

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*

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

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

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

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

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VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY 1914

No. 2

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

I PUBLISH a letter in the current issue of this magazine over the signature of "Sepharial," which shows our old friend in a somewhat new guise. The letter deals with a subject on which rather diverse opinions have been expressed by correspondents of the magazine. The point in dispute is whether Madame Blavatsky changed her views on the subject of Reincarnation in the course of her career. I stated in a recent number my own conviction that when first the Theosophical Society was founded, Madame Blavatsky was not a believer in this doctrine in the ordinary sense in which it is understood at the present time by Theosophists, and, with Sepharial's letter before me, I still do not see my way to change this view. It is true that she never denied the possibility of Reincarnation under certain specific and exceptional conditions, but she made it clear in *Isis Unveiled* that at the time this book was written she did not believe in it as the normal path of evolution of the human race, but rather

as an occasional phenomenon brought about by some specific violation of the laws of harmony in nature, in cases where the human ego was unable through some physical mishap to express itself through the physical body. In defence of this, I am quoting direct from *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 351 (old edition), and I think the passage quoted will make it clear that the view I take is hardly open to dispute. It is to be noted that in the observations that she makes Madame Blavatsky states that she received them "from an authority," which obviously means that they were psychically transmitted. At a later period the founder of the Theosophical Society grew, as I believe, to judge these communications more critically, and it appears at any rate that the value of the statements in the one quoted was discounted by her to a considerable extent. The passage runs as follows:—

We will now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of reincarnation—as distinct from metempsychosis—which we have from an authority. Reincarnation, i.e. the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet, is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy, nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. Therefore, while the gross matter of each of these several entities is suffered to disperse itself at death, through the vast realm of being, the immortal spirit and astral monad of the individual—the latter having been set apart to animate a frame and the former to shed its divine light on the corporeal organization—must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence. If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man have been united together, and he is capable of running the race. But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly plane as it was frustrated in its first attempt. Otherwise, the mortal or astral, and the immortal or divine, souls, could not progress in unison and pass onward to the sphere above. Spirit follows a line parallel with that of matter; and the spiritual evolution goes hand in hand with the physical.

Another matter which I referred to in my last number has brought a rejoinder from the correspondent criticized, and though I do not know that the special point dealt with calls for much further remark by myself, other issues are incidentally raised which offer me an opportunity of dealing with certain matters of

importance on which I have wished to make a statement for some time past. The original point in discussion is one which, as already stated, I am not at all prepared to take seriously, i.e. the (to my mind) very fanciful theory that Jesus and Apollonius were one and the same historical character. Mr. Edwards refers

JESUS AND APOLLONIUS. to the fact that in my book *The New God* I have myself dealt, as he says, very emphatically with the lack of historical evidence as to the existence of Jesus outside the gospels, and he takes the facts I have put forward as a step towards the establishment of his own case. If he is justified in doing this, it seems to me that he is hardly putting his own position in the clearest light, and that he is (in reality) attempting to show, not so much that Jesus and Apollonius (and he now adds St. Paul) were one and the same person, but rather that Apollonius was the only real historical individual of the three, and that his miracles were utilized in building up an imaginary portrait of Jesus in the gospel narratives, while his travels and the general incidents of his career were made the basis of the life of St. Paul. On this hypothesis only could the evidence I have adduced in my essays be of value to his purpose. Now I have no wish to withdraw what I have said on this subject, as, though I am no champion of the conclusions at which many have arrived, viz., that the personality of Jesus Christ has no historical substratum, I am yet bound to admit that the evidence on the subject is at certain points singularly weak, and that a strong, although hardly convincing, case can be made out for the contention.

I do not propose here to go over old ground, but rather to supplement what I have said elsewhere on an important point in this connection, which Mr. Edwards has incidentally raised in his letter. This point is the question of the date of birth of Jesus.

WHERE WAS JESUS BORN? Mr. Edwards states that the births of Jesus and Apollonius were both recorded to have taken place in the same year, viz. 4 B.C. As a matter of fact, Apollonius' birth date is not known with any exactitude, and might with equal probability have occurred a dozen years later than the date given, or even perhaps a few years earlier. With regard to the birth date of Jesus Christ, we are here confronted with one of the most puzzling historical problems, and one moreover which has given rise to endless discussion. To state, then, that the birth is "officially" given as 4 B.C., conveys an entirely false idea. We have no knowledge, official or otherwise, as to when the birth took place; we have only mutually

contradictory evidence which it is my purpose in the present note to take the opportunity of analysing. There has, it is true, been a certain predominance of opinion expressed in favour of the date 4 B.C. to 5 B.C., and the reason for this preference I hope to make clear, especially as the justification for it, from the point of view of the actual evidence available, seems to me to be singularly slight.

Now, the internal evidence of the four gospels is, as already stated, self-contradictory, but, as it brings us in contact with certain historical incidents in the outside world, which can be accurately dated, its unreliable character is the more remarkable. If we keep in touch with the signposts of history, we shall see precisely how we stand in this tangle of divergent statements. One of these signposts is clearly the fact that the birth of Jesus is stated to have taken place by Matthew in the reign of Herod the Great,\* and that Herod the Great's reign, one of the most noteworthy in Jewish history, terminated in 4 B.C. We have further the visit of the wise men who had seen the star of Bethlehem, and whom Herod is stated to have personally summoned "and enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared." Consequent upon this there is said to have followed the Massacre of the Innocents by this monarch, and the flight of Joseph with Jesus and his mother into Egypt, to escape from the vengeance of the terrified king. Now, therefore, we begin to understand how it is that ecclesiastical authority favours a date for the birth of Christ not later than 4 or 5 B.C. If Jesus had been born at any later period we get a general collapse of some of the most dramatic incidents in the whole Bible narrative. Supposing his birth was later than the death of King Herod, there can have been no visit of the Magi, there can have been no Massacre of the Innocents, and there can have been no Flight into Egypt. What option, then, has the orthodox church, but to adopt the aforesaid date? Unfortunately even so the orthodox churchman is between the devil and the deep sea. In order to avoid throwing overboard as pure fiction these three important Biblical records, he is obliged to choose the lesser of two evils, and reject the statement of the author of St. Luke's gospel, who uses the census under Cyrenius

\* This is also implied (absurdly enough, as we shall see) in St. Luke's account, though Herod does not actually figure personally in the narrative. It may be well to mention that there was another and later Herod, Herod Antipas, who was Tetrarch of Galilee, but who of course had no jurisdiction in Southern Palestine, and could not possibly be the person referred to.

to date the birth of Jesus. St. Luke ii. 2, the passage referred to, states that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed (or more properly speaking, "enrolled"). The narrative continues: "This taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria, and Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judæa unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David." Now this census or assessment took place in the year A.D. 6-7, so that this date and not 4 B.C. is, according to the statement of the third evangelist, the actual birth date. We should here be on firm historical ground, as Cyrenius is

WHO WAS  
CYRENIUS? nothing more than the Greek form of the Roman name Quirinius, and the person referred to is that Publius Sulpicius Quirinius, Senator of Rome and

ex-consul, who was the Roman Imperial Legate in Syria, and to whom the Roman Procurator of Judæa was a subordinate authority. At the date referred to not only was Herod no longer alive, but Palestine had been split up into three separate sections under Roman governors, one of which, as already stated, was Judæa. A later Roman procurator of this province was that same Pontius Pilate who was destined to acquire so unenviable a notoriety as the Roman Governor who presided over the trial of Jesus. Here then at least we might think that we were in touch with reliable evidence, and naturally find ourselves preparing to abandon the narrative of Matthew, including the story of the Wise Men of the East, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt, in

ST. LUKE  
CONTRA-  
DICTS HIM-  
SELF. favour of St. Luke's specific statement—that is, if we have no ecclesiastical axe of our own to grind. But alas, even here we are not at the end of our troubles. St. Luke himself is caught napping. Oblivious apparently of the fact that he had entered into full details

of how Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem on the occasion of the census of Quirinius (where their child was born in a manger, and they themselves were presumably duly registered), he blandly informs us in a later chapter that Jesus was thirty years old in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, i.e. in the year A.D. 29; in other words, that he was born 1 B.C., or seven years *before* the census took place, but also three years *after* the death of Herod!

At this point the seeker after truth is inclined to give the whole matter up in despair. We may well ask; "What is the value of all this tangle of contradictory stories?" To call them history would be absurd. On the face of it, to any one not hopelessly

blinded by prejudice, they have not even the merit of being tolerably consistent fiction. No wonder the open-minded critic rejects the records of the nativity; no wonder that he classes them indiscriminately with the mythological tales of the elder gods. After rejecting, then, as obviously mythical the story of the Wise Men, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt, we are now compelled, however reluctantly, to abandon, as also mythical, the Journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem on the occasion of the census of Quirinius. It may here be incidentally observed that the genealogies given of Jesus in the different gospels proving that he was descended from David are hopelessly contradictory, and it is not too much to characterize the story that Joseph as a descendant of David should have had to go up to Bethlehem to be enrolled, as too puerile for notice. Such a stipulation, absurd in any case, would be inconceivable as made by the Roman governors of Judæa, who would care nothing as to who was or who was not a descendant of David. Apart from this, the genealogies of David assume that he was the actual and not the putative son of Joseph—an important point for consideration by those who adhere to the tradition of the Virgin birth.

Even here we are not at the end of our Biblical discrepancies in the matter of the Nativity. If there is one story more than another to which the Christian has pinned his faith, it is the singularly beautiful one of the birth of Jesus in the manger of Bethlehem. I have already thrown doubt on the New Testament

statement that Jesus was born at Bethlehem at all, but supposing he was, the statement that he was born in a manger does not go uncontradicted. While St. Luke states that the baby was laid in a manger, there being no room in the inn, St. Matthew states also specifically that the wise men on their arrival (apparently immediately after his birth) "came into the *house*, where they saw the young child with Mary his mother." This may be explained with some plausibility as subsequent to the birth in the manger, but evidently the incident as illustrated in the orthodox pictures of the Nativity is in error, if we accept the record of Matthew. But this is not the most serious point. Eusebius, the first ecclesiastical historian, who flourished early in the fourth century, tells us that Jesus was born in a cave, and that at the time of Constantine a magnificent temple was erected on the spot. The biographical gospel called *Protevangelion*, attributed to James, the brother of Jesus, also states that Jesus was born "in a cave." Tertullian,

MYTHICAL  
STORIES  
OF THE  
NATIVITY.

WAS JESUS  
BORN IN A  
MANGER?

c. A.D. 200, and Jerome, c. A.D. 375, also confirm this statement, with regard to which Dean Farrar observes: "That the actual place of Christ's birth was a cave is a very ancient tradition, and this cave used to be shown as the scene of the event even as early as the time of Justyn Martyr (A.D. 150)." How comes it that all these notable Christian Fathers state circumstantially that Jesus was born in a cave? Why did not critics retort at once that the Holy Fathers were not acquainted with the authoritative statement in St. Luke's gospel? Surely it argues that the gospel itself must have been unfamiliar to them in its present form. The records in question refer, it may be hazarded, to no actual cave, but rather to the traditional cave of initiation of the neophyte, and it may be remembered in this connection that Chrishna also was said to have first seen the light in a cave, and a similar story is told of Bacchus, Apollo, Mithras and others.

It is noteworthy that it is not merely in the question of the date of the birth of Jesus that the gospels of Matthew and Luke show the wildest discrepancy; but also in their general account of the incidents in connection with it the one gospel systematically ignores the stories told by the other. So far from confirming each other's records, the student who reads them side by side will notice that they are two totally different stories, having practically nothing in common. Of Luke's account of the journey of Joseph and Mary to Judæa to enter their names on the census papers, the birth of Jesus in a stable, the presentation in the Temple, and the return to Nazareth, his fellow Evangelist

<p>EVAN- GELISTS TOTALLY AT VARIANCE.</p>	<p>knows nothing, and Luke is clearly ignorant of the story of the nativity as told by Matthew. He knows nothing of the visit of the Magi, of the Massacre of the Innocents, or of the dangers to the infant child involving the flight into Egypt.</p>
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To judge by his account, everything went on perfectly smoothly, and the tragic incidents which produced so momentous a crisis in the lives of parents and child had never reached his ears. What is the explanation of this? One thing, I think, is clear. The prologues to the two gospels in question never formed part of their original composition. The other two evangelists know nothing of Jesus' early life on the subject of which they are both absolutely silent. His life to them begins with his ministry; i.e., according to the ordinarily accepted chronology, with his thirtieth or thirty-first year. But here again it is supremely doubtful if the accepted chronology is right. It is certainly contradicted by Irenæus, who states that Jesus did not begin to teach till he

was forty years of age, and that he lived to be nearly fifty. This Father of the Church significantly remarks: "The records of his (Jesus's) life are very scanty, and they have been so shaped and coloured and modified by the hands of ignorance and superstition, party prejudice and ecclesiastical purpose, that it is hard to be sure of the original outlines."

