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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

FROM time to time we see men whose destinies loom very largely for a while on the world's horizon, and whose names become a household word, who yet are almost glaringly wanting in those qualifications which are calculated to insure to the career anything in the nature of great permanent success, or the retention of the position which some special episode or episodes in their lives may temporarily secure for them. They are essentially unequal and unbalanced characters, and yet they have that dramatic element in their personalities which often serves them better than more sterling qualities at particular crises in their meteoric careers. Such men have passionate convictions, intense feelings, impressionable sympathies, and curiously unsound judgments. At times they have intuitions which show greater insight than the reason of the wisest; but when their intuition fails them their reason is too unreliable to serve as even a second-rate understudy. Such men have almost invariably the gift of language, either as orators or as writers, and have a certain dramatic instinct that arrests the

W. T. STEAD.

attention of the multitude far more effectively than the marshalled arguments of the world's shrewdest heads. They are never afraid of great responsibilities, but in the nature of the case they are not always equal to shouldering them. Such a man was Savonarola of old, such a man in our own day was William T. Stead, whose fascinating biography by his daughter has just been published by Mr. Heinemann.* Stead had an intuitive perception at times of his own deficiencies. "I am a very dangerous person," he says in one of his most characteristic letters to Dr. Liddon. "I am a very dangerous person, and I have told God so many a time—as if He did not know that—and I have told Him that I would not put so much on one weak back, and He goes on putting more and more." Perhaps, after all, the Deity was not so much to blame as the man who took upon himself the responsibilities first, and did not stop to count the cost till afterwards. There is nothing, then, in W. T. Stead's life which resembles that of the man who has set his goal before him at the start and works away steadily to its accomplishment. His life, at least as it looked to the outside world, presented the appearance rather of a series of dramatic episodes separated by intervals of varying length in which he was in no definite way before the public eye. One can almost, therefore, sum up the history of his public career in a series of headlines. They would run somewhat as follows: *The Founding of the New Journalism and the Bulgarian Atrocity Agitation—The Maiden Tribute—The Truth about the Navy—Borderland and Spiritualistic Research—The Review of Reviews—Cecil J. Rhodes—The Apostle of Peace—Julia's Bureau—The Titanic.* One can imagine, too, that this is the sort of sensational way of summing up his life-history which would have appealed to Stead's journalistic instinct. His daughter's biography leaves us in the dark as to how the first great step in his journalistic career came about. It is not too much to say that the offer of the editorship of the *Northern Echo* decided Stead's destiny. But how it came to pass that the proprietor of the *Northern Echo* offered the editorship of his paper to such an apparently inexperienced hand as the subject of this sketch is certainly something of a mystery. Doubtless Stead had written occasional contributions to the paper, one of which, on Christianity and Democracy, specially attracted the proprietor's attention; but he was not paid for these contributions, and so far he had no status whatever in the journalistic world. The

"THE NORTHERN ECHO."

* *My Father*, by Estelle Stead. Heinemann, 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

offering of the editorship of such a paper to an occasional unpaid contributor of no experience, whose work was otherwise quite unknown, seems, to say the least of it, extraordinary. It is, in any case, a tribute to the proprietor, Mr. J. Hyslop Bell's intuitive insight into character and capacity. His father, who had a natural shrinking from responsibility, which strikingly contrasted with his son's temperament, was reluctant to let him accept the post. The son, however, as was always the case throughout his life, decided for himself, and on this occasion decided wisely. The paper made a name for itself under his editorship, and—most important of all to its Editor—attracted the attention of Mr. Gladstone.

Henceforth, Stead was a force to be reckoned with in the councils of the Liberal Party. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* was taken over in the Liberal interest and Mr. John Morley appointed editor, it was no matter of surprise that the sub-editorial chair should be offered to such a rising light in the Liberal journalistic world as the subject of my sketch. Stead had an intuition that he would leave Darlington and go to London within the year, but it needed little intuitive insight to foresee that his future destiny would inevitably draw him into the vortex of the journalistic life of the metropolis. He was too valuable an asset from the Party standpoint for his energies to be wasted in the provinces, and his extreme independence of view and the curious unaccountability of the line which he might adopt on any specific occasion had not yet depreciated his value in the eyes of the leaders of his Party. The fact is, whatever else Stead failed in, as a journalist he was throughout a most unqualified success. He could always be relied upon to rivet the public attention to whatever he wrote. He might be right, or he might be wrong, but he was always sure to be read.

STEAD AND MORLEY.

Two writers could hardly be more strongly contrasted than William T. Stead and John Morley, no less in their character than in their style of writing. Side by side in the editorial sanctum of the *Pall Mall Gazette* were destined to sit the austere doctrinaire of the old Radical school and the impulsive champion of the duties of the State, and of those causes that are labelled "fads" because no one of responsibility can be found bold enough to take them up—the apostle of the old Manchester school and the apostle of the coming time—the materialistic philosopher and the unphilosophic spiritualist—the literary purist and the founder of the new journalism—the shrewd sceptic and the relig-

ious enthusiast. What stranger pair could be coupled together in the editorship of a Radical paper?

Stead, too, had his visions, and this was more than his chief could really stand. When John Morley came to consult him as to some change in the terms of his engagement, "No," said Mr. Stead, "it is useless to trouble me about this. Before the time comes of which you speak, you will yourself have resigned the editorship, and the charge of the paper will be in my hands." Mr. Morley persisted in pressing for Stead's approval of the proposed change. The termination of the interview is best told in his own words. "But" (he says), "I replied: 'It is no use your discussing that matter with me. You will not be here, and I shall be carrying on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, so what is the good of talking about it?' Then Mr. Morley lifted his chin slightly in the air and, looking at me with somewhat natural disdain, he asked, 'And pray, do you mean to tell me that I am not to make a business arrangement because you have had a vision?'" This picture of the two journalists would certainly make an admirable subject for the pen of the caricaturist.

STEAD AND THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

The transfer of the editorial control of the *Pall Mall Gazette* into the hands of Stead led, as might have been expected, to very lively times in the history of that paper. Never, certainly, was any evening journal published in London more talked about by the world at large than was the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Stead's editorship. Sensation followed sensation in its pages. The scandal of the streets of London led to the publication of the articles entitled "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," which, while it forced the Government's hands in the matter of legislation, ended by the consignment of the Editor to Holloway Gaol for a sojourn of three months. He was no less successful in his espousal of the other causes which he took up in its columns. The articles on the "Truth About the Navy" led to an absolute revolution in the Government's naval programme, entirely in opposition to Gladstone's personal wishes, and the remodelling of the naval forces on new and up-to-date lines. It was Stead, as Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who compelled the Government to send out General Gordon to rescue the garrisons in the Soudan, and it was again Stead who compelled an unwilling Government to send Lord Wolseley on the expedition to his rescue. Never was any British Government so terrified of a daily paper. It appeared as if Stead had absolutely hypnotized the Cabinet. He

STEAD HYPNOTIZES THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

had but to issue his orders from the editorial office of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to ensure them sooner or later being translated into action at Downing Street. Looking back upon the history of these times it is not too much to say that they constitute the most remarkable episode in the history of modern journalism either in this or in any other country.

STEAD AND RHODES.

The conduct of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Stead's editorship, and the bold Democratic Imperialistic views which it advocated, filled a young South African millionaire with admiration, and the result was the firm friendship struck up between William T. Stead and Cecil J. Rhodes. Between the ideals of the two there was indeed much in common. Both had grandiose conceptions. Neither was willing to see any lions in the path where the accomplishment of his own ideals was concerned. Both dreamt of the formation in some shape or other of a vast Anglo-Saxon Federation which should dominate the destinies of the world—a conception which eventually dictated the provisions of the will of the great South African, his last testament being avowedly intended as a first step towards their eventual realisation. The obstinacy of President Kruger, while it upset Rhodes' apple-cart, upset also the alliance between the two daring thinkers, though, to the honour of both be it said, it never broke their personal friendship.

AN APOSTLE OF WORLD PEACE.

A sketch of Stead's public career would be incomplete without a reference to the work which he accomplished as champion of the cause of the world's peace. More far-sighted in his conceptions than the leading statesmen of the British Empire, he saw clearly that, in his own words, "the permanent danger to the peace of Asia, and not of Asia alone, lay in the antagonism between Russia and England." Stead laboured unceasingly for a better understanding between these two countries, and he lived to see his efforts crowned with success, and the recognition of his foresight universally admitted. The man who had been dubbed a crank for his unpopular views, was proved to be a true prophet, and the minister who had opposed them was to admit at last, "We put our money on the wrong horse."

On resigning his editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Stead launched what was destined to be a successful commercial venture in the *Review of Reviews*. But it may be doubted if the nature of the magazine was such as to lend itself to the propagation of the very decided and personal opinions of its Editor. Such a paper seemed rather adapted to popularizing and diffusing the

opinions of the world at large, and more suited to constitute a forum for the world's thought than to advocate the frequently unpopular policy of one section of a British Party. Stead himself seemed to have felt that his hands were tied by the nature of the magazine, and he lived in hopes that the day would come when he should be again possessed of a pulpit from which to preach, similar to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but in which the proprietorship and editorship of the paper should be combined in his own person. This aspiration was never destined to be accomplished, but the conception in his mind took form in the *Daily Paper* founded by him, which experienced a brief and disastrous career.

This was not the first of Stead's financial failures. *Borderland* was launched in 1893—some two years after the first publication of the *Review of Reviews*—in the first instance as a monthly magazine. The aim of this magazine was to voice the growing interest in psychical research and spiritualistic phenomena, and at its inception it created no little interest, and was, I believe, for a short period, if not an actual financial success, at least not a losing property. Miss Goodrich Freer (afterwards Mrs. H. Spoer) was at this date associated with Mr. Stead in the editorship of the magazine, and the numbers which appeared under her direction were, I think, undoubtedly the best that were published. Looking through them to-day one still finds much of interest, not only to the psychical researcher, but also to the occultist. The paper, however, did not live up to its first promise. It was subsequently published as a quarterly, and finally, after a brief career of four years, abandoned altogether. Still it constituted a landmark in the history of the anti-materialistic movement, and brought together under its banner many students of the occult who would not otherwise have found a common platform. The magazine was much missed by its readers, and the gap remained unfilled until the publication in January, 1905, of the first issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. Though this magazine was conducted on somewhat different lines, it succeeded once more in rallying the occult world to a common standard. It was, however, not initiated without grave misgivings. "How can you hope to succeed," the Editor was asked, "where a journalist like W. T. Stead has failed?" One point which the interrogator had failed to take into consideration was the fact that the OCCULT REVIEW was started in 1905, whereas *Borderland* was first published in 1893. These twelve years had marked a very considerable growth in the interest aroused by Psychical Research and Occult Science. Many of the leading scientists

"BORDERLAND."

of the day had one after another during this period come round to a belief in the genuineness of psychical phenomena. The materialistic creed, as the accepted creed of the scientist, had already received its death-blow, and Sir Oliver Lodge was preaching from the housetops the advent of the New Scientific Gospel.

The daily increasing interest in subjects akin to occultism, mysticism and psychical research was evinced by the annual announcements from the leading firms of publishers, and it soon became apparent that while *Borderland* had had to depend for its revenue upon sales alone, the OCCULT REVIEW could confidently count upon a further large revenue from the advertisements of the leading London publishers, who, one by one, awoke to the realisation of its unique position, and to the fact that those interested in such subjects looked upon the magazine as a book of reference to all important literature of this class. The building up of such a periodical must inevitably be in every case an uphill fight, and its success must depend not only upon the quality of its contents but also upon the fact that it is recognised at the start that no magazine can be continued long which is not treated in the light of a business proposition as well as an intellectual medium for the diffusion of a special branch of knowledge and opinion.

THE "OCCULT REVIEW."

While I am in my present confidential mood, it may not be out of place to remark that proposals were made in the early days of the REVIEW to Mr. W. T. Stead with the object of entering into a business partnership in the magazine, but Mr. Stead, who already had presumably somewhat burnt his fingers in his earlier venture, preferred to stand aloof from all financial responsibility.

The practice of automatic writing played a very important part in Stead's later life. It was not, however, until the early summer of 1892 that he first became conscious of his capacity to utilize this familiar medium of communication with the Unseen. One of his earliest experiments in this direction brought him in touch with the (alleged) discarnate personality of a certain Julia Ames, who had been in life a Chicago journalist, and whom Stead had met in London on one or two occasions only. The intimacy that subsequently arose between them was thus of the nature of a *Borderland* friendship purely. Miss Ames had been in life an intimate friend of a certain Miss E. who happened to be staying at Eastnor Castle with Lady Henry Somerset at the same time (1892) as Mr. Stead was paying a visit there. The two found common grounds

of interest, and Miss E. told Mr. Stead that Miss Ames had made with her the not uncommon compact that the first who should die would, if possible, come back and show herself to the survivor. "She had not been dead six weeks," said Miss E., "before I was awakened one night with a sudden start—I was wide awake—and I looked, and there by my bedside was Julia looking radiantly happy, with a bright light all round her." She added, "I thought at first it might have been an hallucination, but I now know I was mistaken, for Julia herself came again last night—I was wide awake—I had not gone to sleep. She came to my bedside and looked at me very lovingly—I know she wanted to say something to me, but I could not speak to her." Miss E. wished for a medium so that she might get in touch with her friend Julia, to see what she desired to say to her.

STEAD AND "JULIA."

Mr. Stead was naturally deeply interested, and promised to introduce his new-found friend to Mrs. Russell Davies, the clairvoyante medium, but added, "My hand has recently begun to write, and if you do not object, I will ask Julia if she will use my hand, for she knew me, although slightly, and it would at any rate do no harm to make the experiment." Thus began the long automatic correspondence between Stead and Julia, which continued till the time of his death, and which led eventually to the formation of Julia's Bureau—an ingenious scheme for the contrivance of a sort of Post Office between this world and the next, which perhaps met with about as much and about as little success as might have been anticipated by the psychic world from so bold a venture. I have no space here to deal with this remarkable enterprise, nor with the long history of the communications on many and various subjects which passed between Julia and Mr. Stead, and some of which were embodied in the volume familiar to my readers under the title of *Letters from Julia*. The end of the correspondence was a somewhat remarkable one. "During the winter months," says his daughter, "my father was constantly receiving messages bidding him 'put his house in order,'" and he acted on these to a very considerable extent, going through his papers, sorting, tidying, arranging and labelling, and in many ways settling matters with a view to a contemplated long absence. On the last occasion before his leaving for America in which a meeting of the members of "Julia's Circle," as it was called, took place, Julia expressed the wish that the hymn sung should be "Our Blest Redeemer," and wrote the following message:

"JULIA'S BUREAU."

