians regarding the future state of existence. Tremendous sums of money must have been expended upon pyramids, tombs and mummies, so exacting were they upon the question of the disposal of their dead. These pyramids and tombs were looked upon as being their real homes, and they considered that their life upon earth was simply a period of probation and consequently imagined that their tombs should be as magnificent as possible, and, for this reason, should be constructed to withstand the ravages of time. They, therefore, gave to their construction more care and consideration than they bestowed upon their earthly dwelling-places and homes.

The Egyptian tombs were invariably placed either on the side of a mountain or in the desert, so as to be safe from intrusion. They consisted of three parts :—

1. An exterior building.
2. A vertical shaft or pit.
3. A vault in which the coffin was placed in a large marble sarcophagus or tomb.

The exterior building consisted of one or more chambers, which opened into a long vertical pit or shaft, which ended in a third chamber. This last chamber or vault acted as a receptacle for the coffin.

The exterior surface of the tomb was ornamented in proportion to the wealth and importance of the dead. Upon this exterior surface was a petition to Anubis to accord the deceased distinguished funeral rites, together with a good burial-place in the cemetery, and so to help the dead Osiris—for the soul was assumed to have such affinity with the god Osiris as to be called by that name—on his journey through Amenthes, and thus to secure for him through all eternity the just payment of funeral offerings of those following him. The vault was then sealed up, never to be opened, and the opening was concealed. The exterior chambers were used as chapels where the priests and relatives assembled once every year to perform their ceremonies and to offer their gifts to the dead. The walls of these exterior chambers were covered with paintings or carvings, each one representing some scene which had occurred during the life of the dead, concluding with his burial. They served the purpose of ministering unto the thoughts and wants of his Ka. Quotations from the Book of the Dead were also carved upon the walls of these tombs.

It does not appear from inscriptions and hieroglyphics that the Egyptians offered sacrifices or worshipped at all; if they did so, it was at the tombs of their deceased relatives: their temples were solely for the priests.

III. DEIFYING ANIMALS.

It is particularly noticeable that the Egyptians were very fond of deifying their animals, and for this reason gave their gods mixed forms, such as a human body possessing the head of an animal or bird. Thus the nature of each animal or bird, so symbolized, corresponded with the nature attributed to the deity.* A certain number of these creatures, animals and birds,

* A similar instance of this deification in present day Christianity is the repetition by Roman Catholics of fifty-three "Hail Marys!" upon the Rosary: The Virgin Mary or Christian Istar being so far deified as to make her prayers an intercession.

were kept by the priests, and, after their death, were embalmed and treated with the utmost respect and veneration. A few examples of these will suffice.

1. The goddess of love was portrayed as possessing the head of a cat or a lion.

2. The hawk was dedicated to Ra.

3. The crocodile was emblematical of Sebek.

4. The cow was considered sacred to Isis, the goddess of all that was beautiful, virtuous and good. The cow was an emblem of the maternal qualities, for the reason that she possessed the attributes of nursing and motherly patience.

Isis is represented as wearing the cow's horns, the vulture's cap, the disc of the moon, and lastly the throne; sometimes one symbol, sometimes another, sometimes all four symbols together.

5. The head of a cat, or a lion, was the emblem of Pasht, or Sekhet, one and the same goddess, who possessed two distinct individualities. When representing Pasht, she was soft, gentle, well-disposed and yielding. When representing Sekhet, she was vengeful and to be dreaded.

These sacred animals were instituted by the Ancient Egyptians as watchers of mankind in order to record his shortcomings and that he might be kept in the right way by the knowledge that hosts of witnesses, both seen and unseen, were everywhere about him. This myth has descended to our own day. Who has not heard the familiar expression: "A little bird told me so and so"?

Before concluding, let us take a brief glance at the religious views of the Ancient Egyptians prior to the consolidation of the Empire under the Pharaoh Menes. We find, at this very remote period, that Egypt was divided into a number of separate nomes, or small states, each gathered around its own independent city and temple, which was ruled by the Horshenshu, or servants of Horus. This Horshenshu comprised the chief priests of their respective temples situated in the nome: the character of king or local ruler of the nome was combined with that of High Priest. Again, the god of any particular nome was within that nome looked upon as:—

1. Giver of everything that was good.
2. Supreme ruler of the other gods.
3. Creator of the world.

It was of no moment to the adherents of one particular deity that another deity played a precisely similar part in some

adjacent nome, where their own deity was placed in a subordinate position.

Again, in different parts of Egypt, they had different forms to represent the same god, and yet again, they would have the same form to represent different gods. Thus the bull Apis was a symbol of Ptah in the temple of Memphis, but at Heliopolis the bull Men was the incarnation of the sun, Ra.

The symbolic worship of the sacred bulls at Memphis and Heliopolis was established by the Pharaoh Kakaoo. (Heliopolis is the Biblical On.) The Mnevis bull was sacred to Ra and was in residence at Heliopolis. It took the place of the Apis bull, which was transferred to Memphis.

From the foregoing we are able to gather that the Egyptians were profound thinkers, earnest and devoted, and, the fact remains that the consciousness of a Supreme and Beneficent Being, man's immortality with a life after death, his responsibility, his punishment and reward, and the doctrines of good and evil, had been fully grasped by them. It is a curious coincidence that many of their divinities are represented as holding in their hands the symbol of the cross.

We can thus observe that they were baffled and perplexed by the existence of the polarities of:—

1. Good and Evil.
2. Life and Death.
3. Light and Darkness.

And for these contrarities they endeavoured to find an explanation. The plurality of their gods was subservient to the one Supreme Being, Who was looked upon as dwelling in the Heaven of Heavens, the Primary Cause of all, incomprehensible and unseen. Lastly, we find that the God they worshipped was gifted with infinite power and intelligence, and was wonderfully perfect as regards goodness. He was one and undivided; ever the same; the Holder of the universe; unchangeable and unalterable; filling the universe with His immensity; Creator of all, neither with beginning of days, nor the end of life; everywhere present; nowhere visible. The lesser gods were merely His instruments; obeying His behests, and carrying out His Divine Will—rays, as it were, emanating from His glorious attributes.

What noble views, what glorious and sublime doctrines, evolved from the inner consciousness of a people whose very existence antedates the Christian era by thousands of years!

WHAT CAN WE KNOW OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE?

BY W. J. COLVILLE

IN these days of earnest and incessant inquiry into the mysteries of BORDERLAND, and much that lies beyond the immediate borderline between two states of consciousness, often called two worlds, thoughtful persons are everywhere seriously asking how much real knowledge is actually obtainable regarding that much-controverted problem in psychical research societies and elsewhere, whence comes the information sometimes attributed to the action of so-called departed human entities, and sometimes regarded as due to a seemingly unconscious action of our own subconsciousness. No single explanation suffices to account for anything like all the interesting and astonishing phenomena forthcoming when a group of earnest and dispassionate students of psychology set to work to investigate open-mindedly the great question of human individuality and its possible survival of physical dissolution. Such plays as David Belasco's popular favourite, *The Return of Peter Grimm*, can do much to interest the general theatre-going and novel-reading public in alleged proofs of individual survival, but granting that such a drama is constructed on a basis of actual occurrences, the difficulties surrounding communion between those left on earth and those who have passed into the Great Beyond seem to be usually great, though not insuperable; consequently the thoughtful inquirer is not apt to arrive at any hasty conclusion concerning the source whence those innumerable communications come, which unthinking critics are almost sure to class altogether in a single bunch and attempt to explain on the basis of their pet hypothesis.

