

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL 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

IT is recorded of Mr. John Burns that in one of his moments of refreshing candour he avowed, with more humour than refinement of expression, that he was the only member of the present British Cabinet "whose backbone was not made of tripe." This caustic saying at least serves to draw attention to one of the gravest dangers of modern democracy. Those who have learned

"BACK-
BONES
MADE OF
TRIPE."
to estimate all things on a basis of quantity rather than of quality, are themselves likely to estimate the worth of a particular line of policy not so much by its inherent excellence as by the number of votes it can command at the polls. We all remember how

the late Doctor Dowie solved the problem as to whether he was or was not a reincarnation of Elijah: he made his congregation stand up and vote on the subject, and the decision in his favour

was carried by an overwhelming majority. Dominated, as we are to-day, by democratic institutions and democratic conditions, we are still bound to admit, if we are not hopelessly hypnotized by the democratic shibboleth, that there is no real finality in decisions arrived at by such a method, and that from the scientific standpoint the practice of counting noses determines neither more nor less than the number of noses that have been counted. In any true system of revaluation of values, quality will count for everything and quantity for nothing. So also in any true system of gauging the preponderant force of any race or people of mankind, what actually counts in the long run is not the vote of the majority but the weight of character and spiritual energy which is put into one side of the balance or the other. The democratic rank and file, indeed, tend to recognize this fact, and when opportunity offers will not unfrequently intuitively divine and give their vote to the spiritually stronger side—not, perhaps, so much through their own inherent capacity for judging as on account of the higher spiritual force at work which compels their unconscious recognition. It is for this reason that Democracy ever turns by preference to support the strong man.

But it all too often happens that Democracy begets the demagogue in exactly the same way as the King's Court begets the courtier. Thus the man who fawns upon Democracy finds himself placed, through the wirepulling of the democratic caucus, at the head of a party which he is powerless to lead because, in the significant words of Mr. John Burns, "his backbone is made of tripe." No courtier was ever a leader of men, and no demagogue was ever a real leader of a great party. The men who have *led* democracies have never, throughout history, been people of this type. When a democracy has brought such men to the head of affairs it has proved their own undoing. We may cite the two types from Revolutionary France, both in a sense the children of Democracy. One was Robespierre and the other Napoleon; one was the popular agitator who lived by pandering to Democracy's worst instincts, and himself perished in his own democratic ideal; the other dominated the democracy, whose choice he was, by the inherent force of his own personality. In case Napoleon should be regarded as a special or exceptional case, it is easy to cite other men who have stood in exactly the same relation to the democracies which have elected and upheld them. Such a man was Pericles, the darling of the Athenian democracy, and the very antithesis of the demagogue. Such another was Charles Stewart Parnell,

TWO CHILDREN OF DEMOCRACY.

head of a party which he is powerless to lead because, in the significant words of Mr. John Burns, "his backbone is made of tripe." No courtier was ever a leader of men, and no demagogue was ever a real

leader of a great party. The men who have *led* democracies have never, throughout history, been people of this type. When a democracy has brought such men to the head of affairs it has proved their own undoing. We may cite the two types from Revolutionary France, both in a sense the children of Democracy. One was Robespierre and the other Napoleon; one was the popular agitator who lived by pandering to Democracy's worst instincts, and himself perished in his own democratic ideal; the other dominated the democracy, whose choice he was, by the inherent force of his own personality. In case Napoleon should be regarded as a special or exceptional case, it is easy to cite other men who have stood in exactly the same relation to the democracies which have elected and upheld them. Such a man was Pericles, the darling of the Athenian democracy, and the very antithesis of the demagogue. Such another was Charles Stewart Parnell,

such another is Theodore Roosevelt. But it is all too frequently the case that democracies discourage the man of independent character, not through any unwillingness of the people to support him, but through the machinery of democracy, which offers puppets instead of men for the people's choice. It becomes then a question of measures, not men; and the voting by an ignorant multitude on questions of which they have no practical knowledge or powers of discrimination.

A democracy, other things being equal, is far more likely to be right when it votes for a man than when it votes for a principle. Unfortunately, it has often before it the choice of voting for one of two puppets, either of whom is equally prepared to play the sycophant to its worst passions. There are thus innumerable instances during recent times of men who have sprung into notoriety through a sort of intuitive talent for opportunism or jumping with the jumping cat. But after all, of what value is position, however high, in the State, apart from the inherent capacity of

THE
OFFICIAL
CLOTHES
AND THE
MAN.

the man who holds it? How many nobodies have been Prime Ministers of the British Empire, Presidents of the United States of America, Presidents—Premiers of France, Archbishops of Canterbury, Poets Laureate, what you will? And how much honour has their position brought them? To make a man a Poet Laureate is not to make him a poet, and to make him Prime Minister is not to make him a statesman. It is a comparatively recent innovation to have men of character and intellectual power as Presidents of the great American Republic. Who sets store by the names of the nobodies who occupied the White House between the days of Lincoln and McKinley? What are many of the men who have held the position of Premier of the British Empire but characterless shadows? The men we remember are the Pitts, the Peels, the Palmerstons, the Gladstones, the Disraelis. Who will ever remember an Asquith, a Campbell-Bannerman, a Balfour, or even an Earl of Derby? How many great men were there among the Presidents of France between Thiers and Poincaré? The moral of the whole matter is that to drift with the stream of democracy, or in short to drift with any other stream, is no help in the making of character, but rather the reverse, and that ability, however brilliant, counts for very little among the active forces which go to mould the destiny of mankind, as compared with that spiritual force and magnetism which in the ordinary parlance of the world we generally designate as character and individuality. It is probably far better in the long run to resist the stream of events

and be overwhelmed in struggling against the tide than to drift unresistingly without any attempt to assert that conscious soul-force which alone differentiates a man from the sum total of the semi-conscious forces of the universe. The most splendid epitaph that was ever penned was penned for one who went down in a hopeless struggle against forces that were too strong for him, fighting and battling to the very end for the cause to which he had dedicated his life. This was the stern republican, Cato, whose noble courage was contrasted in one of the greatest lines of Roman verse with the opportunism of his country's triumphant gods :

Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni.

(The gods the conquering cause upheld, but Cato chose the conquered.)

What is true of political institutions is true equally of all others. The institution that fails to turn out men of character, and that produces puppets instead, is doomed through its own inherent inability to serve its purpose in the scheme of things.

It must share the fate of the barren fig-tree of old. The word has gone forth about it : Cut it down ! Why cumbereth it the ground ? Nature's ends cannot be served by inanimate machinery, and the human machine, when he is a mere machine, is a worse machine than any other. So, too, the Church that has become a mere piece of machinery and turns out priests who preach parrot sermons and prate of parrot dogmas, instead of men animated by a life-giving zeal for humanity and the truth, soon shows the unmistakable symptoms of its own inherent decay. We may patch up the old bottles and attempt to fill them with the new wine, but the new orthodoxy will show itself before long as a mere parody of the old, and will reproduce in itself the symptoms of the disease of the old faith, of which it is but the shadow and counterfeit.

THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

Let them keep it intact—the caboodle !
 Let them hold it, the inch and the ell !
 The harps and kow-tows of their Heaven,
 The gnashings and squirms of their Hell !
 Why tinker with time-honoured dogmas ?
 Why play with Tertullian's creed ?
 The faith of their sires, if they need it,
 Why, damn it ! They need it, they need—

What réchauffé is this that they serve us ?

This blend of the old and the new ?

Christianity flavoured with reason

And labelled " The Orthodox Stew " ?

Was this what they died for the sake of,—

Their martyrs and prophets of yore ?

Was this, then, the hotch-potch they burned for ?

Did they welter for this in their gore ?

We will suffer each outrage on reason ;

All Science, all Truth they may ban.

Let them show but a cause fit to die for !

Let them bring—not a priest, but a MAN !

Thus it is that institutions break down because they fail to respond to the demands made upon them by the call of conscious humanity. There are those who will tell you that such a demand can be left without an answer, can be ignored and allowed to die for lack of sustenance. But it will invariably be found, when such a demand becomes sufficiently strong and sufficiently universal that it compels an articulate response, and that if the institutions then in existence fail adequately to meet this strong and continuous call of humanity, those institutions will be swept away and give place to others more adapted to the needs of the times. As Prentice Mulford has told us—

THE LAW
OF SILENT
DEMAND.

Beyond the highest ministering spirits, beyond all personal intelligence of the greatest conceivable intellect, there is a Power which pervades the endless universe. . . . This Power will respond to every demand we make upon it. For we are parts of it—parts of an infinite life. And as you recognize this your relationship to the Supreme Power, you will come to know that yours is the right to demand as much as possible of this Supreme or Divine Power to be expressed through you. . . . You have but to ask persistently of the Supreme Power and it shall be given you—to knock imperiously at its door and it shall be opened unto you in time. ,

And again, as a greater than Prentice Mulford has said, " The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force."

The demand thus, in other senses besides the commercial, creates the supply ; and this is true in all branches of the body politic, in all states, physical, mental and spiritual. It is thus that many prophecies prove to be their own fulfilment, for prophecies are most frequently the expression of an aspiration or an unfulfilled desire, and they will fulfil themselves if they represent a genuine need by the sheer force of their insistency. We cannot limit the conditions under which this spiritual law may become

operative. It is true in small things as in great, in great as in small. The demand creates the supply, even when it is a Messiah that is wanted.

Some people may ask "What have the civil, social or religious institutions of the world to do with the occultist?" I think my last paragraphs will be to a certain extent a reply to this. The forces that underlie the mechanism of human life, in their last resort, are all occult, and occultism pulls the strings of all. The play of the forces underlying human life is occult. Their external machinery on the political, religious and social planes is the only thing apparent to the man-in-the-street, who never thinks of gauging the subtle forces that create wars, revolutions, social upheavals, new dispensations, etc. The object of the genuine occultist is to make the machinery of life correspondent everywhere with the advancing development of the human race.

THE
OCCULTIST
AS
REFORMER.

Every institution that is behind the intellectual level of the day acts necessarily as a retarding influence. Every idea of God, every conception of the duty of man, which can no longer act as a life-giving principle to the human race, is from the occultist's standpoint a hindrance to development and needs to be replaced by some higher conception of duty or of divinity. It is for this reason that as long as the human race continues on the road of progression the occultist is by his very nature a reformer whether in the realm of sociology, politics or religion, and most of all in that of religion. For wherever spiritual matters are concerned, the highest spiritual need is ever the putting before the world of an ideal higher and nobler than has ever yet been attained. The religious conception must be a thing to be lived up to or it is nothing at all. You cannot live up to that which is beneath you, not even to please your grandmother. The cause of revolutions lies always in the fact that traditional forms and traditional institutions have remained unaltered and unmodified through too long a period of time, and in consequence the change when it comes is bound to be violent, modification being no longer practicable owing to the discrepancy between the institution and the social or religious development of the people that uphold it, and abolition, followed by reconstruction, being therefore the only possible remedy.

But if the occultist is *ipso facto* an ardent reformer, he labours under no illusion as to the spiritual value of many so-called reforms. The only real reformation begins in the heart and life of every individual citizen, and to give a nation a deno-

cratic form of government will not serve to avert its spiritual downfall, nor will those who prate most of the people's will or have the shibboleths of democracy most often on their lips impose on the occultist by their specious professions and insincere flattery. To him, if to him alone, they will appeal in vain, for he will hear that false ring in their voices, and that tell-tale something in the turn of their phrases, which those who know call "cant."

I have not space here to do more than draw my readers' attention to the extensive correspondence which appears in the present issue, on the subject of Reincarnation. As a matter of fact, it has necessitated my holding over several letters till the following number. I might, however, mention in this connection that my firm have arranged to bring out early in September a new and cheaper edition of *Reincarnation: a Study of Forgotten Truth*, by E. D. Walker. This volume is perhaps the most complete text-book on the subject that has yet appeared, and it has the merit, from the ordinary reader's standpoint, of being almost entirely free from technical terms and Eastern phraseology. The book will run to some 350 pp. crown 8vo, and be issued at 3s. 6d. net.

THE HEREAFTER *

By TERESA HOOLEY

BELOVED—what of Heaven?
 Is it a land by choiring angels blest?
 Is it earth's fairest dreams made manifest?
 Is it a state of perfect joy and peace?
 Is it oblivion wherein all things cease?
 O Love of mine, I know that Heaven must be
 The place where, heart to heart, I stand with thee.

Belovèd—what of Hell?
 Is it a darkness laid on hopeless eyes?
 Is it the soul's remorse that never dies?
 Is it a silence full of loneliness?
 Is it a world without a God to bless?
 Dearest of all, I know that Hell must be,
 Wherever, soul from soul, I part with thee.

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THE FAIRY FAITH IN IRELAND

By VERE D. SHORTT

THE Folk-lore of Ireland, generally speaking, resolves itself into two main branches: the Heroic Legends, which drift through an apparently interminable succession of semi-mythical kings and heroes, until they finally end in the person of the last great national hero of Ireland, King Brian Borhoime—Brian of the Tribute—who met his death at the hand of the Danish leader after the stricken field of Clontarf—and another, which concerns itself with supernatural beings, or beings which we in our wisdom choose to call supernatural.

With the first of these branches I do not propose to deal in this article, but on the subject of the second—the real popular folk-lore of Ireland—the belief in fairies, witches, demons, etc.—I propose to offer some information.

Now I fancy that there is a popular misconception (in England at least) to the effect that the Irish fairies—a word which I must apologize for using—or the Sidhe (pronounced Shee) to give them their Irish name—are small and dainty people with butterfly wings, who spend their time dancing in the moonlight. Nothing can be further from the truth. The people of the Sidhe, according to Irish ideas, are almost always either passively or actively malignant to the human race.

The stories which have come down of small and beautiful beings, who I believe are sometimes called the "Good" people, are the result of the feeling which prompts a man to make every effort to propitiate and flatter anything or anyone of whom he stands in mortal dread. And the Irish peasant to this day *does* stand in dread of the Sidhe—or "Them" as he prefers to call them—for he believes that to name the Sidhe brings them close to him, which is the last thing in the world that he desires. It is very hard to get the Irish peasant to talk of this belief to outsiders, but the belief is there—in spite of education, in spite of the priests' ban, the belief and fear are there, and I think always will be there. There is no event in life, birth, marriage, or death, into which this belief does not thrust itself—the child in the cradle, the bride at the altar, the young man or woman in their strength—all must be guarded from the ever-present, invisible Sidhe. Who are the Sidhe? Before answering this question it is necessary to remember that the fairies of Ireland are roughly divided into two classes—the gregarious and the solitary. The gregarious fairies, accord-

ing to popular belief, are small—about 2 feet high is the description I have heard given—whilst the solitary fairies have in outward appearance no difference from the human race. I think the legends of the first order of beings may be traced to the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland—the Firbolgs or bagmen. They are described as a dark, dwarfish race who lived underground. Now the fairy legends of all countries describe fairies or elves as being more or less of this description. The Breton legends invariably describe the Korrigan or Korel as being in possession of a *bag* in which he carries his magical charms.