April 3rd, 1912. It is a solemn thought that after to-night my beloved circle may not meet in its entirety for some time. But hold the meeting weekly, in all faith and confidence, and in good time the joy of reunion will more than atone for the pain of separation. Much that is of great importance will take place before then. I particularly wish dear William to preside at the service to-night. Sing "Our Blest Redeemer." God's blessing be on you all, and a good journey to my beloved comrade.

JULIA A. AMES.

On the following Sunday—Easter Sunday—Julia wrote again:

My dear William will find that the ostensible object of his journey is but the pivot on which the real and greater issue turns.

On the same day he received a message from a spirit called Hilarion (with whom he was in the habit of communicating) in the following words:

Let me say to my dear friend and helper, who goes forth so soon across the sea, that what has been conveyed to him as to the greatness of his coming mission is but the merest faint foreshadowing of the distant truth. In each age, new aspects of truth are revealed to mankind. But only the chosen few can discern, and through their vision the rest of humanity must gaze until its sight has grown capable of seeing also. Let my dear friend rest assured that he will be left in no uncertainty when the summons comes. Clear and unmistakable will be the clarion call.

We may make what we like of these messages, but the final words of the latter one have a strangely ominous and prophetic ring. *"Let my dear friend rest assured that he will be left in no uncertainty when the summons comes. Clear and unmistakable will be the clarion call."*

THE "SENIOR PARTNER."

Stead had a remarkable fondness for alluding to the Almighty as "The Senior Partner." He was, indeed, in the habit of doing something curiously analogous to signing blank cheques for the Deity to fill in. But the worst of signing blank cheques is that you never quite know who may end by getting hold of them, and it is to be feared that some of Stead's went astray. His was a curiously complex character, but it cannot be denied that with all his deficiencies he possessed in a highly developed form some of those qualities which go to the making of the really great. He was absolutely fearless in his moral courage, and he was always ready to make the supreme sacrifice in the pursuit of his ideals. If he cannot be acquitted of sometimes stepping in where angels feared to tread, it must be remembered that the great prizes are ever for those who dare greatly, and not for those who choose rather

That middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear.

The fact that a cause was unpopular was a reason *for* rather than *against* his espousing it. In one instance when the astrologer, Penney, was convicted under the Vagrancy Act, the judge was reported as observing, in passing sentence, that it was absurd to suppose any intelligent person could believe in such a superstition as Astrology. Stead was down upon him in the *Pall Mall Gazette* like a ton of bricks. "Seldom," he said, "has any judge uttered a sentence at once so arrogant and so untrue," and proceeded to prove that the bulk of Queen Victoria's subjects were at that very time firm believers in Astrology. Never was anyone more unswervingly true to the inner voice, or more outspoken in maintaining his own convictions.

> They are slaves who would not choose
> Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think!
> They are slaves who would not be
> In the right with two or three!

Stead's life was throughout lived up to the above lines, and if he paid the penalty of his fearlessness and frankness he at least won the respect and esteem of all those who recognize a true man when they see him.

I would draw the attention of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to the fact that the next issue of the magazine will be the annual number, and therefore considerably enlarged, but, as has been the practice of recent years, published at the usual price of *7d.* net. As there is likely to be an extra demand, readers who do not subscribe direct should place their orders early with their newsagent.

I should like to take this opportunity to draw attention also to a new enterprise of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons, entitled "The Quest Series," edited by G. R. S. Mead, the well-known authority on Gnostic literature. The volumes of this series will in every instance trench on subjects of mystic, occult, or psychic interest and will be published at *2s. 6d.* net. The first three volumes deal with Psychical Research and Survival, The Quest of the Holy Grail, and Jewish Mysticism. Full reviews of these will appear in the next issue.

I owe an apology to readers for a misprint in the Notes of the Month in the last number. In the quotation from Tennyson—

> . . . Because right is right, to follow right
> Is wisdom in the scorn of consequence,

the last word was inadvertently altered to "circumstance," and by an oversight left uncorrected.

A MASTER OF THE INWARD WAY

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

STANDING at that point where two strange paths of life and thought and research divide once and for ever, Louis Claude de Saint-Martin said to Martines de Pasqually, his theurgic teacher: "Master, can all this be needed to find God?" The adept in transcendental Masonry and practical occultism answered: "We must even be content with what we have," and I have always regarded this as a memorable maxim, the force and application of which is with us in most of our daily ways and continually in the world of thought. The consequence was that instructor and pupil found that their ways divided. It was a memorable parting, a very memorable talk which led to that parting, and it has a message to us amidst the psychic and mystic activities of the present day. I do not know whether there has been previously a stage of human development on more than a single plane when the distinction thus created was more important in its application to us or when it was illustrating itself more fully, though all unconsciously, in numerous types of mind. Like so many of us here and now, Saint-Martin—then at the beginning of his public career, young, zealous and accomplished—had come already to know quite clearly that which he desired, namely, "the finding of God," but about the way to that goal—also like many of us—he was not in a state of certitude. This was made evident by his question whether this and that were necessary, and his interlocutor told him virtually that there was no other path. It was a reference to the occult path, and it cast Saint-Martin back upon himself, so that he had to reconsider what is meant by the finding of God. He did not now question any master outside himself, but began to look into his own nature, his inward being, and there saw—as he could not do otherwise—that the quest did not lie in this direction or in that of the external world, but in his own consciousness. He had heard already that God is within, as we have heard also from time immemorial, but he had to learn that which it means, as we have to learn also. He saw that so long as he postulated—shall I say?—a Deity on a great white throne, facing a crystal sea, and speculated as to whether he could bridge the distance intervening, by

the hypothesis, between the earth-bound man, living in the light of the material sun, and this paradise of Dante, place of Beatific Vision and heaven of thrones and palaces, he was planning an impossible journey, because consciousness, as here ensphered, does not reach other worlds by travelling through an intermediate space. But if the throne of God is in our consciousness, then the journey is in ourselves only and not through stellar distances. It is a travel undertaken in the region of realization—that great of all mystery words. We hear much at this day of unexplored fields

LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT-MARTIN.

within us, under the name of sub-consciousness, but little if anything of that alternative realm which I should call the supra-consciousness—supposing that I were so unwise as to rectify one unphilosophical catchword by another. There is neither height nor depth, nor are there any other spatial relations, in the conscious self, but there are grades of realization, and the so-called depth and height of the mystery of the knowledge of God are a grade *ne plus ultra* which we have most of us failed to take because

of the multiplicity of trivial and distracting business in which we are immersed by our overweening concern in the external.

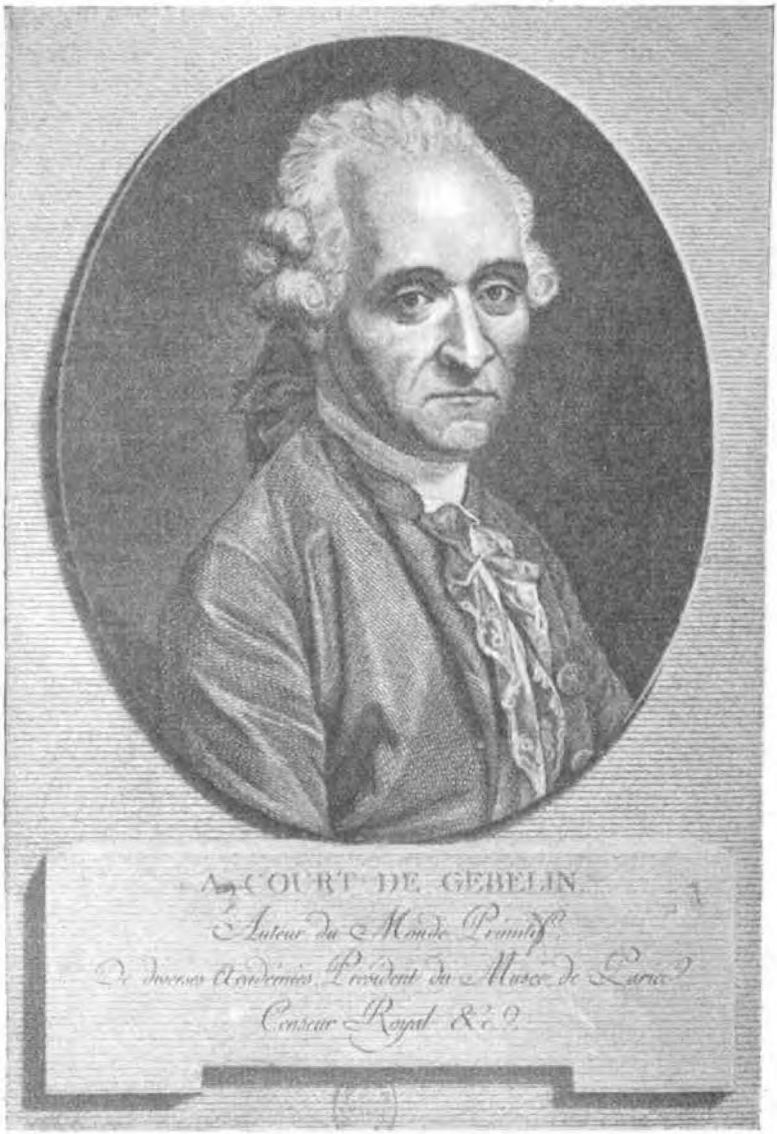
So far I have been creating what may be termed a distinction only between two personalities of a period, both of whom were remarkable and both attractive in their way. It was in the great and spacious days of a thousand activities in France prior to the French Revolution. Martines de Pasqually was travelling with a Masonic Rite from a place beyond the Pyrenees, or perhaps further, he being presumably of Spanish origin, though it is not certain. Saint-Martin was a gentleman of Touraine, somewhat over thirty years when the instructor and pupil met. Let us take from another witness a short account of the one that we may the

MARTINES DE PASQUALLY.

better be able to judge what it meant to the other when he decided to try a fresh path.

The Abbé Fournié was also a follower of Pasqually, and he says of the latter that his daily exhortations were towards unceasing aspiration to God, growth in virtue and zeal for the universal good. Here is the question of fact, because the witness—by all that we know concerning him—spoke with the lip of truth. His inference was that such words of counsel were comparable to those of Christ, though apart from all authority claimed for himself by the speaker. Now, the Rite of Pasqually, though it made pretensions of a kind that were common at the period, not merely in respect of its antiquity—which may be taken in a symbolical sense—but as

to its superior position when compared with all other Masonic or pseudo-Masonic Orders and Degrees—the name of which was legion—had nothing whatsoever to do with any art of building



COURT DE GEBELIN.

symbolized, but was a system of ceremonial magic, the creator of which had conceived a daring project to draw within the circle of communication the great Master of Nazareth, understood as the "Active and Intelligent Cause charged with the conduct of the

visible universe." In the belief of the brotherhood, success attended the project, and long years after Saint-Martin had detached himself from all such ways and processes, he bore testimony to a correspondent that he had been present at communications where "every sign indicative of the 'Repairer' was present." I need only add that for Saint-Martin the Repairer signified Christ. The question which arises is how in the face of such testimony came he who bore it to choose another path, more especially when he put on record the fact that he and his teacher were only "beginning to walk together" when death removed the latter. What must be called an answer to the question is found

JACQUES CAZOTTE, THE AUTHOR OF *Le Diable Amoureux*.

elsewhere, when he says: (1) "I cannot affirm that the forms which shewed themselves to me may not have been assumed forms"; and (2) "I have received by the inward way truths and joys a thousand times higher than those I have received from without."

Certain circumstances of private life caused Pasqually to leave his circle of initiation; he was called into remote places and never returned to France. That he was the vital centre of whatever communion was established is shewn by the fact that it all came to an end in his absence; his rite of Masonry vanished or was absorbed; Saint-Martin followed his own course and became not so much the foremost as the only memorable mystic of his country

in that day. The name of Martines de Pasqually remains among a few in France and otherwhere as of interest to the history of occultism, but that of Saint-Martin, I think, has a permanent and high place. At that most unmystical of all periods, the first half of the nineteenth century, he was recognized by Chateaubriand as a man of extraordinary merits; by Comte Joseph de Maistre as "the most instructive, the wisest and most eloquent of modern theosophists"; by Mme. de Stael as a writer with "sublime gleams." The philosopher Cousin testified that never had mysticism possessed in France "a representative more complete, an interpreter more profound and eloquent, or one who exercised more influence than Saint-Martin." Joubert said that his feet were on earth and his head in heaven, while even the brilliant critic Sainte-Beuve, far as he was from all transcendental interests, admitted that he calls for study. Lastly an open and perhaps unscrupulous enemy of all that savoured of mystery and mystic association—the Scottish anti-Mason, Professor Robison—affirmed that Saint-Martin's first book was a Bible or Talmud at least for the French High Grade Masons on the eve of the Revolution.

In the most interesting of all literary periods which had ever been seen by France, amidst great awakenings to the messages of instituted mysteries and possibilities of the soul in its manifestation, Saint-Martin stood alone in respect of his dedications and their appeal. Mesmer and the varied tribe of his followers were about him on one hand. There was Court de Gebelin, a distinguished archæologist for his period, discoursing of Egypt and its wonders, and discovering vestiges of immemorial antiquity in Tarot cards, found among peasantry by an accident. There was the brilliant *littérateur* Cazotte, who will be always remembered in his own country as the author of *Le Diable Amoureux*, a romance with such prodigious intuitions of an occult kind that he is said to have been accused by adepts of betraying those mysteries into which he had not been initiated. There was Cagliostro, whom the mystic distrusted with all his heart; and although that comet of a season, the Comte de St. Germain, had long since vanished from the horizon, the dazzlement of his memory remained. There is reason to believe that Saint-Martin knew all these, and beyond them there were his personal friends, many distinguished in their way. There were Rodolph de Salzmann, a mystic like himself; the Russian prince Galitzin, who confessed that he had not been a man till he knew M. de Saint-Martin; the Comte d'Hauterive, following the occult path, but discerning under his friend's influence a horizon beyond it.