Spiritualists of the older type are wont to take too much for granted in the way of spirit-communion, while many psychologists who are non-spiritualists are much inclined to invent a theory of "subjective mind," or something similar, and declare that there is no real evidence of spirit-communion, because something "subliminal" in ourselves is all-sufficient to account for every alleged message from the so-termed "departed"; a very misleading title, for whenever we undertake to analyse phenomena like that which gave rise to *The Return of Peter*

Grimm, we see the wisdom of Sir Oliver Lodge in titling a valuable treatise *The Survival of Man*, survival being a plain word which exactly expresses the author's intention. Marie Corelli, in the prologue to her wonderful story *The Life Everlasting*, subtitled *A Reality of Romance*, takes issue with Sir Oliver Lodge on the plea that those who have left the physical body behind have other occupations in their new state of existence, and therefore do not, and indeed cannot, enter into communion with friends still encased in flesh. There is plausibility in such a statement, and it certainly contains a measure of truth, but is not therefore wholly true.

There is far too much supposition on the part of many people even yet, despite the greatly changing attitude of popular sentiment in this connection, that physical dissolution in some inexplicable way transforms human character and interests and renders us in every way different from what we were previous to experiencing the change. There seems to be no genuine warrant for this belief, which happily is being rapidly discarded by careful investigators, almost all of whom are contending on the basis of rapidly accumulating evidence that human "personality," to use the favourite expression of F. W. H. Myers, is not actually affected by "bodily death." This is a tremendous step toward an ultimately complete solution of the mighty problem with which we are now vigorously wrestling in many parts of the world, and it certainly behooves every open-minded student of anthropology to conduct, as far as possible, firsthand investigations with a view to ascertaining as far as possible the actual facts in the case. Recent transitions of prominent personages in America, and alleged messages from them after their transition, have provoked much animated discussion in the public press and pulpit, and various indeed have been the comments upon these purported communications. Joaquin Miller, the famous "poet of the Sierras," is said to have thoroughly convinced his widow that he is actually alive and in communion with her, but their daughter does not seem to have been so deeply impressed with the nature of the presented evidence.

A very interesting book, *The Return of Frank R. Stockton*, is now exciting considerable comment and criticism by reason of the extraordinary manner in which its contents are said to have been produced; much as William T. Stead claimed to receive messages from "Julia" and other unseen communicators. It is seldom easy to pronounce authoritatively on any of these alleged communications, and unless we have some intimate

acquaintance with the various personages in question and know the exact conditions in which the work is produced, it seems both unwise and unjust to speak dogmatically. It is useless to contend with bigots who deny the possibility of spirit-communion by referring every case of seemingly genuine mediumistic experience to some supposititious devil, which is the stupid policy pursued by many Adventist preachers and other persons who have closed the doors of their minds by blind acceptance of unproved dogmas. Such persons willingly admit the actuality of communion with unseen intelligences, but they are all diabolical influences and cannot be otherwise according to the foolish creed to which these blind leaders of the blind have given their unfaltering allegiance. The only attempted proof of the correctness of their position is a peculiar interpretation of certain Bible texts which theologians of other schools interpret very differently. It is useless to put a pedantic construction upon these Bible passages and then refuse to admit the possibility of any other interpretation being correct in the face of modern scholarship, for the Bible is now well-known to be not a single book, but a compendious library of from sixty-six to eighty distinct works; sixty-six if we omit the Apocrypha, and eighty if we include it. All sorts of doctrines are taught in these diverse documents, which can never be estimated at their true worth until they are considered simply as literature, and therefore entirely aside from any particular claims made for or against them by their worshipers on the one hand and their defamers on the other.

All ancient records are worthy of investigation and study because they throw light upon the gradual evolution of human consciousness and reflect the spirit of different climes and epochs; it is therefore only rational to dismiss all superfluous claims for their special sanctity and also all reactionary prejudice against them, and review them precisely as we should review any other portions of the world's extensive literary output. Taking a fair and impartial view of ancient testimony to psychic experiences we feel bound to decide that in the long ago, and in lands famed in ancient story, there were quite as many varying views of life here and hereafter as we encounter in the present day, and this need cause us no surprise, because we must remember that we are always dealing with human beings in widely differing stages of development and looking at life from many widely separated angles of mental vision. Honesty of purpose is a highly valuable and always necessary asset, but this, valuable though it is, cannot insure infallibility or omniscience. To read many modern

Spiritualistic effusions of the less enlightened type is soon to become convinced that some people's notions of the unseen universe must be extremely small, for they speak of those who have passed into the unseen state as though they were practically all housed together in some easily traversed district through which information concerning all its provinces could be readily and quickly transmitted. Nothing can be further from the inevitable truth if we are to pay the slightest regard to scientific revelations concerning the immensity of the universe, and couple with a consistent regard for probability an open mind toward all varieties of purported revelation.

The very word revelation, frequently though it is employed, is often highly ambiguous on account of many people having become accustomed to its employment in an exclusively theological manner, referring to some special communication from Deity. Etymologically considered, the word is a much commoner and far more inclusive one, for it only signifies unveiling, as discovering really signifies uncovering. A revelation, broadly speaking, is only an unmasking, a removal of a veil or screen which formerly concealed an object from general view. It is always conceivable that this unveiling may be accomplished in two distinct ways; partly by an effort made on the unseen side, and partly by an attempt made on the seen side of things. In such stories as we have referred to in the present essay there seems to have been a combination of these two aspects of revelation, though the greater effort was at first made from the unseen side. All human experiences are more or less reciprocal; we can hardly imagine any instances where even a doctrine has been extensively taught, that one side only is an active party to a revealment, though it can easily be imagined that in some cases the initiative is taken in what we call the spirit-world and at other times directly by ourselves.

All definite and deliberate attempts to develop "mediumship," no matter by what means or of what variety, may be classed in the first category, and all unsolicited manifestations of unseen power and presence in the second catalogue. A typical "Peter Grimm" is urged by a typical "Andrew Macpherson," while both are still in the flesh, to communicate with his friend, if possible, should he be the first to pass over. Such a compact is a simple and not an infrequent one, but it does not appear that it is usually easy for such a request to be complied with, for communion with the spirit-world in so direct and personal a manner seems to be beset with many difficulties. David Belasco's famous play illus-

trates forcibly how dense may be the medium through which a "departed" friend may have to work in order to get a message understood by one who is ready enough to receive it, so far as willingness is concerned, for "Andrew Macpherson" represents a type of man who is vitally interested in psychical research and not a fraud-hunter posing as a sincere investigator.

During sleep we unquestionably enjoy a great deal of real communion with those who have preceded us to the unseen state, but when soundly sleeping we are not actively functioning through physical bodies, our consciousness having temporarily withdrawn to another plane. We do not usually recall the details of our sleeping life after waking, but we nearly always bring over with us some definite result of our sleeping experiences; that is why we sometimes wake with unaccountable feelings of elation and at other times with equally unaccountable feelings of annoyance or dismay. Until our sleeping life has been much more fully investigated than it has been up to the present, we shall probably speculate more or less vaguely concerning how we are related with the unseen, but when the problem of sleeping consciousness has been deeply probed psychologically, we shall find that it has always been the case that sound sleep has afforded an opportunity for real intercourse between kindred entities, no matter whether they were both functioning through fleshly bodies or whether some were still so doing while others were disengaged therefrom. The vague general term "spirit-world" is too indefinite to satisfy lovers of explicit language, and though it is by no means an incorrect title, it actually covers far more territory than most people who employ it seek to make it convey. Spiritualists and Telepathists, who have much in common, are sometimes engaged in utterly unnecessary controversy; each side vigorously endeavouring to sustain a position that can readily be held in perfect consonance with the other; but few controversialists seem to grasp the fundamental fallacy of the bulk of controversy, which rests on an ill-founded supposition that if one side is right the other must of necessity be wrong, and controversy could not well exist unless one party is striving to prove another in the wrong.