What, then, we really get in the gospel narratives—and this applies equally to all four, if we omit the spurious prologues to Matthew's and Luke's gospels—is a record told in disjointed and apparently quite unchronological order of the brief period of Jesus's ministry, which has been commonly held, rightly or wrongly, not to have lasted more than two or three years. When we reach the final catastrophe we are again plunged into discordant and mutually contradictory narratives, while many statements are made which are on the face of them absurd; and we begin to see clearly that the only portion of the narrative on which we can rely, if we are justified in relying on any portion at all, is this record of the ministry of Jesus, with the clues it affords to the character of his public life and teaching, and to his own personality. There is a certain consistency in these records which make us feel that the narrative, in spite of obvious erasures and interpolations, will in its main features bear critical investigation. There is so much local colour of an entirely natural kind, there are so many simple touches, and so many recorded statements that are, if interpreted in their obvious sense, in entire contradiction

FACT OR  
FICTION ? to the whole attitude of a later age, and to the whole ecclesiastical contention, that it is impossible to believe that such evidence could ever have reached us had it not been in the nature of an original and *bona-fide* record. We are not a little astonished at times by the manner in which the whole ecclesiastical superstructure built up on the Biblical record is manifestly repudiated by Jesus. Not only does he specifically deny all claim of his own to the Godhead—"Call me not good; there is none that is good save God"—but he shows a constant and undeviating preference for describing himself as the "Son of Man," while, as regards the dogmas with which the Church was subsequently so overloaded, he makes evident in every line of his teachings with what indifference, if not contempt, he would have regarded them. As it is, from the doctrine of the Trinity downwards, they are throughout the gospel narratives conspicuous by their absence. Though the view is not a generally accepted one, I am inclined to regard the prologue to the Gospel of John as



equally an afterthought with the prologues to Matthew and Luke.

It is, I think, quite possible, and indeed probable, that Jesus in his later life avowed himself as the Messiah, and by so doing brought down upon his head the vengeance always visited on claimants of the kind by the Roman authorities. But that he ever dreamt that his followers would have identified him with the Logos of the Alexandrian metaphysicians, is unthinkable and absurd. Had the Gospel narrative been a deliberate forgery, or fundamentally a romance, it may confidently be asserted that records far more suited to their ultimate ecclesiastical

THE MOST  
PROBABLE  
DATE OF  
JESUS'  
BIRTH.

purpose would have been offered to the world. The assumption of the subsequent addition of the prologues will explain why the Evangelist Luke appears to contradict himself as regards the date of the nativity, and will suggest that from the point of view of the higher criticism the second date given was the only one which appeared in the original Gospel, and that on this account it is far more worthy of credence than either of the others. This date, it will be noticed, is remarkably close to that actually adopted for the Christian era, being only one year earlier than this. The evidence is slight, but, such as it is, it points to the date of birth being quite possibly 1 B.C.

The story of the flight into Egypt is probably taken from the life of an earlier Jesus (Rabbi Joshua ben Perachiah), who lived somewhat more than a century earlier, but whose identification otherwise with the Jesus of the Gospels is not, I think, to be taken seriously. This incident actually occurred in the life of the earlier Jesus, and the ingenious dressers up of the Gospel narratives doubtless found in it an ornamental and attractive addition to the growing volume of nativity myths. The shadowy character of the evidence adducible in connection with the New Testament narrative has led certain investigators who are remarkable rather for their ingenuity than for their insight, to identify the most prominent actors in the narrative with various mytho-

FANTASTIC  
IDEAS OF  
PROFESSOR  
DREWS.

logical deities. It is the Sun Myth craze over again, which some years ago enjoyed so extraordinary a vogue. One of the latest and most coherent attempts in this direction was made in Germany quite recently by Professor Arthur Drews, in his book *Die Christusmythe* (The Christ Myth). The very considerable sensation which this book created in Germany has not been repeated in this country, where a translation appeared some time ago from the publishing house of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

While giving such fancies the amount of credence that they deserve, we are bound to admit that the early nativity records to which I have already alluded are full of incidents which seem clearly borrowed from Indian and Persian mythological sources.

We have all of us heard from time to time very strange records of curious coincidences, but perhaps a stranger case was never brought to public notice than that to which my attention as Editor has been drawn during the last few days. In the last issue of this magazine I quoted from a well-known London daily paper (*The Daily Mirror*) a strange story stated to have been narrated on a recent Sunday by the preacher at a Kensington church. The anecdote had reference to a veiled lady who called upon the rector in question and induced him to visit a gentleman who was supposed to be at the point of death. The upshot of the story was that the lady unexpectedly vanished into space at the door of the house, and was subsequently identified by the clergyman as the gentleman's mother, who had been dead some twenty years. Her son received his parson visitor with cordiality and appeared to be in perfect health, and communicated to him a secret of great importance with regard to his past life. The next day the clergyman learnt of his new acquaintance's sudden death. The story, full details of which were given, was sufficiently sensational and striking in itself, but the sequel is perhaps stranger still. In a book containing two short stories, entitled *Unsolved Mysteries*, by Mrs. Violet Chambers Tweedale, who has just published a novel of very considerable interest entitled *The House of the other World*, and is also known as the author of numerous other romances, appears a narrative with the title "A True Incident in the Life of Father Lucas," which is the counterpart of the story stated to have been recorded by the London clergyman from the Kensington pulpit. The story in question, which runs to some 50 pp., is of course fuller in detail, but is in all essential particulars identical with that stated to have been told from the pulpit, the main difference being the fact that, whereas in the clergyman's story the lady takes the rector with her in a taxi-cab to make the call on her son, in the book there is no mention of a taxi-cab, these conveniences not existing at the time the story was written, and we infer that the lady accompanies the clergyman on foot for the purpose indicated. In both cases the clergyman, after his interview with the lady's son, invites him to come to Holy Communion

AN AMAZING  
COINCIDENCE.

next morning at his church. In both cases he accepts, and in both cases also he fails to appear, and the reason is explained equally in both instances, when on inquiry later in the day he is found to have died suddenly during the night. In each case the picture of the mother figures as hanging on the walls of her son's house, and in each case it serves as a revelation to the clergyman that his lady visitor was the denizen of another world. Unquestionably, we are entitled to some statement with regard to this apparently amazing coincidence. Will the clergyman come forward and personally vouch for his experience, giving in confidence the name of the gentleman on whom he called? It appears to me that under the circumstances he can hardly refuse to adopt some such course, and the Editor who gave publicity to the story might do worse than employ his efforts to elucidate the mystery. I would add that the book I have alluded to was published by Messrs. Digby Long, also the publishers of Mrs. Tweedale's latest romance.

I am sure my readers will join with me in expressing their sympathy to the management of *Light* for the loss which they have sustained in the recent passing over of Mr. E. W. Wallis, which occurred very suddenly on Sunday, January 11, after an acute attack of pneumonia. I subjoin a brief appreciative notice of the late Editor from the pen of Mr. W. J. Colville, who had enjoyed Mr. Wallis's friendship for many years.

MR. E. W.  
WALLIS.

Those who knew Mr. Wallis bore only feelings of the highest esteem for his excellent character and exemplary life, regardless of whether or not they fully endorsed all his spiritualistic views. His career was an exceptional one, for in his earthly youth, though he had enjoyed only the most ordinary educational advantages, when scarcely more than twenty years of age he appeared before the public in the capacity of an inspirational speaker of marked ability. As years rolled on, though he became a diligent student, and at length a ripe scholar and an acknowledged authority on many matters commonly designated "psychic," he never relinquished his hold upon the idea of "mediumship," and consistently remained an uncompromising advocate of Spiritualism to the last. As a speaker Mr. Wallis was always forcible and lucid; his discourses were well reasoned and often illumined with flashes of real eloquence. More as a teacher than as an orator he made his fame, but many of his public speeches were oratorical in the best and highest sense. As editor of *Light* he achieved well merited renown, all his editorials and other contributions displaying excellent judgment and genuine spiritual insight. When dealing with questions under discussion he was temperate and fair. During the lifetime of his famous predecessor, Dawson Rogers, who succeeded the celebrated "M.A.Oxon" (Rev. Stainton Moses), Mr. Wallis enjoyed exceptional advantages as an assistant to a very

thorough journalist, and he took full advantage of every opportunity afforded him of becoming an acknowledged force in the literary field. In private life he was an excellent husband and father and a constant friend. Always in harness, travelling widely in America as well as all over Great Britain as a staunch and telling advocate of spiritual philosophy, clearly conceived and practically applied, he remained at his double post of lecturer and Editor till the very day before the call came to doff his mortal garments and enter upon the superphysical existence in which he always expressed most fervent faith and concerning which he felt assured he actually knew something definitely. The noble woman whom he married in his earthly youth, Mrs. M. H. Wallis, is still continuing her useful work as an inspired and inspiring spiritual teacher, and to her in her time of bereavement the loving thoughts of a multitude of friends go forth in helpfulness.

The opening of the new season's session of the *Cosmos Society* will serve to remind readers of the OCCULT REVIEW that this flourishing institution has now entered upon its fifth year. This Society meets every week at the Green Salon above Mr. Eustace Miles' Restaurant, at 40, Chandos Street, Charing Cross. The objects which it has set before itself include Psychological Development, Occult and Spiritual Instruction, and numerous lectures on all topics in connection with the Advanced Thought of the day. The president of the Society is Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., whose keen interest in these matters is well known. The hon. secretary and founder of the Society is Mrs. E. M. Walter. The large and increasing roll of membership which this institution now boasts is evidence of the widespread interest met with to-day in all quarters in connection with the movement. The *Cosmos Society* has, I think, acted wisely in choosing such a comprehensive title, which admits of the membership of students holding the most divergent views. In such a society, Spiritualists, Reincarnationists, Astrologers and students of New Thought pure and simple, readily join hands, and if they do not always agree in their attitude towards the subjects dealt with in the numerous papers and lectures delivered, the discussions which follow these become in consequence all the more animated and interesting. Among those now delivering lectures and reading papers before the Society may be mentioned Mr. H. Biden Steele, Prof. Christopher Adamson, Mr. Frederick Thurstan, and our old friend, Mr. W. J. Colville, who seems to be equally at home whether in England or America. Certainly he is never more so than when he is on his feet delivering a lecture to his usual large and enthusiastic audience.

THE  
COSMOS  
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# THE DAUGHTER OF A VOICE : A SUGGESTION

BY A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. H. SPOER)

## I

THERE has always seemed to me something specially interesting and suggestive in the classical stories of Voice Oracles ; not the articulate utterance of seer or priestess, which finds its modern counterpart in what the S.P.R. would call the " audile " phenomena of many in the normal state, of the hypnotic subject, of the trance medium, but the more mysterious Rumour, the vocal trees of Dodona, the Hebrew Bath Kol, " the daughter of a voice."

Coming to a later period we have stories of the shell-divination practised by the Tibetan Buddhist, by the Chinese and the Hindu. These accounts present more detail, and bring to mind the shells of the Tritons, the shell on the tower of the winds at Athens, and the stories told of the reverence for shell sounds of the natives of the South Sea Islands. Leland tells us that the shell is a favourite amulet of continental gipsies, and is worn even by the wildest tribes of Cigany in Hungary. He writes :—

In 1886 I was, by moonlight, in a camp of gipsies in the old Roman amphitheatre near Buda Pesth. . . . And when they showed me the shells which they carried for amulets, they exhibited one, much larger, of conch-like form, the tip of which has been removed, and to which there was attached a flexible tube. The shell, or one like it, is put into the hands of the person consulting the oracle, who is directed to listen to the voice of the Nivasha, or spirit of the air. Then he is blindfolded, the tube applied, and through it the gipsy speaks in a soft trained voice.

This Hungarian variety of fraudulent mediumship may have had its origin, like much else of the same sort, in genuine phenomena, and wider reading might possibly supply examples.

In Nubia at the present time, cowrie shells are worn by maidens up to the time of their marriage, with what symbolism I have not been able to learn. They are found as mummy amulets in blue and green pottery, and in gold. Leland tells of a gipsy of Egypt who told fortunes by the throwing down of shells.

In Syria I have often listened to " the sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees "—not, alas ! like David, in Rephaim, where mulberry trees no longer grow. Though some were planted

in that neighbourhood some sixty years ago by a certain Russian priest, they have not thriven as they do upon the sunny slopes of Mount Lebanon. Even there they were never—for me—articulate, although I have been somewhat more fortunate in deliberate experiment in the direction of shell hearing.

The whole subject—if I may be forgiven a personal reference—has been revived in my mind by the fact that I am at this present time living upon the slopes of Troödos (Mount Olympus,) some 6,000 feet above the blue Mediterranean, which we see through vistas in the pine forests some thirty miles away and below. It is a place for dreams; the gods are no longer visible, but they have left their footprints among the bracken and the towering asphodel, and we pluck the English violet, and the dog-rose, beside many a mysterious orchid, many a flower unknown. A thousand pines scent the air on Olympus as in Perthshire; the English cuckoo and even the robin redbreast have cast a passing glimpse upon our tents, as they left us to the crowned hoopoo, the blue jay, the goldfinch, the whole court of Jove. Time and distance have lost their power. It is a spot lovable as when the gods were young.

Friends are here, and sunshine, there are dogs for company and cats for play, posts are rare, newspapers are not, nothing is left to wish for but—a library. And so when classical allusions come to mind one hunts in the faithful note-book, and so hunting I come upon the notes which—not inappropriately to our surroundings, furnish forth the present paper. The gods are at hand, no doubt, but they do not make themselves heard, and musing upon vocal trees, I recall a series of experiments in "shell-hearing" which perhaps some one, weary of crystal-gazing, automatic writing, and such like—all variations of the effort to externalize the subliminal consciousness—may find it interesting to imitate.

## II.

Some years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Myers, I possessed myself of a convenient "smooth-lipped shell," small enough to hold in my hand, and, like the child in Wordsworth, "who dwelt upon a tract of inland country," put it to my ear.

First, of course, I heard the sea. After a few minutes of concentrated attention, the ear became accustomed to the murmur, which served as a background against which articulate sounds became distinguishable. The experiment is somewhat fatiguing, and I could never persist for more than a few minutes at a time.

I was able to tabulate the first twenty attempts as follows :—

On eleven occasions I heard recognized human voices, often occurring among a confused babel, one voice rising for the moment above all others. The voices conveyed fairly accurate rehearsals of some conversation recently addressed to me—or, still oftener, overheard when addressed to others. Perhaps there is here some analogy with a well-marked feature of crystal vision, that it is the unconsciously observed which most often revives itself in the crystal.