On the side of philosophy Saint-Martin connects with Pasqually, in the sense that the teachings of the latter passed through the alembic of the mystic's mind, issuing under I know not what transmuted forms, but in a way that made them his own after a

THE COMTE DE SAINT GERMAIN.

particular manner.* He connects also with Jacob Böhme, whose writings came into his hands in much later life, and there are cer-

* I have written much about Saint-Martin, and not for that reason but because of his importance, I would like to draw the attention of those who may feel concerned with the intimations of the present paper that my study

tain rare translations, much prized by their possessors, which bear on their titles the name of the "Unknown Philosopher"—that is to say, of Saint-Martin—whose zeal for a "beloved author" had led him to render them into French. The *Aurora*, *Three Principles*, *Forty Questions*, and *Threefold Life of Man* constitute the series, and one is faintly surprised that they have not been republished in France; but as much might be said of Saint-Martin's own works, so many of which still remain unedited—not to speak of the treasures which are held in private hands and have never been printed at all. But it is neither to Pasqually nor Böhme that we owe Saint-Martin as a mystic. The one had little to offer beyond the freedom, to those who could win it, of the region of astral forces; the messages, from however deep a centre, of the other came to the French theosophist long after he had found his own way and had placed his experience somewhat fully on record. He had two counsels: (1) To explain material things by man and not man by material things—descending into ourselves for this purpose; and (2) to establish correspondence between the soul and the Divine by the active part of works. So far as schools are concerned, he was essentially a Christian mystic, though to all intents and purposes he had left the official churches. The life of Christ was for him the history of regeneration in the soul of each individual, and in one of his most important books he has traced all its stages.

In conclusion, there are two points to be marked regarding this mystic, and one of them—so far as I am aware—has not been expressed previously. The mystics who have been also men or women of vision, seers in the psychic sense, may have been the rule rather than the exception; it was a beginning which somehow, I know how scarcely, may have helped them to open the doors which give entrance to the inward light, into that state where they realize that the soul's eye is not satisfied with this kind of seeing and the soul's ear is not filled with this kind of hearing—that is to say, with the vision and audition so called in the theological science of mysticism. Saint-Martin in the presence of the Repairer recalls such experiences. But the experiences of sanctity in the world of psychic phenomena are one thing, while occult phenomena are

of the Unknown Philosopher is still available. I am neither reproducing nor summarizing its contents here, but am attempting to present an outline portrait of the mystic along independent lines. See THE LIFE OF LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT-MARTIN and the substance of his Transcendental Doctrine. Demy 8vo, pp. 464. William Rider & Son, Ltd., price 6s.

another ; and Saint-Martin is the sole instance on record of a great mystic who began his career amidst occult and magical practices. This is the first point, and the second is, that albeit he saw the dangers, uncertainties and manifold deceptions of the phenomenal

The Comte d'Hauterive.

path, and though he left it for ever, he always bore testimony to the zeal, the sincerity, the capabilities and high dedications of that master whom he followed therein, when occasion called thereto.

TO DEATH

By GERALD ARUNDEL

I.

O DEATH, I heard them speak of thee,
And hideous was the tale to me,
A tale of terror, grief and gloom,
Of clay and coldness and the tomb—
Of one that still delights to slay
Youth, Beauty, Goodness, day by day,
Nor spares ev'n Childhood in her glee.
Such things, O Death, they said of thee.

II.

O Death, I caught a glimpse of thee:
I felt thine awful majesty:
I felt thy beauty pure and high—
An ocean calm—a stainless sky.
O Thou that scornest worldly strife,
Thou Life around this lifeless life,
What thoughts, what feelings rushed on me,
That day I caught a glimpse of thee!

III.

The beauties of the past are thine;
Our aspirations most divine,
And most transcendent, all belong
To thee, and many a deathless song.
The chaff thou leavest to Decay,
But takest all the grain away.
The glorious souls whose works shall shine
Throughout our cycle—these are thine.

IV.

Why do we call thee death, O Death?
Thou Life in death, as conscience saith!
We could not live without thee—no,
Swift vanquisher of pain and woe!
High messenger that hold'st the key
To unexplored Infinity!
Calm scorner of this paltry breath,
Why do we call thee death, O Death?

THE HARLEQUINADE *

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

MUCH of what passes for music, nowadays, may be not inaptly described as futile; and, indeed, with all deference due to contemporary composers, it may be said that even the most valuable of modern musical compositions fall far short of the different standards of perfection attained by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner. Similar remarks apply in the case of most of the other arts; the products of the twentieth century cannot seriously compete with those of the past. There are no modern poets to compare with Shakespeare, Wordsworth or Blake, to single out three very different examples of the highest merit; and although this age is not destitute of great painters, it may be doubted whether there is one to equal Tintoretto, not to mention other names glorious in the annals of painting. As for modern architecture—the least said the better.

I doubt, however, whether a similar criticism could be justly made of modern dramatic art; and I venture to suggest that if the present period be remembered at all for the production of artistic works, it will be for those of its play-writers. Of course, if one wishes so to do, one can still witness melodramas with the conventional characters which are crude without being genuinely realistic and sentimental without being genuinely romantic. On the other hand, however, it is the present age which has produced the genuinely realistic works of Bennett, Houghton and Galsworthy, in which, as it were, particular instances culled from life are used to symbolize some aspect of the modern spirit; the genuinely imaginative idealism of Maeterlinck, Rostand and Barrie, and the extraordinary *sui generis* genius of Shaw.

Amongst the names of those who have written idealistic or mystical plays of the highest artistic value must now be included that of Dion Clayton Calthrop. He had, before the production of *The Harlequinade*, achieved considerable fame as an essayist of very great merit. The collection of his essays published under

* *The Harlequinade*, by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. At the St. James's Theatre.

the title of *The Harlequin Set* * is one of the most delightful books I know. In it (a sketch of the history of the Harlequinade forms the first essay) one can trace the seed out of which the play has arisen; and it is the same spirit which animates both—the spirit of belief in the magic of nature and love, and of revolt against the futility of modern life with its money-grabbing, soul-destroying, meanly commercial aims. To read the book or to see the play makes one long for the simple—yet truly so wonderfully complex and magical—delights of nature—the smell of the country air at five o'clock on a summer's morning, of the flowers and the grass; and a glass of home-brewed ale at a country inn; . . . and the love of a good woman.

Mr. Calthrop, like Maeterlinck in *The Blue Bird*, and Barrie in *Peter Pan*, makes use of symbols which children love. And, indeed, one is inclined to query whether the folly of childhood is not wiser than the common sense of old age. "Do you think they understood it?" asks Alice of her Uncle Edward, referring to the audience. (Uncle Edward, I should explain, is the make-belief producer of *The Harlequinade*; whilst the charming Alice acts the part of a prologue and interpreter.) "Why, a child could understand it," says Uncle Edward. Alice doubts, "But then they're not children."

The Harlequinade is a fantasy set in a sort of historical dress. It all commenced at Olympus. Mercury, Charon and Momus the demi-god set out to search for Psyche, who had wandered from the celestial regions, leaving Hipponax, the philosopher who proved that the gods did not exist, to row departed souls over the Styx. It is thus the story of the soul's self-realization, of its return to the dwelling of the gods, which, as we learn as the story progresses, is only achieved in the self-forgetfulness, the self-sacrifice, of love. But with the progress of time the belief in the gods grew faint in people's minds; and so the gods became actors that by their art they could still keep alive the belief in the great realities of life. And so in the second scene, an Italian pantomime of the sixteenth century, Mercury has become transformed into Harlequin, Psyche into Columbine ("dear little dove"), and Charon and Momus into Clown and Pantaloon. Columbine is wedded to a deadly dull young man, who is immersed in his books and ignores the red rose—symbol of her love—which she gives him. The rose, however, is secured by the "man of the

* *The Harlequin Set.* By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6 in. × 4 in., pp. x + 252. London: Alston Rivers, Ltd., Brooke Street, Holborn, E.C. 1911. Price 2s. 6d. net.

world," and the soul would have been lost, seduced by the lust of the world, had it not been for Harlequin. His ingenuity saves the situation, and the curtain falls on the embrace of Columbine and her husband, who has awakened to the knowledge that red roses are of more worth than books.

Coming to the eighteenth century, we find, in the third (and finest) scene, that the gods have become servants ; for, as Alice explains to us, in those days, people thought that religion and love were at their beck and call. It is the same story—only different. The hero, symbol of mankind, is not now immersed in bookish learning, but in himself—yet not even in his true self, but in a mere image of himself created by the conventions of his day. To him, however, the gods come, though it be in the guise of valet and chambermaid. At the sound of Psyche's singing, he is unable to read his epigrams—witty, but utterly superficial—on love, but orders them to be cast into the fire. A new force has entered into his life, though as yet he realizes it not. Cheated of his wealth, yet willing to be cheated for honour's sake, cheated of his bride—false, unloving and unloved—he takes a pistol in his hand and fires at his forehead. But the bullet only shatters his image in the mirror—his false self. He has attained self-realization, and the little chambermaid (Psyche, Columbine) has taught him love.

The fourth scene is a caustic criticism of the modern commercial spirit. It shows us the " theatre " of the future, controlled by a great American syndicate, which gives the public machine-made plays—in which gramophones take the place of actors—whether they want them or not. Yet the gods are not quite dead. They plead for one more opportunity, and with a shout of " Here we are again," the Clown and his fellow-actors usurp the platform and tear down the symbols of commercialism.

Finally, in the fifth scene, the gods return to Olympus. But, as Alice tells us, this is only to round off the play. In reality they never return. They are immortal and are ever with us. They may, to use her term, no longer perform " magicky magic," yet their true magic is never dead, but lives for ever in the joys of nature, in love, in kindliness and sympathy, and in that foolishness which is of the highest wisdom.

I can only say in conclusion that *The Harlequinade* is one of the most delightful, inspiring and deeply mystical plays I have seen. The acting is good, and I would especially mention the grace and *naïveté* of Miss Kathleen Nesbitt, who plays the part of Alice.

THE RADIANT GOD

By MEREDITH STARR

"THE heart bowed down shall beat again with lightness and with ecstasy":
There is an end to every pain, although that end we may not see.
Hold fast, Beloved, to the good! Tho' friends rise up in wrath to slay--
They cannot work the ill they would, for lo! they shall be blown away.
Yea—whirled like chaff before the breath of Him, the Risen Lord and King,
The Conqueror of Sin and Death, the Lord of every living thing!
He is Thyself this Radiant One, the hidden Self thou canst not see,
For as the clouds obscure the sun, thy follies veil his light from thee.

So hold thy head above the throng that travel where the senses will,
And in the struggle be thou strong and in the tumult be thou still!
O great of soul! bow down to none, for none are greater than thou art;
When all things are reduced to One, thou shalt be THAT, heroic heart!
Be loyal to the Light Within, and, heedless of the words of men,
Build thou a fortress free from sin and know Thy-Self the Builder then.
Thou art the Light, O Chosen One, Self-chosen through eternity
To sing the praises of the Sun afloat in thine immensity!

MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By the Rev. HOLDEN E. SAMPSON, Author of "Progressive Creation," "Progressive Redemption," etc.

ONLY by the most definite experience in occult phenomena can true conviction and certainty in occult mysticism grow sufficiently to allow a man to cast the organizing of his life and career upon the guidance of those influences which have quickened and matured in his soul. To renounce the ordinary methods of worldly wisdom and prudence, to stake all upon deeper thought-vision and, at times, direct inspiration, is possible only when a man's experiences are strong enough to permit these occult lights to compete successfully with the conventional claims of reason and so-called "common sense." In this brief sketch of my own occult experiences my aim is simply to describe some of the most salient experiences I have enjoyed, and to submit to the reader the plain question whether or not, in the face of them, I am justified in making the renunciation of worldly wisdom, and in pinning my faith for life upon the inspiration and vision which occult experience has forced upon me as the spiritual and moral guide of my life's actions and thoughts. The worldly prudent will laugh the notion to scorn. The dogma-ridden ecclesiastic will treat it with severe deprecation. But I have met, in the course of my wandering life, so many of those who, while scratching the surface of orthodoxy and worldly prudence, have yet betrayed the deeper consciousness of a spiritual and occult mode of thought and life which they have not dared to follow, that I find it impossible to doubt that my own views and convictions on the matter are fundamentally sound. Occultism is, in fact, inbred in the substance and fibre of every man's soul, and it is only conventionality and the terror of consequences that keep many in the beaten ruts of narrow orthodoxy and rigid conventionality.

My case is as follows: For the term of my earlier life the conflict between my mind and my soul, between the seen and the unseen, has been inveterate and fierce. Persistently the one uprose against the other in successive revolts, and constant leaps in the dark, leading to continuous catastrophic episodes in my career. Something I could not explain for years was urging

me forward and plunging me deeper and deeper into the mysteries which surround the human being who is not caught in the conflicting eddies of the world's occupations and pursuits. Though I knew it not, each of these serious periods of my career was a " lap " in the race which I was ever unconsciously pursuing, making myself a mystery to myself, and a perplexity to everybody else. Passing over the multitude of these " laps," punctuating the devious and wandering course of a chequered life, from childhood to manhood, the time arrived when the reason of all this vicissitude and conflict was revealed, and I came to know and understand how, through errors and falls, through triumphs and successes, through failures and defeats, I was at last brought to complete understanding of the why and the wherefore of it all—an understanding, however, which sufficed for me, and forever after kept me in quietude and peace inwardly. During this period my earthly fortunes have been, again and again, on the brink of total collapse, and I found myself entirely unable to convey to others the peace which I myself experienced, or to satisfy the fears, doubts and suspicions of those around me who were involved in these material catastrophes.