F. W. H. Myers, in his masterly work, *Human Personality, its Survival of Bodily Death*, has given us a most illuminating psychic autobiography, for that learned and industrious delver into psychic mysteries has shown us the workings of an originally sceptical but always open intellect. Telepathy, Mental Telegraphy, and all kindred therewith, is painstakingly reviewed,

and numerous instances given going far to prove the fact that there is real communion between entities still encased in flesh and physically separated by considerable spacial distances. That, however, is not all that Myers discovered before the close of his physical career, for toward the end of the second of his two great volumes he cites convincing instances of survival beyond "death," and characteristic communings with friends still "alive." One set of facts can never disprove another, but facts now rapidly accumulating are justifying, and indeed necessitating, a far wider definition of terms than served a limited purpose in years recently gone by. Our spirit-world is our realm of thought and feeling both here and hereafter, not simply hereafter, and directly this is duly taken into account we find ourselves confronted with a reasonable philosophy of life which promises to supply about all we need to bring science and religion into a perfectly friendly union. Science cannot deal with negations, and surely it must be the province of all true religion, no matter of what specially labelled brand, to promote morality and add to the purity and dignity of human life. A play or novel like *The Return of Peter Grimm* sets the average man and woman thinking seriously and soberly, not hysterically or gloomily, concerning future prospects. No intelligent person accepts a dogmatic version of heaven and hell which no sober-minded person can for a moment tolerate, and the reactionary result of the long-time publication of such theological vagaries has led a multitude of once seemingly religious people into blank indifference.

This marvellous transitional period in our planet's history is witnessing, as we are all aware, not only physical disturbances of alarming character in the shape of floods, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other signs of great internal planetary agitation, but we are questioning everything to an extent never attempted before, at least during what is generally known as the historic period. This persistent and incessant questioning naturally and inevitably produces great unrest in the minds of multitudes, so much so that many honest-hearted, but not very strong-minded, men and women are feeling that all solid ground has been removed from under them, and that they can only drift mentally upon an ocean of doubtful speculation, without rudder or compass. This uncertain attitude is without doubt intensely distressful to many sensitive natures, but that much-discussed Agnosticism which is still largely in evidence, though the nineteenth century gave birth to more of it than the twentieth century is encouraging to

survive, is by no means Atheism or Materialism any more than it is Spiritualism, and though utterly inadequate to meet all human demands and satisfy the inmost yearnings of our nature, it is a necessary temporary expedient, like Pragmatism, denounced by some and vigorously upheld by other sincere philosophers.

No one acquainted with Professor William James, for many years Professor of psychology at Harvard University, could possibly have classed him with indifferentists, but in his later years he was an avowed Pragmatist, though with decided Spiritualistic tendencies. Pragmatism and dogmatism can never affiliate; they are mutually antagonistic because they take rise in diametrically opposite mental soils. The dogmatist is certain that he has a definite revelation of truth in his possession, and that he is divinely commissioned to hand it on to others, otherwise he is only a despotic poser; the pragmatist is so very deeply imbued with a sense of the finite character of human knowledge, and the relativity of all our experiences, that his attitude is essentially and professedly non-dogmatic. There must be a place of meeting somewhere between Gnosticism and Agnosticism, and this common ground of unification may well be termed Occultism, if we make it plain that by Occultism we mean a system both philosophical and experimental. To the intelligent Occultist there is nothing hidden in the secret chambers of the Universe that may not be revealed, and while Occultism and Mysticism are not identical they are truly co-related, though many students speak, and write as though thinking otherwise. Everything is concealed from man until he discovers it, and discovery is accomplished only by dint of persevering industry. The dogmatist speaks and acts as though a complete body of truth had been miraculously revealed from the unseen universe and placed in the hands of special custodians whose duty it is to dole it out at their discretion to disciples, who must accept what the teachers say without daring to set up their own reason or judgment against the word of their instructors. Could we find a body of teachers so wise and pure that our confidence in their enunciations was unbounded, we might bow to their decisions willingly and regard them as custodians of special knowledge; but the insuperable obstacle lying in our path if we attempt to take this attitude is that we find on a little examination that the average teacher has no more knowledge of spirituality than the average pupil, therefore teachers and teachings are alike largely discredited.

These remarks by no means chiefly apply to any special school of teachers or any particular class of instructions, but to nearly

all alike. There are, however, occasional exceptions to this general experience, for there are a few instances of really marvellous insight displayed by singularly gifted seers and seeresses into the inner domains of nature, and, sceptical though the modern time-spirit unquestionably is, it is by no means unready to give honour where honour is actually due, and sometimes it is even disposed to exalt and eulogize particular geniuses beyond the bounds of reason. We are facing the problem of the scientific, i.e. the experimental, method applied to distinctively spiritual experiences, even as in relation to ordinary exterior investigations. To put it bluntly, the soul (if there be such an entity) is challenged to come out of its hiding-place and show itself garbed, if only temporarily or momentarily, in the semblance of mortality. It is certainly not only or chiefly the coarse-minded and ignorant elements in modern society who demand ocular demonstration of spiritual realities (if such there be), men of the highest intellect and character are among the very first to take interest in "spirit materialization," as witness the venerable Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, whose transition from Materialism to Spiritualism, now many years ago, was largely due to palpable physical evidence convincing him that there is an unseen universe of life containing all of us, which can sometimes startle our senses by impinging phenomenally upon the domain of our ordinary waking consciousness.

Nothing is easier for the flippant-minded than to dismiss the whole subject to the realm of a supposed "unknowable," and declare that nobody can do more than guess or speculate concerning an unseen universe; but the thoughtful and earnest truth-seeker who feels within him an earnest and unconquerable desire to know, is not of the ilk of those who can simply take refuge in a dogmatically agnostic attitude, and dogmatic it is to declare that we cannot know, or to assert that no one knows, fully as dogmatic as the assertive attitude of the confessedly dogmatic theologian who usually adopts a curious twofold attitude which amounts to something like declaring that we ought to take for granted what he says he knows, but we cannot know for ourselves or discover more than he doles out to us. Extremes do actually meet, and no study is more curiously interesting than to compare alleged freethinking with dictatorial academic theologizing. The only conceivable means whereby we can become fully satisfied at first hand of the reality of an (at present) unseen universe is by studiously cultivating those super-physical faculties so often referred to in Theosophical treatises, by means of which a territory

far beyond the limits of what we call the physical can be explored. The scientific experimental method must be pursued even in that superior and interior realm, or we shall only become receptive to impressions cast upon us from without. We would be far indeed from condemning, or even distrusting, all extraneous guidance and instruction, but we cannot afford to miss in our mental calculations the very wide distinction which must ever exist between acceptance of outside testimony and individual perception of what actually exists. There is but one sure method of piercing the veil which hangs between the physical and the super-physical, and that method is the prophetic one.

But can prophecy be cultivated, is it not altogether a gift? This is a query raised by many. We do not know that efficiency on any plane or in any direction is entirely a "gift"; consequently we think we find in Thomas Edison's correct, but unusual, reference to *perspiration* as well as *inspiration* a clue to an ultimate solution of every human problem. The story goes that once when some one asked the famous electrician if he considered his inventions due to inspiration, he replied that he regarded them as due far more to perspiration, a reply which would at least suggest that he was taking some credit to himself for persevering industry, and well he might, for the record stands that for several years he worked daily on an average sixteen hours of the twenty-four. To perspire, from the original Latin, simply means to breathe through, and surely unless we make active use of ideas that may be suggested to us out of the unseen such suggestions, however valuable in themselves, are of little practical value to us or to our neighbours. Prophets (or seers) betake themselves to mountain and valley solitudes, to the borders of the sea, or to any retired nook where they may receive without distraction whatever illumination may reach them out of the vast unseen. But they prepare themselves by aspiration, and they live lives of exceptional devotion to high ideals, or they would receive but little of any sterling worth. A complaint is heard everywhere that the bulk of all that purports to come from spirit-spheres is of little worth, that even if true it is often nearly valueless, and no investigator can altogether deny this unpleasing allegation. The cause for this unsatisfactory state of affairs is surely to be found in the lack of real seriousness necessary to evolve a more desirable result. It would not be truthful to allege that *no* communications of real merit are received mediumistically, but they are not very numerous, and the thinkers of to-day are wondering why they are not getting something of greater value if Spiritualistic claims are in any large measure valid.