When Ireland was conquered by the first Aryan invaders it is only natural to think that the latter, finding the country in possession of this race, so different from themselves in appearance, concluded that they were a different order of beings. According to the Breton legends if a mortal obtained possession of a Korrigan's bag, the Korrigan was obliged to reveal to him the hiding-place of treasure; and to-day in Ireland the belief is that the same result will follow if a mortal obtains possession of *any* article belonging to one of the gregarious fairies. According to Irish belief the gregarious fairies are very seldom actively malignant to mankind generally, but on the other hand rarely well disposed. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that if man will leave them alone, they will leave man alone.

The solitary fairies of Ireland are of an entirely different order, and are more in the nature of demons. Now what is the origin of the belief in this order of beings? Most Irish antiquarians think that they were the Tuatha-de-danaan—the demigods of Ireland. Of them, all that is known is that they were a tall, dark race, who invaded Ireland, subdued the Firbolg, and were in turn conquered by the Milesians.

In ancient Irish legends they are described as great magicians. Be that as it may, the general idea of antiquarians is, and I think rightly so, that the Sidhe are the Tuatha-de-danaan. A proof of this theory is that the Sidhe's favourite haunts are the ancient forts and tumuli, which any Irish peasant will tell one were built by the "ould Danes," though as a matter of fact they belong to an immensely anterior epoch. Another theory advanced is that the Sidhe are fallen angels, who when Satan was cast out of heaven, were cast out with him; but having been simply misled, and not naturally wicked, were considered too good for the bottomless pit, and were allowed to work out their penance on earth. I think myself that the first theory is the right one, if indeed on such a subject there can be a right or wrong theory.

The great fear that the Irish peasant has of the Sidhe lies in the latter's love of abducting human beings. Every one has heard stories of fairy changelings; they are common to the folk-lore of all countries. In Ireland one hears this story at almost every turn: if an otherwise healthy child sickens and droops, nothing (in certain parts of the country) will persuade the parents that "they" have not taken the child and substituted one of "their" own. A curious feature of these stories is that the changeling is almost always described as dark, small, and wizened.

Is this belief a survival from the time when the vengeance of the Firbolgs, the aboriginal inhabitants, took the form of stealing their conquerors' children? It seems not unlikely. There are several popular remedies to force the Sidhe to bring back the stolen child, and take their own again. One of the most drastic is to heat a fire-shovel red hot, and to seat the intruder on it, with the words: "Burn, burn, burn, if of the devil, burn; but if of God and the Saints, take no harm" . . . when he will find himself so uncomfortable that he will immediately depart to his own place. There are drawbacks to this method—one of the principal is that the child or changeling has a way of incontinently dying; and then the law steps in and in its coarse, unimaginative way, calls the whole proceeding a vulgar child murder, and makes everybody concerned uncomfortable. So this method has never been, so to speak, popular. Another way is to do something which will astonish or frighten the intruder, when he will depart, and the original child will be left in his place. But children are not the only people whom the Sidhe are supposed to take. If a young man or woman should die, either suddenly or of disease brought on from no apparent cause, the belief—which, by the way, is seldom or never expressed to outsiders—is that "they" have taken them, after having turned a log or bundle of rushes into their similitude; and that the seemingly dead person is with the Sidhe as a servant, and after a certain number of years (generally seven) will return again. But in many cases it is the *living* who are thus taken. Ireland has scores of stories of people who are said to be "away," which is the euphemism for this thralldom. Being "away" means that *while in this world*, and even at times pursuing their ordinary avocations, people in this state are also in the power of the Sidhe. In most cases the person who is "away" is tired and languid, or perhaps subject to fainting fits. The belief is that at certain times the Sidhe—or the "gentry," as they are often called—have control over the affected person, who has to take nocturnal journeys with them. In other cases

when a person falls ill of a wasting disease, the general belief seems to be that the "gentry" have the real person in some old "lis" or fort, and that they have changed a bundle of sticks, etc., or in many cases some one long dead, into the appearance of the invalid. In this enchantment, the stolen person generally has the chance by complying with certain conditions, of returning to his own country after a term of years, again generally seven. In fact a jocular salutation in Ireland to a friend whom one has not seen for some time is, "Where have you been these seven years?" A man or woman may come under this enchantment in many ways—by entering a "lis" or ancient fort and accepting food or drink, or by meeting a supernatural being in human shape, or one in the confidence of supernatural beings, and being unduly communicative about one's private affairs. I think that this belief helps to explain the extreme reticence of the Irish peasant to strangers, for, contrary to accepted English theories, the Irish peasant is one of the least communicative people on the face of the earth.

Another way in which one may be drawn into the power of the "gentry" is by unwise admiration. If one admires a woman, child or man openly, *that* gives "the others" power over them. If admiration is expressed, it must always be accompanied by the words "God bless him—or her," which neutralizes any possible mischief. The usual method of attempting to rescue a person from this state of servitude, is to threaten the appearance which has taken the place of the stolen person. It seldom or never goes beyond threatening. The idea seems to be that any violence offered to the appearance will be visited by the "gentry" on the stolen person, and also that one would possibly be ill-treating one long dead. There seems to be a belief that any one in this state is prevented by some power from speaking of anything which they may see or hear during their captivity. I heard a man say once when talking of this: "When he tried to tell us his tongue became like a stone behind his teeth." The general attitude of the Irish peasant towards "the gentry" seems to be one of respectful watchfulness. The people say: "If you don't interfere with them, they won't interfere with you, but it is better to have nothing to do with them, for if it wasn't for the fear that is on them of God and His saints, it isn't a person they'd leave living on the earth."

But if the "gentry" are neutral in their dealings with mankind, there are others of the fairy folk who, according to all reports, are far otherwise. The solitary fairies are, according to Irish ideas, never well disposed, and almost always actively hostile to

the human race. The solitary fairies are of the "Sidhe," but are also of the nature of demons. There are many of this class of being; the principal are—the Pookha, the Far-darrig, the Far-na-gorta, the Banshee, the Dallahan, the Lenahan-Sidhe, and the Leprachaun or Cluricaun. All these are more or less malignant spirits. The Pookha is a spirit which always appears in animal form, generally that of a horse, but sometimes in that of an eagle, goat, or dog. His delight is to lure belated travellers to destruction. If he appears in his usual shape, that of a horse, he tempts the traveller to mount him, and what Irishman can resist a horse? and then dashes with him over a precipice. He haunts lonely country roads and lakes, and Irish geography is full of such names as "Boher-na-puca" (the pookha's road), Phool-a-puca (the pookha's pool). His favourite month is November, and he is often called "Pookha-na-Samha" (Pookha of November). The Far-darrig, or Red Man, is a spectre which also haunts lonely countrysides. He puts "pishogue" on mortals. Pishogue is simply a spell—what students of Eastern occultism call "Maya"—illusion. His spells are always of a grim kind, and by a sort of poetic justice generally put on people who have lived an ill life.

The Far-na-gorta, or Man of Hunger, is a gaunt, emaciated spectre, who in times of famine goes from house to house asking alms, and whom it brings the very worst of bad luck to refuse, but, on the contrary, good luck to relieve.

The Banshee, or Woman of the Sidhe, "keens" or laments before the approaching death of members of certain families. She is one of the best known of Irish phantoms. The description given of her by a man who claimed to have seen her was as follows: He said he saw a woman sitting on a bridge with her head on her arms, and that when he approached her he "felt a cold wind blow through the hollow of his heart." As he got closer this is his description: "Her hair was streaming down her shoulders, and a good yard on either side of her, but the colour of it was a mystery to describe. At first I thought it was grey like an old woman's, but when I got closer I saw it was a sort of Iscariot (red) colour, with a shine on it like silk. Her face was as pale as a corpse's and the two eyes of her were as if they had been sewn in with scarlet thread."

The Dallahan is a headless phantom, which haunts certain places. His appearance brings ill-luck to any one unfortunate enough to see him. Many roads in Ireland are haunted by a black coach drawn by headless horses and driven by a Dallahan. Sometimes it knocks at the door of lonely houses, and according

to Croker, if the door is opened, a basin of blood is thrown over the person who opens it.

The Lanahan-sidhe, or fairy mistress, is also malignant. She takes the form of a beautiful woman who attracts young men. Once a kiss is given, the man's doom is sealed. He wastes away and dies.

The Lenahan-sidhe often gives the gift of poetry or music to her lovers, and many of the Irish poets were said to be under her influence.

The Leprachaun, or Cluricaun, is the fairy shoemaker. He is never seen unless hammering at *one* shoe. If a mortal can possess himself of any article belonging to a Leprachaun, the latter is obliged to show him the hiding-place of treasure. He is described as very small, not more than two feet high, with a long white beard, withered face, and invariably with a red cap.

The Omadhaun-dhu, or "black fool," is also malignant. He is of the race of the Tuatha-de-danaan. He roams the mountains playing a reed pipe, and he pipes so sweetly that he charms the shadows away from the trees, stones, and animals, and the souls away from men. His name in Celtic mythology is Dalua, and a person who has lost their senses is often said to have met Dalua.

The Washerwoman of the ford is a spectre that appears before war. She is seen at fords washing a pile of linen—the shrouds of those who are to die in battle.

It was this spectre who appeared to Congal Claeth, or Congal of the bloody fingers, at the ford of Moy-fenny, before the great battle of Creeve-roe. Sir Samuel Ferguson describes the incident and the appearance of the Washer in better words than I can compass:—

Mid-leg deep she stood,
Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in oozing blood,
Whereon, and on a glittering heap of raiment rich and brave
With swift pernicious hands she scooped and poured the crimson wave.

Congal addresses her :

"Who art thou, hideous One? And from what curst abode,
Comest thou in open day the hearts of men to freeze?
And whose lopped heads and severed limbs and bloody vests are these?"
"I am the washer of the ford," she answered; "and my race
Is of the Tuath-de-Danaan line of Magii, and my place
For toil is in the running streams of Erin, and my cave
For sleep is in the middle of the shell-heaped cairn of Maev
High up on haunted Knock-na-rea, and this fine carnage heap
Before me, and the silken vests and mantles that I steep

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Thus in the running water, are the severed heads and hands
 And spear-torn scarfs and tunics of the gay and gallant bands
 Whom thou, O Congal! ledest to death, and *this*," the Fury said,
 Uplifting by the clotted locks what seemed a dead man's head,
 "Is thine own head—O Congal!"

The omen came true in this case, for Congal fell in the battle and his army was routed.

Irish legend is full of appearances of this kind, though very seldom in such concrete form. According to Irish conceptions of the supernatural, they remain as a rule half merged in nature, and never completely disengaged from it, but in a manner communicating to what is natural and visible the sense of the supernatural.

It will be noticed that the "spectre washer" describes herself as being of the Tuath-de-danaan, and the same holds true of all the more malignant and terrifying of Irish supernatural beings. As is only natural, the belief of the coast people is more concerned with Sea-Beings.

The "Merrow," or sea man, is to all intents and purposes our old friend the mermaid, in a male form. He is described as being very ugly, with green hair and red eyes.

On the west coast of Ireland, the seal is looked on as a being in part supernatural; according to local belief, the seal can, and does, lead a dual existence, one in the sea as a seal, and one on land in the shape of a man, or woman. In this latter shape they often fall in love with, and marry mortals. The name of Rooney (a common one on the west coast of Ireland) literally means "of the seal" (ro-na), and I have had it told to me as a fact that people of that name can swim before they can walk, and contrary to the habits of coast dwellers the world over, are as much at home in the water as on land. The invocation used if a seal approaches the "curragh," or boat of a fisherman, on the west coast of Ireland is as follows: "Ho ro! Ro dhu! Ro na-mara! Im anim a naher on ro! augus avic, augus sphird nave!" (Oh seal! black seal! seal of the sea! In the name of the Father, O seal! and the Son, and the Holy Spirit!)

The Water Horse haunts both the seashore and the banks of lakes and rivers. A water-horse may sometimes be caught and tamed, and in such a case makes a most desirable steed as long as it is kept out of sight of water. If, however, it is allowed to see water, it immediately plunges therein with its rider, and tears him to pieces at the bottom.

The belief in witches and fairy doctors is also very widespread in Ireland. The great difference between them is that the witch's power is derived from evil spirits, and always used harmfully, whilst that of the fairy doctor is given to him by the Sidhe. In many cases this power is supposed to have been conferred on mortals who have been taken by the fairies, and released after a term of years, as a sort of reward for faithful service. These doctors are called in when the butter will not come from the milk, or the cow for no apparent reason refuses to give milk, to find out if the catastrophe is due to Nature, or witchcraft.

Perhaps after divination, he reports that some witch in the shape of a hare or rat has been milking the cow, or drawing the butter from the affected churn to her own by means of spells. In such a case the Fairy Doctor applies a counter charm; they will also give advice about reputed changelings, and prescribe for a "fairy stroke." I may mention that when a person is struck by the Sidhe, a tumour comes, or the person becomes paralysed. This is called a "fairy stroke." The Fairy Doctor will never take payment in money, but only in kind. If he takes money for his services, his power is destroyed. This power is supposed to be supernatural, but never wicked or malignant. Far otherwise is that of the witch. Her spells are always drawn from evil powers and are almost always ghastly. One of the most powerful is that of the "dead hand," with this—a hand cut from a corpse, and enchanted by spells—they will skim a well, and so divert the butter from a neighbour's churn to their own. But this is only one use of the dead hand; a candle held between its fingers will never go out, and has the power of putting whoever looks on the light into a trance. This belief existed up to comparatively recent times in England, in the shape of the "Hand of Glory."

But Irish witches are supposed to have the power, as witches have always had, at all times and in all countries, to change themselves into the form of animals. The shape generally chosen is that of a hare, but sometimes that of a cat or rat. Long ago it used to be that of a wolf.

However, the Irish belief has always been that change of form or magic is not real but Maya, illusion. For instance, if one carries a four-leaved shamrock, which guards its owner from all spells, nothing that witch or spirit can do in the shape of enchantment of the senses will have any effect. The *form* of an enchanted thing is always only illusion. Scott refers to this belief in his "Lay of the last Minstrel."

He . . . by enchantment's sleight
 Could make a lady seem a knight.
 . . . All was illusion, naught was truth.

Witches also traffic in love charms and philtres. The liver of a black cock, dried and powdered with suitable incantations, is supposed to be an infallible love charm. However, in Ireland as elsewhere, witchcraft never seems to bring its professors much material gain. Reputed witches are always old and very poor. A red-haired person in Ireland is always looked on with suspicion as being possessed of magical powers, and if a red-haired person enters a cottage where butter is being made the nearest fairy doctor is often sent for, to give a charm to counteract any spell which may have been worked.