I had been studying the phenomena of Spiritualism, and consequently (like all honest students of this subject) was discovering many truths concerning our manifold nature in its complex relations with the unseen. I discovered the *reality* of a hundred beliefs of which my Christian teaching had given me only a theoretical and theological acceptance. But I was now exploring the sources and planes of their existence—heaven, hell, purgatory, angels, spirits, soul and the reality of vision, prophecy, " miracles," etc., all of which I had believed in, but only as things of long ago, and for centuries but a memory and as sacred records of a wonderful past. I found that devils and angels, good spirits, bad spirits, inspiration, spiritual communications, invocations, exorcisms, spirit-possession, spirit-control, and spirit-utterance—were *realities to-day*. I learnt to distinguish between good and evil spiritual manifestations, to detect spiritual fraud and deception, to sense the aura of the pure spiritual worlds and the aura of the foul and evil.

The time came when I ceased to be satisfied with the spiritualistic stage of occult investigation. I felt that I was then only touching the *fringe* of the unseen, that there were vast regions of the beyond open to me to search and explore. I marvelled that my fellow-seekers were so content to bask in this wonderful and alluring twilight of the life beyond the material

sense-plane, satisfied with *séance*-phenomena, so much of which revealed obnoxious and, to me, hateful evidences of a low—not to say foul—type of manifestation and spirit-communication. I made enemies of some of my spiritualistic friends by casting doubts upon the veracity and immaculateness of many of their "controls." I breathed hints of "demons" and "wicked spirits," of deceivers in the "astral plane," and I found myself cold-shouldered and in the minority of one. Then I determined to plough my own furrow alone, to follow the track into the farther spiritual realms, gleamings of light from which I saw, as the presaging light of dawn, and to know for myself what my growing intuition was persuading me to believe existed.

My first essay in the track of the unexplored was by the use of an "*ouija-board*," the only practicable way I knew of to cultivate the spiritual faculty of communion with the unseen. After a whole week of patient and very tedious endeavour to gain a response by "ouija," my effort was rewarded, quite suddenly, by my hand being strongly moved and made to spell out the following words: "*Emmanuel, thy guide, is with thee. Cease the present means. Write at my guidance on paper. I have much to communicate. Deal no longer with spiritualism. It can teach you no more. Obey me, and I will lead you whither your steps have struggled to ascend in your past life.*" This success overjoyed me. From that hour I daily wrote at my guide's dictation, or inspiration. He revealed himself eventually as the spirit in Paradise of an aged divine whom I had known in his lifetime, a learned and deeply-taught professor of Divinity, from whom I had learned all that I treasured of Divine knowledge. Later I ceased receiving wisdom from him by the medium of my hand, with paper and pencil. I found I was become "*clairaudient*," and he and other spiritual teachers taught me in the form of discourses and lectures, which sounded in my hearing as clearly as the sound of a bell on a still night. For some months this course of instructions continued regularly, the subjects ranging through every science and philosophy. They taught me unthought-of truths of physical and natural science, of astronomy and biology, of the origin of life and species, of the origin and history of "evil." They gave me the right teaching on the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, of the Hindu, Brahman and Buddhist religions, of the ancient Hebrew and Kaballic philosophy. They familiarized me with the teachings of the Egyptians, Chaldæans and Greek philosophies. They gave me historical facts and data, and innumerable marvellous revelations

of science. They taught me the constitution and government of the cosmos, the truth concerning the grades of celestial spheres and governments, hierarchies, potentialities and powers of the heavenly realms, concerning the past and future destiny of this world, concerning Tartarus and Paradise, and the various "zones" of "Hades," concerning the reincarnation and pre-existence of all creatures, of their emanation from the All-Father, to their return to the All-Father, as perfected deific beings, co-operating eternally in the heavens in the creation and development of the cosmos in eternal cycles of evolutionary, or progressive, creation. They taught me the wonderful properties of ether, its source, and its dynamic purpose in the cosmical unit of all creation. Let it not seem a mere conceit when I state without hesitancy that the remarkable address of Sir Oliver Lodge at this year's meeting of the British Association goes far to confirm the teaching given to me in this wonderful occult "college" where I was being initiated in those self-same mysteries which Lodge and his scientific fellow-labourers have been so laboriously and successfully striving to fathom by their own scientific methods. Science is nearer the goal of truth than the theology of the present century, a theology that denies the very truths which science is discovering, and that patronises with one hand, and denies with the other, the labours of men who have produced evidences of cosmical conditions which theologians could produce if they followed the Light reflected in their own sacred scriptures.

The time came when I was told that this manner of instruction was to cease. I had no need for further clairaudient teaching. By my own intuitions I now was able to reproduce the All-Truth, by simply sinking my mind into my soul, and reproducing in speech, or writing, in my own language, that Truth which now was placed in my reach by the development of that special part of my nature (and of all natures) which but needed this course of development to bring the mind, or brain-organization, *en rapport* with the spirit in me, which was the eternal Divine link between me and God—the Source of all knowledge and understanding, the Fountain-head of Truth. From that time I ceased to exercise the clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts. They had, like spiritualism, and automatic and inspirational writing, fulfilled their purpose. I thenceforward wrote and preached without sensible dependence upon these helps to inspiration. Doubtless this state to which I had reached is no more and no less than the "apostolical" gift of "*Prophecy*" and "*seership*," and the "school" in which I had been trained

in these gifts was no more and no less than the same "*school of the prophets*" in which the prophets of old graduated in the deserts of Judæa and Samaria, and in which, in Egypt, Palestine and Syria, later, the Therapeutæ and Essenes cultivated the occult gifts. For is not "prophecy" the forth-telling of the Divine Wisdom, often foretelling truths ultimately to be certified in the plane of sense? Prophecy is the gift of intuition that anticipates the learning and discoveries of science, as much as it anticipates, on occasions, the happenings of events and circumstances. It is the outlet of the All-Knowledge of God Who is the Sum of all that is and can be known. Occult development of the interior faculties, the innermost organs of man's central nature, places man *en rapport* with the omniscient mind of God, and enables him to convey the mind of God to his fellow-men, whether or no they receive it as prophecy, or reject it as folly. Hence the prophet needs no "authorities" to substantiate his teaching, no book-knowledge other than for use to show that his prophecy is not unsupported by the "scribes." He is one who "*speaks with authority, and not as one of the scribes.*" Nowadays no man's dictum is counted as worth anything unless it is backed by the written teaching of accepted books on theology or science. Men will not, or cannot, see that knowledge is a Divine heritage, and Truth has only one source, and depends not upon other men's dicta, chapter and verse, but upon the secret wisdom from which all knowledge flows. Many a time, after preaching a sermon, I have been asked, "Where did you get this idea from?" or "Where did you get that?" Nor would it have been a wise thing to say whence it came, for they would "turn and rend" the self-sufficient upstart who dared to utter dicta which could not be pointed to as a "plagiarism" from some popularly accredited "authority."

There is space only very briefly to describe the ensuing occult experiences, of which one dare only speak with extreme cautiousness of utterance. There are some things which occultists are studiously silent about, which only are revealable to man by practical experience in the occult school. My spiritual teachers had warned me that the time was approaching when I should be initiated in the holy Mysteries, in which my mind had been for so long a time prepared by this period of preparatory instruction. During this period I had been withdrawn from all worldly association and environment. My food had been the scantiest, and long intervals of fasting and living in a cave, scarcely sheltered from wind and weather, exposed to the countless forces of

the wilderness. For many days at a time I took no food and saw no man, meditating and communing in spirit with the holy ones who were my constant companions. Hitherto I had had no experience of the "trance," nor of "ekstasis." My communications with the heavenly spheres were limited to the simple exercise of the psychic faculties in converse with the beings who had constituted themselves my guides and instructors. I was now forewarned that I was personally to visit these heavenly spheres, and to be initiated in the holy Mysteries.

Previous to these initiations and as preparatory tests of fitness of understanding and self-restraint, I was subjected to a series of ordeals and temptations. These temptations varied in character in each degree of initiation to which I was to be raised. They were applied to one or another of the faculties, and to each of the seven natures, or principles, of my constitution. Of the actual nature of these tests and ordeals I must not venture any description. At that time I knew next to nothing of the "mysteries" of Eleusis or Orpheus, nor the Homeric legends of Heracles. I have since discovered that the ordeals through which I passed, in succession, followed much the same line of application as those of the Greek and Egyptian mysteries, and, so far as I have learned, the system of initiation practised in the cults of the Hindu and Zoroastrian mysteries. Four times I was initiated in the Seven Higher Mysteries, and four times in the Twelve Lesser Mysteries. The number Four represents the four kingdoms of the organic being—body, mind, soul and spirit—answering to the four elements of cosmical nature —earth, air, fire, and water. The number Seven represents the seven cosmical circles, answering to the seven Planetary realms. And the number Twelve represents the twelve organic parts of the four kingdoms of the organic being, and answered to the Twelve Houses of the Zodiac, or Solar Square.

The tests, or ordeals, were always performed, after close instructions, on the material plane, and entailed severe stress of mind and body in the testing of the fortitude, faith, love and obedience of the neophyte. The initiations always took place in the heavenly spheres and not upon the earth. They followed a period of absolute fasting of several days, when no food or liquid passes the lips. The neophyte spends these days in contemplation, concentrating his mind upon the great mysteries of God in which he had been previously instructed. At a given night, forewarned by his instructor, he prepared himself by stretching himself on the floor of his cave, and gradually

falling into a deep but conscious sleep, or *trance*. Slowly he was conscious of a process of dissolution of the material bands of life, and the emergence of the spiritual from its material shell, or clothing of the flesh. The latter lay, breathing, but in a still coma-like state of unconsciousness. The former emerged from this still form, a translucent figure, perfect in every detail of the human organism. I stood over my own body, peered into its organization, and saw its various organs performing their natural functions. In my spirit I was surrounded by other forms, translucent, beautiful and peaceful beyond description. Guided by these I was taken often to different parts of the earth, wherever my wish led me. I visited farthest Tibet and penetrated the monasteries of the priests and hierarchs of that ancient community of mystics. I entered hospitals in England, and witnessed the workings of diseases, and the physiological processes of conception, birth and death of human beings.

Then I was carried upward and visited the darkest " prisons " of Hades, and ministered to the release of souls bound by their sins to wander the regions of Tartarus. Through the higher zones of Hades I was uplifted and saw the bright places where happy souls waited for their translation to the mansions of the blessed in the Planetary spheres of Paradise. In each of my initiations, beginning at the lowest and finishing at the highest, I stayed upon one or another of the planetary spheres. In each was a temple of supernal beauty, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Lamb was forever being offered, and where all souls, duly prepared and tested, were admitted to the mysteries by solemn initiation at the hands of the Great Hierarch, in the presence of a multitude of the heavenly Hierarchy. After each initiation I was brought back again to the earth and re-assumed my mortal body. Not until all my initiations had been fulfilled was I at last free to resume the life of the world, and return to the life-conditions that for the time had been abandoned.

And what are these life-conditions to which such a man returns? How difficult to co-ordinate himself to them, after such experiences! To attempt to proclaim a fraction of the Wisdom he has been taught is not merely as " casting pearls before swine," but is not unattended with peril to himself. Yet to live and be as other men is equally impossible. Yet the future is buoyant with hope that it may not, ere long, be as much a problem as it is to-day for a *mystic* to live in a world in which the first principles of mysticism are lost to the knowledge of other than a few of mankind.

THE BAHAI MOVEMENT

By BEATRICE IRWIN, Author of "The Pagan Trinity"

ON May 23, 1844, at Shiraz, Ali Mohammed, a young Persian merchant, announced himself the recipient of a divine revelation, upon whose authority he claimed to be the fulfilment of certain prophecies in the Bible and Koran which foretell the advent of two contemporaneous manifestations. Ali styled himself the Forerunner of "Him whom God would make manifest." Then he commenced to promulgate the doctrines of Universal Brotherhood, the spiritual unification of religions, and the abolition of priesthood and dogma. Like Mohammed, this man was "simple and unlettered," yet he confounded all the learned men of Persia, and sowed the seeds of a movement that is now bearing blossom throughout the civilized world.

Ali Mohammed became known to his followers as the Bab, which in Persian signifies "The Gate," and in spite of the persecutions of Church and State he continued his mission undaunted for seven years. During this time he enunciated new laws, spiritual and secular, which shook the thought and morals of Persia to their very foundations.

In 1851, at the instigation of the Mohammedan "doctors," the Bab was shot in a public square at Tabriz. The story goes that "the first volley left him unscathed, and the soldiers, overcome by this miracle, refused to repeat their action, but were replaced by another corps, who achieved the decrees of destiny."

This incident inflamed popular interest in the Cause to such an extent that the Government became alarmed, and banished several of the leading Babis to Baghdad. Amongst these was Mirza Husain Ali Nuri Baha'u'llah, the son of a vizier who from the outset had been a devoted follower, and in consequence had suffered the confiscation of his title and vast properties.

The Bab, before his martyrdom, again announced that "He whom God shall make manifest" would soon appear and complete the foundation of the new faith. Therefore when a few years later Baha'u'llah publicly proclaimed himself to be the fulfilment of this promise, the Babis with a few exceptions rallied around him,

and acknowledged him as their leader. From this date (1868) the faithful became known as Bahais, and the Cause as the Bahai movement. Baha'u'llah was now imprisoned in Constantinople and then banished to Adrianople by the Turkish Government. It was from his prison in this city that he addressed his famous epistles (now preserved in the form of "Tablets") to the Kings of Europe and to the Pope, urging them to aid him in establishing unity. The resources and courage of the faithful were taxed to the utmost in the delivery of these epistles, which was accomplished at great personal risk. Many of these letters contained prophecies which history has since verified,—the two most striking forecasts being the fall of Napoleon III and the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire.

The Sultan, exasperated by these "epistles" and the growing interest in Baha'u'llah's teachings, now exiled him to Acca, which is so unhealthy that the life of the exile is generally of the briefest. In fact, this prison is usually reserved for murderers and the worst criminals. Here, however, Baha'u'llah lived and worked till May 29, 1892, and it was during this period that he wrote the greater number of the books which are now spreading his teachings abroad. During these years hundreds of Persian martyrs went gladly to their death, for the Government massacred and tortured the followers of the Cause, who showed a heroism which, as Professor Browne, of Cambridge, says, "is unsurpassed in history"!