On nine occasions I heard musical sounds, and I am able to say definitely that on five of these my shell-hearing transcended my ordinary memory, for I was able to distinguish and clearly follow, in the case of concerted music, single parts, vocal or instrumental, where I had listened to concerted music as a whole.

It was not till a later stage that I was conscious of unrecognized voices conveying information or advice. This was of a kind which my conscious self was perfectly capable of supplying, but which referred generally to facts or knowledge acquired with some small effort, such as lines of poetry, an address, a date or number, or once or twice a monition to send a message or parcel.

It may be worth while to note that the shell never produced mere street sounds, or unpleasant noise of street music, or whistling boys. May it not be that, as in the crystal, any sense of fatigue or annoyance such as might have reproduced these is sufficient to prevent the experiment? All this, however, might easily be attributed to expectation, conscious or unconscious. The following trivial incident served as encouragement to proceed.

I had been out the whole morning, let myself in with the latch key, and spoke to no one before reaching the drawing-room, where A sat reading. It was close to luncheon time, and I took up the shell for temporary occupation. Mixing with the sea-sound came murmurs of "Endsleigh Street, Endsleigh Street," which seemed to me absolutely unmeaning. Presently A looked up and remarked that G had called, and had waited some time on the chance of my coming in. "Has he come up for the day?" I asked, "or is he staying in town?" "He has joined a friend in rooms in Endsleigh Street," was A's answer. As I knew nothing of the neighbourhood, beyond a vague idea that it was near St. Pancras station, I cannot suppose the coincidence to have been anything but thought-transference externalized by the shell.

A few days later I received further encouragement. On June 11, Mr. G. A. Smith, of the Society for Psychical Research,

spent some time with us, attempting some thought-transference experiments, I using the shell, in pursuance of the suggestion which this incident had afforded. They were of a mechanical sort, numbers, proper names, and so on, and were fairly successful, but to me not very interesting, as they lacked any element of spontaneity, and demonstrated mainly the possibilities of expectant attention. After Mr. Smith had left, I was in the act of putting away the shell, and held it for a moment to my ear, when I heard him say distinctly, "I suppose you are a vegetarian, then?" As this had no possible connection with any part of our previous conversation, I wrote the words on a postcard and the inquiry, "Are you conscious of having used these words within twenty minutes of leaving us?" He replied by return; "Yes. On the platform of Queen's Road Station I met Mr. M. C., whom I had known for some time as a varied crank. He said he had been at a Theosophist meeting and had decided to join their society, as he was already leading the life. Upon which I asked, 'Are you a vegetarian, then?'"

I have since made about fifty recorded experiments, but those described may be taken as typical of the whole series. They led to nothing in the least remarkable, and served only to indicate a possible variant of method in the externalization of something already in the mind. Not above half a dozen were undoubtedly telepathic, certainly a smaller average than I should probably have reached in the crystal, possibly because the experiment was more fatiguing. Twenty may have been recrudescence memories, which would not perhaps have come to the surface otherwise, and the remainder were the results of mere expectation. Though I heard also a good deal of music which I believe was purely fanciful, so definitely that I could reproduce it on the piano, it is not superior to what I might extemporize in the ordinary way. On two occasions only have I heard consecutive sentences of any interest for which I could not at the time account, but in both cases I discovered them later; once in a book and the other time in a letter which I had read so carelessly that the contents had formed no part of my conscious memory. I shall be glad if my attempts should lead others to experiment in a direction not entirely without promise.

I find notes of the following books for consultation, but am unable to refer to them:—F. W. H. Myers, *Classical Essays*, pp. 13, 25, 35; Schlagintweit, *Buddhism in Thibet*, p. 295; Huc, *Travels in Thibet*; Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, Vol. II. 227; *Iliad*, Book II. 93; *Odyssey*, III. 215; *Herodotus*, IX. 100.



# MYSTIC PROPERTIES OF RINGS

BY ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

FROM the very earliest times on record, finger rings have been credited with all kinds of mystic properties. One of the oldest rings in existence is now in New York. It was discovered many years ago by Colonel Vyze, when excavating at Gizeh. It is of fine gold, of nearly the same weight as three sovereigns, and from the hieroglyphics engraved on it would appear to date from the time when the Pyramids were in regular use as tombs. Among the symbols on its surface are the heavens delineated by stars ; a fox or jackal ; hatchets—their handles bound with straps ; a parchment—the strings of which hang below the roll ; and dots, representing the boundaries of Egypt and the mountains to the extreme south.

The ordinary meaning of these hieroglyphics is plain enough, but there is, without doubt, a deeper significance attached to them, the only infallible interpretation of which lies hidden in the esoteric side of Egyptian life—the side to which we, unfortunately, do not hold the key. The jackal or fox, for example, represents the deity of wisdom, but it might well be regarded as a symbol of protection against evil spirits, particularly against the half-human and half pig-like phantasms that, even now, haunt the deserts of Egypt and have ever been the particular *bête noire* of the natives.

I am told, indeed, that foxes are among the few animals that are not scared by the superphysical, and that when one of these animals has been imported into a haunted locality, the hauntings have forthwith ceased. Hence one might reasonably infer that there is something about a fox—maybe some abnormally developed psychic faculty—that hinders, if it does not actually prevent, the approach of the Unknown. If then the symbol of the fox is thus capable of a psychic interpretation, should not the symbol of the heavens possess a psychic significance of an equal, if not greater, efficacy.

It has been always thought that stars have a peculiar influence on superphysical phenomena ; so that, without doubt, this particular ring, bearing the symbol of the stars, was talismanic.

The word talisman is of Arabic origin, and means literally figure. It was subsequently used to designate any article—either of wood, stone, metal or other substance—upon which was engraved some object generally deemed sacred, and is believed to have the power of protecting the owner or wearer from disease, danger or evil influence. These figures or talismans were probably more commonly engraved on rings than on any other articles. In Egypt the ibis and scarabæus were the favourite talismans. Apart from its peculiar psychic properties, of which we know nothing, the scarabæus was a popular device because of the universality it represented. From the fact that it rolled its excrements into a ball, it was regarded as symbolic of the world ; on account of its horns it was held to be a symbol of both the sun and moon ; whilst from the valour it displayed in fighting its foes, it was generally recognized as the symbol of courage.

At Thebes, apart from the scarabæus rings on their fingers, many of the mummies have on their hearts large beetles of green porphyry.

During the course of one of the most interesting excavations, namely, that at Sakhara in 1824, a mummy was found under a tomb, with each of its limbs encased in gold, its fingers decorated with gold rings, including a signet ring ; its arms adorned with bracelets, and round its neck a gold chain to which was attached a scarabæus. On the rings and bracelets was inscribed the word "Ptah," the name of the tutelar divinity of Memphis (of which the city Sakhara was the necropolis). From the amount of gold on the mummy it was thought to be that of some great officer of the Court—possibly Joseph himself—who would thus have lived in the twenty-first year of the reign of Thothmes III, when the treasury of Egypt was particularly rich in precious stones, etc.

From Genesis xli. 42, we know that Joseph had conferred on him the royal signet as his insignia of authority, so that one of the rings on the mummy would thus be accounted for. But it is the scarabæus more than any other of the relics of the ancient Egyptians that fascinates all students of the super-physical. Was it, they ask, only as an emblem of rank that the scarabæus—the scarabæus in particular—was worn ? or was it adopted by the ancients for some deeper reason. The fact that it is frequently found on the mummy seems to suggest that it was worn in death, at least, for some practical purpose, and possibly that purpose was to protect the spirit from evil agencies when quitting the body, and afterwards to safeguard the remains

from being taken possession of, or from being haunted by vampires or other malevolently disposed phantasms.

But the symbolic use of this insect in rings was not confined to one country. Innumerable scarabæus rings have been unearthed all over Syria and Assyria, one such ring, set with an intaglio or cornelian, being found comparatively recently in the bed of a deserted branch of the Euphrates, date *circa* 325 B.C.

Though gold was the material generally used in the manufacture of rings, porcelain was not infrequently employed. Inset in some talismanic rings is a plate, upon which, in bas-relief, is the god Baal, full-faced and playing on a tambourine; upon the plates of others may be seen a symbolical ape; a fish of the perch species; a scarabæus; a lotus flower, or the god Ra floating in the heavens in his boat.

The Bible teems with incidents in which rings play an important part. We find in Daniel vi. 17 Darius sealing with his ring the mouth of the den of lions; and in Kings, Jezebel, when circumventing Naboth's end, making use of her husband Ahab's ring; we also read of Judith, in order to win the passions of Holofernes, going forth to meet him laden with bracelets and rings; whilst, according to Josephus, lib. viii. chap. 2, Solomon possessed a talismanic ring that not only enabled him to baffle the most subtle of his enemies, but which, by its touch, cured all manner of diseases.

According to an Arabian tradition, Solomon, on going to his bath, left behind him his wonderful ring, which was stolen by a Jewess and thrown into the sea. Deprived of his amulet Solomon could no longer administer that marvellous judgment for which he was famed, and remained thus idle for forty days, when the ring was found in the stomach of a fish served before him. Many fictions relative to this particular ring are recorded in an Arabian book called *Salcuthat*, which deals exhaustively with magical rings of all kinds.

From time to time rumours have spread through the Christian world of the miracles performed by the nuptial ring of Joseph and the Virgin Mary. Like the wandering Jew and the Holy Grail, this rings keeps making its appearance periodically—sometimes after a lapse of several centuries—in different parts of the globe. In A.D. 996 we hear of it in a Church at Clusium, where the mere touch of it is stated to have cured thousands of people of sores and divers illnesses. In 1260 it was reputed to be in Spain; in the fifteenth century we read of it in Germany; in or about the year 1560 it got back to Spain, and was the object

of dispute between the Moors and Spaniards ; in the eighteenth century it is stated to have been in Peru ; whilst as late as 1875 it was declared to be in the Cathedral of Perugia. Whether it is still said to be there I have not been able to ascertain.

In India we find that many of the Mogul deities figure on rings as well as on innumerable statues and images. The Greeks and Romans, too, believed in the magical properties of certain rings—that of Gyges, King of Sparta, for instance, if turned upwards, being credited with the power of making the wearer invisible.

The rings of most celebrated people were thought to possess extraordinary properties : that of Alexander the Great was believed to ensure wealth to the wearer, whilst that of Charlemagne brought to the wearer the fulfilment of his ambitions, provided they were pure and lofty.

We now see that the individual's ring as well as the talismanic ring may be magical. But there is still a third type of magical ring, namely, that which, independent of any engraven image or individual character, owes its superphysical property actually to the material of which it is composed. Some stones and metals, for example, were deemed to be under the direct influence of certain planets (rings composed of such stone or metal being known as astrological or planetary rings) ; whilst other stones and metals were supposed to derive their magical power from the localities in which they were found—localities haunted by phantasms and fairies.

Each planet possessed a representative stone, metal, flower or other product of Nature or Earth, to which it imparted one or more of its chief virtues, and any one wearing these stones, metals or flowers would come under the influence of the planets, and would be endowed with their particular characteristics.

There were many modes of fashioning the planetary stones : sometimes they were set in the form of a cross and attached to a chain, sometimes in the form of a cube, sometimes in the form of a sphere ; but more often than not they were set in rings, this being probably the most popular way of wearing them.

With regard to the influences of the planets in connection with these stones, it was generally believed that a diamond or sapphire set in a ring of gold (representing the Sun) was invested with the occult powers of Apollo ; a crystal in a silver ring (representing the Moon) was endowed by Diana (the crystal has ever been the most mystical of stones) ; an amethyst in copper received

virtue from Venus ; an emerald in iron—virtue from Mars ; a cornelian in tin—virtue from Jupiter ; a turquoise in lead—virtue from Saturn.

One of the powers imparted by Apollo to the Sun ring was that of protection against all kinds of malignant ghosts. To the Moon ring was attributed a magnetic attraction for spirits. It was considered most helpful when “invoking,” and was also used by seers when predicting the future.

A Venus ring was deemed of great assistance to lovers in winning the affections of their adored ones. A Mars ring, it was believed, would stimulate the wearer to deeds of valour and heroism ; a Jupiter ring brought power to the ambitious ; a Saturn ring wisdom to him who deserved it.

Though astrological rings are chiefly associated with the Ancient Greeks and Romans, they were in common use amongst the people of many other nations. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, all used them, whilst they are also to be found even in Mexico. Mexican rings are often discovered set with precious stones representing constellations. Pisces, apparently, was the favourite, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the Mexicans believed their Messiah, or Crusher of the Serpent, would come to them during the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the zodiacal sign of Pisces, which, by the way, was the protecting sign of Syria and Palestine.

The other kind of magical rings to which I have already alluded, namely, those made from objects found in haunted localities, and called charmed rings, have been in use at all times of the world's history, and in all parts. We come across them in barrows among the flint pots and axes of neolithic man ; in the ruins of Memphis, Athens and Pompeii ; in vaults of convents, monasteries, churches, castles—anywhere, everywhere. There is scarcely a nation or tribe that has not, at some time or other, laid claim to them—and they are still much worn.

To attempt to enumerate all the articles of which they were composed would be impossible. I can only say their name is legion. Here, however, are a few examples.

A piece of stone taken from a burial-place. This set in a ring would bring bad dreams to the wearer ; a piece of the wood of a gallows or gibbet made into a ring, and worn, would fill the wearer with homicidal desires. Any object found in a pixie-haunted spot, and set in a ring, would bring great luck in financial matters to the wearer ; whereas any object found in a house haunted by an evil spirit, and set in a ring, would bring disasters

of all kinds to the wearer. The parings of the finger nails of a woman unfaithful to her husband, if set in a ring, brought disappointments and matrimonial wretchedness to the wearer.