Ghosts are also believed in by the Irish peasantry, though not to the same extent as the Sidhe, and they are certainly not so much feared. It is considered unlucky to lament the death of any one overmuch as that "draws" the spirit and may lead to hauntings, but taken altogether the Irish idea of ghosts is rather nebulous, with no terrifying features.

In many cases the Sidhe are supposed to draw the souls of the dead to themselves, but the general idea seems to be that when a person dies in the course of nature that the soul goes to its appointed place and stays there.

Of all the Irish beliefs in the supernatural that of the Sidhe comes easily first; ghosts and witches there are, according to Irish belief, but the "gentry," whether in the shape of fairies or demons, are always there. Much Irish folk-lore has been collected and published, but there are beliefs in Ireland that will never be given to the world. The people that believe them will not speak of them.

The fairy faith in Ireland is a survival of an almost prehistoric religion, and may with advancing education die out. At present it shows no signs of doing so.

THE LORE OF PRECIOUS STONES

By MINA H. SCOTT

THE Easterns believe that precious stones possess actual life, that they are living things, capable of emotion and feelings, that they have both medicinal and curative properties, and that several of them possess the power of reproduction.

In a general sense, all things have life, but Westerns, as a rule, do not endow stones, precious or otherwise, with life in any shape or form. Life exists in such low organisms this it is sometimes difficult to say whether it exists or not, where it ends, or where it begins.

The Eastern mind, therefore, starts from totally different premises from that of the Western, and this makes all the difference in the way an Eastern regards precious stones. Possibly the Eastern standpoint is more logical than ours.

If we do not believe in the existence of some form of life in precious stones, no matter how low in the organic scale, it seems scarcely logical to believe in the good and bad influences possessed by particular stones, and in their extreme sensitiveness to outside influences of an occult nature. The way in which pearls change colour and lose or gain brilliancy according to the health of the wearer, is a familiar example, though all pearls and wearers of them do not react on each other, a great deal depending on the sensitiveness of the wearer. Turquoises also vary in colour, old traditions say, like pearls, according to their owners' health, or it may be from atmospheric causes.

The beliefs, the rites, the good and bad influences, the powers and properties attached to precious stones in general, and to some stones in particular, are legion. When one thinks of the precious stones treasured in the East for ages untold, while we Westerns were still uncivilized, it is only natural that the lore of precious stones should come from there.

It is not always easy to draw a distinct line between what a stone is emblematic of, and the virtues it is actually supposed to possess; the line is indefinite. In Eastern stoneology, if I may coin a word, eight stones rank first as possessing or signifying distinctive qualities and virtues.

- 1st. Beryl—Purity.
- 2nd. Diamond—Purity and Chastity.

- 3rd. Sapphire—Spirituality.
- 4th. Emerald—Possession and Success.
- 5th. Ruby—Love and Increased Possession.
- 6th. Opal—Hopefulness.
- 7th. Turquoise—Health.
- 8th. Amethyst—Strong Friendship.

This is a list told me by an Eastern.

There is popularly supposed to be a precious stone for every month of the year, but there is some difference in the lists of stones dedicated to different months, which accounts for people born in different months claiming the same gem. The old Romans used twelve Zodiacal stones, set and worn as a talisman.

- January—Aquarius, the garnet or jacinth.
- February—Pisces, the amethyst.
- March—Aries, the bloodstone.
- April—Taurus, the sapphire.
- May—Gemini, the agate.
- June—Cancer, the emerald.
- July—Leo, the onyx.
- August—Virgo, the cornelian.
- September—Libra, the chrysolite.
- October—Scorpio, the aquamarine.
- November—Sagittarius, the topaz.
- December—Capricorn, the ruby.

The ordinary list of stones for the months is slightly different.

- January—the garnet or jacinth.
- February—the amethyst.
- March—the bloodstone.
- April—the sapphire or the diamond.
- May—the emerald.
- June—the agate.
- July—the cornelian or the ruby.
- August—sardonyx.
- September—the sapphire or chrysolite.
- October—the aquamarine or the opal.
- November—the topaz or the cat's eye.
- December—the turquoise or the malachite.

There are also precious stones for every day of the week, in accordance with the planets that hold rule over the days, as the Sun for Sunday, the Moon for Monday, Mars for Tuesday, etc., etc.

- On Monday, the moonstone, symbol of hope.
- On Tuesday, coral, to prevent misfortune.
- On Wednesday, turquoise, the day for blue stones.
- On Thursday, chrysoberyl or cat's eye.
- On Friday, diamond, to avert the bad luck of Fridays.
- On Saturday, sapphire, for happiness.
- On Sunday, rubies should be worn.

It is difficult for the Western mind to realize the extraordinary extent to which precious stones enter into the every-day life of the Eastern. They are medicinal; they are amulets, capable of averting or bringing evil; they possess in themselves virtues and poisons; they are discoverers of false witnesses and of criminals generally; they rule every day and every month; they are dedicated to gods and deities. There is almost no relation of human life into which they do not enter and influence largely.

There is yet another calendar of the precious stones dedicated to the twelve Apostles.

- The sapphire, to St. Andrew, symbolical of his faith.
- The cornelian, to St. Bartholomew, symbol of his martyrdom.
- The white chalcedony, to St. James, symbol of his purity.
- The topaz, to St. James II, symbol of his delicacy.
- The emerald, to St. John, symbol of his youth and gentleness.
- The amethyst, to St. Matthew, symbol of his sobriety.
- The jasper, to St. Peter, symbol of hardness.
- The chrysolite, to St. Matthias, symbol of purity.
- The sardonyx, to St. Philip, symbol of friendship.
- The pink hyacinth, to St. Simeon of Cana, symbol of his sweet temper.
- The chrysoprase, to St. Thaddeus, symbol of his serenity and trust.
- The beryl, to St. Thomas, indefinite in lustre, symbol of his lack of faith.

It would be most interesting to know if the stones dedicated to the Apostles were their respective birth-stones. Why St. Mark and St. Luke are not included in this list I do not know.

Occultists and mineralogists do not work along the same lines, and some of the differences are rather curious. The beryl, emerald and aquamarine all belong to the same species, but the qualities with which the three gems are endowed are totally different.

The beryl is essentially the stone of innocence and purity.

A Hindoo baby girl of high caste is presented with strings of beryls, the number depending on the wealth of her parents and relations. A string of beryls is hung round her tiny neck, and at her naming, her betrothal and her marriage, beryls are given to her with these words :—

As pure as this crystal may your life be.

In Rossetti's poem, "Rose Mary," only the pure are able to read truly the visions seen in the beryl stone. The visions were clouded from the sight of Rose Mary, and the vision she saw was not the true one. In ancient times a beryl stone was used for crystal gazing, and the pale green beryls were most valued for that, because the colour green was under the influence of the moon, and the crystal gazer only looked in the beryl during the increase of the moon. Young boys and virgins were usually chosen as crystal gazers.

The emerald is the emblem of success and possession. An emerald ring, or emeralds worn about the person, brings success to the wearer and gives him possession of what he most desires, wealth, power, be it what it may. This must not be taken absolutely literally. Every occultist knows that merely to wear an emerald or other gem, and then to sit down and wait, will not necessarily bring success or possession. The emerald, like other stones, is an aid, and properly used, a very powerful aid. The man of pure life, who has faith in the efficacy of the gem he wears, is more likely to receive what he wishes through its means, than a man who is sceptical.

The virtues ascribed to the emerald go back to the days of Pliny. Seals were often made of it, and the colour was considered especially restful for the eyes. Nero had an eyeglass cut out of an emerald. An old seventeenth century writer says it cures dysentery, and also "venomous Bitings. For a dose, six, eight, or ten grains are given. Among Amulets, it is chiefly commended against the epilepsie ; it stops bleeding if held in the mouth ; . . . it expels fears and the Tertian ague, if hung about the neck." It is also good for jaundice and liver complaints.

Two superstitions which apparently entirely oppose each other are rather curious. There is a very old belief that emeralds drive away evil spirits ; and the Peruvian Indians believe to-day, as they did in ancient times, that the emerald mines in Peru are guarded by demons, and that the caves near the mines are also haunted by the demons. The same belief exists in the East among the Arabs of Mount Zebarah.

The turquoise is an important stone in the East, where its reputation as a health stone is very widespread. Eastern doctors, even at the present day, use it as a thermometer, but I have never been able quite to understand how it works with any certainty. Its action must be erratic, to say the least. An old writer, De Bodt, says of it that it "strengthened the eyes and cheered the soul of the wearer ; it saved him from suffering a fall, by cracking itself instead ; it grew pale as its wearer sickened, lost its colour entirely on his death, but recovered it when placed on the finger of a new and healthy possessor."

Certain stones carry bad influences with them, and when a turquoise turns green, it should not be worn ; the changing of its colour to green shows it has powers of evil for the wearer. In many countries the turquoise is given as a love token, for it brings happiness, love, and good fortune. One of the largest turquoises known belonged to Nadir Shah ; it was two inches long and was valued between £700 and £800.

There is a very ancient belief in the generative powers of some of the precious stones, especially of the diamond and sapphire. One seventeenth century writer says he finds it "recorded by Hinschoten and Garcias Ab Horto, whereby it may appear that the seminal principles of precious stones, as of plants, are lodged in the bowels of the mine they grow in. Thus diamonds are digged like gold out of mines. Where they digged one year the length of a man into the ground, within three or four years after there are found diamonds again in the same place, which grew there."

Garcias himself makes the curious statement that "diamonds which ought to be brought to perfection, in the deepest bowels of the earth, and in a long tract of time, are always at the top of the ground ; and in three or four years' space made perfect ; for if you dig this year but the depth of a cubit, you will find diamonds ; and after two years dig there you will find diamonds again."

Easterns have told me that if a male and female diamond are laid side by side in a wooden box and locked away for two years, when the box is opened, several small diamonds will be found there with the two original stones. The male diamond is said to be harder and more brilliant than the female. Old writers differ in describing the sex of the stones. Writing of the sapphire, one says, "Some stones are blue and white ; these are called the males ; the others are the females." Another writer says the pale blue sapphire is the male, and the dark blue the female.

The tales and legends of good and bad luck attached to particular stones are numerous enough for a volume. Think of the scenes these gems have passed through ; the battles, the sieges, in which they have been stolen, hidden, or lost. One famous diamond was lost at the storming of Coocha in Khorassan, and was used by a peasant who picked it up to strike fire with, thinking it was merely a bit of flint. Men have risked their lives and reputations for the sake of the silent gems. Thefts and murders have been committed for their possession. The history of some stones is a long history of blood and crime.

Think of a stone like the wondrous Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light of its Indian owner, with a history going back to the dim ages of the past, when the Mountain of Light was among the royal jewels of the ancient race of Uikramalitya, and tradition tells of it in still more misty ages. Fought for, bled for, stolen, lost, its owners murdered to win possession of it, kingdoms lost and won for it, the Koh-i-noor has outlived countless possessors ; the pride of kings, savage and civilized, since it was won five thousand years ago by Katna, one of the heroes of the *Mahabharata*. Think of this stone of eight hundred or nine hundred carats, flashing in the crown of the Great Mogul. The Hindoos say its influence is malign. Is that much to be wondered at with the influences of such a history, from the days when it was first unearthed in the Golconda mines ?

The famous Orloff diamond, now in the sceptre of the Czar, is supposed to be a bit of the original Koh-i-noor. Its history is nearly as romantic as that of the Koh-i-noor itself. Originally it was in an Indian temple, forming the eye of an idol. It is also said to have belonged to Nadir Shah of Persia, and after many vicissitudes, Count Orloff bought it for the Empress Catherine. From the Great Mogul to the Czar of the Russias, a royal jewel, truly. A third diamond, the one found by a peasant at the siege of Coocha, and which then passed into the possession of Abbas Meerza, is thought to be a third piece of this much cut stone, which now only weighs one hundred and six carats, instead of the original eight or nine hundred.

Another historic diamond, the Florentine, was also lost on a battlefield. It belonged to Charles the Bold, and when he lost it at the Battle of Granson, it was found by a Swiss soldier, who sold this diamond, worth a king's ransom, for a few pence.

The story of the blue Hope diamond, and of the misfortunes it carries to all its possessors, is too well known to need repeating here. It changed owners recently, and the disasters that befel

its various holders were recounted in all the papers. Several of them died violent deaths.

Another malignant diamond belonged to President Kruger. Fifteen owners of that diamond each came to a sudden and violent end, and it was looked on as an unlucky stone when Kruger bought it. Tribal wars in Africa are not, however, conducive to peaceful lives or deaths.

It is extraordinary how an opal, one of the most beautiful of gems, is looked on as unlucky, unless the wearer was born in October. Then it apparently carries every possible blessing for its owner. I have not been able to trace when the belief in the general bad luck of opals came into existence. It does not appear to be very old, as the opal was formerly believed to have in itself the virtues of each stone of which it bore the colour, so that an opal had all the virtues, from an occult point of view, of the diamond, sapphire, pearl and ruby. This stone "wonderful to behold" with its "divers colours of shining gems," was in former days said to be good for all diseases of the eye, a quality it shared with certain other stones.

In modern times, Russians perhaps have the greatest horror of the opal. To them it is a symbol of all that is evil and malignant.

The curious belief that the opal is a sign or symbol of putrefaction and decay, is evidently founded on the existence of what is known as the "wood opal," a sort of very beautiful petrified wood found in Hungary and some other places. It is commoner in Hungary than elsewhere, and a whole tree is sometimes found petrified in this fashion. Strangely enough too, though opals are found in different countries, the only known opal mines are in Hungary, where there is the greatest quantity of the wood opal.

WHY THE HUNTING-LODGE AT GRIESHEIM WAS PULLED DOWN

A TRUE STORY

By PHILIP MACLEOD

WHEN the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt had the hunting-lodge at Griesheim pulled down, his action caused some surprise, as the house was only some fifty years old, had cost much to build, and was still in excellent condition. But those who knew the reasons for the Landgrave's action greatly approved of it. True, it would not have commended itself to the Society for Psychological Research; but then all this happened long before that excellent body was founded.

The circumstances leading to the demolition of the Lodge are of a somewhat singular nature. They were recorded shortly afterwards, from the evidence of eye-witnesses and persons immediately concerned in them, so "the thing is, in a manner, history." So far as the present writer is aware, the story has never before been told in English. He has kept, as closely as possible, to the particulars of the original record.

By all accounts, the adventures to be met with in Griesheim Wood were not, during a certain period at least, to everybody's taste. The period referred to was that which followed Freiherr von Mingerod's death, which took place in 1750.