In *God's Heroes*, a play by Laura Clifford Barney, we have a poignant and faithful record of this stirring epoch. Indeed, to the noble work of this woman and her husband, the Bahai Movement owes much of its Western impetus, for their scholarly and succinct translations have placed many of its writings within reach of Western readers. Before his death Baha'u'llah conferred the leadership of the Cause upon his eldest son, Abbas Effendi, Abdul-Baha. At present, the movement has working centres throughout Europe, as well as in the United States, India, Canada, and Japan. Some years ago Lord Curzon, in his book on Persia, estimated the Bahai following in that country at about one million, and the present aggregate is at the lowest three, and at the highest estimate ten, millions of people throughout the world. In Chicago, the first Bahai journal was published monthly. It is called *The Star of the West*, and it carries news of the Movement to all quarters of the globe.

In Chicago also funds are now being collected for the erection of a Bahai temple. This building will be a meeting-place for the

people of all nations and creeds who are in sympathy, either socially or spiritually, with the Bahai Movement. In London and Paris, three assemblies are held weekly in the homes of Bahais, and to these gatherings any and every one is welcomed alike. Some "friend" (as the members of the order call themselves) reads a portion of Baha'u'llah's writings. Then, without ceremony, questions are asked and answered; indeed, these gatherings are remarkable for their cosmopolitan character and their freedom from any kind of formality.

Of Abdul-Baha, the present leader of the Cause, a great deal might be written, so full is the personality of the man. An interview recently granted me by him in Paris left upon my mind a profound impression. He sat in a small room, fragrant with hyacinths. His white turban, flowing green robes, spontaneous gestures, and above all the resonance of his voice, called up to my mind the freshness of spring and the impetuousness of mountain torrents. He spoke of the spiritual value of practical things, and of the message of the West to the East. He dwelt upon the necessity of bringing our educational advantages within reach of all oriental races, in the largest spirit, and devoid of mental prejudices of caste and creed.

"Civilisation is not stationary," said Abdul-Baha. He showed, by historical analogy, how the tides of intellectual and spiritual development change in their courses, flowing now from East to West, now from West to East, and how in this process it is the *interchange* that is the essential factor, the vital consideration. It matters not where or when it is night or day, provided that night and day succeed and merge into one another. The glory of the West should lie in her practical message to the Oriental races, the glory of the East in her receptivity and gratitude for that message. The West would do well to pause and emulate this spiritual humility and faith, as the East must emulate the intellectual energy of the West. Here indeed were practical precepts for the Universalism of which Abdul-Baha is the representative, and in spite of the delicate imagery of his Persian address, interpreted for us by Mirza Sohrab, his thought was expressed with scientific force and precision. There were no abstractions, no visionary transports, but there was the alert and joyous vitality of one anxious to share his happiness and his knowledge with his fellow-creatures.

In spite of the silver beard, it was hard to believe that this luminous thinker was nearly seventy, and that forty years of his life had been spent in exile and prison, for it is only since 1908 that

Abdul-Baha was released from Acca, during the *coup-d'état* of the Young Turks. In this pestilential prison he suffered patiently for his faith, as his father Baha'u'llah had done before him.

In 1911 Abdul-Baha made his first pilgrimage to the West, including London, Paris and Switzerland in his trip, and in March of the following year he started from Alexandria upon his present tour, during which he has traversed the United States from coast to coast, passed through Germany, and revisited London and Paris.

In his suite are three Persian gentlemen, who are his interpreters and friends. Their names are Mirza Mahmoud, Sayad Assadoullah and Mirza Sohrab.

During his travels Abdul-Baha has not only addressed public gatherings of various characters, social, religious and ethical, but his private apartments have been open daily to all inquirers, and he has answered their questions personally with untiring devotion. My first visit was paid at 9.30 a.m. and already others were there, before me, waiting to see him! My next call was at dusk, and again I found the ante-rooms full of eager faces.

On this occasion I asked for Abdul-Baha's opinions upon psychic development, which is so essential a feature of Hindu and Sufi philosophies. His reply was guarded, but on the whole he was not in favour of mystic experiments, as he pointed out that, in order to be valuable, such experiments must be profound, and that the practical conditions of life in the West did not usually afford the time and patience necessary to such researches. Again, it was the practical note that dominated the discourse of this Eastern seer, for he insisted that, at the present juncture, general spiritual development was more needed than individual psychic culture, and that those who could grasp and spread the Bahai teachings would be paving the way to conditions whose outcome will be the universal psychic unfoldment towards which humanity is trending.

Now, what are the central doctrines of this new faith? Already over 200 books and pamphlets have been written, and translated into English on the subject, but focussing these rays to their source, one finds that the light and warmth of the Bahai Movement is identical with that of all previous revelations, for its watchword is "*unity*," and its message is love. But as its especial privilege, the Bahai Movement claims the joy of pointing out a broader pathway to this goal than any that has yet been trodden, and, in return, it demands from humanity a wider understanding of the principles of unity.

This Movement grasps Science in its right, and the State in its left, hand, and proclaiming itself the brother of both, it draws these conflicting forces together and gives them an opportunity of seeing each other more clearly than they have ever done before. For its leaders are at pains to remind us that this is an age of reason, and that if we think deeply enough, we shall find that there is no scientific basis for the prejudices of caste, creed, colour and education. Therefore, let us rid ourselves of these outworn shackles, and proclaim the universal brotherhood of man. Let this universal religion be one of sympathy and mental tolerance, devoid of priesthood, ritual, and dogma, save the individual ritual of prayer, and the humanitarian services which draw us nearer to the truth of Unity. Let there be world-peace and an International Parliament for its preservation.

Let there be a current universal language, taught in all schools, in addition to the mother-tongue. Let every one be instructed in some handicraft or profession, and practise the same for his own maintenance. Let us believe in God, in the First Cause, Supreme Intelligence, calling the secret source of the universe by whatever name pleases us best, though independent investigation is of vital importance in our search for truth. Let us believe in the wisdom of all the prophets, and in the writings of Baha'u'llah, as being the latest manifestation of divine wisdom. In addition to these central doctrines, the following things are considered essential :—

1. Religious tolerance for creeds other than one's own.
2. The elimination of dogma and ritual from religions.
3. Equality of the sexes.
4. Education of women throughout the world.
5. A universal language as a compulsory study in the national schools. Also a handicraft as a compulsory feature of public education, in order that every one may possess the means of self-support.

Such, briefly, and in general terms, are the main doctrines of the Bahai Movement.

The literature of the Cause is published in Persian, French, German, English and Arabic—and the books deal with all points in detail. The *Akaas*, *Tarazat*, *Tajalleyet*, *Eshragat*, and *The Words of Paradise* deal with social, scientific, and ethical matters, whilst such works as *Some Questions Answered*, *The Seven Valleys*, and *The Tablets of Creation*, treat of religious and mystical problems. Statistics of the actual following of the movement are

fluctuating, but within the last seven years it is stated to have added about one million to its numbers.

And now let us turn from the social to the spiritual side of this question. Does the Bahai Movement minister to the spiritual needs of our century, and in what way? The West has never known an epoch more fruitful than the present in cults and philosophies for the development of man's psychic powers, and for the explanation of laws which relate the visible to the invisible realities. The first wave of these ethereal inquiries was embodied in the sciences of hypnotism and animal magnetism; these were succeeded by spiritualism with its trickeries, its truths and its sensational phenomena. This somewhat unbalanced manifestation was superseded by the Theosophical movement, which, though not devoid of phenomena, expounded the austere philosophy of the Buddha through its teachings, and through a literature which is considerable and full of interest.

Then followed the Psychical Research Society, which aims at testing and verifying psychic progress along scientific lines. One might almost call the New Thought, Higher Thought, and Christian Science movements the practical aftermath of hypnotism, spiritualism, and theosophy, since these latest, and essentially practical, western cults have concerned themselves with the tangible results of occult force upon the material plane.

Along with these movements there came to us, from the East, an influx of Yogi philosophers, who taught that the secret of truth and psychic development lay in the science of breathing after certain methods of which they had the knowledge. And so we find the Bahai Movement coming to the West amidst a veritable Babel of beliefs! The rapid succession and diversity of these various movements clearly indicates that we are athirst for a wider horizon, for some spiritual certitude that shall have a profound bearing not only upon individual, but upon universal growth and jurisdiction. The conflicting cries of these various cults have left us bewildered and restless. Can the Bahai Movement give us what we need? Is it, as it were, the root of the tree that we are becoming conscious of, the tree of which these other movements have been but waving branches that have cast a grateful shadow upon the heat and burden of our quest? Since we are clamouring for spiritual certitude and repose, it will do our tired eyes no harm to rest awhile upon the self-poised serenity of this majestic Cause, for it has an outlook that is penetrating and vast enough to answer all our needs. Its

teachings are suited to the conditions of Western life, and if a universal adaptibility to any country constitutes a claim to superiority, the Bahai Movement possesses this qualification, whilst its generally scientific trend unites it in sympathy with the requirements of our century. We live in an age of speed and practical achievement. We are more concerned with the future than with the past; we have no time for argument and speculation about any system that cannot offer us proofs of its social, as well as its spiritual, benefit to the race.

Well, here is a movement whose watchword is "action," and whose goal is peace! Have we not had enough of wars, death and divisions? Have we not evolved through these necessary evils to an epoch of illumination and repose? Why should we fight on desperately with worn-out weapons? Has the time not come for us to enjoy the harvest that we have garnered with such bitter toil? Are we not now entitled to savour these ripe fruits of our own sowing, and pass them on in abundance to our fellow creatures? Throughout the kingdom of nature, rhythm is an irrevocable law; there is life and death, summer and winter, night and day. And in the eternal sequence of things, is not a period of peace and joy our immediate due? These are only a few of the questions that are suggested to us by the Bahai Movement—let each man answer them for himself.

OLLA PODRIDA

By THE EDITOR

THE publishers of the Occult Review will be bringing out, within two or three weeks from the appearance of this magazine, a book which in a certain sense will mark an epoch in connection with the literature with which it deals. The book in question will be entitled *The Secret Doctrine in Israel: A Study of the Zohar and its Connections*; and the writer is the well-known author of books on Mysticism, Mr. Arthur Edward Waite. The work of which this book is a critical study is the *Sepher-Ha-Zohar* (literally "The Book of Splendour"), which, as I think most of my readers will be aware, is the fountain text of Kabalism.

It may be of interest to remark that during the last three or four years the first complete and only translation of the Zohar has been made into a European language, viz., French. The translation has been a veritable labour of Hercules, and runs into some 1,250,000 words, and is comprised in six large royal octavo volumes. The publication of this text has naturally greatly facilitated the labour of the critic, who has also had access to various Latin versions of particular portions of the work, as well as to all the scholarly commentaries and treatises dealing with the matter which appeared during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These, it may be mentioned, constitute almost a literature in themselves, commencing with the works of Picus de Mirandula down to the great collection of Baron von Rosenroth. So far as it is possible to say, the first text on Kabalism is a minute tract entitled *Sepher Yetzirah*, or "Book of Formation," traditionally ascribed to the Patriarch Abraham, but referable probably to about the fourth century of the Christian era. This was translated into Latin in the sixteenth century by the celetrated William Postel, to whom there are so many references in the writings of Eliphas Levi. The Zohar itself was first heard of in the thirteenth century, and was circulated in manuscript by Rabbi Moses de Leon, who has often been accredited with its authorship. This is now rejected by most authorities on the subject, who tend to regard it as a compilation incorporating a number of ancient texts, although in its present form, as edited, it is not much earlier than the period of the Spanish Rabbi in question.

On the surface, the Zohar is neither more nor less than a

series of commentaries on the Pentateuch, but in the course of the attempted elucidation of the original Mosaic narrative, opportunity is constantly taken to deal with the Jewish religion on its esoteric side, or the inner meaning of the letter of Scripture. In this manner we have the most interesting views expressed on the mystical meaning of the creation of the world, the myth of Paradise, the Fall of the Angels and the Fall of Man, the events which led up to the Deluge, the call of Abraham, the Giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, and the building of the first and second Temples. Outside the materials derived, more or less, from the books of Moses, most interesting lights are thrown on the Kabalistic conception of the promised Messiah, on the legend and history of the soul, its pre-existence and reincarnation, on rewards and punishments in the life to come, and on the resurrection of the dead. Mr. Waite in his forthcoming volume takes the view that the essence of the Secret Doctrine in Israel must be sought in the twin mysteries of the Shekinah and the Zoharic conception of sex. The teaching inculcated on these subjects will come as a considerable surprise to those who have been familiarized with the popular ideas on Kabalistic tradition accepted and repeated without question by most writers on the subject. The book is naturally of special interest from this point of view, and it may be added that it is written on the assumption that the reader has no special previous knowledge of the subjects treated.

I am asked to state that Brother Ramananda, who for some time has been practising spiritual healing in London, has taken a house in Jersey, Channel Islands, where he is prepared to treat patients. He has in fact already treated several cases there with remarkably successful results. The climate of Jersey is specially favourable to the healing process, and it is held that the felspar upon which the island is built is peculiarly favourable to spiritual development. Brother Ramananda is a Brahmin, born in the Himalayas, who has for some years been travelling in Europe, Australia and America in pursuit of his healing mission. His method of cure consists in awakening the dormant spiritual powers of the patient, thereby restoring mental balance and physical well-being. Like Dr. Elizabeth Severn, a Western psychic-healer, whose book on psycho-therapy will be shortly published by my firm, and who is now practising in London, he teaches that all or almost all disease is due to wrong methods of thinking or perverted emotions. Through correcting these the patient can be restored to health. There seems, in fact, to be not a little in common between the working hypotheses of these two healers,

Dr. Severn also by her method aiming at the arousing of the subconscious self to resuscitate the vital forces. She maintains, in short, that she does not cure the patient, but rather enables the patient to cure himself.