A toadstone ring, or a ring made from the fossil palatal tooth of a species of ray, was supposed to protect new-born babies and their mothers from evil fairies. Against the power of the evil eye the most efficacious rings were those made of iron with intaglio representing a faun springing out of a nautilus shell, or those with the engraving of a cockatrice on them. When encountering a person with the evil eye, the finger wearing the ring had to be held out, crooked at him, at once, when the malevolent influence was immediately checked.

Many of those rings are still in use, and there is little doubt but that some of them do possess extraordinary properties.

I remember when I was in an Italian colony in the far West walking out one day with a Neapolitan, and meeting a young man with a very pale face and an expression of the most intense sadness.

"Holy Mother," my companion exclaimed, when the stranger was some twenty paces from us. "Holy Mother, here is Buoncelli! Get out of his way. Don't look at him"; and, holding out one of his hands, he crooked a finger, with a gold signet ring on it, at the approaching young man. The Italian gave a violent start, turned several degrees paler, and hurried past us.

"Whatever did you do that for?" I asked my friend.

"Because he has the evil eye," was the reply. "And every one he has anything to do with meets with some misfortune."

"But not if he merely speaks to you?"

"Yes; even if he looks at you."

"Then he is shunned by every one?"

"By all who know how he is accursed."

"How can you tell the evil eye?" I asked.

"By the light in it," the Neapolitan replied. "It has a peculiar glow like the glowing gloom of twilight."

"And is it hard to discern?"

"So hard that only the most experienced in such matters can generally detect it."

"To what do you attribute it?"

"To a gift of the supernatural. To phantasms inimical to man—such as witches, vampires and werwolves."

"And the sign you made is a sure protection?"

"It is not merely the sign but the ring, which is of iron and has an opal in it—a combination of stone and metal which check

the vibrations produced, not only by the evil eye, but by nearly all superphysical agencies. If you ever go to any haunted house or locality, be sure you wear one of these rings, and no evil influence will be able to harm you."

Now I think there was a great deal of truth in that counsel, which was subsequently given me by other members of the colony, and if I have not adopted it, it has only been because I could not conveniently afford to purchase such a ring. I have since proved—to my own satisfaction at all events—that all psychic phenomena set up vibrations in the ether, and that anything that can dispel these vibrations dispels the phenomena. I now use an electric torch, which had not got out as far west as the Italian colony at the time I was there.

I next come to the medicine rings, or rings containing peculiar healing properties.

In Somersetshire and a few other counties there is still a belief in the medicine ring, a belief that certain rings possess peculiar properties of healing. For example, a ring on the ring finger stroked along any sore will heal it; and a gold marriage ring held to a sty in the eye will gradually remove it.

Silver rings and rings made from the hoofs of an ass are yet thought to cure epilepsy. Some years ago there appeared in *Notes and Queries* a story of a village girl in Hersfield, who went to the church door one Sunday morning, and asked a penny from every unmarried male member of the congregation. When she got twenty-four pennies she took them to a silversmith's in Gloucester, who changed them for Sacrament money, and out of the silver thus obtained made her a ring. She put this on her ring finger, and from that hour never had another fit. Silver rings were—and still are—said to cure convulsions and St. Vitus's Dance; whilst a silver ring dipped three times in spring water was a safe antidote against leprosy.

Change of colour in the stones of rings was universally regarded as a portent of evil. Thus, if a turquoise in a ring paled it was held to be a sure sign the donor of the ring was either faithless to the wearer, or in poor health; whilst, so long as the stone remained a light blue, the donor was true, and in sound health. There is, I believe, a great element of truth in this, for stones are undoubtedly very sensitive to all kinds of mental and physical influences. For example, the diamonds worn by a woman invariably become imbued by her charms or otherwise, whilst their sparkling is regulated by the state of her health. I have known cases where all sorts of evil suggestions have been given

out by diamonds and topazes—more particularly, perhaps, the latter—that had once belonged to people of well-known bad tendencies.

One should be most careful in selecting precious stones to wear not to choose any that have been associated with people of vicious or criminal dispositions.

Almost the most famous of all medicinal rings were the cramp rings—rings that would cure both ague and cramp. Andrew Boorde, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, speaking of them, writes :— “ The Kynges of England doth halow evry yere crampes rynges, ye whych rynges worn on ones finger doth helpe them whych have the crampe ”—and again, in his *Breviary of Health*, he says : “ The Kynges Majesty hath a greate helpe in the matter on halowynge crampe rings, and so given without money or petition, ye which rynges worne on one’s finger doth helpe them.” This custom was regularly practised by the old kings, and mostly took place on Good Fridays—that being the day which above all other days was regarded as the most beneficent to those in trouble and sickness.

Round the marriage ring cluster all sorts of superstitions.\* In no part of the world, even at this date, will women take off their marriage ring when washing, the belief being deeply rooted in every woman’s mind that to do so would be to bring some grave catastrophe on her husband.

The losing of a wedding ring is a sign of disaster to the wife ; whilst the breaking of one portends the greatest evil to the husband.

With regard to the colour of stones worn in rings the following rhyme was once in vogue all over the South and West of Ireland : —

Red stones can give to you courage and strife ;  
 White stones bring vigour and joy to your life ;  
 Yellow stones—envy, malice and hate ;  
 Brown wear and good luck will come to you late ;  
 Green stones give wisdom ; violet disdain ;  
 Grey stones will bring with them sorrow and pain ;  
 Pink stones mean riches ; orange renown ;  
 Black stones prognosticate death in a town ;  
 Dark blue spells true love ; light blue a kiss ;  
 Wear both together and you will have bliss.

Of course people will pooh-pooh this rhyme and say there is nothing in it—that it is merely an idle superstition believed in

\* See *A Short History of Marriage*, by Ethel Urlin. London : Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.



by none save the very poor and ignorant. But are not we all superstitious? The man who jibes at his fellows on account of their superstitions, generally has a grave defect in his own constitution—more often than not he has no spiritual side to his nature; no love of music, or painting, or poetry; no imagination; no veneration; no love of the beautiful—in a word, has no soul. And we must remember that there are many people in the world who have no souls—who are lower in the spiritual scale than any four-footed animals—who are hardly on as high a level as the snails and slugs which they ruthlessly tread under foot. But upon those whose minds are on a different plane, colours do most certainly exercise an influence. It is of course true—and a fact which our rhyme does not take into consideration—that the same colour does not always affect two people in the same manner. For example, green may prove invariably lucky to one temperament, and equally unlucky to another; and this reversibility will, I think, hold good with regard to all colours, with the exception of blue. I have never known blue to attract any harmful influence—and as far as my experience goes this colour may be safely worn by all.

Two customs relative to rings and restricted to women are still, I believe, in vogue in remote parts of Ireland and Scotland. They are as follows:—

During the time of the harvest moon, on going to bed, place under the pillow a prayer-book—open at the matrimonial service—a key, ring, flower, spray of willow, small heart cake, crust of bread, and the following cards:—

Ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades, ace of diamonds. Wrap them all in a thin gauze or muslin handkerchief; and on getting into bed say:—

O mystic moon, a girl's best friend,  
To me this night thy visions send.  
Let me in dreamland shortly see  
Symbols of my destiny.

After repeating this, lie down, cross yourself thrice on the left breast, and close your eyes. If you dream of muddy water, troubles will come; if of clear water, life will run smoothly; if of bread, the forthcoming year will be one of toil; if of cake, it will be one of prosperity; if of flowers, it will be one of joy; if of willows, your love will prove false; if of spades you will die; if of diamonds, you will come into money; if of clubs, you will go to a foreign land; if of hearts, you will have a child; if of

keys, you will never know want ; if of birds, you will marry more than once ; if of geese, you will be the object of much gossip. All these prognostications refer only to the next twelve months.

The second custom is that performed on All Hallows' Eve.

Just before midnight go into a room by yourself. Turn out the lights and stand before the looking-glass. Then, as the clock strikes twelve, eat an apple with one hand, and with the other hold a signet ring just above your head. If you are to be engaged within the next months a finger will be slipped through the ring ; if you are to marry, you will see the face of your future husband in the mirror bending over you ; if trouble is in store for you the glass will become cloudy ; if you are to die, the ring will be gently knocked from your grasp. I have known several people go through this ordeal with marked results.

## TO THE MAKER OF THE SPHINX

By MEREDITH STARR

WHAT strange affinity doth ever link  
 Thyself to me, O wheresoe'er thou art ?  
 For still it presses on my mind and heart—  
 That work of thine, that thought which thou didst think—  
 That Sphinx unfathomable ! About the brink  
 Of fearful chasms I roam for days, and start  
 At things I may not speak, which are a part  
 Of Time's deep secrets ; and I shrink—I shrink  
 From all I see within me.—This the key  
 To unlock the gates—the mortal gates of clay,  
 And give rare glimpses of Eternity.  
 We see in mists ; but this I seem to know :  
 I clasped thy hand seven thousand years ago.

# YONDER

By C. J. WHITBY, M.D.

ABOVE the high hills of Endeavour, beyond the far fields of  
Delight,  
My Spirit inhabits for ever the Realm of invincible Might,  
The radiant immutable Centre of shadowed ephemeral things,  
Which only the dauntless may enter, upborne by celestial wings.  
There music and light intermingle to fashion a fabric of Bliss  
For Life that is flawless and single, the goal and the pattern of  
this.

And there at the loom of creation the mantle of Being is wrought,  
And Nation is hurled against Nation to serve the bright legions  
of Thought.

There teems every type through the ages predestined to people  
the Earth,  
And shines all the Wisdom that sages by travail may bring to  
the birth.

Who wins through its crystalline portals to dwell in the Palace of  
Truth  
Is crowned by his brother Immortals, and shod with the sandals  
of Youth.

Behind him the Past lies unravelled—by æons he reckons its  
years,  
Yet cons every rood he has travelled, recalling its hopes and its  
fears.

The Future, its pageant unfolding, an infinite vista reveals,  
Its tasks and its triumphs beholding, the joy of the Maker he  
feels.

Life's intricate threads he retraces : the Purpose which governs  
the whole  
Past, Present and Future embraces ; himself is their source and  
their goal.

Then out of the deep Empyrean, which broods like the heart of a  
dove,  
Pears through the reverberant pæan the note of the ultimate  
Love.

The warp and the woof of his being, it beckons him upward and  
 on,  
 The fountains of Ecstasy freeing, through desolate ages foregone.  
 He meets them, the Watchers eternal, whose hands never falter  
 nor tire,  
 He greets and adores the supernal bright Queens of immortal  
 Desire.

For here every hope finds fruition, all questions are answered at  
 last,  
 Here culminates every ambition, be it never so splendid or vast.  
 Assuaged are all griefs and heartburnings, all fragments are  
 merged in their whole,  
 And slaked are all passionate yearnings that ever tormented the  
 soul.

Henceforth, from his watch-tower surveying the sweep of the  
 atoms and spheres,  
 He feels them his mandate obeying; the chime of the ages he  
 hears.

He gauges the toil tremendous of Those who the web design,  
 Exults in their strife stupendous, is linked in their dance divine.

For the stillness of infinite motion, the might of inviolate form,  
 The turbulent strength of the ocean, the fury of earthquake and  
 storm,

The desire of the Earth-Mother, urging to a task ever newly  
 begun,  
 In Life triumphant emerging to gladden her bridegroom, the  
 Sun,

The story of Man's tribulations, the long steep climb of his Race,  
 The glory of all generations, the splendour of star-jewelled Space,  
 Are a blurred and phantasmal reflection on the shimmering  
 current of Time

Of the godlike serene perfection of life in that Sphere sublime.

Above the high hills of Endeavour, beyond the far fields of  
 Delight,

My Spirit inhabits for ever the Realm of invincible Might,

The radiant immutable Centre of shadowed ephemeral things,  
 Which only the dauntless may enter, upborne by celestial wings.

# THE TANTRA

BY ARTHUR AVALON

IN the literature relating to Hinduism the sacred scripture called the Tantra is more spoken of than known. How many indeed of those who have referred to the subject have ever even held one of these Shâstras, or scriptures as they are called, in their hands? Some think of them as merely a great repository of Eastern occultism which has been wickedly misapplied. To such they are simply "magical treatises." In the mind of others the name is only associated with the rites of what is believed to be a sensual and perverted "mysticism." The Shâstra has also been charged with "mummery," "brainless hocus pocus," "idolatry," and "savagery," besides black magic and sensuality in its threefold form of drunkenness, gluttony and lust. This is a sufficiently comprehensive and formidable indictment.

It is, however, reasonable to assume that there is more in so famous and extensive a literature than idiocy, sensual prescriptions, and black magic. It is not by such things alone that any system, institution, or authority survives; and according to the lowest computation the Tantra is over a thousand years old. I speak of the scripture as a whole, not of particular documents, which may be of recent date. These charges, and such foundation as exists in fact for them, have, perhaps as much as the inherent difficulties of the subject, stood in the way of the investigation of this important Indian scripture. Apart from the interests of general historical research, such an inquiry is in every way necessary for those who would understand both mediæval and current orthodox Hinduism. A Bengali apologist of the Tantras, writing some twenty years ago of his English educated countrymen, said: "Unfortunately, however, their intentions have been so grossly misrepresented in our days that the very name of Tantra shocks our nerves; yet two-thirds of our religious rites are Tantrik, and almost half our medicine is Tantrik." It is obvious that such a state of "shock" is not favourable to that detached attitude which is required for an impartial investigation. Any one who is aware of the abuses which have occurred will not be without sympathy for those who have so suffered. But if we all understand that there is no

smoke without fire we also know that religious controversy is nowhere free from misunderstanding, misstatements and exaggerations. I pass, however, from the history of Indian religious faction to reply to the question "What is the Tantra?" It is possible to give an answer from two standpoints. The simplest and easiest for those who are conversant with the doctrines of the Shāstra is that from which it is regarded by its adherents. The second point of view is the historical one adopted by others.