Freiherr von Mingerod was the then Landgrave's Master of the Hounds, which explains his connection with the Hunting-Lodge. He seems to have been a mighty hunter and a keen sportsman, and was certainly a faithful servant to his master, who wrote a quaintly touching little elegy on his death—verses that have the queer pathos of an old-fashioned tune, tinkled faintly and slowly by some old clock or *tabatière* come down from the days of sword and *perruque*. One likes to think of the old Prince, sitting in his hunting-lodge with powdered hair and red coat and great boots, looking dreamily out through the open window while he shapes his verses, with the drowsy murmur of the summer wood coming in to him.

Why Freiherr von Mingerod should have haunted the wood after his death is not clear. Perhaps, as in the case of poor Goldsmith, his mind was not at ease when he died. His memory

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is charged with no crime, nor even with suspicion; and yet it seems that he could not rest in the grave. Certain it is, that after his death the wood of Griesheim began to have a most uncanny reputation.

People said that unaccountable winds arose in the forest at night, winds that grew more violent as they approached the Lodge, and kept on blowing till long after midnight, ceasing as suddenly and mysteriously as they had begun. And, though it was known that the Lodge was well secured, and that not a soul was in it, yet every window would at such times be seen brilliantly lighted up. Many persons declared that they had met a hunter in the twilight, a hunter that rode noiselessly by, without sound of hoof. An old forester deposed one day that the evening before he had seen in a woodpath a dog of a breed that had long died out. Quite astonished, he had approached it, while his own dog, an animal both courageous and vicious, slunk close at heel; but the nearer he approached the creature, the huger and vaguer it grew, till, as he was close upon it, there was nothing but a mist, that he found all about him. Full of fear he hastened home, and next day made the official report that has come down among the records of the case.

Herr E——, who had the care of the Lodge, once sent his two young sons * there, with an elderly servant, to make some preparations for an approaching visit from the Landgrave. Night came on before all things were ready, but at last, lights were put out, window-shutters and doors carefully secured, and the little party set out for home. They had hardly gone a hundred and fifty paces from the house when one of the brothers, chancing to look back, saw every window brilliantly lighted! What hand could in those few seconds have lighted all the candles and opened the well-bolted shutters? The terrified spectators did not stay to inquire, but made off as quickly as they could.

There was a certain Fuchs, a captain in the White Dragoon Regiment, which at that time furnished part of the guard for Kranichstein, the Landgrave's Palace. Fuchs had formerly been in the Prussian Army, served in one of Frederick II's campaigns, and obtained an order. He was a man of great determination and presence of mind, and he often said that if the Landgrave would only grant him permission, and the necessary means, he would soon put an end to the hauntings at Griesheim. This came to the Landgrave's ears, and he one day asked Fuchs what

* These brothers (one of whom afterwards became Court Sculptor) personally related their experience to the original narrator.

means he considered necessary to banish the ghost. Fuchs replied that if twenty dragoons, picked by himself, were placed under his orders, together with a supply of food and drink adequate to sustain them during the watch, he would undertake the task of exorcism.

The Landgrave readily acceded to the captain's request, directing only that every possible precaution should be taken; and about noon on a fine autumn day not long afterwards, Rittmeister Fuchs and his merry men were assembled in the haunted Lodge. Needless to say, the captain had chosen fellows of courage, and without the smallest trace of superstition. He had issued stringent orders: "No man is to leave his post before he is relieved, let him see or hear what he pleases. If any one approaches and does not immediately answer when challenged, fire upon him with the carbine. Any man guilty of the slightest insubordination will at once be shot down by me."

The Rittmeister quartered his men on the ground floor of the house, while he himself examined every room above, every fireplace, every corner, and even the chimneys; he locked every door behind him and took the keys. The back door was locked and bolted; the cellars were searched; the wood was thoroughly beaten. Nothing suspicious; Fuchs was already groaning at the prospect of having to begin his next morning's report at Kranichstein with, "All's well, Herr Landgraf."

The day wore on; the shadows of the firs grew longer and longer till they vanished as evening came. There was no moon that night. But, even before sunset, eight dragoons, with carbines and side-arms, had been posted all round the house in a sort of ring. The sentries were relieved every half hour.

All the rooms on the ground floor were brightly lighted with candles, which were carefully renewed whenever necessary. The Rittmeister sat for the most part in the drawing-room, but every now and then he walked among the other chambers, or about the house outside.

So things went on till near midnight. The sentries reported nothing suspicious, though they had been exceptionally vigilant, and "had tried different ruses" to entrap any possible tricksters. Nobody guessed how near the catastrophe was!

The sentries on the south-west suddenly noticed a dull rustling at some distance, which came nearer and nearer. All at once it became a violent gale that bent the young trees like whips, tore the tops off the old ones, and hurled them roaring by. To make matters worse, bands of fire came darting through the wood, flash-

ing and vanishing, and often passing close to the dazzled eyes of the sentries.

It was too much for those honest fellows, and they retired on the house at the double, where they received anything but a warm welcome from their commander. He himself, of course, had observed the storm, and felt the house rock to its foundations before it; but the unexampled insubordination of his men greatly incensed him, and he chased them back to their posts with what are described as "all the oaths of an old soldier."

The gale continued to roar, and bluish flames flickered through the dark, over and about the house. After midnight, however, the wind dropped, the "ghostly messengers" flashed no more, and the wood became as dark, to use the dragoons' expression, as the inside of a cartridge-pouch. Rittmeister Fuchs began to believe that he had nothing but the elements to deal with; the sentries found it exceedingly dull; everything was quiet.

Hark! A shot! Several other shots! The Rittmeister, followed by his men, rushes out of the house. Nothing further to be heard, nothing to be seen but the dark masses of the trees. The party return, resolving to await the time of relief. One Z——, a private, reported that the nearest sentry had quitted his post. The Rittmeister was just about to sally forth again, when something happened.

The house suddenly rocked as if it had been struck by a thunderbolt; a hurricane was roaring about it all at once; the well-secured casements flew wide, and the gale, rushing in, tore all the doors on the ground floor open, and extinguished every light. Then the wind sunk as suddenly as it had risen.

Fuchs ordered the candles to be lighted, and it was then found that every door and window was as well secured as ever! This baffled the party; they cudgelled their brains to no purpose, till Fuchs suddenly noticed that it was twelve minutes past the time of relief, and that six of his men were missing. He sent his sergeant to look for them, and then went out himself with four men, but there was no trace either of the six men or of the sentries. The captain resolved to keep his remaining half-dozen troopers in the house.

The night wore on, and the hands of the clock were pointing to three, when, first outside and then inside the house, there arose a hissing, and a whistling, and a howling and roaring through which there sounded peals of loud and seemingly scornful laughter. The captain rushed out into the hall, with his men behind him, and shouted as he stood in the doorway: "And if the

devil and all the hosts of hell are coming to quarter here, *still* I will not move from the place!"

That moment a raging blast, arising in the house itself, seized upon the commander and his men, drove them forward, and was within an ace of throwing them down the steps. Every light went out, and they stood in Egyptian darkness. Next moment there was not a breath of wind about the house.

The captain ordered the candles to be lighted. Not a trace of damage was to be found, but two more dragoons had disappeared! In the circumstances, the Rittmeister thought it useless to stay there any longer. The doors and the shutters were all secured, the lights put out, and the retreat begun. But hardly had the party got twenty paces from the house than they saw every window brightly lighted, so that the curtains could be seen, and the bolted shutters had all been drawn back. In spite, however, of this tempting opportunity for investigation, the party continued its homeward march.

But what had happened to the fourteen missing troopers? Had they fallen victims to the infernal powers?

Not at all. They all reached their respective squadrons that night in fairly good condition. The eight sentries had some additional particulars to relate.

It seems that, some time after taking up their stations, a noise had been heard, as if something were breaking through the bushes towards them. (This noise seems to have drawn them all together.) As the noise approached they began to hear a hollow groaning, and as a flame flashed through the wood about them, they had distinctly seen a large formless mass, covered with hair, rolling its way towards them and groaning as it came. Without pausing to reason about the matter, they had fired upon the object at some twenty-five paces; all became dark again, and, conscious of having done their duty, the gallant fellows now thought it well to retreat—not, however, towards the house and their fiery commander (who would, very probably, have shot them), but as fast as possible in an opposite direction. The other eight men had silently stolen away under the compulsion of similar feelings.

No record remains to show whether the sixteen deserters were punished or pardoned. Neither is anything known of the results of Rittmeister Fuchs' report to his gracious Landgrave in the morning, or of the subsequent history of that commander. But certain it is, that not long after these events, the Lodge at Griesheim was pulled down.

OLLA PODRIDA

By THE EDITOR

AS promised in my last issue, I am giving a brief illustrated sketch of Grove Court, Totteridge, which I trust may be largely utilized in the future as a Home of Rest for those who find the strain and stress of London life, and the life of the present day generally, too great a tax upon their nervous vitality. I need not enlarge upon the need which exists at the present time for such establishments. As the proverb says, "it is the pace that kills," and it is often not so much the amount of work done as the rapidity with which it has to be got through, and the unfavourable conditions under which it is frequently necessary to accomplish it, that tends to impair the vital forces. If those who find the pace killing them will pay a visit in time to Grove Court, they will find much there in the way of healthy conditions, bracing air, and treatment of a simple but effective kind, which will be calculated to restore their depleted nervous energy, and enable them to return once more to the field of their daily activities. I am told of one lady who had been in bed the whole winter at a well-known health resort, and who came early last spring to Grove Court, and to the amazement of every one insisted on getting up the first morning after her arrival, and in a fortnight's time was once more her usual self. Personally I am a great believer in bracing air and plenty of it both inside the house and out. Grove Court is only some twelve or fourteen miles from London, and it stands 400 feet above the sea level, i.e. about the same height as the dome of St. Paul's, and the view from the house and grounds is both extremely pretty and very extensive. The country is well wooded, hilly, without being too hilly, and there are many of those field-walks in typical English scenery which one tends to miss in the neighbourhood of London, where, generally speaking, the roads only are open to the use of the pedestrian. It is difficult to believe that London is so near. The station, "Totteridge and Whetstone," is a mile and a half off, and the trams, an alternative means of reaching London, are only a little further. The house is quite a new one, and the bedrooms are beautifully fresh and airy, and all of course look out upon the open country. Living there one forgets for a time that there is anything in the nature of a big town anywhere in

existence. I understand that Miss Mackay does not go in specially for vegetarian diet, but vegetarians if they come will be supplied with their own particular form of food. The proprietress is taking into partnership in the immediate future Miss Moss (well known at the Higher Thought Centre), another lady healer on mental lines, and hopes by this means to extend the scope of her activities. Miss Mackay and Miss Moss both propose to give instructions to their patients, as well as to undertake cures themselves. A trained nurse is retained for massage and electricity, and also for the Nauheim treatment. There are two bathrooms, twelve bedrooms, and, in addition to the ordinary



GROVE COURT, TOTTERIDGE, FROM THE ROAD.

sitting rooms, there is a large recreation room, in which it is proposed to hold lectures, concerts, etc., in the winter. The illustrations given show the front and back of the house, and also two views of the interior (lounge and drawing-room). Breakfast is served at 9 a.m., lunch at 1 p.m., and dinner at 7 p.m. There is a long pond at the bottom of the garden, in which I am told perch are to be found. Those who fancy catching their own breakfast had better come armed with the necessary implements, but I have not experimented myself, so am afraid I can give no guarantee. Certainly Grove Court has great possibilities, and it is much to be hoped that they will be realized to the full.

I think it is only fair to Mr. C. W. Child, the author of the article on "Some Remarkable Hands" in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, to state that when writing his notes about the hand of Gifford, the world's most daring cyclist, he was quite unaware that he had met his death by an accident in 1908. Owing to exigencies of space the article had to be cut down by several lines, and in these lines, which, as a matter of fact, were already set up in type, the author expressed the wish that he might have the opportunity of reproducing Gifford's hand at the present date, to see what changes the lines had undergone. The note with regard to his death through an accident was added by myself, and was



GROVE COURT. VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.

not seen by the author until the publication of the article in the magazine. I am reproducing a snapshot taken in America of the dive through which Gifford met his death by striking the edge of the water-tank in which it was intended that he should alight, as I think it may be of interest to my readers.

A case of hypnotic cure that deserves more than passing mention was recorded recently in the daily press. The subject of the cure was a child of ten years of age (Gertrude Yates, of Basset Road, Nunhead, S.E.). She was born blind, and had, up to the date of her recovery, never been able to see, the eyes being covered with an opaque film. The hypnotic healer is a certain Mr. Alexander Erskine, of 68, Park Street, London, W. Inter-



GROVE COURT. DRAWING ROOM.



GROVE COURT. LOUNGE.

viewed by the representative of the *Globe*, Mr. Erskine stated quite frankly that he had not anticipated being able to cure the child, but determined to make an attempt on the off-chance. In order to do this he put her into the hypnotic sleep, to which operation she responded with unusual readiness. He then opened her eyelids and suggested to her that she was no longer



GIFFORD'S LAST DIVE.

blind, but able to see. She at once accepted the suggestion, stating that she could see the operator's face, and also various books which he held before her. He then impressed upon her that "when she woke up she would be able to see splendidly." The fact that she admitted seeing in the hypnotic trance did not appear to amount to much, as a suggestion is so readily seized upon in this condition, but the Professor was delighted to find after she resumed her normal state that she was still able to see.

"Taking a piece of paper," he says, "I held it up and asked her what it was. She replied that it was something bright. I then tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor. No delusion could have guided her to see pieces of paper scattered carelessly about the room, but when she had picked them all up I knew that she could really see, though it is true her sight was not very distinct." Mr. Erskine stated in reply to an inquiry that he considered the cure to be the result of the application of quite simple and well-known principles. Obviously, if the nerve and tissues of the eye were gone, no one could hope that there would ever be sight; but in a case where there was all the mechanism, and what was needed was just the power to use it, he considered that hypnotic treatment should be capable of effecting cures, as by this means the subconscious activities might be brought into co-ordination with the conscious. He cited the parallel case of certain forms of paralysis where all the machinery for movement existed, but the automatic response to volition was wanting. Mr. Erskine claimed to have successfully treated cases of this kind, but, he added, "it would be exaggeration to say that I had cured them. Like the blind child, the patients have really cured themselves."

Almost all students of mental therapeutics have recognized the validity of the theory put forward by Mr. Erskine, but it is one thing to put forward a theory and another to translate it into actual practice. And certainly this is the first authenticated case that I personally have met with in which a child born blind has been cured by hypnotic suggestion pure and simple. If my readers know of any parallel cases I should be glad if they would communicate them. It may be suggested that in this case the film which had interfered with the child's sight had been gradually lessening its opacity through a considerable period, but that nothing had occurred to break down the negative auto-suggestion of blindness which had prevailed from birth, until Mr. Erskine took steps through hypnotic suggestion to put the organ of sight *en rapport* with the child's brain, thus linking up the circuit.