Zadkiel's Almanack for 1914 is, as usual, full of matter of interest to the Astrologer; and doubtless it will prove attractive also to many whose knowledge of the subject is less intimate. There are notes with regard to the horoscopes of various celebrities, such as King George, the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, the German Emperor, Mr. Lloyd George, and others; and the usual predictions from the planetary positions at the quarterly figures, and eclipses. The most important of these latter is the total eclipse of the Sun on August 21, 1914, which falls in the 28th degree of Leo (visible as a partial eclipse at Greenwich), in conjunction with the martial star Regulus, its effects being accentuated by the fact that Mars occupies the ascendant at the Summer solstice immediately preceding (June 22) at Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Constantinople, and has only recently risen at St. Petersburg. As the eclipse falls in opposition to the place of the Moon at the birth of the King of Italy, and as Leo is the sign ruling that country, the eclipse threatens the welfare of that monarch. It is also noteworthy that it falls on the exact place of Mars at the summer solstice. Junctinus is responsible for the statement that an eclipse of the Sun in Leo presignifies "the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain." Both the horoscopes of the Czar of Russia and German Emperor are heavily afflicted this year, the latter having the Moon coming to the opposition of his Mars in the Spring, and the Czar having the mid-heaven and Sun both afflicted by a conjunction of Uranus at the same time. The early days of the new year threaten also the health and well-being of the Austrian Emperor. The primary directions of King George are a good deal better, the Sun coming to the rapt parallel of Jupiter, a powerful benefic direction. It is, however, to be noted in this horoscope that the stationary position of Saturn early in the year is ominous of evil, and threatens a grave political crisis.

The figure for the winter solstice in London is remarkable as indicating either a split or change in the present Cabinet or its overthrow, Mercury almost exactly culminating in opposition to Saturn. The other positions in the figure are more favourable, Venus being in the mid-heaven, and Jupiter having lately risen. It is noteworthy that the Editor of the Almanack anticipates a peaceful settlement of the Irish crisis. The horoscope of the

Chancellor of the Exchequer has many contradictory aspects. While the Sun at his birthday (January 17) is in exact opposition to Neptune, it is at the same time attended both by Jupiter and Venus, and while the presence of Uranus on his ascendant throughout the year would signify a disastrous period, and unforeseen reverses, the presence of Jupiter in conjunction with it about March would tend to mitigate the evil, and promise some advantageous change, more especially as the Sun culminates about the same time. Any gain, however, is likely to be more than counterbalanced by very serious drawbacks, and generally speaking the Chancellor's popularity will be on the wane. The indications are that his political career is drawing to a close within a measurable length of time.

The conjunction of Jupiter and Uranus on March 4 falls in the 10th degree of Aquarius, and is a significant indication of change and reform. The last conjunction in that sign fell on March 20, 1831, in 13 degrees of Aquarius, exactly on London's mid-heaven, and was soon followed by the introduction of the Reform Bill of 1832.

I am asked to draw my readers' attention to an Occult Club and Library combined, which has been started by Mr. de Kerlor, at 1, Piccadilly Place, W., and which was duly opened on Friday, October 17, by a number of well-known students of occultism, including Count Chedo M. Miyatovitch, Lt.-Col. Jasper Gibson, Mr. Fredk. Thurston, etc., etc. I understand that the Club's motto is "To know, to will, to dare, to be silent"; but so far as I can gather, you need not be silent in the Club unless you wish. There is a Jacobean kitchen attached, where Chinese tea and Arabic coffee are to be obtained. Those interested should apply for terms of membership, which are strictly moderate, to Mr. W. de Kerlor, at the above address.

Students of the Hindu Tantra will be interested to learn that Arthur Avalon, whose masterly translations of *The Mahanirvana Tantra* and *Hymns to the Goddess* (Luzac & Co.) were reviewed in these columns recently, will be publishing through the same firm almost immediately a treatise on *The Principles of Tantra* (Tantratattva). Further details with regard to the work will be found in due course in the pages of this magazine allotted to reviews.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE STUDY OF DREAMS

By J. ARTHUR HILL

THE latest Part of *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* is a particularly interesting one. Firstly, it contains the full text, in the French, of Professor Bergson's Presidential Address, in which he expounds, with his usual charm and lucidity, the doctrine of his book *Matière et Mémoire*, according to which the old theory of psycho-physical parallelism is a fallacy, the brain not being the repository of memories after all. From which there naturally follows a spiritual philosophy, mind being greater than brain, and only partly manifested thereby. We need not dwell on this here, for so much has been written about Bergson lately that everybody knows the main points of his philosophy.

The second and more important feature is a striking paper on Dreams, by Dr. van Eeden, of Bussum, Holland. Van Eeden is a medical man, and one of the pioneers of suggestive therapeutics, on which subject he wrote a book many years ago, in collaboration with Dr. van Renterghem. But he is much more than a doctor. He has written mystical novels which have taken Holland by storm, chief among them *The Deeps of Deliverance*, which has also appeared in English. And he is somewhat of an experimenter in schemes of communal living, having founded colonies at Bussum and elsewhere.

Dr. van Eeden has kept careful records of his own dreams for the last sixteen years. He divides them into nine classes, which, however, shade into each other more or less. The most distinctive are the "lucid dreams" and the "demon-dreams." In the former, Dr. van Eeden thinks that he attains a more complete integration of personality, and that in them he is living in a wider world. While thus dreaming, he knows that he is asleep, yet retains practically all his waking knowledge; and he can think and will quite sanely and systematically. In these dreams he often sees and talks with dead people, and on waking he retains a very vivid impression of the reality and truth of the experience. And, though this cannot be proved, it cannot be altogether put aside and "vanquished with a grin," for some of his other experiences are evidential. For instance, in some of these dreams he has "called" for the control of a psychic sensitive known to him, who lives, however, many hundreds of miles away, and has apparently succeeded in establishing some sort of communication: for not only has the control appeared to him in the dream, but she has also independently told some one else—before van Eeden had informed the psychic—that she had been called and had

responded, appearing to him and talking to him. The dream, it must be noted, is quite different from the ordinary dream which is the only kind that most of us have. Van Eeden's "lucid" dream is a deeper stage, so to speak; and in waking from it he usually passes through other stages, as if rising through successive spheres. For instance, after a "lucid" dream he often passes into a demon-dream in which he is surrounded by imps of various sorts, whom he fights. They are grotesque rather than terrible, and—contrary to what might be expected—they leave a feeling of refreshment and well-being on waking.

According to van Eeden, the *psyche* of each of us begins to strive after full reintegration, immediately on entering the sleep-state. It tries to "get through"—so to speak—to the greater mass of its own self, to join up, to re-establish communication and unity. When we are awake, we are a fragment of a dissociated personality, like one of the truncated personalities B 1, B 2, etc., of Miss Beauchamp in Dr. Morton Prince's book. When we sleep, there is initiated an attempt at reintegration, but with most of us this only lands us into another personality—we become B 3 instead of the sum of B 1, 2, etc. In "lucid" dreams, however, the other part of the self is reached, the various selves coalesce, and we become the whole Miss Beauchamp, with wider powers and wider knowledge than any of the dissociated fragments. It is noteworthy that this state is van Eeden's deepest—the most remote from waking consciousness. Does not this suggest that in sleep which is deeper still, in that sleep from which we wake no more in this earthly body "which doth so grossly close us in," we shall reach a still completer reintegration, a still wider life, in an ampler air?

The sceptic may scoff at the idea of dreams being "real" or true, but his scoff cannot be rationally justified. The dream world is just as real to us while we are in it, as the waking world when we are in *it*. And even when awake we "remember" dream-experiences: they form part of our mental fabric, they are real experiences of the mind, whatever their relation to "absolute" reality may be. The chief difficulty of course is that they seem chaotic: there is no sequence and connection about them as there is in our waking life. But this may be explained, at least hypothetically. (Here I leave van Eeden for the moment, and am speaking for myself only.) May it not be that the chaotic nature of our dream-life is due to our immaturity in the dream-world? When we are babies in our present life, our sensations have little connection. They are chaotic. As Professor James said, a baby's mental life must be a "big, blooming, buzzing confusion." Well, if there is a real "dream-world," into which sleep introduces us, it may be that most of us are still only babies when there, though some few—as for instance Dr. van Eeden—are growing up in that world, and beginning to perceive in it, carrying forward also into it the knowledge obtained in this.

Another thing. Dr. van Eeden maintains, against the orthodox school of psychologists, that the body does not convey its sensations direct to the dream-mind. There is no direct *rapport*. If we have toothache on going to sleep, we may dream that we are on the Inquisitor's rack, or in some other uncomfortable predicament, *but we do not feel the toothache*. Any communication that the body makes to the dream mind is and must be symbolically rendered. We may dream that we are retreating from Moscow, in the snow, if our feet are cold, but without feeling cold feet. Maury dreamt that he was lying on the scaffold and was going to be beheaded: he woke to find that part of the bed-cornice had fallen on his neck. Bodily stimuli are not felt by the dream-self; if the latter receives any message about them, it appears in symbolic form.

Is not this curiously paralleled in many mediumistic utterances? Mrs. Cartwright's Nelly, trying to get a spirit's name, sees a number of children playing in a field, and guesses "Happyfield." The name was Merrifield. The example could be multiplied indefinitely. It is one of the commonplaces of automatic writing and other mediumistic phenomena that the messages are often intended to be symbolical. And, as we know, many of the messages are evidential, justifying a reasonable belief in the ostensible source. If, then, the symbolic mediumistic message comes from a real person in a real world, so also may the symbolical dream-message in our sleep-experiences, as from the material side the symbolical messages come from body to dream-mind.

And what of the vague, bizarre, apparently unmeaning dreams which are the commonest with most of us? Dr. van Eeden is not definite on this point, and perhaps he would not postulate "reality" for them, or at most not such a degree of reality as for the "lucid" dreams (for, after all, there may be degrees of reality) but in the case of his demon-dreams, he clearly leans to the idea of real beings of a moral order inferior to man, rather than to a "subconscious" hypothesis. This theory of the subconsciousness he completely distrusts: it is using a word to cover our ignorance and lack of ideas. And many of us have a similar feeling. The subconscious or subliminal has become an all-swallowing, omnipotent sort of thing, by which we can explain anything. It is salutary to remember that we cannot prove even its bare existence. Certainly many phenomena now laid to its charge may quite probably turn out to be due to outside agencies. I have considerable doubt, for example, whether all non-evidential automatic script is rightly to be attributed to the subliminal of the automatist. It *may* be so. But on this side as well as the other we must be careful how we let "may" develop into "is." The wise course, for the present, may be complete suspense of judgment. The systematic study of these things is in its infancy, and premature conclusions may prevent further progress.

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.*]*

"PRACTICAL" THEOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the last number of your REVIEW you wrote in reference to the Theosophical Society that there has been no practical result as regards a Brotherhood Movement in the West. This statement is no doubt correct, but do you not think that you might have extended your précis on the subject by pointing out that the cause of no practical results is due, *not* to the teaching *but* to the pupils, *not* to the doctrine *but* to the attitude of the listeners. What constitutes any given result? The constitution of the ingredients used. The ingredients in this case are the English people. Our nation has many splendid qualities, but a keen perception of the spiritual can scarcely be reckoned amongst them. One could not expect great enthusiasm for the most eloquent oratory if given in Chinese to an English-speaking audience. Therefore one cannot expect great practical results demanding self-abnegation from a people not given to spiritual perception. In every spiritual movement the force lies not merely in the ideals given but in the response they evoke.

Alter the ingredients and a practical outcome will result.

Western egoist, you will have no doubt received a far better defence than this, but if not, please insert this, as we English are so prone to judge the value of anything merely by results, forgetting that we ourselves are the cause of there being no result.

Yours faithfully,
C. FOWLER.

8, GREAT RUSSELL MANSIONS,
October 18.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In your "Notes" of last month (October), you ask why Theosophists do not employ their energy in Social questions.

Surely, Mr. Editor, the answer is only too clear.

Theosophists are much too busy fighting each other on earth and clinging to their self-created thrones in the astral to care for the outsiders save to give them stones when they ask for bread.

Not so long ago Theosophists divided on questions of government and morality, now their usual increase by fissure is caused by that stone upon which all shams break—Jesus Christ, the greatest of Revolutionaries.

Some Theosophists say He is incarnate now on earth, others say that He cannot possibly incarnate in a body on earth again, and both base their assertion on "clairvoyance," esteeming the other to be in the wrong.

How can such people help in the Social Movement?

Each is so loud in proclaiming the fault of the other that both forget charity, without which all their so-called religion is vain. "These be thy gods, O Israel!"

Can any practical good to the Social Body come of such as these?

One turns from them in disappointment, and among those who profess nothing find the Lord. He has been seen clothed in His splendour as with the Sun, and has been found between two harlots who were helping a poor blind beggar across the street, but *never* has He been seen among the high and mighty and their crowds who professed to be spiritually advanced beyond their fellows. He has also been seen among those who do deeds of kindness.

Ask the poor who are their friends, ask the downtrodden who is their help, and they'll say their fellow poor. They do not want to be patronized, and Theosophists know no other way of helping, for are they not kings and queens and rulers of the past reincarnate in the present? Do not they themselves say so?

Yours obediently,

October 17, 1913. WILLIAM T. HORTON.

HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the September issue of the OCCULT REVIEW there appeared a letter from G. A. Joy regarding the phenomena of producing a blister by suggestion.

I wish to state that this can undoubtedly be done. Charles F. Winbigler, Ph.M., in his book *Suggestion*, p. 402, refers to this. He says: "Dr. Wetterstrand succeeded in raising blisters on the hand of a woman who was hypnotized, by touching her hand with his finger, telling her it was a red-hot iron; whilst Dr. A. Fouilee applied a substance that would blister, telling the patient that it was a soothing liniment, the result being that no blister was formed."

He also tells of a more interesting experiment performed by Drs. Dumontpallier and Burot. I will quote. "Dr. Burot used the blunt end of a probe to write Dr. D.'s name on the arm of a patient. The following suggestions were made: 'This afternoon at four o'clock you will go to sleep again, and blood will exude from your arm in the lines which have been traced.' At the specified time, the patient

went to sleep and the letters appeared on his left arm, marked and raised and bright red in colour, with small drops of blood on the surface."

In conclusion, let me state there is no question concerning the truth of the above mentioned cases. Dr. Winbigler is a well-known authority on suggestion and one whose veracity is undoubted.