Professor Hyslop and some other eminent authors who have dealt fairly and fearlessly with psychic problems, have indeed declared that the so-called triviality of so many communications adds to their evidential value as coming from particular individuals, instead of detracting from it, and when we are simply seeking to prove the rudimentary fact of individual survival that position is fully tenable. Some of us, however, want to go beyond these rudiments, and we are looking for a way to cross a wider threshold. This is surely possible if we are willing to pay the cost in sincere devotion to a mode of living far beyond the common level. Here comes in the necessity for a new kind of priesthood, not fashioned according to extant models, but a ministry adapted to our immediate needs, and that priesthood is even now growing up among us, composed of fearless unmuzzled sensitives who are determined at all hazards to open themselves to the higher planes of human consciousness by abstinence from all pernicious habits on the one hand and by diligent pursuit of high ideals on the other. Demand creates supply, and none who read the signs of these eventful times thoughtfully can possibly deny that there is a loud and persistent call to-day for a newly illumined ministry. This ministry will not come from the ranks of fettered organizations, but will make its appearance often suddenly and startlingly, and it will accompany its teachings with convincing evidences of its genuineness. Faith in the sense of fidelity to convictions, perfect trustworthiness in all relationships of life will be demanded of disciples who enter the path of coming initiation, but belief in stereotyped conclusions will be asked of no one. The gates are surely opening wider and wider into a knowledge of life supernal, and the very unrest of to-day and the crying dissatisfaction with present limits of knowledge is one of the most encouraging tokens of the speedy advent of a much fuller revelation.

OLLA PODRIDA

BY THE EDITOR

I WISH to take this present opportunity to correct an erroneous report which was widely circulated in the English press, and quoted originally, I think, from an American paper, with regard to the discovery of temples within the body of the Sphinx. Chapter and verse were given in such a circumstantial manner as regards this, that the statement received wide credence, but as a matter of fact it appears that the whole story was a mare's nest. Professor Reisner, who was cited as having made the discoveries, is in reality making excavations at some little distance from the Sphinx, and in the course of these has discovered the remains of a temple. But the site of the excavations is not in the body of the Sphinx, and is in fact barely visible from it. Some journalist has evidently been letting his imagination colour his recollection of the plain facts of the case.

My innocent little paragraph with regard to the curious coincidence in connection with the twins of Mrs. Chavasse, the wife of the Bishop of Liverpool, has been so widely quoted through the length and breadth of the land that I may as well take this opportunity of supplementing it by a further curious coincidence in relation to the same case, to which my attention has now been drawn. The twins in question, who, by the way, have subsequently very much distinguished themselves in the athletic field, were christened respectively Christopher and Noel, these being the names of two clergymen in the City of Oxford, one notorious for his extreme Low Church proclivities and the other for his ultra High Church tendencies. It was, of course, assumed that the names had been given designedly, but as a matter of fact this again was a case of pure coincidence. Canon Christopher, the well-known vicar of St. Aldgate's, Oxford, only died quite recently at the advanced age of ninety-three. The two names will be quite familiar to all Oxonians of that period.

A correspondent who signs himself "X" sends me a batch of curious stories from which I extract the following. A lady was having her photograph taken some time ago to present to her lover. When it was developed the lover appeared standing behind her in the photograph with a drawn dagger in his hand. A second photograph taken after the first produced the same identical result.

The same correspondent records another spirit photograph story, in which three generations of a family were taken together, and when the picture was developed there appeared behind the group the photograph of the great-grandfather, making a fourth generation. Here also a second photograph was taken, in which the great-grandfather again appeared.

My correspondent forwards me another account, which seems to have a definitely scientific bearing, of the case of a Swiss peasant, who was dull to the verge of imbecility, but who, when blindfolded and turned round and round, invariably ended by stopping with his face to the North, after the manner of a compass needle. Whether this was pure coincidence or whether it has some relation to the natural magnetism of the human body, I leave to my readers to determine.

The stories of uncanny houses and ill-omened objects continue to accumulate. Here is one of the latest, quoted from the *National Weekly* :—

Two heads carved out of solid blocks of wood by Mr. Fergus H. Wood, a well-known sculptor, who bears an appropriate name, have had a curious history. While he was carving them the faces assumed such uncanny expressions that visitors to his studio were alarmed by them, and the sculptor himself was a little uneasy. When he sold them to a connoisseur the purchaser brought them back after a while and said that he refused to keep them any longer as they scared his friends. Since then they have been sold again and again, and no one will keep them in his house for any length of time as the faces seemed to be "speaking portraits" of weird and evil characters.

How unlucky objects come to be unlucky is one of the problems which it is very seldom possible to solve. But a tradition of ill-luck is certainly one of the hardest things to get rid of. It is almost like the blood-stain told of in a certain celebrated murder story which refused to be washed out or even to be planed away, but always returned again, in spite of the efforts made to get rid of it, as a testimony against the evildoer. In certain cases, however, the ill luck attaching to a house or locality can be traced home to a definite origin. There is a plot of ground in the Shetland Islands, for example, which is said to have been blighted by a curse, and the attempt to cultivate it is still always attended by disaster. It is known as the Death Rig, and tradition says that it was once the holding of a poor widow who was evicted by a tyrannical landlord. Before leaving the place she cursed the ground, and vowed that whoever attempted to cultivate it after her would meet with dire misfortune. The first man who took over the holding lost the bulk of his stock during the following winter. Then a

member of his family died suddenly, and subsequently he himself followed suit. The next tenant shared a similar fate, after which the people of the neighbourhood, coming to the conclusion that the old widow's curse had taken effect, refused to cultivate the spot, which has since remained barren.

The stories of such curses are numerous enough. One such was recalled the other day by "Dagonet" in the *Referee*. This is known as the Curse of Mar. The narrative recalls in its character the predictions of the Brahan Seer, and is of the same curiously detailed character. The Earl of Mar, who, by the way, was made Regent of Scotland in 1571, was cursed in the following words.

"Thy lands shall be given to the stranger and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt in which a King was nursed—his wife a sacrifice to that same flame, his children numerous, but of little honour, and three born and grown who shall never see the light. Horses shall be stabled in thy hall and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in the chamber of state. Thine ancient tower shall be a ruin and a beacon until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thine honours be restored; the kiss of peace shall be given to the countess though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thy line."

In the course of 300 years every part of the curse was fulfilled. Then in 1820 the ash sapling duly appeared. Two years later George IV restored the earldom, and later Queen Victoria kissed the countess.

Dagonet cites another well-known prophecy relating to an old English family which was also at least partially fulfilled, and may be appropriately quoted here:—

The prediction of the Tichborne dole—that if ever the dole were discontinued the family name would become extinct from failure of male issue—is better known. The extinction was to be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed by a generation of seven daughters and no son. The dole was discontinued 600 years after the prediction was made. The baronet of that day had seven sons. His son who succeeded him had seven daughters and no son.