One of the features of the Publishing Season of 1912-3 has been the republication by the Publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW (William Rider & Son, Ltd.), of the late Mr. Bram Stoker's novels in cheap cloth editions at 1s. net. The first of these that was republished was the celebrated vampire story *Dracula*. The demand for this was so great that the first twenty thousand copies are already practically sold out, and the new edition is in

the press. The publication of *Dracula* was followed by two other brilliant romances *The Jewel of Seven Stars* and *The Mystery of the Sea*.

It is in connexion with the former that my present note is penned. The central incident of *The Jewel of Seven Stars* is the search for the body of an Egyptian queen in her rock tomb in the desert. The violation of this tomb was guarded against by one of those curses which the priests of ancient Egypt apparently knew only too well how to make effective. Another story of the fate of a body-snatcher of ancient Egypt similar to that which is recorded of the body-snatchers of the tomb of queen Tera in *The Jewel of Seven Stars* has come to light through the recent exhibition of a jewel made by the order of the Pharaoh of Upper Egypt 3400 B.C. The jewel in question is a composite of carnelian, lapis lazuli, and turquoise, and it was given by the Pharaoh of that day to one of his Court favourites. When the favourite died it was buried with him in his magnificent tomb at Gerzeh, forty miles from where the capital of Egypt now stands. How soon after the favourite's death we know not, but, lured by the tradition of this priceless stone, the body-snatcher did his work and broke into the tomb of Pharaoh's dead courtier. In doing so, however, he found his doom, for the heavy slabs that formed the roof of the burial place fell upon the thief in his very act of vandalism and crushed him to death. The tomb was re-discovered only last March by Prof. Flanders Petrie and his party of excavators, and the work of the court artificer of ancient Egypt is now once more brought to the light of day.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, who recently contributed an article on haunted churches to the OCCULT REVIEW, has written a column dealing specially with the haunted churches of London for the editor of the *Evening News*. One of these is not a little curious. Those who have visited Westminster Abbey may have noticed by the east aisle of the north transept Roubiliac's famous monument to Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, in which Death, depicted as a skeleton, is shown launching his dart at the beautiful wife who sinks into the arms of her horrified husband. Mr. O'Donnell narrates how a farmer from the Midlands, who had come up to London and was sight-seeing, found himself suddenly arrested by the fascination of the marble figures, when it seemed to him that the dart actually flew from the hand of the skeleton figure of Death and pierced the bosom of the marble figure of the woman. Feeling that he was the victim of some hallucination, the farmer looked again, only to see the incident repeated a second and a

third time. The horror of his experience drove him in terror from the Abbey, and on returning to his hotel he picked up a telegram which was waiting for him to say that his wife had suddenly expired. Another London church of which Mr. O'Donnell tells stories is that of St. Peter's ad Vincula, which lies to the north-west of the White Tower. This has a great reputation for being haunted, the cause apparently of the tradition lying in the fact that the plot of ground outside the building at one time witnessed very numerous executions, the bodies of the victims being buried within the church. Among these may be mentioned Anne Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas Overbury, and many others. I will not here narrate further of Mr. O'Donnell's hair-raising narratives, but will merely cite the reply of one of the officials who was interviewed by a lady who complained of the uncanny experiences met with there: "Well, madam," was his recorded response, "I am not supposed to say, but I may tell you this much: there are times when those that are thought to be dead here move and talk!" The only haunted church of which I personally have first-hand evidence is that of Hampton, a mile and a half from Hampton Court on the river Thames. The numerous frequenters of the river, and those also who attend Hurst Park Races, will know it well. I was one day calling at a house in the vicinity when the subject of hauntings was under discussion, and there were at the time three people present who vouched for having seen the ghost in question. One was the lady of the house, and another was the then curate of the church. The ghost appeared (possibly he appears still) with a straw hat upon his head. The curate took him for an ordinary parishioner, and walked up to him merely with the object of telling him that he must not wear a hat in the sacred edifice. The hat, however, and its wearer had both vanished before he reached the spot where the intruder was standing. I do not know of any story which explains the reason of this haunting. If this note should meet the eye of some inhabitant of Hampton who can throw light on the subject, I should be obliged if he would kindly communicate with me.

Perhaps a very belated note in connexion with this year's phenomenal Derby may be excused. My attention was drawn to the incident by a well-known authority on matters connected with the Turf. Some comment was made on the fact that a horse, St. Begoe, which ran on Friday, the day of the Oaks, stumbled and fell during the race, without any apparent cause, the ground at the spot being perfectly smooth, and there being

no other apparent explanation forthcoming. The race, which was reproduced along with the Derby on the cinematograph films, showed that the spot where St. Begoe fell was the exact place where the King's horse was attacked by the suffragette. The suggestion is made that some haunting influence or reproduction of the incident on the astral plane caused the horse to take fright. I give the suggestion for what it is worth. It may appear rather far-fetched, but similar stories were told of the horses that passed the spot where the King and Crown Prince of Portugal were murdered, for some time after the occurrence of that tragedy.

A correspondent from the Cape, who writes me that he wishes to become a subscriber to the OCCULT REVIEW, complains of the trouble given him by his powers of Second Sight. He observes: "I suffer a terrible depression of mind whenever sorrow or great anxiety is going to overtake any one with whom I or my relations are acquainted." In his childhood, he says, he used to have what he describes as raving fits when any tragedy was about to happen, and his parents knew after each seizure that within a day or two they would hear of a death or some sad event among their friends or relations. This continued until his sixteenth year, when the fits gave place to dreams, in some of which he had violent struggles with a black ostrich, in some camp or road which he was able to identify. The locality invariably proved to be that in which the person lived who met with the trouble. On other occasions, as already stated, the warning of the coming event took the form of a terrible depression of mind. My correspondent states that he is not religious, his "whole religion being embodied in the idea of fair-play." He further informs me that he has had a large variety of premonitory dreams, and that for a long series of years he was in the habit of entering these with all details of the persons and localities presented to him in a dream book. Though finding it not unfrequently difficult to interpret the symbolism of the dream, he states that invariably some trouble or tragedy followed very shortly. It is, I think, a pity that others who have premonitory dreams do not follow the example of my correspondent and enter them systematically at the time in a book set apart for the purpose. Such books might form the basis of a more satisfactory dream-book than has ever yet been given to the public. I am convinced that the interpretation of dreams is a science in itself, but the ordinary dream-book which is purveyed to the public is unfortunately only in the nature of a blind guide.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

By W. J. COLVILLE

AMONG the many fascinating and deeply thought-provoking manuals for spiritual culture now before the English-speaking world, there are none which are commanding more serious attention than the remarkable treatises penned by Mabel Collins, who claims for all her wonderful effusions an exceedingly uncommon origin. The average reader, interested in occult matters, is sure to find much that is helpful, and also something obscure, in the four distinctively theosophical volumes which have made the name of their transcriber an honoured one wherever seekers after esoteric knowledge are to be found. *Light on the Path*, *Through the Gates of Gold*, *The Transparent Jewel*, and *When the Sun Moves Northward*, are the titles of the four precious volumes which constitute a chain of unique spiritual instruction. With the earliest of these four manuals so many people have been long familiar that it is hardly necessary to do more than very briefly refer to the amazing counsels which the seeress declared she beheld written upon the walls of a mysterious Hall of Learning for the guidance of all who sought to enter within the charmed circle of eastern (esoteric) wisdom. At the outset of any rational consideration of the doctrines inculcated in such a treatise, it is essential to make it thoroughly plain to all inquirers that the word "eastern" is not used in a geographical sense, as though it referred to Asia and not to Europe or America. Occultists are well acquainted with such mystic phraseology as East and West Gates, and they know full well that though Masonic Lodges and other sacred edifices are duly orientated, that it is not to the literal points of the compass or to the terrestrial distribution of continents that reference is made when we hear of a star rising in the east, or in the west, as the case may be, at some particular period. Mysticism and Occultism are distinguishable the one from the other, but are so closely allied in essence that mystics and occultists blend the one into the other by imperceptible degrees, until we find a school of spiritual students embracing both in theory and in practice the dominant features of each of these distinctive schools of philosophy.

Mabel Collins has much to say, in her later books, of "waking clairvoyance," and she lays much stress upon such opening of

interior vision as Swedenborgians often call "intromission to the spiritual world." We notice with much satisfaction that in *The Transparent Jewel* and *When the Sun Moves Northward* a considerable amount of needed elucidation is supplied of those enigmatical sentences in the earlier work such as "Kill out Ambition," which without interpretation appear blind and misleading to the general reader. When the key is given the mystery vanishes, for we learn that such high and startling counsels are intended only for those special students who are travelling a veritable path of initiation, and for whom a mode of thought and life is necessary which would be impracticable for people living and earning their livelihood in ordinary ways in the external business world. But even this statement may require some degree of qualification, for it is not difficult to call attention to higher as well as lower motives which may sway the merchant as much as the avowed educator or professedly religious minister.

Personal ambition is a primitive goad or spur, without which the unspiritual man would make little, if any, progress; it is a magnified manifestation of the original and universal instinct of self-preservation, which is never destroyed but is surely elevated to a higher plane in consciousness as moral evolution proceeds. To "work as those work who are ambitious," is a direction not hard to comprehend, and not even difficult to follow, so soon as we are aware of nobler and wider promptings swaying us. To work for self alone is to dwell in the darkest and dreariest estate of mind; it is to live in a mental hovel into which scarcely a ray of sunshine can penetrate; such life is indeed vain and vexatious, and those who live it may well inquire if life is worth living, and answer in the negative. It is a great mistake to suppose that this narrow kind of ambitious life, which we must far transcend ere we can make any real progress in spiritual development, is confined to mammon-worshippers, sensualists, and other varieties of carnally-minded men and women. The temptation to live a selfish spiritual life is immensely great, and this it is which has peopled monasteries, convents and retreats of all descriptions with inmates who have found no peace or joy within the cloisters where they had hoped to find a little heaven for their private isolated selves, regardless of the troubled masses of struggling humanity outside. To "kill out the sense of separateness," another sage injunction, does not mean to obliterate individual consciousness, but it does mean to overcome that sense of personal superiority, or inferiority, to others which renders the concept of universal sisterhood and brotherhood im-

possible. We all belong to the human race ; we are all partakers of the one life which flows through all alike, even though it be not at present made equally manifest by all. Ties of family, tribe and nation are not to be ignored, but used as stepping stones to a spiritual altitude, gazing from which we shall be able, as from a lofty mountain peak, to behold a far vaster scene outspread before us than we could possibly witness were we to remain standing at some lesser elevation. Home duties and business obligations must all be acknowledged and fulfilled ; not one must be neglected as we climb the steep ascent to spiritual fulfilment ; but these mundane relationships and duties are not, and never can be, final ultimates ; they are but milestones on the road ; not the goal we are pursuing. A thoughtful reading of those wondrous aphorisms of Patanjali, on which Mabel Collins comments with great insight and ability, can do much toward bringing Oriental and Occidental philosophers and truth-seekers nearer together than they generally think they stand. Difference of language is a great barrier to mutual understanding when people of one race fail to understand the meanings contained in words employed by people of another nationality ; it is on that account that practically all far-seeing philanthropists insist upon the need for an international language which may be learned in all countries in addition to the respective mother-tongues.

The symbol-language of hierophants, and all great initiates into universal mysteries, has existed for ages, and serves well its purpose to the present day so far as it relates to mutual understanding among the members of esoteric confraternities, but there is a rapidly growing demand for wider mutual understanding among large numbers of honest persons who are not prepared to enter within the charmed precincts of any arcane society.

General interest in psychic problems is so great at present that a loud cry is going up everywhere for some definitely practical instruction in ways and means for genuine spiritual development, and it often happens that attempted instructions are either too vague or too far advanced for the average inquirer. It is, therefore, a cause for sincere gratitude to find instruction sufficiently advanced to appeal to mature intellects, and also plain and simple enough to be available for every-day employment. So much has been spoken and written of late regarding YOGA that the Western world is not now so puzzled as formerly to understand what the term actually signifies. Yoga, first and last, means unity. Yoga practices of all varieties have for their prime object bringing about a consciousness of unity. Hatha Yoga deals

principally with bodily culture, while Raja Yoga pertains to the cultivation of inner faculties.

Because this is the case, many students have rushed to the conclusion that they must begin with that form of exercises which deals with the physique before passing on to exercises which tend to cultivate the inner faculties. This is a great mistake, and it has led to many disagreeable consequences which never follow when the reverse order of training is pursued. The false notion underlying the error to which we have called attention is a very common one, viz. that the physical body is the first and easiest vehicle to handle mentally, when the exact reverse is the case. All practitioners of mental therapeutics or psycho-therapy can testify to the fact that it is the interior state of the patient, not the physical condition, which is usually first to be affected by suggestive or kindred treatment. Mind acts on mind, and then on body, never first on the physical and then on the super-physical. It is imperative that we take into account the priority of mental and the subsequency of physical conditions. Our inner bodies respond much more quickly to psychic stimuli than does our physical frame, which is the farthest removed from central consciousness ; it is well therefore to take a firm and definite mental attitude, and practise mental concentration before going on to physical exercises, which may afterwards be profitably taken. Of course, when speaking of Yoga practices we are not referring to light gymnastics or any reasonable mode of simple physical culture in which everybody may participate with some degree of prudence.

Physical health and cleanliness is so rudimentary a prerequisite that we take it for granted that all reasonable persons will endeavour to live as hygienically as possible and abstain from all practices which they know or find to be injurious. By placing the thought fixedly on any plane of consciousness or realm of psychical activity, we knowingly or unknowingly place ourselves in correspondence with dwellers in that region. That is the universal law of spiritual intercommunion, and it works equally in cases of mundane telepathy and direct intercourse with entities not at present robed in fleshly garments. The bare fact of mental telegraphy and the allied fact of spirit-communion is now so widely recognized that we hardly need to argue the case for the prime propositions, but when we come to deal with that sort of "waking clairvoyance" which enables us to enjoy experiences like those related by Mabel Collins we are on rather unfamiliar territory.