Current definitions of Tantra as "sacred writings of the Hindus," "scriptures of Shāktas" (a division of Indian worshippers), "Collections of magical and mystical treatises," and the like, are either insufficient or inaccurate, or by their generality useless. "Mysticism" is now so fashionable that the term is as sweet to some as the blessed word Mesopotamia, though more useful, as it is a convenient description for many things of which we feel called upon to say something, but of which we know little or nothing.

It is true that there is mysticism in the Tantras. But a statement of the facts will give us more accurate notions than any such labels.

A general view of what is thought on the subject is given in the words of a critic of a work of mine, who says: "So far scholars have fought very shy of this Tantrik and Shākta library, and with good reason. It is throughout involved with the equivocal symbolism of sex, and it is inextricably tangled up with a host of practices that are quite incomprehensible to the modern western mind, and with magical rites which are not unfrequently sorcery pure and simple, or worse. It is all such a fearsome mixture of light and darkness, good and bad, sanity and insanity, that the subject is one of the most difficult to disentangle. An air of mystery surrounds everything connected with it; the overt prescriptions, it is averred, are frequently veils of an esoteric doctrine; as Mr. Avalon says, the key to much of its terminology and method rests with the initiate. The Tantra is sure to attract the attention of the host of the curious, the charlatans, 'occultists,' and the rest of the motley crowd who are out after 'powers.' For the serious student of comparative religion, however, the Tantra is a mine of information." Then, after some understanding observations on the induction of psychological religious states by means of the Tantrik ritual, he remarks that "from one point of view it is perhaps the most elaborate system of auto-suggestion in the world"; an observation which, as well as the theory of auto-suggestion itself, will have a deeper content

for those familiar with the Hindu doctrine of the *Ātman* and states of consciousness than for the ordinary English reader. He concludes this part of his criticism as follows: "Sufficient has now been said to give the reader some slight indication of the problems and puzzles that await solution in this strange world of religious practice and experience contained in the *Tantras*." As the limits of this article do not allow me to make the observations which the liberal and interesting criticism from which these extracts have been made, suggest, I pass at once to my present subject matter—namely, the nature of the *Tantra*.

The following exposition is given from the orthodox *Tantrik* standpoint.

Time is parcelled out into divisions, both minute and great, from the *lava*, or moment taken in piercing a lotus leaf with a needle, to the *yuga*, or age, of which there are four, and the *kalpa*, or day of *Brahmā* (the creative aspect of the Trinity), consisting of 4,320,000,000 human years, during which the universe exists, followed by a night of equal duration known as *pralaya*, or dissolution, when all things are withdrawn into That from which they issued at the dawn of creation. The *Prapanchasāra*, a celebrated *Tantrik* work attributed to *Sangkaracharyya*, describes, with Indian magnificence, the whole life of *Brahmā*, with its 36,000 days and nights, each of 8,640,000,000 years' duration, as being but one outgoing breath (*nishvāsa*) of *Kāla*, or Great Time Himself.

There are four ages—namely, the *Satya*, or golden age, when all righteousness and attendant happiness existed; the *Treta*, in which righteousness decreased by one-fourth; the *Dvāpara*, in which it decreased by one-half; and the fourth or present *Kaliyuga*, the most evil of the ages, in which righteousness exists to the extent of one-fourth only. The passage of time thus degenerates all things, and the men of the present age are physically and spiritually inferior to those of the past. This degeneracy will increase until at the close of this last age the *Kalki avatāra* of *Vishnu*, "the rider on the white horse" will destroy iniquity and restore the rule of righteousness. Each of these ages has its appropriate *Shāstra*, or scripture, which is designed to meet the special requirements of the men who live in them.

There are, therefore, four scriptures which are considered as a fourfold presentment to the human race of a single divine revelation. These are the *Vedas*, the *Smriti*, the *Purānas* and the *Tantras*. The first three were introduced to meet the respective needs of the three preceding ages, whilst the *Tantra*

is the peculiar scripture of the fourth or present age. Kulluka Bhatta, the celebrated commentator on Manu, speaks of a twofold Shruti, or revelation—namely, that of the Veda, the out-breathing of Brahmâ, with its accompanying scripture, called Smriti, dealing with Vaidik ceremonies, household rites, and rules of law ; and, secondly, that of the Tantra, which is the outbreathing of Shiva. The Purânas, which are of a mixed character, conveyed by myth and story, and in an exoteric manner, the doctrines of the Vedas to the declining intelligence and spirituality of the men of the third age. Thus in the great scripture of the worshippers of Vishnu, the Shrimadbhâgavata, which in the ninth division speaks of the Tantra as a Vedânga, or limb of the Vedas, the Lord says : “ My worship is of three kinds—Vaidik, Tantrik and mixed (mishra) ” ; and in the fifth chapter of the eleventh division of the same work it is said that Keshava (Vishnu) assumes different forms in the different ages and should be worshipped in different ways, and that in the Kaliyuga He is to be worshipped according to the injunctions of Tantra. The latter therefore denotes that body of religious scripture which is stated to have been revealed by that aspect of the Trinity called Shiva as the specific scripture of the fourth or present Kaliyuga (age), for the moral needs and weaknesses of which it is peculiarly framed. This is the definition of the Tantra according to the Shâstra itself. As such scripture of the Kali age the Tantra claims to govern all orthodox communities of worshippers and rejects the notion that it is to be regarded merely as the petty Shâstra of any religious sect only. According to the Tantras, there are three regions, called Vishnukrântâ, Rathakrântâ and Ashvakrântâ (sometimes called Gajakrântâ) respectively, to which different Tantras are assigned. According to the Shâktamangala Tantra, Vishnukrântâ extends from the Vindhya Mountains to Chatala (Chittagong), thus including Bengal ; the Rathakrântâ from the same place to Mahâchina (Tibet), including Nepal ; and Ashvakrântâ from the same Mountains to the “ Great Ocean,” apparently including Benares and the rest of India. The Mahâsiddhasâra Tantra agrees with this as to Vishnukrântâ and Rathakrântâ, but makes the Ashvakrântâ extend from the Karaloya river (in the Dinajpur district) to Java.

The Tantras are also known as Agamas, a term which is applied both to what are called Shaiva Tantras, or Scriptures dealing with the worship of the One in His aspect as Shiva, and to Shâkta Tantras, in which the same great Unity is worshipped in Her beauteous and transcendent aspect as the Mother of Shiva



Himself and of the whole universe. Amongst all devotional forms many will find nothing more beautiful than that of the worship of the Great Mother. Some adore the Father. But the Mother and Father do not quarrel over that, however their children may. The Tantra provides for their worship in all their aspects ; so we find not only the worship of Shiva but of Vishnu and other Devatās. Thus the Gandharva, Râdhâ, Gautama, and Brihadrudrayâmala deal exclusively with the worship of Vishnu, and portions of the Rudrayâmala and Prapanchasâra are devoted to an exposition of the ritual of the same cult. No one, however, has realized better than the Eastern Aryan that all worship leads to the same goal. It is said of the Devî, or Goddess, " Many are the paths, which vary according to the Shâstras, but all leading to fruition (*siddhi*) merge in Thee alone, as all rivers merge and are lost in the sea." If sectarians on the lower level which the Tantras call that of the *Pashu* (animal) think that the particular aspect of the Deity which they worship is the only one, the Shâstra says that those who have risen beyond it know that each and all forms are but parts or aspects of the one Mother-Power, or Shakti, whose wealth of Manifestation (*vibhûti*) is unimagined. It is said in Tantra that without a knowledge of Shakti, liberation (*mukti*) is not attainable.

The Tantras, or revelation of Shiva, are generally cast in the form of dialogues between the latter and his spouse, or Shakti, in their forms as Shiva and Pârvatî, or Bhairava and Bhairavî. But it may be otherwise. Thus in the Sammohana Tantra, which is known as the *Îshvarakârtikeyasamvâda*, the dialogue is between Shiva and his son Kârtikeya. The celebrated Prapanchasâra is written in the form of an answer of Nârâyana (here the Supreme Vishnu or Mahâvishnu) to a question of Brahmâ. Shiva is called Adinâtha, or the first Guru or Preceptor. But He and the Devî, or Goddess, are one. She is therefore also Guru. When He assumes the rôle of teacher and the Mother in play becomes His disciple, the Tantra is then technically called an Âgama. When the Mother Herself teaches Her son the Tantra is a Nigama.

The subject-matter of such teaching has been described to be : the Supreme Spirit, the creation and destruction of the universe, the origin and worship of the Devas, classification of beings, the heavenly bodies, description of the worlds and hells, of man and woman, and of the centres (*chakra*) of the human body, the law and duty of the different ages and of the stages of life in the individual called *âshrama*, the sacraments (*sangskâra*), all forms of ritual and spiritual training (*sâdhana*) and worship, whether

external or mental, such as consecration of images, *mantra*, ritual and hathayoga gestures (*mudrâ*) and diagrams (*yantra*), and all ceremonial rites, such as consecration of houses, tanks, and so forth—the description of places of pilgrimage, meditation, yoga, magic, the duties of Kings, law, custom, medicine, art, science, and philosophy generally. Thus we find in the Mahânirvâna Tantra chapters on the duties of Kings, the administration of the criminal law, and the rules relating to inheritance and the sale of goods. The Gaurikanjalikâ deals with medicine only, and a short Tantra—the Kumâra—the MS. of which a friend has recently brought to my notice, is reported to me to treat of the diseases of infants. I also understand that the Indian author of a well-known work on Hindu chemistry is largely indebted for his material to the Tantra; and Hindu medicine is perhaps as much to be found in the Tantra as in the Ayurveda. It was the Tantriks who are said to have been the first to include metals in the pharmacopœia, such as the ashes of mercury. The Shâstra deals also with such linguistic matters as the classification of letters into cerebrals, gutturals, and so forth, and the sources of various forms of lettered sound. In this connection it is curious to note here, upon the information of a friend, that the Bengali Grammar published by the Serampore missionaries in the early years of the nineteenth century adopted the fourfold classification of the states of sound—Parâ, Pashyantî, Madhyamâ and Vaikharî—found in the Tantras. The Tantras, in fact, were (for they exist only in fragment) encyclopædias of the knowledge of their time. As Professor B. K. Sirkar has well put it, the encyclopædias of India, known under diverse names, such as Sanghitâs, Purânas and Tantras, are really generic terms under which the *whole culture* of certain epochs in Indian history found expression and currency. He adds that, while it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to assign to such storehouses of information respecting the national life the names of any particular authors and compilers, and the question of their dates may never be solved satisfactorily, they furnish undeniable, though sometimes conflicting, accounts of the manners and customs, rites and ceremonies, sects, sentiments and traditions which prevailed among the Hindus for epochs extending over hundreds of years. In fact, mediæval and modern orthodox Hinduism cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Tantra. It is well to bear this encyclopædic character of the Tantra in mind, as there are some who, having heard only of its ill fame, assume that it is so full of wickedness in all its parts that any study of the Shâstra is reprehensible. It would

seem even that to some the mouth is soiled when it utters the word "Tantra." A knowledge of the scripture will dispel this mistake, together with a number of vague and unfounded terrors, though there are others which are not so. There is, on the contrary, that in the Shâstra which is of interest, value and use. At the same time, from such knowledge, I am well aware that there are *some* matters dealt with in *some* portions of the scripture, applicable to a *particular class* of worshippers which are of such a character that those who are not sure of themselves and their competency to deal with this subject with safety to others may well be counselled to let it alone. Tantrik teaching is in full conformity with such advice. It does not regard that to which I refer as the subject of mere idle speculation or controversy, but as matters for the qualified teachers (*gurus*) only, and some grades of their initiate disciples. I do not myself propose to discuss this subject beyond pointing out in a future article one or two matters which will remove misunderstanding, to some extent. No one will be the worse for such removal, and even disapprobation will gain force if accompanied by a more accurate knowledge of that which is disapproved. The same counsel may properly be given as regards some other practices which are disapproved.

# ON THE SHINGLE: A DREAM

By H. ATKINSON

WE were strolling along the sea front talking and laughing over the many trivial incidents that occur on a seaside holiday, and passing the evening away in a light and airy criticism of our fellow-creatures—the usual thing when one meets new people—somewhat destructively yet not unkindly.

It had been a dull day, with some rain, and now the clouds had closed in. Beyond the line of lights that terminated with the promenade the darkness was intense. But at Joan's suggestion we continued our walk beyond the sea-wall and on to the beach where the hillocks of shingle had been piled up by high tides and violent seas. She said it was "venturesome" to be out on the edge of the ocean on such a dark night, besides which, one obtained a view of the town quite new and picturesque, with the irregular multitude of shining lights dotted against the vague and formless background.

For some minutes our conversation was interrupted as we scrambled and tumbled over the loose shingle. Joan and Alfred walked round one large hillock, but I crawled up it boldly, sending the loose stones rattling down behind me as I climbed, slipping and stumbling, to the top.

On the summit I stood for a moment to look around me and to find where the others had gone.

As I stepped forward to pass down the opposite side the stones dropped away suddenly. I made a false step, my feet slipped from under me and I went falling down the slope, the loose shingle rolling down on me by the ton, so it seemed, burying me deep beneath it.