Yours sincerely,

C. J. BALL.

311, TENTH STREET,
DECATUR, INDIANA, U.S.A.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There have been many references to the subject of hypnotism in your pages—but never have I seen the rationale defined.

In a correspondence column one cannot deal at any length with a subject so profound and so stupendous in results for good or evil.

May I, however, submit a few passages from a medical man's treatise—who knew what he was saying—and the truth of which I have proved by painful experience?

"When a hypnotizer compels another to obey his will, he has subjected him to an actual force conveyed by a vehicle of matter quite as certainly as has the prize-fighter when he knocks out his helpless antagonist."

"The hypnotizer has directed a part of his own 'nerve fluid' upon and into the nervous system of his victim, where it remains an actual force, establishing new and modifying centres of vibration—which act in obedience to the ideation which accompanied it."

"In like manner the will of the hypnotizer establishes innumerable force centres which prevent the consciousness of the ego from controlling its own sense organs. It is a matter of grave doubt whether the hypnotized, after a thorough hypnosis, ever regain perfectly free will and entirely normal consciousness. It is now, also, after a strong denial on the part of science, admitted that hypnotism can be produced from a distance, without the subject knowing it, against his will, and even during sleep."

"It also emphasizes the fact that one ought to submit to any torture rather than be hypnotized, and that one had far better 'experiment' with the most deadly physical poisons than with the equally deadly moral one."

He further speaks of "that soul-tainting, will-destroying, obsessing vampirism of the hypnotic sleep."

Not to intrude unduly, may I briefly point out, with due deference to your right of private judgment, that the question of "Reincarnation" touches life at *all* points, and no area of human progress can be excluded therefrom.

Granted the aim of evolution of the soul to be that of individuality and the power of the ego to control absolutely by reason and will

" the sense organs ": granted the power of one human will to interfere with the control of " the sense organs " of another—have we not here the gravest possible danger to the evolution of the ego, whose individuality is thus tampered with by a will other than his own ?

It is astounding to see with what audacity and impertinence advertisers send out notices offering to teach " Tom, Dick and Harry " how to accomplish any evil or selfish desire they may harbour against the will of the victim, and also *without* the knowledge of the victim that he or she is being made the victim of the selfish will of another.

That such advertisers exist and go free is about the strongest and most potent indictment against present day morals that could be made, and *no* argument can justify what really amounts to *soul* murder.

With thanks.

Yours faithfully,

A.

Re SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I may perhaps be permitted to point out with reference to " Omnia Vincit Amor's " comment on the extract from Mr. Sydney T. Klein's book *Science and the Infinite* that " the riddle of the universe is not to be solved by the intellect, but by attaining to a ' loving and knowing communion with the Absolute,' " that such a statement as it stands cannot have any possible meaning for those who have got beyond the stage of extremely transient sentiment. The Absolute has no attributes whatever, because to be all-conscious is to be relatively unconscious. To be conscious of relativity the Absolute consciousness becomes limited in all sorts of forms from the whirling fire-mist right on through the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, and right up to the central Logos round which the universes revolve. It is most probably this Logos which Mr. Klein means, or perhaps our own solar Logos. The relative folly of talking about a " loving and knowing communion with the Absolute " as a solvent to the riddle of the universe is that love, as known by any human entity, until near the Master stage, limits our consciousness and causes attachment to things in the three transitory worlds, while by intellect we see the value of non-attachment. When we reach the Absolute stage of consciousness again, relative intellect, love, knowledge, etc., will have been left behind. Consciousness, like Tao, " goes forth into manifestation and returns to itself," while " all things revert to it, yet it is not increased thereby."

" Metaphysics alone will never take any one to the heart of God," says O.V.A. If this is meant literally, all I can say is that neither metaphysics nor anything else can take any one to what is not.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER.

6, TREWINCE ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S.W.

CANDLES ROUND A BIER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to the question raised by "Inquirer" in your issue for October, the Romanists themselves believe, and I think always have believed, that the placing of lighted candles round a bier is merely an act of homage, like burning them before altars and an intercession for the departed.

Surely the burning of lamps and candles as an act of worship originated in the idea of a sacrifice—a burnt offering whose "savour was sweet in the nostrils of the Lord."

In one of the most interesting documents left us from the Middle Ages, the will of John of Gaunt, the son of Edward III, are most elaborate directions for the candles to be burnt round his bier; here the idea is obviously intercession and expiation. "Item jeo devise entier pur arde entour mon corps le jour de ma sepultare primerement dis grossez cierez en noun des dis commandementz de n're Seignour Dieu, countre les queux j'ay trop malement trespassez," begins the paragraph, and he goes on to direct that seven candles are to be burnt in memory of the seven works of charity which he had neglected, seven for the seven deadly sins in which he had indulged, five in honour of the Five Wounds, five for the five senses which he had misused and three in honour of the Trinity—"as a supplication for pardon for myself and all other sinners," he concludes. Here is a proof how the burning of candles round a bier was regarded in the Roman Church in 1398; it is also interesting as showing that the protector of the great reformer Wyclif returned to all his ancient superstitions when he came to contemplate the end when he should be laid beside the Duchess Blanche in the "Cathedrale de Seint Poule de Londres."

Faithfully yours,
MARJORIE BOWEN.

VIA GIUSEPPE GIUSTI 14,
VIAREGGIO.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AMONG many notable contributions to *The Hibbert Journal*, we are drawn naturally to that of Sir Frederick Pollock on "The Relation of Mystic Experience to Philosophy," being a paper read before the Oxford Philosophical Society. The conclusion reached is that there is "no decided conclusion" on the relation suggested by the title, though on broad and general grounds the experience is a concern of philosophy because it is a part of experience as a whole, and therefore "part of a universe assumed to be intelligible." It is agreed that the mystic experience transcends dialectic and that its logical definition is not therefore to be expected, though it need not be illusory because it escapes analysis. In the conception of Sir Frederick Pollock, it is certainly not illusory. The chief point of the subject resides in the conviction of direct and immediate communication "with intelligence not bound by the conditions of the sensible universe." The burden of proof is on those who regard the experience as having no real contents, but the trouble otherwise is to know, in respect of the literature, where its records end and where the hazardous or disputable inferences begin. This means that the mystic explanations of the experience are an entrance into realms of cloud and doubt because they are an application of the logical faculty to a subject which, by the hypothesis, transcends that faculty. On the assumption that the experience is or may be real, it gives no confirmation of one or another dogmatic system, and hence it is questionable whether it can be characterized as religious. Others before Sir Frederick Pollock have pointed out that the company of mystics includes Romanists, Protestants, Moslems, Sufis, Vedantists, Buddhists, Neo-Platonists, all trying—in the words of Professor Gilbert Murray—"to say the same ineffable thing." The experience is characterized by stages—namely, drought and dryness, the dark night of the soul, and so forth—which have their exact analogies in other fields of experiment, in dealing with problems of history, law, physics, or philosophy. A Platonist is more likely to be a mystic than is an Aristotelian, a Hegelian rather than a follower of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and perhaps, on the witness of facts, the Latin Church is more likely to produce mystics than pure English Protestantism or dissent. In conclusion, on our own part, the author dwells rightly on the fact that mystical experience is incommunicable, like all experience;

but in our opinion those who have attained it can awaken it in others, by their office as witnesses, though the faculty for the experience must exist in those others, however latent. This is the use of mystic books; in this sense poets beget poets, and that Wordsworth has made untold numbers perceive that "a primrose by the river's brim" is more than a yellow primrose.

In *The Quest* Professor James Hyslop is assigned the leading place with an article on "The Supernormal," in which he maintains with great truth, if otherwise rather obviously, that the terms normal and supernormal are purely relative, and that fixing whatever limit we may choose for the one it is clear that all beyond it belongs to the other. No controversial point arises, however, except in so far as things that transcend the normal are offered as "the basis for revolutionary philosophies." Acute sensibility is supernormal; extraordinary keenness of sight and hearing are in the same category; but minds are at peace on these subjects because nothing is involved outside the bare facts and their results to the persons concerned. But if these or others should manifest characteristics which are supernormal in the sense of what is called psychic, the consequences are different because of the revolutionary explanations which are given in such cases. It follows that the difficulty in admitting the supernormal is not so much on account of the facts but their philosophical associations in certain cases. The term abnormal neither contains nor implies an explanation, but because of certain explanations the sceptic enters the field with all his armour on. Professor Hyslop seeks to show that when the facts are ultimately admitted the sceptical explanations in respect of telepathy, suggestion and so forth are only another set of formulæ which leave us with the said facts unexplained. It is time, therefore, that we called upon him to define his own use of terms. The vital questions of research lie still within the domain of the facts, not of their explanation on one or another side. We have not carried certain facts further by affirming that they are due to "an unconscious learning on the part of a percipient of an unconscious sign on the part of the agent" than if you conclude that they are due to telepathy. The facts remain and so also does their supernormal character. The general consequence of the article is to place the psychic explanations on at least as good a basis as its alternatives, and the counsel would therefore be to persevere in the domain of research and await events as to which of them will prevail ultimately. We all know the side of explanation to which Professor Hyslop leans, as we know also his admirable work in the accumula-

tion and classification of the facts. . . . We learn much in another article concerning the Secret Scriptures of the Yezidis, or so-called sect of devil-worshippers. This is by Count Arrigo Manza de Neri, of Florence. They are the Book of Revelations and the Black Book. The first is really a discourse on the part of the Yezidi god and is referred to the latter half of the twelfth century: it seems to be a pure theistic document. The second is of the fourteenth century and contains an account of creation, the fall of man, a list of things tabooed or forbidden, and so forth. The translator points out that there are essential differences between the two documents, and he describes the Book of Revelation as a gnostic text, tampered with subsequently by a Yezidi priest. We must say that they carry no consequence and are utterly dull. Mrs. C. A. Baynes contributes an interesting paper on "The Gnostic Concept of the Redeemer," and Mr. Mead gives a version of "one of the greatest of the Christian Gnostic Myths" on the coming of the Gospel. It is a remarkable text, and the translator presents it with commentary in his best manner.

There is no question that the quarterly "Review of Scientific Thought" which appears under the title of *Bedrock* is taking a place of importance, and although it is characterized by high specialism and the technology which is the latter's inevitable concomitant it is growing in interest for the reader who, not being a specialist in any of the departments, is yet capable of careful reading on serious and recurring questions of the present day. The subjects are, of course, so frequently outside our personal concern that it would serve little purpose to recite most of them; but, in the current issue, Sir Bryan Donkin on the State-punishment of Crime, Dr. C. A. Mercier on Vitalism and Materialism, and Mr. Carpenter's notes on the struggle for existence in tropical Africa, with special reference to that tsetse fly which is the carrier of sleeping-sickness, offer studies of real value in their particular spheres. But we are approaching one of our own subjects in Mr. Norman Campbell's paper on "The Transmutation of the Elements," in connection with which he makes a shrewd observation of the general kind when he suggests that "the truly interesting advances in science never reach the knowledge of the journalist, for they are not sensational and have no commercial value." It is a little pontifical, however, and we have to remember that there is more than one quality of journalism. If it be worth while to say so, that which is represented in our own pages does not happen to agree with him as to the dullness and dryness of his own contribution, though it feels that his flouting of lay interest in the transmuta-

tion of elements is unphilosophical from his own standpoint, because a general interest in any problem of modern science must go before the special interest which comes from considerable knowledge at first hand. We may assume that there was a time when he himself was an interested seeker on the threshold and not an expert. This kind of thing is bad taste and bad sense in literature, while Mr. Norman's description of alchemists as "inspired by motives which are shared by the least intellectual stockbrokers" strikes us as addressed to the gallery quite in the manner of the modern newspaper writers and of the "flaring headlines" adopted "by the more popular press." We do not expect him on our part to know much about alchemists and their literature, save in the most general sense, and we shall forbear from flouting him on the question of the two schools in alchemy and their concurrent history from the days of the great Byzantine collection to, say, the end of the seventeenth century. The question before us in the article is the present position respecting transmutation of the elements and the extent to which it has been altered by recent experimental work. In the space at our disposal, it is obviously impossible to summarize a consideration which depends on relationships established by what is known as the Periodic Law and on the "new science of radio-activity." Mr. Norman lays down as a recognized fact that one element can change into another, though whether it "can *be* changed" is a different question. We understand this to mean that what occurs in the exotic departments of nature's own laboratory cannot be reproduced always in that of the chemist. The conclusions are (1) that whatever we do to the radio-active elements "we cannot vary in the smallest degree the rate at which they are changing," and (2) that we have no reason to think that the artificial transmutation of elements which do not change naturally is possible under any circumstances. From this Sir William Ramsay differs, and has sought to show that under the action of certain rays from a radio-active substance, a non-radio-active substance may acquire "the power of radio-activity"—or, in other words, is caused to undergo disintegration. Mr. Norman examines the experiments on which this view is based, as also those of Mr. Cameron, Professor Rutherford, Messrs. Collie and Paterson and others, and without ruling against them dogmatically, does not accept them. As regards that which concerns more especially the old alchemists of the physical school, his conclusion on the evidence is that if it were found that gold could be liberated from lead by the kathode rays—about which we have heard in

connection with Sir J. J. Thomson's researches—it would be that only "which had accumulated during the past history of the lead," or "about one pennyworth of gold from a thousand tons" of the so-called base metal—a conclusion which is certainly rather depressing for modern alchemists.

It is at least a considerable time since even *The Open Court* has published an article so beautiful in illustration and so excellent in comprehensiveness as that of its editor on the Venus of Milo. The whole story of the discovery in the little island of the Cyclades group which bears that name and the chief attempts at restoration are given, and what with pen description and pictures we have a complete monograph on the subject. It is a duty to mention it, therefore, but on our own part we are drawn, in virtue of our dedications, to later papers in the issue which are important after another manner. There is in particular a short explanation of Chinese Taoism which was contributed, now a good many years ago, to the Chicago Religious Parliament, by no less a person than the present head of the faith, or Taoist pope. We learn something concerning the schools into which it was once divided and of its declension from a religion of purity, patience and peace to one of magic and spiritism. In its primal form it is claimed to be the religion of Lao-Tze, who lived at the time of Confucius, or about 600 B.C. An editorial note informs us that the Taoist pope has his headquarters in the southern part of the province of Kian Sia. Another article on the "Cheating of the Devil," according to St. Paul and the Docetists, tells us things of interest concerning the descent of the heavenly Christ, as found in the Apocryphal Ascension of Isaiah, which is described as a Jewish Apocalypse with Christian interpolations. The textual criticism of this work should give important results for the secret tradition in Israel.