Some of the narrations in the singular books to which we have called attention are repellent rather than attractive to the general student, and when this is the case it merely proves that such students are not prepared for such advanced experiences. Every step on the road of initiation must be taken thoroughly; there can be no jumping or skipping, each degree, as in Masonry from 1st to 33rd, must be taken with full understanding of the lesson connected with each progressive initiation; otherwise mastership cannot be realized. There are no short cuts to high attainments, therefore no one can do more for another than help a comrade-pupil along the path. We are told much of exalted intelligences and their capabilities, all of which may be true, but we rarely contemplate sufficiently the road they must have trod to reach the spiritual eminences whereon now they stand. No goal can be too transcendent, no ideal too lofty, to be ultimately attained, but the way of attainment is along the road of continually progressive conquest, first over one and then over another petty obstacle. One may be a housekeeper and find domestic work mere drudgery; that work must not be evaded but glorified; not out of the kitchen but in it, and over the fire, must the cook meet her initiatory discipline. One may be a member of Parliament, a man of business or a professional worker, and find in the daily duties pertaining to his peculiar station exactly the opportunities he needs for spiritual development. But it is not possible to advance far along the mystic path by simply discharging routine duties in a perfunctory way; there must be some understanding of a higher purpose to be fulfilled through them than merely catering to commonplace requirements, for we never get much more out of any work than we put into it. The prime difference between the disciple and the average man of the world is that the former sees in his work a means for helping humanity along the spiritual highway, while the latter sees only a means for fulfilling some external obligation. But wherein does the real difference consist is a question that may well be asked seriously. Two persons are seen doing the same kind of work exactly, and one does it as well as the other; how then can one's work be so much more efficacious or important than the other's? The answer is to be found only in interior disposition and expectation. Inwardly the two workers may be on widely different planes and uniting themselves with widely different influences. The money-maker may psychically affiliate with financiers and derive help from unseen sources in the conduct of his business, but there is no reaching out to loftier spheres than those within the earth's immediate atmosphere. The philan-

thropist is connected with bands of unseen helpers who are co-operating with him to improve human conditions morally and otherwise.

The home-maker who does all her household work personally is a very different individual from the perfunctory housekeeper who imparts no psychic benediction to the rooms she sweeps and dusts so carefully. Many persons are far more sensitive than they know themselves to be; they are therefore influenced by hidden forces without knowing what it is that affects them. A merely didactic system of mental treatment is coldly intellectual and purely academic, and though it is useful in its own way and should never be decried, it falls far short of spiritual healing, which embraces ministration to the inmost needs of human nature. We cannot be inspired unless we aspire; aspiration is always the key to inspiration; that is why there is so much trivial mediumship and so little exalted spiritual revelation. Another cause for lack of greater illumination than we usually obtain is our blind devotion to accepted standards of thought and practice. Most people are afraid to venture forth into the great deep, they hug the shore where the water is shallow, but the truly courageous care not for established precedents and are not afraid of perils which beset the pathway of the adventurous. Mabel Collins tells us that every springtime in some mysterious temple, into which the faithful and zealous alone can be admitted, candidates sometimes appear, register their names in a mysterious book, but soon vanish from the sacred precincts and their signatures fade from the scroll. This is because they cannot yet endure the ordeal of higher initiations; they have not lost anything by their momentary visit to such a temple; they have, indeed, gained something which they will find of use in time to come, but they have discovered their present unreadiness to receive advanced instruction and to participate in the wondrous ceremonies pertaining to the higher occult degrees. No one really loses ground, but one often finds that he is not so far advanced as he had imagined. The average man or woman is not yet prepared for other work than the "trivial round and common task" which John Keble declared sufficient to furnish "all we need to ask."

The devout author of *The Christian Year* was indubitably right if his poetry was intended even for the average churchman, but it is nevertheless true that both in and out of churches there are individuals for whom this ordinary routine furnishes less than they have acquired the right to ask. There is no inconsistency in claiming that while no secular duty should be neglected,

many self-imposed and custom-imposed tasks are not duties, and to refuse to be a slave to convention or yield to importunate demands not founded in equity, is but a sign of determination to do higher duties, which would be neglected were we to submit to the unreasonable demands made upon us by fashion and by selfishness. The seniors in the family cannot let the juniors set the pace for them, or they forfeit their right to their proper positions of guardians and educators. Leaders cannot be followers, and whoever has really embarked upon the road to adepthood must be prepared to assume and hold a teacher's responsibility. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the spectacle of college professors yielding to dictation from freshmen, but such a spectacle is surely witnessed if we ever see a more advanced soul cringing at the feet of one less unfolded. This pitiable spectacle is sometimes presented when a kind-hearted and timid nature is cowed by one more brutal. An opportunity is often granted to a candidate for spiritual honours to help a less unfolded entity to rise, and in such an instance the pupil strives to change places with the teacher, and by sheer bullying sometimes succeeds in getting his own foolish wishes gratified at the expense of equity. The cowardly disciple who thus yields to a most insidious temptation often says that it is saintly to submit in silence and allow the wayward and headstrong to enjoy an unrighteous triumph. This is a fatal blunder, and to counteract it Krishna has said in the *Gita* to Arjuna, "You must go on fighting till the adversary is overcome," and the Hero of the Gospels says, "I am not come to bring peace but a sword." These words are grossly misinterpreted, and all kinds of nonsense is made of them by carping critics who completely miss their import, which appeals to all of truly heroic mould and has ever been exemplified in the careers of brave men and women in all ages and countries, heroes whom all humanity delights to eulogize, if not to imitate. The sterner virtues are fully as important as the milder; no character can be rounded out if gentleness and sweetness are its only attributes. Softness is not the chief essential either in mind or body, and though we do not want war, even a battle is better than stagnation. Peace is not a compromise with error but an established reign of equity, that is why there are so many spiritual teachings, all alike excellent, that appear contradictory.

Peace at any honourable price we should seek to attain, but not peace at any price, honourable or dishonourable, for that so-called peace which is the companion of dishonour is no more

real peace than a counterfeit banknote is a part of genuine currency ; it looks like the genuine, but its resemblance is in appearance only. Though every kind of occupation which is honest in itself can be employed as a means for furthering the spread of righteousness, there are different measures of excellence to be considered, and it can never be a duty to neglect a larger for a smaller service. It is at this point where we confront gospel paradoxes. We certainly cannot believe that any true spiritual teacher who ever lived or that any who ever will live, could counsel his disciples to literally "hate" their relatives while commanding them to love their "enemies." Such a supposition is too preposterous to be entertained for an instant by any reasonable thinker ; but though we must utterly repudiate all ideas of hatred we may well seek for a truth underlying the débris of mistranslation and misconception when confronted with New Testament enigmas.

A rational view of the subject is to be found by comparing the counsels of many great teachers, one with the other, and arriving at a consensus of doctrine, which is to the effect that whenever larger and smaller interests apparently conflict, we must never hesitate to let the lesser go for the sake of the greater. This is the plain meaning of "letting the dead bury their dead," and all similar allusions to needless ceremonies which stand often in the way of active service to the living. Nothing can be more subversive of the best interests of the rising generation than to bring up young people in foolish luxury, and claim all the while that parents are sacrificing their health and comfort for the good of their offspring, when they are catering to their lowest impulses, and tending to render them well nigh useless instead of highly useful. The time, means and effort commonly spent on folly would be far more than sufficient to serve the ends of the noblest spiritual culture were it rescued from the base uses to which it is now devoted. We are not, as a rule, short of time, strength and ability, but guilty of misuse of these universal commodities. Whenever we care very much for anything we never seek excuse for not attending to it, we bring forward every possible argument in favour of devotion to its cause. The great teachers who stand ready to help to their utmost all who seek their aid, do not force their services upon the unwilling, nor do they condemn those who prefer frivolity to a higher life ; they simply make it known, as occasion offers, that there is a law which cannot be violated, and if that law be disregarded spiritual advancement is arrested. For the

average person it is only necessary to direct the thoughts before sleeping into a noble channel to commence education on the inner side of our existence.

If we sleep, as many healthy workers do, eight hours on an average out of every twenty-four, an entire one-third of our time can be given to interior culture, with remarkably beneficial effects on health and vigour. It is rarely necessary that we remember definitely what our experiences have been while in slumberland, but we surely bring over with us results of our visits to the spiritual academies in which we can be trained while our physical bodies are reposing.

Rest is freedom from anxiety ; recreation is change of work ; it therefore follows that a complete cessation of attention to external and complete absorption in spiritual undertakings, during a night will equip us for the duties of the ensuing day. Recollection of detailed psychic experiences is possible but generally unimportant, and we must always remember that it is mere folly to desire to load ourselves up, or bear ourselves down, with an immense number of petty detailed recollections of just how and when and where we acquired certain useful information. We must aim at grand results, and if these are achieved our purpose is served, and that must suffice to satisfy us. Let no one say he cannot concentrate attention according to desire, or that fundamental error lies at the root of innumerable unnecessary failures. Whenever one sits, or reclines, for meditation it is desirable to take some great idea and place it in the centre of our mental stage, then quietly contemplate it, not caring whether we remain awake or go to sleep. At first we may find that we pass into a semi-trance condition very readily, and awake therefrom feeling happy and inwardly enlightened, even though without conscious memory of any pronounced psychic experience. After awhile, as we become more accustomed to functioning on inner planes, we shall develop "waking clairvoyance" in large degree and remember, so as to be able to report many a delightful vision and instruction. For busy people weighted with responsibilities and greatly in need of occasional periods of respite from incessant toil, nothing can be healthier or more invigorating than to observe the following delightful practice, which is proving an incalculable boon to many active workers, who, in consequence of it, are finding themselves capable of doing far more work, and of superior quality, without anything like the nervous strain they formerly experienced. If, for example, one has an hour's vacation in the middle

of a busy day, take a light simple luncheon (fruit and milk if it is agreeable, or even tea and cake if one desires it), but before partaking of physical nourishment or refreshment, direct the thought to a definite goal, and affirm positively that spiritual awakening will be enhanced during the simple meal. Then, as Horace Fletcher wisely recommends, enjoy every mouthful; eat and drink slowly, but not laboriously; then if there is time and opportunity, take a perfect rest of relaxation wherever and in whatever posture the greatest sense of freedom can be secured. We must trust in our sub-consciousness and declare definitely that we shall return to work exactly at an appointed time, and the best condition for the fulfilment of our duties, and experience will soon prove how potent a nerve- tonic this method is. In a similar position of mind and body we can receive the light we need to have thrown upon the most perplexing problems that ever arise in relation to business or other pressing matters. From the source within, which is unfailing, we shall come to draw increasingly, and if we are not all of us (as yet) very receptive to directly intuitive direction, by the method aforesaid, we are opening our minds to an influx of instruction from kindly unseen helpers whose delight it is to aid us on the upward way, as it should ever be our delight to help forward our less unfolded brethren.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reading your very able commentary on the subject of "Reincarnation" in a recent issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, I am reminded of a passage from an American writer. It refers (as you do) to the rejection of the Truth as "reducing us to an impossible condition," inasmuch as that "if justice is not the fundamental fact of the universe, then we have no basis for our own idea of justice, we have no factor to build our universe of man upon."

It is significant that opposers of Reincarnation always oppose it from the personal standpoint. To understand the facts one must get outside the personal outlook.

We are driven back irresistibly upon the often discussed problem, "Has Nature an ultimate purpose in evolution?"

"If we assume, as we must, that Nature has any purpose to achieve, that the Universe exists for an end, it involves us at once in the further assumption that to move in opposition to that force, to act in opposition, or to feel, or think in opposition, must bring an exactly proportionate reaction.

"That purpose is Brotherhood. The whole tendency of evolution is to make men and nations more and more essential each to each, more and more helpless alone . . . moving on to the point when men who now render service from need, will render it consciously as their share of the common duties and needs of mankind.

"It is this force working towards unity and Brotherhood which we fight against—this mighty purpose of nature—and it is this force which recoils upon us with the same energy with which we oppose it, and which carries us forward with its whole mighty force if we work with it—and this is 'Karma.'"

The only way, perhaps, to understand the logical necessity of Reincarnation as an educational process toward conscious unity between mankind and Nature's purpose is to get away from the personal bonds and ties which limit us in our outlook. It really matters very little, comparatively, whether we recognize some particular personality in after lives or not. It matters tremendously whether we oppose Nature's purpose—in our own interests and in the interests of the Race.

May I raise a query concerning your statement of "the love between man and woman," and "the inevitable increase of suffering and pain" which accompanies it. I venture to express this query because I believe you will treat the matter with the seriousness it demands, and, quoting from a very thoughtful writer, "woman and man are agents of an immense Cosmic Power," so we have to accord it a first place.

The idea of this writer was that—up to the present point—Man and Woman have "mutually enthralled each other," mutually "crucified each other," and, "as slaves to each other, chained to one another in the huge world-galleys, have for centuries been working out—let us hope their redemption—but, at any rate, their doom."

This may seem to you too gloomy a view of the matter! Yet, in view of all that transpires, what can the verdict be? Fearful and horrible are the accusations launched at men by "militant" stalwarts. Accusations—in the light of Reincarnation—as unjust as much which men have said and thought of woman. Mutual recriminations help us not at all! To quote another writer upon world-processes, "Love's glory, not Love's gore, redeems the worlds."

In our present transition stage, we are overdoing the "sacrifice" idea. The sincerest devotee, flinging away life to "emancipate women," cannot win "emancipation" thereby. "Love's glory, not Love's gore," will redeem Man and Woman from the "inevitable increase of suffering and pain." Mrs. Browning has said:—

"All tortured states suppose a straitened place." Therefore the "inevitable suffering and pain" are only "inevitable" by reason of limitation.

You are perfectly right in the statement you make. Apart from Love, we "waste life's opportunities." But have we yet evolved the capacity for the Love which "shooting large sail" can "rush exultant on the Infinite?"

Your correspondent, "Omnia Vincit Amor," is content with small "Love" if he fails to see the necessity for repeated lives, to evolve this purpose in Individuals, which, being one with Nature's Purpose (i.e., the evolving of Love in its perfect and unlimited form), can only be evolved (compatibly with Freedom) through making and rectifying mistakes till we learn to obey Nature's beneficent law.

It is a fine line of adjustment we are seeking—perfect union and co-operation with perfect individuality and freedom.

How can Man and Woman evolve this "Heaven upon Earth" in the communal sense until they learn to balance between them this "Cosmic Power" of which they are dual agents? There are many forms of "occultism"—black magic and white. The *perfect* power will only be evolved when "Love's Glory" has redeemed the taint and stain, even of "Love's gore." At present we seem to be going dead against this "Law of Nature," and it is as certain as that night alternates with day, we shall "reap as we sow."

Are Man and Woman so small-natured that they cannot perceive the true path?

Truly writes the seer of Truth—

“*That* was our Love, our passion,—to create
An endless sorrow for a child to bear,
To make our ‘Love’ to her seem Satan’s hate;
To turn her trust to limitless despair.”

and yet, “Life is Joy!” And, apart from Joy, Life is mere existence! So cometh—even through the tomb of dead “faiths”—the Life which, built up upon DEAD forms, is One with Love, with Beauty. “For Beauty is Truth and it is Love and it is Life, and those who follow it shall one day tread the Pathway of the Gods.”

Yours faithfully,

“A.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted a few words in reply to you and Jean Delaire in reference to the above subject.