I could not move or cry out; the heavy shingle held me as in a vice, and slowly I seemed to lose consciousness.

When I came to myself I was sitting before a table, holding a mirror in front of me, into which I gazed steadfastly.

Instead of seeing my own reflection I looked into a large, lofty room, beautifully decorated with rich simplicity.

Here and there were tables on which lay fabrics and materials, small pieces of mechanism and strange-looking instruments.

At one of the tables an extremely beautiful girl was at work,

deftly manipulating some silken stuff that flashed and shone beneath her skilful fingers.

Another girl, equally beautiful but of a quite different type, passed from one table to another at one end of the room, arranging, matching and blending pieces of glistening diaphanous fabrics.

At the other end a young man was working some sort of machine, a lathe or something, busily manufacturing a small mechanism from the little pile of materials, screws and what not, that were situated by him. Occasionally he stopped and turned to the table behind him in order to fit the pieces of his work together.

For some time I watched all this with the greatest interest, it was so beautiful and novel. Sometimes the man and the women looked at each other and smiled, but no word passed between them.

"I wonder what they are doing!" I thought as I watched them working steadily.

At that moment the man glanced at me, smiling, it seemed to me, in a very friendly way.

I looked round the room again.

"What a beautiful room!" I thought again.

The girl at the table looked up.

"Yes, isn't it?" she seemed to reply, and went on with her work.

I was intensely puzzled, for it seemed as though she had answered my thought, and yet she had not spoken—she had replied only.

"And what very beautiful girls!" I thought.

They both looked at me and laughed, the one immediately opposite blushing a little.

I felt rather ashamed of myself, but I did not understand why they laughed, for I had not spoken.

"They could not possibly know what I thought, yet they acted as though they did," I thought.

"Why, of course we know," replied the girl opposite, looking up again with a smile.

"How remarkably odd!" I thought again. "She certainly seemed to be answering me, but she did not speak."

She laughed again and replied, still unspeaking, "Why odd? You shouldn't think about me if you don't want me to know your thoughts."

"Then—then you really are answering my thoughts with yours?" I thought, directing my thought to her this time.

"Certainly! Unless you would have me remain silent, and that would be discourteous of me."

"No, oh, no!" I thought—it began to come easily to me, "but I am not used to speaking—I should say, communicating—with any one in this manner."

"Why, are you a stranger here?"

"Yes," I answered, somewhat hesitatingly, "I am afraid I am." I did not know what else to say.

This was a most curious experience and I had to keep a watch on myself and, as it were, think before I thought. Indeed, there seemed to be an inner thought, a sort of inner consciousness that controlled one's actual thinking.

I hardly knew what to do or think next.

"May I look at your work?" I thought as I approached the table.

"With pleasure!" she thought, and handed me one of her materials.

It was a peculiar fabric intricately woven of differently shaded silken threads that shimmered and shone in my hand like a living waft of vivid sunshine, its refulgent meshes sparkling with protean iridescent flashes like an imprisoned aurora.

"How exquisitely beautiful!" I exclaimed aloud. She put her hands to her ears and made an involuntary grimace, while her eyes twinkled.

"Pray excuse me," I thought.

"Oh, it is nothing," she replied, "but your voice sounded so harsh, if you will pardon my saying so."

"Of course," I thought, "but I didn't think——"

She laughed a silvery little laugh as I handed the work back to her.

"And does your friend do this kind of work?" I asked.

"Oh, no! She designs patterns for weaving and building and fine art work."

"What is this for?" I thought, indicating the silk I had just been examining.

"To wear. But this particular piece is special."

"I see . . . and are there many people doing this kind of work?"

"Not many. This is rather special, as I just mentioned. No one can do this so well as I."

Her simple pride was quite enchanting. There was no suggestion whatever of superiority in her remark, but just gladness at being able to produce a beautiful thing.

I turned to watch the other girl, and as I did so was attracted by the far corner of the room. It was in deep darkness—ceiling, walls and floor being lined or painted with some substance that absorbed every ray of light. In the middle, somewhat high, a winged Eros of carved Parian marble stood out with startling relief against the sombre background. The arms were extended and the hands held a wreath of laurel as though about to place it on the head of some one.

For a few moments I stood looking up at the figure in silence.

"May I ask if this has any significance beyond its own beauty?" I thought to Annette.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Wonderfully! But what does it signify? What meaning is attached to it?"

"Why, you recognise the Parnassian Eros, surely! The Utilitarian Art Prize!"

"Well, you know, I am quite a stranger and am unacquainted with the—with the prizes here. Is it—is it important?"

"But you must know that the Eros is the premier trophy of the world!"

"Ah, yes, of course! . . . I have fallen into very talented company," I thought, in order to change the subject. "It is pleasant to earn your living at such work."

"Earn my living?"

"Yes. . . . That is—well, I suppose you are paid for this."

"Paid?"

"I beg your pardon!" I thought as I realized my error. "This is your hobby, of course."

"I am afraid I do not understand you."

I was rather nonplussed and endeavoured to make the thing clear.

"You must live, mustn't you?"

"Yes, of course; one may put it that way."

"Very well. In order to live you must have food and clothing and housing."

"Certainly!"

"So you must be paid for your work unless you have a private income. That is obvious."

She still looked puzzled.

After a meditative pause she looked over to the young man and evidently thought something to him, for he put down his work and came over to us.

"I don't quite understand our friend," she thought, as he

approached, and this time she included me in her thought so that I understood her.

"What is it?" he thought, looking from one to the other.  
"Can I help?"

"Will you explain?" she thought to me.

"I don't quite know——" I thought hesitatingly.

"Framilon, what is 'paid' and 'private income' and 'earn your living'?"

He, also, looked puzzled.

"We pay visits, of course," she remarked, "and honours are bestowed on us which we are sometimes said to have earned. But to pay work or earn living . . . I am living already, surely!"

"Why, of course," thought Framilon, looking at me curiously, "I know! They are expressions used by the ancients before the Great Collapse."

"Ancients!" I thought.

"Well, you must be aware of that since the expressions are yours. I have just been reading about the strange customs of our remote ancestors, and it is very odd that you should make use of some of the phrases they used."

I felt very awkward. I had stumbled upon strange company, and undoubtedly they were talented and their manners were delightful—and this curious method of communicating their thoughts—— I did not know what to think.

"But you also are a student, perhaps, and these expressions—— Or—possibly——" He hesitated a little in his thoughts. "I know that experiments are being made in the physical laboratory—the elimination of time——" and he looked at me again in that curious way.

"Perhaps," I thought to him with a little smile. I didn't know what else to say.

"But may I ask what you are making?"

He concealed the intense interest which he evidently felt and took me over and showed me his work.

"Please excuse me a few moments," I thought to Annette before leaving her.

"But come back again and explain," she thought. "I can see that Framilon is very interested in you, and that will interest me, also."

I promised to do so.

Framilon handed me a small instrument which I examined with a feeling of utter blankness. I hadn't the faintest idea what it was. He saw or felt this, and immediately began to explain.



"It is a thought recorder. I have been working on it for some time, and I think it is perfect now. You see, it is difficult to record the finer degrees of thought in a manner that may be reproduced accurately. The intensity of the thought vibrations varies greatly, the result being that there was a tendency to rupture my former machine when the thin recording diaphragm for fine thinking was inserted. With the present machine I use two diaphragms, and when the thought intensity reaches a certain point this tumbler throws the vibrations on to the coarse diaphragm, while a diminishing intensity allows the tumbler to readjust itself."

"I see."

"The only drawback is that in reproducing the thoughts the two diaphragms must be placed in exact register, but there is little difficulty about that."

"I suppose not. But would it not be possible to get a diaphragm suitable for all intensities?" I was affecting to understand him, though my question sounded feeble.

"It is possible but very difficult. There is always a tendency to dull the finer effects unless one uses a thin diaphragm, and in that case there is the risk of splitting, as I have said. It is safer to use two diaphragms until I can obtain different material for them."

"All this is very strange to me," I thought.

"Yes, it will be, I expect. And I should like—— That is—— Perhaps we may hope for the honour of your company for the present. There are many things——"

"The honour is mine," I thought to him, "I shall be delighted." I happened to glance through the window. "Your city——?"

"Ah, yes! You will be interested, I think, if—— We are very proud of our city," was his unspoken comment.

The conversation was somewhat broken, as neither wished to say more about the peculiar circumstances of my presence until we could sit at ease and talk about things, yet there was a constant suggestion of the strangeness of my position.

He drew back the curtain to its fullest extent.

I stepped to the window and looked out upon the most wonderful city in all the world. Towers, palaces, monuments, gardens, parks, lakes, in orderly confusion met my gaze.

In the background, green-wooded hills with mountains in the remote distance, and on the left the sea or a great lake with vessels sailing upon it and strange winged things skimming its surface.

Overhead, without interfering with the view or the beauty, ran a network of silver wires.

Great palaces set in gardens and lakes. Towers reaching gracefully to the skies. White and pink and gold. Steeples and minarets, golden-crowned, flashed in the sunlight. . . . And a noble river—studded with a thousand green islands like precious jewels set in the silvern waters—flowed to the blue sea.

“But where do the people live?” I thought, almost unconsciously.

“These are our homes.”

“Yes—but the ordinary people—the working people?”

“I don’t quite understand. We are the people: we all work!”

“Oh!” I thought, and looked again.

“Would you like to visit some of our homes or public places?”

“With the greatest of pleasure!”

“Come, then! Rhea, will you come also?”

“Of course! It will be a joy to me.”

While Annette, Rhea and Framilon changed to their walking costume I stood by the window to look again on the beautiful city and to conceal my impatience whilst waiting.

“Why, here he is! I say, Jimmy, where on earth did you get to? We looked everywhere and have been worried about you frightfully, and now we find you in your own room.”

The shock of Alfred’s voice sounded stunningly in my ears.

“Confound!” I thought angrily.

My companions, who were just ready to accompany me, looked at me in a most startled and astonished manner.

“Does anything distress you?” thought Rhea anxiously.

“Pray excuse me, I—I hardly know—”

“I say, Jimmy, say something instead of staring into that stupid glass. Are you struck—or what? How on earth did you get here?”

“I’m busy, Alfred. Please leave me, there’s a good fellow. I’ll explain later on.”

My friends put their hands to their ears and looked at me in wonderment. Framilon gently laid his hand upon my arm as though to hold me.

“But, Jimmy, we have sent a search party out on the beach and I must go and tell them you are all right. I shall look an awful fool unless I have a proper story to tell them. And you are only looking into that silly old glass.”

"A thousand pardons! Pray excuse me for a moment!" I thought.

They bowed, their good manners preventing them from making any inquiry into the cause of my strange confusion, though they all looked distressed.

I turned to Alfred and said, hurriedly, "For God's sake, Alfred, go away! I'll explain everything presently and will satisfy everybody. I'm very much engaged. Please, Alfred, don't press me further just now. I cannot possibly say anything more for the moment."

"Well, you are a funny chap," he began, as I turned to the mirror again.

To my intense chagrin I saw only the reflection of my face! I peered into every corner of the glass, over the reflection of my shoulders, but I could see only my own room, with Alfred standing by the door looking very puzzled and undecided.

I shook the glass impatiently, and involuntarily looked round the back of it—as I have seen monkeys do.

At last I threw it down in despair.

"Damn you, Alfred!" I exclaimed angrily.

Which shows how unworthy I was to look into that wonderful world, for Alfred is an excellent fellow and my very good friend.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### REINCARNATION AND THE PERSONALITY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Permit me a brief reply to "Omnia Vincit Amor." For about twenty years my memory carries me back to these queries. They have been answered so many times in so many different ways that the conviction remains that "Omnia Vincit Amor" will *always* "fail to find any reply to his objections." The Truth of Reincarnation never will conform to the demands of the personality—with its personal desires, personal "heavens," and personal aspirations. It is of the Impersonal.

In a previous letter there is the reference to the "planes" which renders the present query superfluous. But one wonders what the querist means by "planes." He seems to regard the matter as though he were considering the transit from (let us say) the underground or "tube" railways to the street above. When one is in one of these, the person cannot be in the other. He—not I—denies the fact of "evolution on all planes" of Being; and is, thus, not only illogical but perverse of the Truth.

The reason of my desire to reply to him, however, rests in the repudiation of the implied insult in the statement—"To those who have never experienced Love it may be immaterial." In omitting the completion of my sentence he (I must conclude) *wilfully* perverts my meaning, and misjudges the whole subject.

Will "Omnia Vincit Amor" contend that it is more important that he shall enjoy his petty personal "heaven" in the gratification of his own desires with "his loved ones" than that the mighty Will of the Artificer of the Universe shall pursue and accomplish its mighty and beneficent purpose in regard to the *Whole*? Against such a proposition we have the words of the Greatest Teacher Who ever trod this poor, wandering world in His Love and Sympathy.

Perhaps the reply to "Floyd B. Wilson" may admit of an application to himself, who makes it. "W. H. Edwards" and his pretty little theory is a nice little scheme which admits of escape from the responsibility resting on those who have rendered Nature abortive in "still-birth."

Finally (as I may not intrude unduly on your courtesy), may I

quote from the writing of one whose notions of Love do not admit of the restrictions placed upon it by "Omnia Vincit Amor":—

"It is a sad Truth that the love of friends and associates often binds them and ourselves. A true Lover of Humanity says to the Beloved: 'The Soul is free, Be *free*, Beloved! Wait upon the inner impulse; follow it alone. If thou *art* mine, I cannot lose thee. Spiritual gravitation makes for us. If not mine, I relinquish thee to thine own Ray. Even so, thou art mine, as all are myself and Thee in the One.

"Rich rewards, revelations unguessed, await him who loves thus. It is the only right Love."