The Light of Truth offers another opportunity for insight into eastern modes of philosophical thought. The subject is "Siva Rupa," which we understand to signify the form of God regarded as the origin of the whole material world. The thesis is that God is all in all and that everything must proceed from Him. "In order to impress this truth on conditioned souls, Siva assumed a form" out of which issued the universe. One consequence of this seems to be the incarnation of successive divine messengers, who serve man as a ladder for the attainment of the unconditioned state. This seems clear at its value, and it is added that the form assumed by God, but to which He remains transcendent, is "one of pure grace," while every part of it is "a transportation of our Lord's unlimited love."

REVIEWS

THE GROWTH OF A SOUL. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. 7¼ ins. × 4¾ ins., pp. vi. + 252. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

IN reviewing Mr. Field's translation of *The Inferno*, in the OCCULT REVIEW for January of this year, I expressed a hope that he would present English readers with further translations of Strindberg's works. I am glad to see that this suggestion has borne fruit, and that Mr. Field has produced more than one further translation from Strindberg. The present work is really autobiographical and occupies a position between *The Son of a Servant* and *The Inferno*. It deals with that period of Strindberg's life when his ideas were largely realistic, materialistic and irreligious. It consists of one long series of disappointed hopes and abandoned aims, John (who is Strindberg himself) becoming in turn undergraduate, elementary school teacher, medical student, actor, dramatist, journalist and painter, and ever failing through lack of persistent effort and, perhaps, a love of the luxury of intoxication. He, himself, in a later writing, ascribes his failures during this materialistic period of his life to the fact that he "was Godless." His theism, devoid of Christ, lacked reality and was akin to atheism.

The Growth of a Soul shows the development of a character of extreme complexity, constantly wavering between asceticism and æstheticism. Born of a plebeian mother, yet educated to belief in the necessity of a ruling class, Strindberg's soul was constantly the scene of the almost never-ending war between democracy and aristocracy—now one side, now the other, gaining the victory. The story forms a self-revelation of the utmost interest to the psychologist. He was an extraordinarily sensitive character, much influenced by trifles (though this is, perhaps, true to a less extent of the Scandinavian temperament in general).

The book contains some interesting criticisms of Scandinavian art, literature and educational methods, and in view of the increasing interest in Strindberg's works ought to command a ready sale. There is an obvious mistranslation on p. 34: " . . . an engineer . . . cannot explain 'why' a fraction can be diminished by three if the sum of the figures is divisible by three," should evidently be, " . . . an engineer . . . cannot explain 'why' a number can be divided by three if the sum of its digits is divisible by three."

H. S. REDGROVE.

HYPNOTISM: ITS HISTORY, PRACTICE AND THEORY. By B. J. Milne Bramwell, M.D., C.M. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8–11, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 12s. 6d. net.

THE above is a third and cheaper edition of Dr. Milne Bramwell's well known work. Dr. Bramwell's is the acknowledged authority on hypnotism in England, and has contributed much valuable and conclusive information on this subject. The importance of hypnotism as a remedial agent cannot be over-estimated. The present work, in addition to the personal observations drawn from his own practice, contains an exhaustive history of hypnotism and a critical survey of all the principal theories that have at various times been promulgated. Following a short introduc-

tion, the second chapter is concerned with the history of hypnotism. The third comprises the various methods of inducing and terminating hypnosis. The fourth chapter is about susceptibility. The fifth is devoted to the experimental phenomena of hypnosis. The next three chapters deal with the management of hypnotic experiments, the different stages of hypnotism and hypnosis in animals. Then follows "Hypnotism in Surgery"; this chapter includes an absorbing account of the Leeds Demonstration, conducted by Dr. Bramwell. The tenth chapter, entitled "Hypnotism in Medicine," throws a flood of light upon various phases of abnormal psychology, notably upon obsession. Many of the cases here cited are analagous to those published by Krafft-Ebbing and other eminent continental authorities. Some very curious examples of *folie du donte* and *délire du toucher* are reported, and Dr. Bramwell is of the opinion that the latter state is almost invariably the outcome of the former. It is interesting to note the sharp line drawn between obsession and insanity. In Dr. Bramwell's words, "The fact that an imperative idea remains a stranger to the ego, distinguishes it, according to most authorities, from an insane delusion." As stated on p. 435, those who recognize that the idea which torments them is morbid and who yet are powerless to rid themselves of such an idea, are rarely insane. In cases of this kind hypnosis is undoubtedly of great value. The eleventh chapter is on the management of surgical and medical cases, and the twelfth is called "Hypnotic Theories." I draw the attention of the medical profession to the fact that Dr. Bramwell's summary of Braid's later and most important conclusions is drawn from "little known pamphlets and unpublished MSS. Braid's theories changed as his knowledge increased, and he held in all three distinct and widely differing theories; few students of hypnotism are acquainted with any of Braid's theories except the earliest; his third and latest one . . . this never saw the light in the manner he intended." In chapter thirteen Dr. Bramwell disperses the illusions prevalent concerning the so-called danger of hypnotism, and states that hypnosis, when properly induced, far from weakening the will of the patient, greatly strengthens it. He tells us that "*the central factor in all hypnotic treatment ought to be the development of the patient's control over his own organism.*" The next chapter contains the summary and conclusion of the work. Then follow some forty pages of addenda in the shape of references to English and foreign works on hypnotism, an appendix, and a copious index.

MEREDITH STARR.

JAMES ALLEN'S BOOK OF MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. By James Allen. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 5s. net.

THE many admirers of James Allen, who has truly been called the Prophet of Meditation, will welcome this year-book of meditations with open hearts. As is stated in the preface, its great power lies in the fact that it is the very heart of a good man *who lived every word he wrote*. I quote as a characteristic example of these beautiful meditations the message for October 19, the day on which this review was penned:—

Men love their desires, for gratification seems sweet to them, but its end is pain and vacuity; they love the argumentations of the intellect, for egotism seems most desirable to them, but the fruits thereof are humiliation and sorrow.

When the soul has reached the end of gratification and reaped the bitter fruits of egotism, it is ready to receive the Divine Wisdom and to enter into the Divine Life. Only the crucified can be transfigured; only by the death of self can the Lord of the heart rise again into the Immortal Life, and stand radiant upon the Olivet of Wisdom.

Of such luminous utterances is this book composed. A man could not wish for a better daily companion, and the struggling soul that takes to heart these teachings will be amply rewarded. As after a day of burning heat the cool dew softly descends into the drooping challices of flowers, so will the heavenly wisdom in these pages sink into the tired hearts of those who have been wasted by the feverish anxiety of this restless modern life. The book includes a striking portrait of James Allen.

MEREDITH STARR.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES: VOL. IV, INDIA. By Annie Besant. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. Madras: The Theosophist Office. 1913. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

ESPECIALLY welcome to the wide range of Mrs. Besant's admirers is the new edition of her collected writings and speeches now being issued by the T.P.S. under the title *Essays and Addresses*, for it includes many of her earlier deliverances, which were out of print, and for which repeated inquiries are made. The Series has been conveniently arranged according to subject-matter rather than in chronological order, and "India," the present volume, contains Mrs. Besant's principal writings and speeches on that vast theme, from 1895 to 1904. The keynote to the book is sounded in the opening article: "India's mission among Nations," with its stirring appeal to Âryâvarta to remember her spiritual birthright, her "devotion to spiritual ideal," which made India of old time the greatest of the Aryan race, raising her high above the civic magnificence of Rome and the intellectual splendour of Greece. India for Mrs. Besant is ever the Holy Land, the child of her love, and she looks to the day when India will shake off the sleep into which she has fallen since the Mohammedan invasion and realize that her mission to the world is still the perpetual affirmation of spirituality as the highest good.

Mrs. Besant expresses the supreme dictum of the esoteric side of knowledge, that "that which is truth for the uneducated ploughman is not truth for the educated philosopher." But here the reader may pause and ask: "Is not truth always truth, for all who gain a fleeting glimpse of it, even though from widely-differing view-points? And does not the greater truth include the lesser also?" A ploughman "in the fields of Ayr" may sometimes be granted flashes of insight which the rationalist philosopher may have missed in all his seeking? What of Robert Burns?

EDITH K. HARPER.

STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. By W. H. Dyson. London: James Clarke & Co. Crown 8vo. 203 pp. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

ALTHOUGH the work of the present author takes the shape of a collection of thoughts and ideas suggested by an extensive reading of the subject, rather than the result of original research, the book has its value for the serious student inasmuch as it affords him an excellent opportunity of comparing the interpretation by another mind of the significance of the various degrees of mystical experience; whilst for those whose acquaintance with the litera-

ture of Mysticism is but meagre, it constitutes an interesting and suggestive introduction. The volume covers a wide field, dealing as it does with The Abnormal in Mysticism; Mystical Interpretation; Practical Mysticism; Asceticism; and The Hidden Life of the Soul (Religious Psychology) —to mention only a few of the chapter headings—so that it has been impossible to deal with the questions raised in any exhaustive manner. However, the true mystic will welcome every attempt to outline the basic principles of that vital form of religion connoted by the term Mysticism, and will find that, within its scope, the treatise is very readable and interesting. H. J. S.

FOUNDATION STONES OF HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. By James Allen. London: Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

A WELL thought out and clearly expressed little treatise, stating plainly the principles of conduct, mental and moral, which are essential to the truth-seeker. James Allen was no mean mystic and, in spite of his early death, has sown the seeds of many beautiful doctrines in the soil of human hearts. This little book is a good example of the main trend of his teachings and will be found most helpful to those about to enter the path—especially to those who have not a clear idea of preliminary preparation of the heart and mind which is necessary in order to make them receptive to the vibrations from higher planes than the physical. The student cannot do better than follow the advice in these pages.

MEREDITH STARR.

SPIRITUALISM. By J. Arthur Hill. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack, 67, Long Acre, W.C., and Edinburgh. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. Price 6*d*. net.

THAT Jack's Series of *People's Books* (those popular Manuals of Science, philosophy, and history, of which each volume is written by an expert) should take *Spiritualism* as the subject of its one hundred and eleventh volume, is, as Mr. Stead would say, an interesting and encouraging "signpost." The author, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, writes, as might be expected, from a purely neutral standpoint, and puts the case both for and against Spiritualism with suspended judgment, and in an entirely non-committal attitude. As he assures us, however, that he has no wish for personal survival or "immortality," and is always more or less hoping that some explanation will be devised whereby the phenomena which now point to survival will be made to point in some other direction, one cannot help feeling that however strong the evidence for Spiritualism, Mr. Hill would remain in the position of the man who—

> . . . convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still.

He is repelled by "the spirit of fraud and excessive credulity that exist amongst the ranks of spiritualists," but says rightly that "every religion should be judged at its best, and as Christianity should not be taken as expressed in the religion of a superstitious Russian peasant, but as presented by the most cultivated and good-hearted of its adherents, so with Spiritualism, we should take a Stainton Moses, a W. T. Stead or an Alfred Russel Wallace as its exponents." EDITH K. HARPER.

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A WHITE-HANDED SAINT. By Olive Katharine Parr. London: Washbourne & Co., Ltd. Crown 8vo. 316 pp. 3s. 6d. net.

PHYLLIS LAMBERT retires to the country to write a book. There she meets a victim of Fate whose maimed life, spent in enforced seclusion, is nevertheless a singularly triumphant one from the mystical point of view. It is in Blackcombe, too, that Leo, her husband, first comes into her life and awakens her heart to love. Throughout the story the love of human lovers is compared and contrasted with the love of the soul for the Divine, the author taking the opportunity to introduce in a casual manner considerations of the main essentials of Roman Catholic mystical theology. But with all her mysticism the true womanliness of the heroine permits of her seeing in Marriage and Motherhood the consummation of human life, and a symbol of the great Reality that lies behind the veil. It is a clean, wholesome story, which, from the absence of sensationalism, one may peruse with a feeling of restfulness and satisfaction. H. J. S.

MYSTICAL CONTEMPLATION, OR THE PRINCIPLES OF MYSTICAL THEOLOGY. By the Rev. E. Lambade, Eudist. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. Cr. 8vo., pp. xviii + 203. London: R. & T. Washbourne Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

OF conspicuous clearness—though text-books of the Latin Church seldom err on the other side in dealing with such subjects—and of interest within its measures, this little work should command the attention of many who are making a beginning in mystical studies and might be reluctant to start with something of larger dimensions, like Devine's *Manual of Mystical Theology*. It is the product of one who can tell us that he has no other motive than to enlighten conscience, for which purpose he has had recourse to St. Thomas Aquinas, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and St. Francis of Sales. It is therefore a book of tabulation and summary, which reminds one that we should look vainly among modern Roman Catholic writers for any note of personal experience. Their aspects of mystic literature are purely a question of authority, as if the field of direct attainment were closed and the rule of teaching established finally. Alternatively, there is a counsel of silence at this day. The chapters on the nature of contemplation, the call thereto and the phases of experience therein are useful for the elucidation of terms used in Catholic theology. The distinctions on the kind of grace presupposed in contemplation and the content of the word are of value; it is no miraculous grace but one of personal sanctification, resulting from the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. As regards the word contemplation, this is used in a peculiar manner, which is much wider than concentration of mind by will. That is an act which may produce a state, but the word is concerned here with the state attained. St. John of the Cross calls it "the mysterious and supernatural knowledge of God." It is also "a loving waiting upon God," an "intent" on Him; but these are conditions of the path. There is a practical side of the book for the direction of contemplatives, and this is straight and simple, which does not mean that it is easy, for it involves the whole science of asceticism. The practice is still more catholic than catholicism realizes, for it seems to me a key of attainment to all ends, within and without.

A. E. WAITE.