I have read a good deal of rubbish offered to the indulgent public under the false appellation of Astrology, but I must frankly confess that I have never read twaddle quite so abject as what has been given to the world in a little book entitled *The Reading of the Stars, for Those who Love Them*, by A. M. Wrey (London: Simpkin Marshall, 1s. net). One thing stands out very prominently in this book, and that is that the author does not realize what a sign of the zodiac, a planet, or even a satellite really signifies. It is certainly news to be told that a sign of the zodiac can transform itself into a planet, but here is one of the questions

and answers : " How can a sign of the zodiac, Leo, also be an attendant planet ? " Answer : " Because the sign has the power to form itself into a planet and to go to the assistance of another planet or sign." We also learn from this precious primer of Astrology that " every sign and planet has its own attendants, which coincide with the moons mentioned in Astronomy. Jupiter, being considered the principal planet, has three attendants allotted to him, viz., Leo, Mercury and Mars, and the sign of Taurus, whose work it is to help every one of his seven attendant stars!" Elsewhere we are told that in the case of impending murder we should certainly ask for the aid of Venus. I should be inclined to suggest that a policeman would be a more appropriate auxiliary. As *John Bull* would say, this little primer certainly " takes the biscuit."

Investigations have taken place recently both on the English and French sides of the Channel as to the amount of credibility to be placed in the frequent reports of the successful experiments of diviners or dowzers. Such an investigation has once been conducted, and conducted very thoroughly, by Sir William Barrett, and his conclusions, based upon the fullest and most ample evidence, can be studied in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research. In view of the full, detailed and painstaking character of the learned scientist's report, any such partial and incomplete investigations as certain gentlemen on both sides of the water have attempted can hardly command much weight in scientific circles. It seems, however, that the tests in France were not without some results of interest. These were carried out in the Bois de Vincennes, near Bordeaux, from March 27 to April 4, under the presidency of the Parisian City Surveyor. The following is the report from the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail* :—

A large deserted quarry undermines a portion of the wood, and the diviners were asked to point out the underground galleries and shafts. At the end of the experiment their statements were to be compared by M. Armand Vire, the city surveyor, with a specially constructed chart. The organizers stated that it was impossible for any of the competitors to have had any previous knowledge of the subterranean passages, M. Vire being the only person aware of the exact positions.

The first man with the divining-rod was M. Pelaprat, who carried a supple forked wand of hazel. For some time he walked steadily forward, the hazel wand trembling slightly. Suddenly the wand twitched, and M. Pelaprat, stopping, said, " A cavity begins here."

After walking round on the grassy slope to measure the extent of the cavity he gave the result of his observations to M. Vire, saying that the cavern was over seventeen yards deep and that it was quite dry.

The other competitors stepped forward in turn. They used wands of whalebone, bamboo, and copper. Three other underground bits were, like the first, marked out by them with bits of paper, with the approximate depth. M. Probst, the last to use the trembling rod, went so far as to indicate, somewhat vaguely it is true, four galleries which branched off from the main shaft, the site of which he had marked out on the turf.

M. Vire, the surveyor, then unrolled the official map and there was a moment's breathless silence. Every one of the competitors had succeeded with more or less accuracy in marking out caverns or pits which actually existed, and the four galleries spoken of by the last competitor were also traced on the map. The depths given were correct.

As a final proof of the virtues of the magic rod M. Probst consented to be led blindfold over the area, and the result he obtained corresponded almost exactly with the first indications he had given.

The object in France, as appears from the foregoing, was not to find water but to locate cavities. The British investigations were carried out under the superintendence of the Editor of *The Sanitary Record & Municipal Engineering*, and took place at or near Guildford in Surrey. The results seem to have been disappointing and inconclusive, and the Committee came to the conclusion that "whatever sensitiveness to underground water may exist in certain persons, of which some evidence has been given, it is not sufficiently definite and trustworthy to be of much practical value." It may be retorted that the Committee's experience was not of a very practical kind. When architects, as a friend of mine systematically does, employ water finders when building houses, and thus save their clients hundreds and indeed thousands of pounds, looked at from the point of view of the man of business, it is a very practical matter indeed. The moral of the whole matter is that it is a thousand pities that the one complete and full report on the whole subject, by a scientist of repute, is not accessible to the world at large. Were this the case, numerous opinions of the ignorant, advanced with an air of importance and quoted seriously in paragraphs of the daily press, would be consigned to the editor's waste-paper basket as their only fitting receptacle.

I have received a letter from a correspondent in reply to a reference I made in my last *Olla Podrida* to a prophecy that when a Constantine, King of Greece, married a Sophia, their son would reign in Constantinople. She does not confirm this prediction, but cites one or two parallel ones.

My correspondent's letter runs as follows:—

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I cannot quite remember the prophecy you mention, except about the forcible opening of the beautiful doors of St. Sophia when Con-

stantinople is reconquered. I will, however, give you two others which may interest you.

One is that in the reign of a Roman Pontiff, who had been *himself a Patriarch of Venice*, the Christians would reconquer Constantinople. Pius X is the *only* Pope out of 258 Pontiffs who *has also* been Patriarch of Venice, and he is this year celebrating the sixteenth centenary of one of the most momentous chapters in the history of Christianity. Constantine testified that he had a vision of a resplendent Cross at midday in the heavens, bearing this inscription—

“Under this sign thou shalt conquer.” *

The same night our Lord appeared to him in a dream and commanded him to make a standard of what he had seen. He was convinced that he was but an instrument in the hands of God. His 40,000 warriors carried Christ's monogram on their shields, though the majority were Pagans. The great Constantine, marching under the banner of the Cross, met the tyrant and Pagan Emperor Maxentius with 180,000 men at the Milvian Bridge, outside the walls of Rome, and defeated him on October 28, 312. The Holy Father has purchased the site and directed the erection of a basilica to commemorate both the battle and the edict of Constantine issued by him at Milan granting peace and liberty to the Christian Church and toleration for all others. In March, 313, the Pontiff ordered a jubilee and issued invitations to the whole of Christendom to join in thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the magnificent victory of Christianity over Paganism and the miraculous protection of His Church.

There is another remarkable prophecy by a celebrated Russian monk, Thosmus, born 1778. After a visit to Constantinople, he returned to console the Greeks. He told them, “When you see 1,000 ships round and near the Islands, then let the young and old fly to the mountains from the sword of Antichrist, and when the Allied Kings are marching on Constantinople, then sufficient blood will flow for a lamb to swim. Happy those who survive these events. The Turks will be divided into three parts: the first will perish in the war, the second will retire to Asia, and the third will be converted to Christianity and remain in Europe. No one who hears me now will see it, but your children may.”

The prophecy about this Pope and the Christians' near approach to Constantinople is a wonderful coincidence.—Yours truly,

C. H.

I am afraid that Constantine the Great hardly merits the credit of granting toleration to all creeds. His policy, in fact, had exactly the reverse effect, but doubtless the incident was coloured by the proclivities of the Christian writer.

It has been suggested to me that readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who are resident in London may be interested to know that the crystals for crystal-gazing purposes supplied by my publishers, William Rider & Son, Ltd., can be inspected if desired at W. de Kerlor's Occult Library and Bookshop, 1, Piccadilly Place, London, W. They will also find there numerous books of interest to students of occultism.

* In hoc signo vinces.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—“Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.”

I was much interested in your Notes of last month on Reincarnation, but fail to see why you should think it more satisfactory, as evidence, to remember one's previous incarnations without being able to give accurate data respecting them, than to receive information by supernormal means with data that can be verified by any one.