I grant my dislike of human reincarnation does not of itself alone disprove it; still, when one’s higher nature rejects a doctrine, one naturally concludes there is a flaw in it somewhere. In my younger days, when I told my Calvinist friends that I disbelieved in an endless hell, this being not only contrary to my sense of justice, but also opposed to the highest dictates of my soul, their reply was that God’s idea of justice was very different to mine, while the attitude of my soul, instead of proving hell untrue, was only an evidence of my unconverted state. It would appear, however, that my soul was not so far out after all, for hardly any thinking person now believes in an endless hell for any one.

The reply of Jesus, “neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents,” may not be a direct denial of the doctrine of reincarnation, but inferentially it certainly is, unless we entirely dissociate karma from reincarnation, which I do not think many Reincarnationists would agree to. I concur with you that the doctrines of karma and reincarnation have been too much interwoven. They are not inseparable, as many seem to think. Emerson’s law of compensation, or, as Jesus expressed it, “As a man soweth, so shall he also reap,” by no means necessitates human reincarnation.

As to my query about a still-born child, my point is this: if, as I understand the Reincarnationists teach, we reincarnate on earth in order to gain further earthly experience, a still-born child would seem to be a failure on the part of the Lords of Karma, for it can gain no actual experience of earth-life, at any rate in that incarnation.

With regard to John the Baptist being a reincarnation of Elias. If such were the case, how are we to account for Elias appearing with Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration, as recorded?

"A Dream of a Past Life," by X. Y. Z., which you mention, can hardly be taken as the remembrance of a previous earth-life, any more than seeing events before they happen can be taken as a remembrance of the future.

As to the justice of reincarnation. No two people agree as to what constitutes justice. The old Calvinist's idea of justice could only be satisfied by postulating an endless hell of torture for the unredeemed. To most persons it is a travesty of justice. One man thinks justice demands that a man should be hung for certain crimes, while another takes exactly the opposite view.

Is it not more reasonable to believe that the spirit, freed from the limitations of its earth-body, after being cleansed from its evils, or, as some would say, disharmonies, unfolds and progresses to all eternity, ever rising higher and higher, than to think that the Ego is continually thrust back into the meshes of matter?

Your correspondent Jean Delaire writes, "that there is still, however, a great deal of misconception on the subject, is proved by the letter signed 'Omnia Vincit Amor.'" Possibly this is so, although in my case I am aware, as she states, that it is what is called the Ego, that, according to the Theosophists, reincarnates. This, however, does not affect my statement about its being "on a par with thrashing a dog for stealing when he has forgotten all about it."

Jean Delaire refers to my question about the still-born child, but does not answer it. Am I right in inferring from her letter that the still-born child has no life, and that it cannot unfold and develop in the spirit world, guided and taught by angels?

In conclusion, why do Reincarnationists appeal solely to the mental and ignore the affectional?

Yours faithfully,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Jean Delaire, states that "Theosophy" has no dogmas! Now every one who reads the OCCULT REVIEW firmly believes there is a sect calling themselves theosophists, whose principal dogma is reincarnation. This sect accepts their doctrine from the East, and in the circumstances it is heretical to renounce such dogma.

The reference to what becomes of the still-born child—or as "Omnia Vincit Amor" pertinently asks, "What experience of earth-life does a still-born child have?"—and which Jean Delaire is unable to answer, is a matter of common knowledge to a spirit medium who has been properly initiated in spirit methods and is the enlightenment

that spiritualism was sent to explain until obscured by the advent of the theosophical sect. A child still-born, who has once quickened in the matrix, is at once taken charge of by a spirit whose maternal needs have not been gratified on earth, and who becomes its spirit-mother, attending to its wants and education. To gain a necessary earth experience, *if found desirable*, at a given period a suitable mortal child is selected and the spirit-child is permanently attached to the mortal, living all its life as its double, but quitting the mortal during sleep, and so gains the desired earth experience. On seeing my spirit-daughter taking charge of spirit-infants with wings attached to the shoulders, I asked how they came to have wings. The reply was, until they are old enough to be taught the use of the "will," we attach these wings with which they fly. They were in a beautiful meadow in spirit.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. EDWARDS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been reading your "Notes of the Month" in several of the late issues of the REVIEW, noting those particularly on the subject of Reincarnation, and I have been greatly interested in the arguments presented in its favour. Your fairness in permitting the critics to enter the forum should open the way for getting at the heart of the matter—for learning whether Reincarnation is a dogma to be discarded later by proofs, or whether it is indeed an immutable law of life—a finality of science.

Several of the writers who have taken up the brief of the defendant seem to ask the Court to give judgment in his favour because of their personal preferences. They don't like the idea or thought of coming back again and again. It is inconsistent, according to their view, of what humanity stands for. In short, in their measure of a man, no greater evolution can be expected of him on the earth-plane than he may work out in the period of a single life-span. Permit me to say, to the counsel who so argue, that they are trying to obtain a verdict from the court, consistent with their prejudices, with an utter disregard for the evidence on file. How they would ridicule a judge, should he persistently decide cases according to his own wishes and preferences without regard to the evidence presented! Since Darwin and Spencer's discoveries regarding the laws of life and those of its evolution, I have felt that the great majority of the large body of thinking men and women of the intellectual world were growing more and more desirous to learn the truth, no matter what pet theories of their own might be destroyed. This must eventually be the basic plank of eternal progress.

The question we face is whether man as to his individuality is what he is because of experiences in past lives that may have built up his endowments, or because of some other law or laws we have not yet

learned. Heredity has failed so often to explain, that from the isolated cases it presents, we are not justified in accepting its plea for recognition. Then what remains? Either to accept the doctrine or theory of reincarnation, modifying it perhaps from the vigour of some of its advocates, or to declare the subject beyond the tabulated and proven area of human research.

We are in good company if our intelligences lead us to accept it, for it sprang from the earliest and noblest ages of the human race, and their conclusions were voiced in modern times by great historians and geniuses whom we admire and reverence.

Hume declared, "Metempsychosis is the only system of immortality philosophy can hearken to." Lytton wrote, "Eternity may be but an endless series of those migrations which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age the spirit may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its two elements, activity and desire." Emerson said, "We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know it is divine. I cannot tell, if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in my grave; but that they circulate through the Universe. Before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, they penetrate ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal nature." And now, James Freeman Clark, noting the trend of human thought, summarizes the situation as follows:—"It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis, remodelling it to suit our present modes of religious and scientific thought, and launching it again on the wide ocean of human belief. But stranger things have happened in the history of human opinion."

After serious research and reflection, I find my conclusions paralleling those of writers I love, and men whose judgment I esteem. I see no other way to account for individual preferences—for the desires, longings and aspirations which rise in human consciousness. I feel they could not have a place there except through experiences passed through in previous incarnations.

These desires, enthroned in consciousness, are the silent forces which move men to effort. They determine the scope of our own individuality. In the twentieth century psychology they are spoken of as divine—their possession being an assurance that one has within himself the faculties and powers essential to bring them to realization if he only will. Reincarnation stamps these endowments of the soul as divine under the deeper and mystic laws of unfolding life. Accepting this doctrine, now fast merging itself into a philosophy, one finds the

highest incentive to action that he may fulfil his purpose in the universe. I know no other philosophy capable of inspiring ambition to its noblest ends, and this teaches, above all, how the working out of human destiny may be in full harmony with evolution's plan.

Faithfully yours,
FLOYD B. WILSON.

"THE LAW OF NUMBER."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—For the benefit of those who may have been misled by the title, let me explain that the little book I wrote a year or two ago, entitled *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*, by no means pretends to set forth a complete system of metaphysics. My object in that work is to show how certain mathematical principles may be used, in a manner, I believe, never before attempted, in dealing with certain metaphysical problems; in other words, to explain what I believe to be a new organon of thought. My hope was that this organon, once its nature was explained, would be tested and applied in various manners by other interested persons. It is with singular delight, therefore, that I have read the letters of Prof. Herbert Chatley, B.Sc., on the subject and his reference thereto in an article on "The Law of Number," published during the past few months in your journal.

Prof. Chatley's reference to the fact that algebraical functions which exhibit a "real" periodicity can only be expressed (i.) in terms of "imaginary" quantities, or (ii) as infinite series, is most suggestive, and, I think, important. Curiously enough, certain wholly "real" quantities, such as $\sinh x$ and $\cosh x$ exhibit "imaginary" periodicity: what the metaphysical significance of this is I do not know.

Concerning "quaternions": Prof. Chatley's suggestions had already occurred to me, and appear highly probable, though there are difficulties in working out the analogy in detail. His remarks concerning "positive" and "negative" "reality" and "ideality," and the analogy he draws concerning my theory and the Chinese doctrine, are also most suggestive and useful.

I must confess that I feel in agreement with Prof. Chatley when he criticizes the occult philosophy of numbers (if I may so term it) as somewhat arbitrary, since pledged to the denary scale; though like him, too, I would by no means categorically deny the complete validity of any such philosophy. I do believe, however, as Prof. Chatley is good enough to say in other words, that the organon I have formulated in *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*, namely, the use of $\sqrt{-1}$ to symbolize the relation between spirit and matter, and the results dependent thereon, are free from this suggestion of arbitrariness. I consider Prof. Chatley's paper on "The Law of Number" one of the most interesting and useful on a somewhat neglected subject.

Yours very faithfully,
H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of March, 1913, a letter by B. H. Piercy interests me, as it touches on a subject many have uppermost in their thoughts these times.

The Religion that fulfils its purpose in this period of my own life, is the doing my utmost to live as near the Christ Ideal as I can, in every little thing and word connected with my daily routine, the overcoming of all passions for the sake of my belief.

When I know I am in a position to understand the deep things of God, then to fulfil to the utmost of my powers what I believe His Will for me to perform is.

I am a bachelor working my half section (320 acres) practically alone, and although situated thus consider temptation always near.

My mother sent me the OCCULT REVIEW for the first time, and I am interested in Occultism only if I believe I can benefit thereby *for the benefit of my fellow-man*, otherwise I refuse to dabble in Mysticism for its sake alone.

Trusting that the Religion that helps me, through good times and otherwise, will fulfil its purpose as such in the daily life of Mr. Piercy until he finds a better,

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. A. B.

OKOTOKS, ALBERTA.

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

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

FROM the first even to the last, or from most to least—if this be the preferable form of wording—the quarterly reviews follow the technical and official quarters of the four seasons in a manner which may be convenient for the memories of those who wish to keep in touch with their appearance ; but the result is rather overwhelming to the reviewer who has little chance of a place amidst that “indolent chorus ” with which Tennyson seems to have been acquainted in Victorian days. Perhaps the inevitable arrangement, like dividend days in consols and the other securities, has a further side of convenience—if it were not so difficult to try and profit thereby. One is in a position, for example, to take stock of the general mind presented by the reviews as a whole. *The Hibbert Journal* and *The Quest*, by a very silent but eloquent device of placing, indicate how much the Indian poet Tagore is in our minds and hearts at the moment. His *Problem of Evil* in the one and his *Realization of Brahma* in the other are both assigned the seat of honour. Mr. Tagore is a mystic, as no one has need to say, and it might almost seem for a moment as if he had set the keynote to several of the quarterlies. One knows of course that *The Quest* has long since determined in its mind that there is one path only of research which it is worth while to follow, but on the present occasion the mystical element is more than ever to the front. We have Evelyn Underhill writing on the mystic considered as a creative artist, Dr. J. Abelson stimulating and widening our knowledge on Jewish mysticism, and Dr. R. A. Nicholson discussing ecstasy in Islam. Even that which seems to be *par excellence* a review of scientific thought, namely *Bedrock*, does not escape the general trend entirely, for the “ Hermit of Prague ” has something to say about the New Mysticism, though it is rather of the lampoon order, in connection with recent utterances of Canon Lyttleton, the headmaster of Eton. All the issues are interesting, both in their general contents and in those which concern us more especially. Mr. Tagore on the problem of evil recommends us not to wonder that there are obstacles and sufferings in this world but rather that there is “ law and order, beauty and joy, goodness and love.” For him otherwise, the essence of evil is impermanence, while imperfection has perfection for its ideal, and the truly positive element in man's

nature is the good therein. The power of transmutation from one to another state is in our own selves. The article is more than suggestive ; it is exceedingly winning ; but from one point of view it can be scarcely said that the root-subject is touched.

The Quest is a remarkable number in several respects, and it has certainly taken its place among the foremost reviews of the day. It may be expressing only a matter of personal concern or dedication if one is disposed to put it at the head of the whole series. There are two names in the varied list of contributors to which we always turn : one of them is that of the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, and the other is Dr. Robert Eisler, whose studies on important points of New Testament criticism may be often too highly technical for the general reader, but they are of great instruction and value to those who can follow them. We are not disappointed on the present occasion. Mr. Mead writes on the meaning of the term Gnosis in Hellenistic religion, showing that it was a technical word diffused widely before Christianity emerged ; it denoted " immediate knowledge of God's mysteries received from direct intercourse with the Deity." Dr. Eisler discusses the feeding of the multitude by Jesus with his accustomed skill and learning. Miss Evelyn Underhill's article on *The Mystic as Creative Artist* seems to us the best short monograph which she has given us on the subject that she is making her own, though we believe that there is deeper ground for her apology in respect of the mystic than she has yet reached. It is not merely that the quest which he makes within himself enables or forces him—should he reach a term therein—to come back carrying the glad tidings to those who have ears in the world, but also that in virtue of human solidarity the fact of his attainment is the greatest work which he can perform for humanity. Dr. Abelson's paper on *Jewish Mysticism* is of course the result of first-hand knowledge and is excellent in every respect, temperately, clearly and strongly reasoned. Among the points which he helps us to realize more fully is the manner in which Kabalistic mysticism safeguarded the doctrine of Divine Transcendence and acted as a counterblast to pantheism. The only regrettable thing is that no references are furnished for the Zoharic quotations and that we are left to seek an explanation elsewhere for an unusual method of enumerating the ten Sephiroth.

Bedrock is concerned with a further instalment of its prolonged discussion of telepathy. " A Business Man " writes on the present occasion, registering certain objections to the controversial methods of Sir Oliver Lodge and explaining that it is he (the Business Man)

who, some years since, caused an advertisement to be inserted in *The Times*, inviting persons to name their own terms for satisfactory proofs of so-called thought-transference. Subsequently a payment of five thousand pounds was arranged, also by him, for a good case of levitation ; but both offers failed to produce either the result desired or any attempt to procure it. Therefore "A Business Man" registers his agreement with Sir Ray Lankester, already mentioned in these pages, that "Sir Oliver Lodge and his associates have not given any demonstration" that telepathy exists, or any evidence "which makes its existence probable."

Mr. Clifford Bax continues to be the contributor in chief of *Orpheus* and for the most part brings something in the dramatic manner. His offering on the present occasion is *The Game of Death*, which has a distinct metrical feeling, though it is not exactly in metre—at least as most of us understand it—and a certain element of movement. We much admire the three Heads by Simeon Solomon, given as a frontispiece, and note that they are dated 1865.