And again—

"All our small personal affections are simply the straying tendrils of this one great Root, and ought to draw us inward to it."

"Then again, come the sufferers through Love, the hearts that cling to the personal sweetness, the strong human ties, the thousand endearing tendencies, often cemented by a long, though unknown past." Death, separation or life, sweeps between—and we cry out.

But—our Love is never lost. All the Universe makes for Love—that Love is Harmony, is Justice, not one vibration is ever lost. Our personal mind translates its meaning in many perverse ways. We take it to mean all kinds of personal desire or hope.

It is really the Higher Self—the great Ideal One, that we love. The man or woman—Its faint reflection—is there to lead us to this blessed Truth.

It lives in every heart; it gilds and glorifies every atom; it "stands at the door and knocks"; it is Life, it is Light, it is Peace; for it is Eros—the One Ray—it is *Universal Divine Love*.

And he who is come to his own again,  
Though he speak no word and sing no song,  
Himself is a Voice to the hearts of men;  
For the silent Seer, the swift, the strong,  
Has touched the radiant vesture spun  
By the starry Gods for the Only One.

I repeat—"It matters tremendously whether we oppose Nature's purpose. It matters very little—*comparatively*—whether we recognize some particular *personality* in after lives or not."

I am,

Yours faithfully (with thanks in advance),  
"A."

## THE EVILS OF HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I would like to express my deep appreciation of your correspondent "A's" letter pointing out the dire evil of hypnotic suggestion (when used for selfish ends), a form of which is being widely taught as a justifiable method of attaining power, success, wealth,

etc., etc. I venture to quote the following lines from "A's" letter :—  
 " 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." Those who advertise to impart and sell a knowledge of how to cultivate magnetic or hypnotic power do, at least, frankly admit that the power is meant to influence *others* to give or obtain for the *operator* whatever he or she may wish for. A still graver because more subtle evil is, we believe, hidden or cloaked under the inoffensive name of "Mental Science"; the many advocates of this method of thought, strangely enough, include many highly cultured people, who yet fail to realize the dishonesty and non-morality of a system of thought which teaches deliberate concentration of will power to attain self-advancement. This system, when stripped of its fine words, simply amounts to a subtle form of extortion from others, through mental hypnotic suggestion, and in plain language is nothing but black magic. Those who quite innocently adopt this line of so-called "higher thought" (?) necessarily lose the finer spiritual intuitions of Conscience, and the honest self-respect which even among the most poor and humble is the hall-mark of true nobility of character, and make such incapable of deliberately preying upon others, be they rich or poor. Those with only a slight knowledge of Occultism know that to use spiritual powers for selfish ends is most dangerous, and may result in falling sooner or later under the control of terrible elemental soulless beings which the innocent and ignorant operator unknowingly evokes and controls for a time through will power to work his ends, until he or she falls a victim to the blind forces evoked. How different is the white magic of prayer, which calls angelic beings to the aid of suffering humanity, and who bring to those who ask spiritual strength and purity of heart and purpose. In the name of mercy and compassion the writer appeals to able writers with a knowledge of occult forces, to widely warn innocent people from adopting systems of thought, the subtle soul-destroying evils of which they are quite ignorant of, and which must recoil on their own heads with even greater harm than on their unconscious victims. Well has the Christ warned blind, erring humanity: "For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his own soul?"

Yours truly,  
 "F."

#### WILLIAM T. STEAD AND HIS PROMISE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The appointed year having passed, I take up my pen to tell the world in what manner our dear friend William T. Stead returned to us. In the summer of 1911 he sent us his signed portrait,

and asked my husband to read over the proofs of a new edition of *Letters from Julia*. It was on a hot summer night, whilst sitting in our Surrey garden, that I received the message from the other side warning me that Mr. Stead would not be long with us. But I saw him again three times since then. My husband, over sixteen years ago, had come "up against him" politically and in the journalistic world. Both "pens" had vigorously "slated" one another, yet when they met again years after, the cordial sincere relations were means of a closer understanding. Many a private sorrow had I confided in years gone by to his kind ears. I think—nay, I know—William Stead trusted me and knew me; he knew that any public conflict in which I entered, even seemingly against law and state, would be for the principle, not for any meaner motive. I was going through a time of peace, yet of trial and trouble, when, in May, 1912, he returned. I saw his splendid head, face and shoulders, somewhat larger than life, and his words were: "It is nothing. Prison is freedom." Then he put his finger on his mouth in token of silence, his departure leaving me with a feeling of indescribable security and peace. He returned three times on different occasions and *always* left enjoining silence, but impressed upon me that *his work* should be part of my life. But I was to be silent as to his coming for a time.

In December, whilst moving into Dickens Cottage, I picked up a paper—an appeal against White Slavery. I had worked on the private commission in America and had cause to know much of this terrible blot on civilization. From that moment an unseen power brought me into contact with many people—men and women of all nations, and correspondents all over the world. The White Rose League was founded, and gathered in members, theatres threw open their doors, asking for addresses, I was offered a church in which to speak, and wherever I went I knew it was the express wish of William Stead. All he had fought for should never be forgotten nor ignored. He came to me again and as he smiled and passed on he took away my pledge of silence. Since then over a year has passed. Often I catch myself waiting for his inspiration, often my husband and I speak of him.

A well-known editor smiled the other day as he said to me: "You too, then, are a rainbow-chaser, like Stead!"

Yes! but the rainbow is the symbol of an eternal, divine presence, the emblem of immortal hope, the sign of sublime courage. All these things W. T. Stead possessed, that true knight of fallen womanhood and oppressed mankind.

FLORA AMES.

#### THEOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—An interesting point has been raised in the December number of the OCCULT REVIEW with regard to Theosophy and Practical

Reform. "Could not Theosophists *act* Brotherhood a little more, and *talk* of it a little less?" is a question often asked me in the course of my work as an active member of the Theosophical Society. Yet this question, like many other "fault-finding" ones, rests on a fundamental misapprehension of the *raison d'être* of the Theosophical Society. Surely by now every educated man and woman ought to know that of the three objects of the Theosophical Society the First—the only one which is binding on all its members—is "to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour"; in other words, it is a society, or community, which admits to its ranks, nay, welcomes as its members, all men and women who believe in this ideal and strive to realize it in their daily life. Does it not logically follow that every member of the Theosophical Society must be left free to interpret this ideal in the way that seems best to him? How can one lay down a rule of conduct that will apply equally to the Hindu, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Parsee? Are the ideals of social reform in the East what they are in the West? Can one apply a fixed rule even to the members of one religion? In our own Christian commonwealth are there not totally different methods of social reform adopted by the various churches and sects composing it? Yet we want to see a society international in its membership, world-wide in its aims, definitely identify itself with one form or another of social work, under penalty of being called unbrotherly if it does not!

All earnest Theosophists, whatever their country or religion, are found as active workers in all the humanitarian movements of the day; nevertheless the rôle of the Theosophical Society is not to initiate social reforms, but so to inspire its members with the ideal of universal brotherhood that they will joyfully help any movement that seems to promise the realization of this ideal.

Truly is it difficult to please all the world and his wife! On the one hand, the Theosophical Society is severely taken to task for having such subsidiary activities as a "Healers' League," a "Humane Research League," a "Poor Children's Clothing Guild," etc., etc., these being, according to the professional grumbler, altogether outside objects, which have nothing to do with Theosophy pure and simple. . . . On the other hand, we are reproached with never really *doing* anything in the name of that Brotherhood we are never tired of preaching!

Happily we are used to adverse criticism, having thrived on it since the earliest days of our existence as a society; and so we shall quietly pursue our path, heeding neither praise nor blame, striving to do the work that lies nearest. . . . For is not this truest wisdom, whether Theosophical or otherwise?

Yours faithfully,

JEAN DELAIRE.



## MME BLAVATSKY AND REINCARNATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me the privilege of replying to the letter of “*Omnia Vincit Amor*” in your last issue. When this question of the apparent contradiction of the teaching in *Isis Unveiled* and in *The Key to Theosophy* was personally brought to her notice in 1889, Madame Blavatsky gave me the following explicit information, which in my opinion fully accords the two view-points. At the time of writing *Isis* she was very inadequately acquainted with the English language, and could not distinguish between the expressions “metempsychosis” and “reincarnation,” believing that the terms were used indiscriminately to indicate the return of the human soul into any material body, whether that of a fish, bird, or beast, and this she said was “absurd and unphilosophical, doing violence to the law of evolution,” as indeed it is. Through neglect of the context in which the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis is discussed, and the entire overlooking of meaning of the adjunct phrase “doing violence to the law of evolution,” readers of her works have stumbled to the conclusion that at one time she held the Spiritist doctrine of direct ascension through the spheres, and that later she espoused the doctrine of cyclic evolution through reincarnation.

Yet in the earliest of her works we find that she cites cases of reincarnation and successional rebirth in human form. Also on the testimony of Col. Olcott she affirmed the genuineness of the Eddy manifestations, but showed that she had the power to predict or control the various “appearances” or “materializations.”

These facts seem to indicate that while she adhered to the theory of evolution, in connection with reincarnation as the means of such evolution, she also acknowledged the facts of Spiritism so far as psycho-physical phenomena were concerned. The recognition of these facts does not, however, infer adherence to the doctrines of Spiritualism.

However that may be, it is for me a fact as certain as my own existence, that she was in touch with the same source of inspiration from first to last, and that the Mind that shaped her thought in the very latest phases of her brilliant and kaleidoscopic teachings, was the same that had singled her out and named her “Upasika” when she was in her teens. Lastly she affirmed that a new body had been prepared for her—a male one this time—and that she looked forward with impatient joy to the hour when the *avesham* (transference from one body to the other) would be possible.

During the night of May 9, 1891, she appeared to me in her new garb, tall, magnificent, and serenely smiling, and questioned me as to her identity. Whether I passed the test or not need not transpire, the point being that I was fully satisfied that what she affirmed had come to pass—she whom I had known as H.P.B. was and is now a male incarnation. Your correspondent “O. V. A.” can take the

fact or leave it. The last thing Mme Blavatsky gave to this world was a little flower which I received from her dying hand. It was a forget-me-not.

Yours, etc.

SEPHARIAL.

### APOLLONIUS AND JESUS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—As the writer who wrote saying that Apollonius had appeared to him and stated he was literally the Jesus and St. Paul of the Gospels, I take exception to your statement in "Notes of the Month" "that such statements carry their own condemnation on the face of them"—whatever that may mean. It is, however, probably true "that by the vast majority of the readers of this magazine they will be regarded as altogether too puerile for notice," for the simple reason that they are wedded to their own beliefs on the one hand, and have had no such communications from appearing spirits on the other hand. The reference to "constant and continuous self-deception" does not apply to me; but as we paid last year nearly four million pounds for the upkeep of lunatic asylums, no doubt some grounds exist for the reference.

I made the statement on the principle of honour—because a glorified Angel on two occasions made himself visible to me, and on the second occasion, some five years afterwards, held a conversation with me. He asked what I complained of. I replied I was hopelessly disgusted with all I knew about spiritualism. The poverty, pretension and dishonesty of the body of spiritualists I had been brought in contact with, proved to my mind that more harm than good was done by public séances; and the platform platitudes supplied to the speakers on Sundays were in the main culled from such organs as the movement possessed and were not experiences of true mediumship. They destroyed the responsibility of action in this life by always talking about the Summerland, and ignoring the Hells and fiends or evil spirits, which I well knew existed. The answer was: "The unseen Angels of the higher altitudes ever watch the machinations of evil, turning them to ultimate good."

He concluded the conversation by asking me what I wanted. I said, £1,000, as I badly need money. The answer was, "That is very easily arranged," and departed. Within three months I paid into my banking account £1,400, which came in the most unexpected way, and which I am absolutely certain was due to the power of the Angel who came. Under very peculiar circumstances I made the acquaintance of Mr. B. B. Hill, an American gentleman travelling with his adopted daughter and wife. This gentleman, under the trance control of his wife, then very ill and with two doctors attending in a house in Maida Vale, was instructed to go to Peckham and fetch me to her aid. As the result of my attendance Mrs. Hill recovered sufficiently to return home to Philadelphia, and as a souvenir of

the event Mrs. Cadwallader—now editor of *The Progressive Thinker*—gave me a copy of the work they were interested in called *Antiquity Unveiled*. I found on studying this book that it was a remarkable and exhaustive analysis of the claims of Apollonius of Tyana to have been the only existing Jesus and St. Paul of the Gospels, and was backed up by the reputed statements of spirits who had, through the entranced medium, made the most exhaustive explanations as to dates, incidents, names, contexts of various religious systems, symbols, and the origin of religions, as to leave no doubt in the mind of the most ordinary or cultivated person that no single man could have invented the precise scholarly and dignified subject matter contained therein.