Reincarnation may or may not be—its importance is as great, or little, as the references to it by the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mention of it has been made from time to time in your columns by “*Omnia Vincit Amor*,” whose attention I would draw to an article by Edith Ward on “*Herald Occultists*” in the OCCULT REVIEW, Christmas Number, December, 1910. She writes as follows on page 367: “It may here be noted that, according to Mrs. Besant's view, the birth of Jesus took place about a hundred years (105 to be exact) before the date usually assigned. This would make the cycle of two thousand years complete *now*, but the statement is flatly contradicted by the Western School, on the authority of the present incarnation of Christian Rosenkreuz and the investigations of later Rosicrucians, and the 105 B.C. date is said to refer to another initiate with the not uncommon Jewish name of Jesus (or Jeshoshua). Those who are interested in the point will find all the historical and documentary evidence fully discussed in Mr. Mead's scholarly book, *Did Jesus live 100 B.C.?* His verdict is the Scotch one—*not proven.*”

In Mrs. Besant's book, *The Masters*, we are told that Christian Rosenkreuz in the fourteenth century was an incarnation of Rakoczi, who, among a few of his other incarnations, was Hunyadi Yanos in the fifteenth century, Robertus the monk in the sixteenth, Bacon in the seventeenth, Comte de S. Germain in the eighteenth, and “now has achieved Masterhood, the ‘Hungarian Adept’ of the OCCULT WORLD, and known to some of us in that Hungarian body.”

The information in both cases coming, it is to be presumed, through “*trained clairvoyants*,” as they are called by believers, can be taken

therefore at its true valuation, for it is, as stated above by Miss Edith Ward, *flatly contradictory*.

What is truth?

"To love God and thy neighbour as thyself."

Here at least we stand on firm ground, though all else go.

With Christ, the Beloved, and Love, firm fixed we stand in Eternity.

Seers and clairvoyants, throughout the ages, agree or disagree according to their personal point of view, or school of thought, yet Truth as Truth exists irrespective of what man believes or desires.

Truth is hid in Christ, who shows The Way to God to all who truly turn to Him and have the law of love to God and Man in their hearts—for one cannot love one without the other.

He who has Love is above all law and is the Real Superman. He is in God who is all Love, Wisdom, and Power, and Knowledge. By the grace of God he has passed from Death unto Life, is beyond Space and Time, is in everything and everything is in Him, world without end.

Let the dead past bury its dead, let us keep our feet turned to God, the Everlasting Now. In His light the past all drops away like a worn-out garment.

What does matter is what we are *now* and ever to bear in mind, what St. Paul says: "And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am *nothing*."

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM T. HORTON.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest your remarks on Reincarnation in "Notes of the Month" in the May issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, and was very pleased at the fair and judicial way in which you treated the subject. May I be permitted a few words in reference to this important subject?

My chief objection to human reincarnation is that, while it may appeal to the intellect, it ignores the affections. To my mind there is little to choose between the almost endless treadmill of reincarnation, and the never ending hell of the Calvinist, except that the torture of the latter is everlasting, while the misery of the former ultimately terminates, though not until millions of years have elapsed.

Belief in pre-existence is independent of belief in reincarnation. I doubt if any thoughtful person—certainly no philosophical one—would deny pre-existence; but pre-existence does not necessarily involve reincarnation.

On page 245 you say that reincarnation "offers a satisfactory solution of the problem of life." So far from this being the case,

many look upon reincarnation as both cruel and unjust. The Reincarnationist tells us that suffering in this earth life is the result of evil done in a previous one, of which the ordinary man has no recollection whatever. This is about on a par with thrashing a dog for stealing months afterwards when he has forgotten all about it.

Again, we are told that successive earth lives are necessary in order that we may gain experience. What experience of earth life does a still-born child have?

The Reincarnationist denies individual growth on all planes, except the material. Why cannot the progressive advance of each individual soul be continued on other planes after it leaves the physical body? The fact that many believe in human reincarnation is no proof of its truth. Practically the whole of Christendom in the Middle Ages believed in a never-ending hell.

The doctrine of reincarnation is conspicuous by its absence throughout Christ's teaching. The reply of Jesus "neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him," is no evidence of reincarnation, but the reverse, for, according to that doctrine, the man's suffering should have been the result of sin, or evil, done in a previous life.

Again, is it not somewhat far fetched to assume that John the Baptist was a reincarnation of Elijah. If such were the case it would seem that Elijah, instead of having progressed, must have retrogressed, for, according to the records, Elijah transcended death, while John the Baptist was beheaded. Is it not more reasonable to assume that John the Baptist was overshadowed by Elijah, being guided by that advanced Adept as many at the present day are invisibly guided by advanced souls?

As to the assertions of those who claim to remember past earth lives. In many cases these may be dismissed on account of inadequate evidence, while in others the absurdity of several persons claiming to be a reincarnation of one and the same person, as you instance where you say "the number of Mary Queen of Scots and Cleopatras who are reincarnated simultaneously at the present time is simply legion," puts them out of court.

Again, if memory of persons and places in the past is evidence of a previous earth life, what about the converse, where a man has seen events taking place months before they happened? It can hardly be memory in advance. Is it not more likely that in both cases the man's inner self was in touch with those higher planes where time, as we understand it on earth, does not exist?

The alleged remembrances of previous incarnations may be explained in more ways than one, but it is impossible in a letter, which I fear is unduly long already, to go into that. For those of your readers, however, who are interested in the subject I would suggest their procuring the pamphlet on *Reincarnation*, by Respiro, published by C. W. Pearce & Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow, price half

a crown, where they will find a large number of cases analysed. I might add that I have no pecuniary interest whatever in the above.

Yours faithfully,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

[The other letter raises points which call for reply. I shall be referring to it in my next issue.—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—May I crave your courtesy to assure Mr. Piercy that my remarks had no reference to any views supposed to be held by any heterodox body of persons calling themselves a "Theosophical Society." Certain extraordinary statements and assertions are put forth, stupendous claims are made—and—as Mr. Piercy suggests, we must submit them to "the test of Common Sense." This done, such statements and assertions are found to be based upon very flimsy foundations. One would have small respect for "The Ancient Wisdom" if one were bound to accept all claims made in its name, however diverse, and however contradictory, as the Infallible Voice.

Second. With regard to "Reincarnation," your editorial gives a very good summary. Mr. Piercy has a funny idea regarding "fractions of personalities," previously incarnated. Has he not yet grasped the Truth that the One Individuality is permanent, that It *can* only incarnate in a personality, as a "fraction" of Itself, sending forth a Ray of Itself to inform (so to speak) the "fraction," and by experience to become fully Self-conscious. It thus takes part in the process of the Ever-becoming, being Itself a Ray or a "fraction" of the stupendous Whole.

Third. His objection to "obsession" or "possession" cannot be too strongly endorsed, and he rightly states the danger—the awful danger incurred by "mediums"—who allow entities to take possession and retard their spiritual evolution. Exactly the opposite was implied in my remarks. "Our wills are ours to make them Thine" more truly represents my view of the *conscious co-operation* of a Will which is One with The Universe and Universe Becoming. If the General of the Army lays before me the Plan which I recognize as the very essence of Wisdom and Justice and Love, and my own desire to serve The Race finds completion in the Plan (which includes many other agents with myself), am I "acting foolishly" if I say, "Yes; I see my place, may I draw on the resources held in trust by You, to enable me to carry out my own part in the Plan?"

Only a "fool," as Mr. Piercy implies, would allow himself or herself to be exploited by "some possessing entity" which is merely "a bit of diffused consciousness struggling to assert itself." One fears that very much of this exploitation is going on, and it is causing endless confusion and injury. My remarks had no reference whatever to such suicidal folly, and it is to be hoped most earnestly that Mr. Piercy will fully maintain his keenly critical and analytical faculty so long as he does not close the windows of his Soul to the

Light which streams in when we have reached the point of making our wills our own in order that they may serve in unison with The Divine Will and with Those Whose vision of that Will, in *all* Its mighty Power, is infinitely greater than the mere brain of one Personality can conceive, especially when that brain is working under all the impedimenta of false claims and false teaching and inherited limitations cast by gropings and wanderings in darkness and illusion, for ages past.