The Co-Mason is still busy about the death of John Yarker, and we learn with satisfaction that his library of Masonic books—and presumably of important rituals in manuscript—has passed into the care of the headquarters in London. We believe that they can be in no safer hands, for they will be treasured and not entombed. Whatever we may think of Co-Masonry as a movement unrecognized by the Grand Lodge of England or the Grand Chapters and Councils, there are zealous and informed people in its ranks, and the little quarterly has many excellent features. In the present issue there is an article on the symbol of the Cross which seems to be part of a series, and though it cannot be said to contain fresh material, it collects much information and compresses it into a brief space. Part of the intention is to remind us that the crucifixion in Palestine is by the hypothesis a cosmic and mystic sacrifice, but that evidence is wanting to show that the great Christian Master died literally upon a cross. A serious difficulty will be created in this manner for the ordinary believer, but the fact—negative as it is—may have to be faced ultimately, and we feel on our own part that the supernal mystery of the sanctuary with which our Lord and Master in Nazareth was clothed upon may then emerge into clearer light.

The Path has done well to reprint, by permission of the author, Mr. August Kirschmann, an article on the transmutation of the elements and the interior of the earth which appeared in the

Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, some six years ago. It seeks to show that the interior of the earth may be even denser than the heaviest known metals—gold, platinum, iridium and osmium—while the high temperature therein may be taken to indicate that the substances composing the centre must be in a gaseous state, or in one which is hyper-gaseous. The author goes on to suggest that our ordinary ideas of chemical elements may not be applicable to matter in this condition. They may be “disintegrated into free electrons, for which there is no distinction of physical states of aggregation and probably no distinction of physical elements.” It would seem to follow and is proposed that below the earth’s hardened crust, and intermediate between this and the centre, there is “a zone of instability,” in which transmutation of elements may often take place. The conclusion is that there is nothing theoretically to preclude the possibility of chemical transmutation by science, if we can overcome the difficulties of producing the requisite heat and pressure.

We have received the *General Report of the Thirty-Seventh Anniversary and Convention of the Theosophical Society*, held at Adyar from December 26 to 31, 1912. It is a large unbound volume issued at the nominal price of one shilling, and gives full opportunity to judge the present extent of the Society and the work done in the course of last year. It does what it can to avoid controversial matters, and the report of Dr. Rudolf Steiner as General Secretary of the German Section gives no intimation of the difficulties which culminated subsequently in the manner with which we are all tolerably acquainted. There is, however, an independent report of certain German Lodges attached to Adyar, which is signed by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden as President of an “Undogmatic Union,” and this shows quite clearly the nature of the disintegrating forces then at work in Germany. We are concerned only with stating the facts and have naturally no opinion to express as to the general merits, either on the one or the other side. It is just to add that we have read with much interest a letter addressed to Dr. Steiner by Mr. N. D. Khandalavala, member of the General Council, under date of December 21, 1912.

Several publications have reached us for the first time or are of new foundation. Among the latter is *The Kosmon Light*, being the organ of the Kosmon Fraternity, both appearing to connect with that curious work *Oahspe* which attracted some attention on its publication in America a good many years ago. Certain extracts from this recent bible of humanity are given in the little periodical, which has some information on the subject of a second

resurrection, remaining over as an inference from statements made in the Apocalypse concerning the first resurrection. One can only speak under reserves in the absence of special knowledge, but *Oahspe* would seem to have emanated from a spiritualistic source, and the *Kosmon Light* deals with trance, clairvoyance and other aspects of mediumship, giving practical counsels for development along these lines. . . . *La Cruz del Sur* is also a first issue, devoted to science, philosophy and traditionalism. It comes from Buenos Aires—which must be a great centre of psychic activity at the present time—and is exceedingly creditable in appearance. It is also of good promise in its contents, and we note in particular an article of great interest on an unknown bye-way of alchemical research. It gives an account of a manuscript in the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid by a certain Luis Alderete, containing a tract on Christian Philosophy and the Universal Medecine. The writer was an official of the Holy Inquisition towards the end of the seventeenth century, and the text contains an alchemical interpretation of the creative work according to Genesis, particularly the separation of the waters above the firmament from those that were below. The light manifesting was apparently that of the Great Work. The writer of the article considers that theosophical doctrines of recent complexion are calculated to elucidate the reveries of this curious tract. . . . *Filosofia della Scienza* is in its fifth year of publication, but is one of the new-comers. It appears at Palermo and is dedicated to psychological research, though it covers a fairly wide field. There is an article on intuition and the problems arising therefrom, an account of a curious case of reincarnation accompanied by interesting photographs, and an article in the form of a letter on the universal spirit of Paracelsus and Van Helmont considered as the whole secret of magic. . . . *A Estrella do Oriente* is from Brazil and is concerned with higher psychical studies, mainly of theosophical complexion. It seems to be the official organ of an Order of Oriental Initiation, which claims to be under the auspices of a supreme council of venerable masters in Thibet. Its title reminds us of *La Estrella de Occidente*, which we have noticed previously, but this comes from the Argentine. It is now in its twelfth issue and consists chiefly of translations from American Neo-Rosicrucian and Theosophical sources.

REVIEWS

THE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AND THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Vol. I. The Belief among the Aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea and Melanesia. The Gifford Lectures, St. Andrews, 1911-1912. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. xxi. + 495. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 10s. net.

PROF. FRAZER'S lectures contained in this volume are of absorbing interest and are characterized by the extent and accuracy of their author's knowledge and the lucidity of his language. In the introductory lecture, Prof. Frazer says there are three modes of handling questions which come within the domain of natural theology—the dogmatic, the philosophical and the historical. He proposes to use the last. It is his intention, not to endeavour to determine the truth or falsity of any doctrine of immortality, but to describe in detail the beliefs on the subject that have been and are held by primitive men, commencing with the least developed.

Prof. Frazer holds that man has no intuitive knowledge of his immortality, and that the belief of primitive man in such is based upon dream-experiences. I suggest, on the contrary, that no self-conscious being can conceive of himself as otherwise than immortal, without involving a contradiction; for every act of thought, even the thought of his annihilation, affirms his existence. Nor are dream-experiences sufficient to account for the belief, mentioned by Prof. Frazer as common among savages, that death is somehow unnatural and produced by sorcery, or for the many other curious ideas concerning ghosts entertained by primitive man. Neither do I agree with Prof. Frazer that magic precedes religion. It seems to me far more likely that magic results from the degeneration of religion, and, as has been suggested by other anthropologists, that magical practices were at first nothing more than symbolic prayers to the spirits who were supposed to be in charge of such matters.

There is not, however, much theorizing in Prof. Frazer's book; it is rather full of facts—facts which are most interesting. It is curious to note that the ghosts of recently departed persons are nearly always held in terror: as the ghost becomes older this fear departs, and the ghost is either forgotten or there is a tendency to deify it. So far as the races dealt with are concerned, happiness or misery in the next world is not thought of as dependent upon the morality of a man's life here, but when such distinctions are made at all, future happiness is thought to be gained by strict adherence to barbaric etiquette and custom, such as that which demands that a man's nose shall be bored. Some of the races, e.g., the aborigines of Australia, believe in reincarnation. Prof. Frazer describes some practices reminiscent of those of modern trance-mediums in civilized countries, and there is much more curious and valuable information in his book.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HOW NOT TO GROW OLD. By J. Stenson Hooker, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., etc. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS is the third revised edition of Dr. Hooker's short and interesting work, which is, more or less, some proof of its success, and we should think of its need. The present note-writer had not the pleasure of dealing with the earlier editions, but he is particularly pleased to observe that the basis of Dr. Hooker's thesis is law and order. We maintain, most earnestly, that these are the essential things to a long life—for those who want it. It seems to us, however, that they are the essential things for immediate happiness. And the happy man takes no thought of time—for him life is eternal. Possibly it may prolong the life here—and, in consequence, it seems, *shorten* the life beyond. That is logic, but logic has its limitations in its application to life beyond. So, as we are now concerned only with the present, we bid you go to Dr. Hooker's booklet and learn of him "How Not to Grow Old." X.

FRIENDSHIP. By Clifford Bax.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL. By Grace Rhys.

THE FELLOWSHIP BOOKS. London: B. T. Batsford. Price 2s. each.

THIS is a new series which deserves a warm welcome, each volume being well printed, charming in appearance, and dealing with a subject of more than ephemeral interest. Of the first six, the two volumes here named are, perhaps, the most likely to appeal to readers of this REVIEW. Mr. Clifford Bax's *Friendship* is an admirable piece of writing which enshrines thoughts of rare beauty. It should be read by all to whom friendship is more than a word, who look upon it as one of the greatest and loveliest things in life, who desire intensely to be, as well as to have, a true friend. Such a friend as Mr. Bax describes in his last pages is indeed more precious than rubies, more to be desired than fine gold. By widening and deepening our whole spiritual life, our friendships, too, he declares, will take on a new value. "Religion is the great romance of the earth," he says. . . . "We must be ardently spiritual, we must love and suffer and desire intensely, if we would make of our own time anything but a mediocre age."

Mrs. Rhys is another fine thinker who has the gift of words. How charmingly she writes here of "The Garden," "Conductors of the Ideal," "The Beautiful Way," and other kindred subjects. Her thoughts flash out now and then into little crystallized phrases which are a delight to the appreciative reader. The last twenty pages or so seem to lack some of the fire which illumines the first part of the book, but it is all good reading, and one may open it almost anywhere to find a fair thought clearly expressed. All good luck to the first "Fellowship Books" and their successors! E. M. M.

WILLIAM MORRIS. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. With an introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. Pp. xxii + 325 + 2 portraits. Price 7s. 6d. net.

IN the very interesting Life of Frederic Shields by my gifted friend Mrs. Ernestine Mills appear, *inter alia*, two letters by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in which he praises William Morris. In one he calls him "an admirable

colourist." In the other he refers to a volume of *The Earthly Paradise* as containing "glorious things, especially the 'Lovers of Gudrun.'"

Fame could hardly escape the man who won two such encomiums from so brilliant an artist-poet as Rossetti, but Morris was not only an artist-poet, he was an indefatigable practiser of neighbourliness—a socialist by way of the heart. Add that he was quick to wrath and exploded against popular admirations, as for instance the common opinion of Sir Charles Barry's Houses of Parliament and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it is obvious that he is a model biographical subject.

I am glad to say that Mr. Compton-Rickett, though not an ideal critic of Morris the poet, proves a capital presenter of the Morris whom his friends called Topsy. If art tends to produce an affectation of idolatry a perusal of this book should be salutary, for Morris was an enemy to gush. "What's the use of making a damned fuss about it," he would say when the gusher had gone, "One likes a picture because it's jolly well done, and there's an end to it!"

Mr. Compton-Rickett states that Morris had "no use for religion in his scheme of things," and the remark shows insight. His spirit went out beseechingly to the hidden Will that causes beauty to appropriate sorrow, as in a song to the Muse of the North that haunts me like a *cri de cœur*.

O Mother, and Love and Sister all in one,
Come thou; for sure I am enough alone
That thou thine arms about my heart shouldst throw,
And wrap me in the grief of long ago.

We must acknowledge that Morris was skilled in the art of dropping a tapestry woven of the past in front of the present. Even Alfred Austin warmly allowed his charm, and I assert that now and then, as in the song called "In Prison," the verse is more than a woven picture, it is an echo of the Real. As a Utopian he was lovable.

Mr. Compton-Rickett has been fortunate in obtaining a vivid introduction from Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham and some reminiscences and an unpublished poem by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. A word of praise must be given to the author's "analytical biography"—a digest which enables one to travel over Morris's life in a few minutes. W. H. C.

THE SELF AND ITS SHEATHS. By Annie Besant. Pp. 122. *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 1s. 6d. net.

AN extremely lucid and interesting metaphysical study, by a writer whose thought and expression are always clear and penetrating, no matter how deeply occult the subject dealt with. There are some very eloquent passages in this little book, and many illuminating ideas and images. It will be very useful to the student and should, indeed, be well known to every reader who is attracted by "high thinking" of a very valuable kind.

E. M. M.

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND (The Book that "Uncle Paul" wrote).
By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan & Co. Pp.
viii+506. Price 6s.

THEY who are wont to look to Mr. Blackwood for new light on occult subjects will not find it in this novel; but they will rise from their perusal of it with an increased respect for his power of characterization. Special-

izing in the eerie has not prevented him from seeing such drolleries of real life as a Pett Ridge may be trusted to harvest ; and whatever may be thought of the occultism of *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, it is certainly a humanly interesting book, conducive to the growth of neighbourly love, and certain to please and charm.

The principal character acquires the power of quitting his body during sleep, and labours, with other liberated spirits, to help the unhappy and perplexed. In his discarnate state he perceives that persons and things conceived by human thought take a place among the objects in the world of phenomena. He learns whom to marry before his lady appears to him in material form ; having " belief and vision like a child," he has the key of what the author's " Uncle Paul " calls Fairyland.

But fairies are fairies, and human beings are themselves, whether discarnate or not ; moreover the geography of and the significance of time in dreamland are mysteries which such an exercise in simplification as Uncle Paul's fantasy leaves unelucidated. Nevertheless for a delightful entertainment I give thanks,
W. H. C.

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY. By Harriet B. Bradbury. Crown 8vo. 132 pp. London: The Power Book Co., Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, W.C. Price 2s. net.

THE idea of beauty, unfortunately, is not often associated with religion—rather the reverse. Stern self-discipline, seeking to conquer the lower self, is inclined to look on beauty as a false allurements. Yet the love of the beautiful is a potent factor in leading man onward towards the vision of the Great Beauty, the Self of the universe. In order to tread the path towards that Vision, man must have the potentialities both of the ascetic and the æsthete ; the power to put aside the grosser forms of gratification to seek solace in ever finer, more spiritual, and therefore more satisfying forms, until everywhere the One is seen, and the man becomes more than man. The author in dealing with this question of asceticism or æstheticism has succeeded in investing her theme with a charm which makes her little book an eminently readable one, and well worthy of recommendation.
H. J. S.

MODERN MIRACLES: Faith and Will-Power and the Art of Healing. By J. Wallace-Clarke. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

LIKE *Nerve Building* by the same author, this little book is full of common sense and contains much sound practical advice on the application of faith-and will-power to the preservation of health. With Macbeth, Dr. Wallace Clarke entreats us to " throw physic to the dogs," and tells us how, by understanding our latent forces and the laws whereby they work, it is not only perfectly possible to cure ourselves of our own ailments, but perfectly ridiculous that we should not do so. He draws our attention to the inestimable value of music as a medium in the art of healing, and earnestly advocates its universal application. He also touches on a large variety of subjects connected with suggestive therapeutics, such as the necessity of sustained concentration, the relation between patient and healer, and the objections that are apt to arise in the mind of the patient and how these difficulties may be overcome.

MEREDITH STARR.