Mr. Piercy, with the rest of us, is strongly urged at this moment to keep "Common Sense" vigilantly to the fore. There is so much masquerading going on by "bits of diffused consciousness—struggling to assert themselves."

Yours faithfully,
"A."

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I observe that you call attention to the death of King George in the May issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, giving the date of birth as December 24, 1845, at 7.30 p.m. I have drawn the natal horoscope for these data and also the progressed figure for the date of the assassination. You call attention to the transit of Mars in opposition to the Ascendant at the time of death, but of course this alone would be insufficient to explain the catastrophe, for Mars had so transited many times before in his lifetime.

The progressed horoscope, however, indicates good and sufficient reasons for his death in March of this year.

Mars had progressed to 15 degrees of Taurus, and was consequently in square to the transcendant, and also to the radical Saturn on the cusp of the seventh House. Then the transit of Mars, to which you refer in opposition to the Ascendant and in square with Mars progressed, and in conjunction with Saturn radically affecting angular Houses and fixed Signs, drew out the deadly evil lying latent in the basic direction and produced the event. In the progressed figure, the progressed Mars occupied the House of Death. Mars was also a ruler of the radical Fourth, and was moreover a great enemy at birth, being in evil aspect with both the Sun and Saturn.

BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

Yours very truly,

E. M. CHESLEY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Do any readers of the OCCULT REVIEW know of a *genuine* haunted house? If so, will they, if possible, send particulars as to how it can be arranged to spend a night or two there. Any one who would prefer to write direct to me, please send letter in stamped envelope, care of the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, and ask him to be so kind as to address and forward.

Yours faithfully,

H. F.

[The writer might do worse than apply to the writer of "Haunted Churches."—Ed.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE last issue of *The Quest* is like a feast on a mystic Olympus for those who are inclined mystically, under whatever denomination of the concern. Dr. Reynold A. Nicholson writes on the *Essence of Sufism*, considered in connection with the central doctrines of the religious philosophy of Islam, and in this article there are some admirable specimens of direct translation from Arabian and Persian poets and philosophers. Dr. Meyrick Booth has a paper on Rudolph Eucken and the Mystics; it is of great interest, but the mystics with whom Eucken is compared are Robert Browning and Edward Carpenter, who, in spite of some occasional living intimations, are scarcely in the golden chain. Mr. L. Cranmer Bying speaks with authority on the mystic philosophy of ancient China, and Mr. G. R. S. Mead has already attracted considerable attention by his study of Professor Vaihinger's philosophy under the title of "The Philosophy of the As If." The Berlin Professor is described as "perhaps the profoundest 'knower' of Kant in Germany, who however goes far beyond Kant in his critique of our means of understanding and perhaps even beyond Nietzsche in his merciless analysis of our ideals and ethical motives." According to this excogitation, the world of sense alone is real, "all else is fiction," including, according to Mr. Mead's judgment, all extra-normal states of consciousness, which are purely imaginary. There is no need to say that Mr. Mead is not on this side, but his analysis or sketch of the "philosophy" is exceedingly clear and sound in its elucidation. It was the subject of discussion recently at one of the Quest Society's meetings. Mr. W. B. Yeats occupies the place of honour with some verses on the Mountain Tomb, which are Rosicrucian in their refrain, but much too cryptic in motive for one to understand why.

The new issue of *The Seeker* offers an excellent preliminary example of the magazine under its new auspices, and we extend our congratulations to Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst and his co-editor Mr. Percy Lund. It is largely a memorial number, and for this, as for other reasons, is of peculiar interest. There is a life-like and speaking portrait of the late Rev. G. W. Allen, followed by a biographical sketch on the part of Mr. Wilmshurst and by brief appreciations on the part of other friends—the Ven. Archdeacon

Wilberforce, Sir Richard Stapley and the Rev. R. W. Corbett, among others. There is an article entitled "The Sword of the Spirit" by the late editor. It is a study of the present situation occupied by two sides which may some day come into a great conflict: they are the spiritual and the non-spiritual. The questions are how the conditions have arisen and in what manner they are to be met by those of the spiritual side. The answer on the first point is that something has been lacking in the one case rather than that there has been positive evil on the other or materialistic side. The indifferent presentation of our principles in life, the imperfect pursuit of our own ideals, have put weapons into the hands of those in the opposite camp; and as regards the spirit, we must distinguish carefully between the evil that is against us and the personalities who fight under its banner. In other words, "God's servant must never regard his opponent as an enemy." Of such is the general thesis, and for the rest one axiom of Mr. Allen's may be taken to stand for the whole: "The one thing worth fighting for is a practical recognition of love as the right spirit of life." And then as to the kind of fight: "When the life of Him Who is the Word of God shines through our every act, then, and then only, have we truly drawn the Sword of the Spirit." Some of us may question whether there is really a conflict to come, for there are several respects in which scientific materialism seems to be undermining consistently its own foundations in the natural course of that quest which it pursues with such deep sincerity, but Mr. Allen's view of the prospect has every right to be heard, and perhaps for the majority it has a greater title in probability than the alternative which is here expressed tentatively. . . . Among other articles may be mentioned that on "The Hegemonics of Christ," by the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, and that on Margery Kempe of Lynn, by M. F. Howard, which gives good account of the anchoress and her "Short Treatise of Contemplation."

There are some pleasant phantasies in *Orpheus*—for example, "The King and the Swan," by Herbert Farjeon, and "Green and Scarlet," by Mr. Edward Thomas; but perhaps the best thing in the current issue is Miss Eleanor Farjeon's "Faun by Night" in decasyllabic rhymed verse. Some of the lines haunt the memory.

The Islamic Review is a foundation of the present year, and though devoted in particular to Islam, it has an intention as time goes on to deal with religion in general. So far as we can understand its programme, the periodical is moreover not without a

certain propagandist motive ; those who desire information and enlightenment regarding Mohammedanism have the editor at their disposal by appointment, and arrangements are in progress to supply a course of lectures. Having regard to the fact that the editor is oriental by name one is constrained to say that the issue before us does considerable credit to his familiarity with our own language, while the occasional expressions which testify to foreign nationality are rather pleasant than otherwise. The Muslim is described as (1) one who sacrifices his life and all his interests in the path of God, (2) who engages all his faculties in devotion to God, (3) who shuns, as far as possible, every path of evil, (4) who seeks God and (5) suffers every disgrace and affliction for the sake of God. There are extracts from the Quran to prove that Islam is a religion of toleration, forbidding all compulsion, and from this the appeal proceeds to history, more especially that of Spain, to show that it is Christianity which has been and still is a religion of the sword. The witness at this moment among us is the public press of our own country respecting the tortures, burnings and outrages perpetrated on thousands of women, girls and even children, which have marked the progress of the Balkan war. There is another appeal possible, and this would be to the wars of Muslim. The truth is that none of these things are done in the name of Christianity, nor were they done truly and justly in the past under the name or with the warrant of the Prophet. War is the work of the brute in man, and the only sense in which the official religions are a by-word and a scorn—under whatever great or divine name they happen to exist—is that after untold centuries the brute is still within us, still, and as it would seem for ever, only waiting for his chance to come.

The last number of the Journal of *The Alchemical Society* contains a paper read at the fourth general Meeting by M. Gaston de Mengel on the evidence for metallic transmutation. It describes at some length three instances regarded as evidential in their character, being (1) that of Helvetius, as found in his *Golde Calf*; (2) that of Berigard of Pisa, given in his *Circulus Pisanus*, about which opinion may at least be called divided; (3) and that of Van Helmont, contained in his remarkable treatise *De Vita Eterna*.

REVIEWS

THE TIMES AND THE TEACHING OF JESUS THE CHRIST. By the Author of "The Great Law." London (New York, Bombay, Calcutta) : Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row. Price 12s. 6d. net.

THIS deeply interesting survey of the history of the Jews during the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Jesus Christ, is divided into three parts, of which the third brings the real object of the book directly into view, that object being "one among the many attempts to trace the relationship between God and man and to indicate the path by which He is to be reached."

The first part deals with the historical and political background of the Jewish nation from the time when, early in the second century B.C., Palestine, "after many vicissitudes of fortune, became a tributary of the kingdom of Syria." The Jewish dispersal had been very long in process and was rapidly spreading. A Hellenic Judaism had gradually arisen, with Alexandria as its metropolis, giving birth to an extensive Jewish-Greek literature. The crude Imperialism of the Syrian ruler, Antiochus IV, sought to Hellenize the Jews by means of religious persecution. Jewish rites were forbidden; the Mosaic cult abolished. From persecution sprang revolt, and under the hero Judas Maccabeus arose the great sect of the Maccabees. After long conflict the Jews regained their religious liberty, and the struggle entered on a new phase under many successive leaders, having complete political freedom for its aim. The Herodian epoch and the despotism of the Roman pro-Consuls succeeded the Syrian oppression and the three hundred years of the "Maccabean Wars"; and into those conflicting conditions, while Judaism was feverishly awaiting the advent of its great Messiah to come to his earthly kingdom, Jesus the Christ, the "Prince of Peace," was born.

The second part of the book deals with the various Jewish sects, Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, and the esoteric brotherhood of the Essenes. There are two absorbing chapters on the Neo-Platonists and the Gnostics, the former of which, says the author, "brought religion into the realm of philosophy and welded the two together for the first time in the Western world."

The third and last part of this masterpiece of scholarly research and culture will give it high rank among modern writings on mysticism. Particularly fine is the chapter entitled "The Mystic Christ." The chapter on "The Doctrine of Re-Birth" deals extensively with the problem of Reincarnation from the philosophical and mystical standpoints.

EDITH K. HARPER.

DREAMS AND THE WAY OF DREAMS. By Reginald L. Hine. London : J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THE vindication of dreams is avowedly the object of Mr. Hine's book, entitled *Dreams and the Way of Dreams*. Apparently Mr. Hine does

not find his object easy to achieve. After a fairly careful study of his work we are first of all led to ask to what particular point of view Mr. Hine can lay especial claim. Perhaps the theory to which Mr. Hine most constantly draws our attention is, that the dreams of the spirit (which must on no account be confounded with those generated by the physical sensations of the body) are gracious visions, the revelations of many of life's mysteries, and the solution of many problems of practical affairs. But, alas! amongst the dreams cited in support of this theory there are none that quite adequately substantiate it.

However, Mr. Hine consoles us with at least one happy thought. To those who wait upon their dreams, he says, is given some of the "soul's" choicest reminiscence of its divine adventures; and the suggestion, though not original, that the immortality of the soul is demonstrated in our dreams would, we think, have borne still further repetition.

Mr. Hine tells us that it is not well for man to despise or trample beneath his feet the flowers of dreams, and recommends us to love the lotus blossoms of sleep simply for their fragrance and fairness, which recommendation, by the way, plainly bespeaks the spirit they should adopt who would properly appreciate this book.

Indeed, it is only to those readers who, for their dreams, would exact from Mr. Hine a *raison d'être*, that we cannot hold out any hope of satisfaction. Should they, however, embark upon a perusal of this work, they will, perhaps, do well to journey on simply to gather the flowers Mr. Hine has so considerably—not to say cunningly—scattered by the way.

A. O'D.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. London: William Rider & Son, Limited, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Cr. 8vo, 240 pp. Price 3s. 6d. net.

STRINDBERG is fast becoming a cult; we almost said craze—but we think his works will live longer than the usual period of limitation which one associates with the latest fancy. We may, perhaps, be a little unorthodox in hailing the Strindberg Movement—what else is it, a cult?—yet we venture to say it because he proselytizes with theories as did Ibsen. Strindberg was a man of bold standpoint, and it is for this reason that there is a demand for his writings, for the world has too few such men. Mr. Vacher-Burch, who writes an introduction, uses the phrase, "The amazing candour of his self-revelation." This is a trite comment and aptly describes Strindberg's attitude to life. It is this remarkable examination of his own self which has fascinated the English reader. We suppose as long as culture exists, so long will the man who self-exposes his soul, as Strindberg does in his several books, be called morbid, psychologically abnormal, incapable of mental balance—sometimes insane. Yet is not the man who is thus ostracized often the Genius? And that is how Strindberg strikes us. *The Son of a Servant* is autobiographical. The facts are true: "Strindberg lived them." X.

THE HEART OF THE MASTER. By Carrie Crozier. 18 pp. demy 18mo. T.P.S., 161, New Bond Street, W. Price 1s. net.

THE first part of this little book of mystical devotion deals with the cultivation in the aspirant of the quality of Compassion, the key to the entrance

of the "Hall of Silence." Entering therein, the devotee contemplates the five symbols (to which part two is devoted): The Flaming Sword. The Cross of Light; the Mystic Star; the Δ ; and the \odot , attaining to more and more intimate realization of the inner glory, until he approaches the First Great Initiation. Only to those who truly "ask" does the little manual pretend to appeal, and in proportion to his power to "receive" will it have value in the eyes of the reader.

H. J. S.

CARNACKI, THE GHOST-FINDER. By William Hope Hodgson. Second Impression. London: Eveleigh Nash. Pp. 287. Price 6s.

It would be a great pity if a writer, with Mr. Hodgson's rare imagination, were to contract the habit of selling art by weight instead of quality; I say this in view of the fact that three of the six stories contained in this volume are decidedly below the mark of good literature and apt invention. Fortunately the remaining three are excellent thrillers, one of the trio—"The Whistling Room"—being as original and effective an occult fantasy as I have read since Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Man the Trees Loved* came my way. Mr. Hodgson puts all his stories in the mouth of the investigator named in his title. Sometimes a physical and mechanical explanation rebukes the reader's credulity, but in the best stories the uncanny sustains its reputation even in defeat. The precautionary measures of the militant occultist are cleverly described, and those who come under Mr. Hodgson's eerie spell will perhaps find themselves nervously drawing pentacles on their bedroom floors and perfuming their atmosphere with garlic. One of the most curious ideas in the book is that the souls of stillborn children have been snatched by certain "Monstrosities of the Outer Circle." Like most occult storytellers, Mr. Hodgson interests one in the part taken by apparently inanimate matter in conferring what may be called manifestability on certain forces or intelligences. I have now said enough to send the reader not only charitably, but eagerly to his book.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE JEWS AND PAGANS. S. E. Stokes. London: Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.. Price 1s. 6d. net.

IN this book Mr. Samuel Z. Stokes has gathered together a highly interesting mass of evidence testifying to the truth and verifying the words of Christ and the Gospel. He has very wisely drawn his corroborations from ancient writers and historians who were hostile to Christianity and persecuted its followers in the days when it was a new creed. Thus the passages he quotes from Tacitus, Pliny the Younger to the Emperor Trajan, Lucian of Samosata and Josephus the historian (who once so aptly described a wig as "fictitious hair"), all make fascinating reading, although the title of the book, which confounds Judaism with Paganism, is certainly a little unfortunate.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

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