The records show conclusively that the parables, Lord's Prayer, Healing of the Sick and the whole philosophy recorded in the Gospels belonged to Apollonius. At the age of thirty-three he departed into India on a visit to King Phraotes of Taxila, who gave him the book, through Tarchus, called the *Mountain of Light*. This book was the teachings and philosophy of the Hindoo God "Christos," who lived 1200 B.C. On his return to the Orient Apollonius translated this book into the present Gospels. At Antioch a sect was formed about 40 A.D. called Christosians, who worshipped the Indian God, Christos, and Diana, the Goddess of the Ephesians, who was supposed to be the Virgin Mother of the God Christos. From this it can easily be deduced whence the word Christian arose. The bitter recrimination between Arius and Athanasius was owing to the charge of plagiarism and adaptation of the works of Apollonius. The birth and incidents of the life of Christ were simply the history of the birth and incidents of the Hindoo God Christos, as was abundantly verified in the Caves of Elephants in Nepaul, where the massacre of the innocents to kill the God was sculptured in stone on a very large scale. The execution of a bandit named Jesus by Pontius Pilate was used to cover the disappearance of Jesus at the age of thirty-three, and his reappearance as Paul and his Epistles are the obvious links in the chain. After Theodosius, the last Roman Emperor over Imperial Rome, had abolished all other philosophies except that of Christos, "the same year the Alexandrian Library, containing 280,000 manuscripts of all the revealed religions of the world, was destroyed. This was followed up by Pope Gregory ordering the destruction of the Library of the Palatine Apollo, containing many thousands of books of religion. The Druids worshipped the God Jesus, or Hesus; and it is easy to see why the name Hesus Christos was selected at the Convention of Nice as the new title. To put a stop to the religious controversy the two Gods were conjoined: Hesus of the Druids, and Christos of India! All the writing of Apollonius and thousands of works referring to him were destroyed, mutilated, forged, and names changed. St. John of the Gospels was Damis, the secretary of Apollonius. In Timothy the name is spelled Demas. As the Oracle of

Vespasian and his Memoirs, compiled by Damis, had come into the possession of the Empress Julia Dumna, wife of Septimus Severus, she ordered them to be written by Philostratus, so that it was not easy to get rid of this evidence.

However, to the thinker, one thing is clear, and the answer is demanded from every authority on Christianity. Why is Jesus of Nazareth the only great religious teacher who left no writings? Why did Apollonius and Jesus never meet nor ever hear anything of each other, nor any of their disciples and followers? All the great Scripture authorities express astonishment that this is the case, but no doubt, for discreet reasons, offer no solution. Why were all the writings of Apollonius destroyed or hidden under other names?

The one great blunder the Roman Catholic Church made was not forging some writings and ascribing them to Christ Jesus the Nazarene. It would have been more effective than the Inquisition. Attempts, however, have been made to rectify this oversight.

To conclude. After a personal examination of all these references, which entailed references to Maeterlinck and Strong, Tom Smith's *Lemprière's*, Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates, Universal* and other biographies, as well as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I have no hesitation in saying no such person as Jesus of Nazareth existed at the time of Apollonius of Tyana. That he couldn't have had Jesus for his last incarnation is obvious! for the simple reason Jesus is officially stated to have been born 4 B.C., and Apollonius at the same time, which effectually settles that question.

As the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW very emphatically deals with the lack of all historical evidence as to the existence of Jesus outside the Gospel in his book *The New God*, as an introduction to a deeper research your readers may well study the question from that standpoint.

In conclusion, this necessarily lengthy explanation ends with this solemn statement. Since then I have had frequent conversations with spirits, who vindicate in every way the conclusions herein stated. Furthermore they state spiritualism is the basis of all philosophy and religions. They add that Modern Spiritualism was for the purpose of making known the secret of the manufacture of the Gospels and freeing the people and spirits already under its ban.

Yours in the cause of Truth,  
W. H. EDWARDS.

[In reply to the letter signed "Perdurabo," Mr. Waite desires to state that he is not acquainted with the book referred to.—ED.]

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A MERE glance at the contents of *The Hibbert Journal* brings a significant intimation respecting the tenor of the time in some matters of religion. The advantages and disadvantages of authority are contrasted in one article ; the value of confessions of faith is discussed in another ; a third debates the question whether there should be a disruption in the Broad Church ; yet another goes straight to its point, with no suggestion of uncertainty, and is entitled " The Failure of the Church of England " ; while the last, though not least, in the series is on " Changing Religion," by our contributor, Mr. J. Arthur Hill. The significance, to our mind, is independent of the answers reached or the conclusions ; but these also illustrate the general flux of opinion amidst so much of zeal and sincerity. Miss M. D. Petre discusses the question of authority from the standpoint of the Catholic Church, by which she appears to understand Latin Christianity alone, and she writes with marked reference to a letter on obedience addressed by St. Ignatius Loyola to the Society of Jesus in Portugal. Whether her conclusions would be endorsed or denounced by the authority to which she defers, is another and more doubtful question. Professor Curtis on the value of Confessions of Faith, gives a Scottish Presbyterian estimate, and we accept his assurance that the problem in Presbyterian Scotland is pressing and vital. The historical value, of course, passes unquestioned ; but it is submitted that Confessions are dishonoured rather than otherwise by their literal acceptance. " Confessions are ill-served by those who read them narrowly." The essential thing is preservation of liberty, combined with Christian consideration both for the timorous and impulsive in the same household of faith. Mr. Blunt considers that the failure of the Anglican Church is patent, and in so far as it is admitted thereby, this is a healthy sign. The way of salvation seems to be in realizing that the Church is a priestly body. The aspiration after reunion must remain aspiration, for all else is premature. The work of the moment, as of all moments, is that of being the Church of Christ and ceasing from compromise with the world. Mr. J. Arthur Hill prefers quite frankly the once-born Darwins and Huxleys to the regenerated mystics who, like Margerate Mary Alacoque, were no good in the kitchen.

Religion itself is allied to inspiration rather than reasoning. This alone sounds the message of change and gives the why of changing. "As to the future of religion, reason can tell us nothing. . . . Religion is a matter of subliminal uprush, and we do not know the laws of its manifestation."

There are other periodicals within the scope of our concern which dwell on a more particular question, also one of religion, and it is useful to contrast two out of several views. The question is that of the historicity of Christ. It is discussed by Dr. Van Marle in certain papers published in recent months in *The Theosophist*. It is known that Theosophy is expecting another Master, and it appears to have accepted the fact that there was once an actual personality called Jesus of Nazareth. Dr. Marle, who seems to draw much of his knowledge from Mr. Mead, does not wish to make people doubt the historic personality, but the writings of the New Testament—those especially of St. John and St. Paul—afford in his opinion no proof of the historicity of Jesus. How the fact of the personality may therefore emerge we do not pretend to gather, but one of the conditions of certitude is to surrender erroneous traditional ideas. The materials for a true biography may be discovered one of these days. It is satisfactory to turn from a lucubration of this kind to a sane and illuminating article by Dr. K. C. Anderson in the December issue of *The Path*. To us at least, it has the saving virtue of a new aspect; it is remarkable further as the work of one who is pre-eminently a Christian, but to whom the non-historicity of Jesus seems very like a cornerstone for his personal spiritual temple. We are concerned with the point of view, for it is impossible here to consider its critical values. The standpoint is, for the writer, the only thing which can explain the New Testament or make contemporary Christian theology coherent and intelligible. Those who cannot see any reality in a story unless it is true historically are compared to some others who ask what a poem proves. The Christ is non-historical in the sense that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is non-historical also. Like Him, He was Divine from the beginning, and it is this Divinity or Godhood which is root, essence and life of Christian religion. The story of the New Testament is parable, is allegory, is symbolism, or, as we should say, is sacramental; it is not, however, a myth, and here the writer scores a point of the first importance, derived from Professor G. P. Fisher, of Yale. For us as for him, the difference between myth and parable is that "there is no consciousness on the part of those from whom the myth emanates that the product of their fancy

and feeling is fictitious," while fable and parable are "the work of conscious invention."

It would look as if the *Journal of the Alchemical Society* were beginning to register the result of a difficulty which must have been expected from the beginning—namely, a scarcity of lecturers on its particular and limited scope of subjects. The last issue is slender as to number of pages, and a very short paper on "Alchemy in China" is followed by book notices, some of which are foreign to the purpose of such a periodical. We had hoped much from the remarks on the Hermetic Art in China, which are by Professor Herbert Chatley, a resident in the country about which he is writing; but we get little further than we were taken years ago by Dr. W. A. Martin, the missionary of Peking, who wrote briefly on the subject in *The China Review* and had been preceded by Dr. Edkin some twenty years previously. Mr. Martin considered that the earliest Chinese alchemy goes back at least to 300 B.C. and that it entered Europe by way of Byzantium and Alexandria, so accounting for the earliest literature now extant in the West. This the *Collection of Greek Alchemists*. Alchemical terminology in China is said to be similar to that which prevailed in Europe during later centuries, and there are further analogies respecting principles and claims. For example: (1) alchemy was an occult science, bound up with astrology and magic; (2) metallic transmutation was allied to an elixir of life; (3) gold-making was the lowest of the secrets; (4) metals were composite in character; (5) the genesis of metals was referred to a seminal principle. We have thought it worth while to mention these matters, which are not in the paper under notice, as it may draw the attention of those who are concerned to a wider aspect of the subject on its historical side.

Though we cannot but suppose that *Bedrock* is scarcely less sealed to the "general reader" or to him who is called in our derision "the man in the street" than would prove an Aramaic text, it is assuredly very interesting at times, or so at least are some of its papers. Professor H. H. Turner's series on the Nebular Hypothesis is a case in point; nor is he hard to follow when pointing out that the explanation of Laplace is only a particular case of a more general hypothesis, because of the variety among stellar systems. Some of these are dominated by two suns and others again by three. Mr. Hugh S. Elliot writes an obituary notice on Vitalism. It is the last contribution to a discussion, and it appears that Vitalism has died at the hands of Mr. Elliot. His opponents may not concur, and we leave it as an open question

whether a scientific murder has been really committed or not. But we cannot help feeling that these expert controversialists have strange methods of dealing one with another, so far as the limits of courtesy are concerned, and as *Bedrock*, from the beginning of its existence, has been full of debates, so also it has been a little lurid from this point of view. The questions at issue may have been obscure for many, but about the epithets no mistake is possible. Professor H. E. Armstrong, in the present issue, seems rather rough in his handling of the "intolerant" and "infallible" Sir Oliver Lodge, who differs from him on the subject of radium—for example, whether it is a substance which belongs to physics or chemistry—and we understand that the President of the British Association has been guilty of "mysticism." At heart, no doubt, all parties in all the opposing camps duly respect one another and are shaking hands continually at recurring places of meeting. It follows that their use of language is purely Pickwickian; but if we may dare to include all these *pontifices maximi* under one charge, it shall be that of committing many errors of momentary enthusiasm. Perhaps in a few years' time, when some things at present undemonstrable shall have reversed all their judgments, they will be inclined to agree—perhaps even earlier. Let it be added that in an article on "Materialism and Telepathy," by the Hermit of Prague, we are told that the recorded experiments of the Society for Psychological Research are almost without value. This notwithstanding, it seems to have produced some *prima facie* case in favour of telepathy, for the existing psychological laboratories are recommended to experiment simultaneously, when the truth will inevitably emerge and be accepted universally. If the result be affirmative, we shall have determined experimentally that the human mind is not a material entity and materialism will receive its death blow.

*The Kalpaka*, which we have described previously in its own words as "a magazine of knowledge," devoted to Indian Mysticism, has an article on the latter subject, in which an attempt is made to set aside some old misconceptions and prejudgments, notably that of Dr. Max Nordau, who regarded mysticism as a form of mental degeneration. For the writer, however, it is rooted in the conception of the universe as a spiritual unity and in the fundamental spiritual affinity of things. In India it has been always recognized as a gateway leading to that Holy of Holies which is the shrine of truth. These points are interesting as preliminaries to a great subject, but they cannot stand alone, as in the present instance they are unfortunately left to do.



## REVIEWS

**LIGHT AND COLOURS.** By W. J. Colville. Cr. 8vo, 143 pp. London : Power Book Co., 329, High Holborn, W.C. Price 3s. 6d.

THAT Mr. Colville can be relied upon to deal in a bright and interesting manner with any subject to which he turns his attention, is a fact well known to readers of this magazine, and the present instance is no exception. His theme in the work above-mentioned is Chromopathy, and the influence of nature's finer forces acting through media designed to isolate the individual colours of the spectrum, in the cure of disease. His views are based on the work of Dr. Edwin Babbage, from whose *Principles of Light and Colour* he quotes freely ; in fact the volume under consideration may be considered as a succinct re-statement of Babbage's theories. The subject of *Colour Cure* is of universal interest, and in most cases the application of the principles to practice offers no great difficulty. Many interesting methods of utilizing the latent power residing in the various colours of the spectrum are given, amongst which may be mentioned the internal and external use of water solarized by exposure to sunlight in hermetically sealed coloured glasses. In dealing with the colours in the aura, an interesting point is raised by our author. Referring to the divergent statements made at times by mediums as to the quality of a particular person's aura, Mr. Colville declares that this is to be explained by the fact that there is an outer and more superficial, and an inner and more permanent aura surrounding the human body. The outer aura is more readily detected by the average psychic, and in this are reflected the transitory feelings and moods aroused by passing circumstances, the deeper, more permanent aura, which indicates the true character of the individual, being temporarily obscured, the passing mood thus being mistaken for the permanent character. An interesting field for personal experiment is opened up by the suggested employment of the Chromopathic colours *mentally*, the patient visualizing himself as surrounded with an auric sphere of the particular colour calculated to bring about the desired result, according to the table of "Influences" given.

We are sorry that space will not permit of our saying more about this interesting little work, but it is hoped that the above remarks may be sufficient to induce those who are interested in Colour Cure, or who desire to become acquainted with the underlying principles of the science, to get the volume for themselves.

H. J. S.

**NATIONAL REORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS.** By A Business Man. London : The Power Book Co., 329, High Holborn, W.C. Price 6s. net.

THERE is nothing of an occult nature about this book. It is just a plain statement of an ordinary business man's views regarding such questions as Education, Home Life, Business, the Credit System, Unemployment and Employers, and similar topics. It is well written in a crisp, clear style, and should be of interest to all who rightly estimate the moral value of social and economic laws.

SCRUTATOR.

**THE SAMHITA.** A Dialogue between Rishi Astāvakra and Rājā Sanaka, being an introduction to the Philosophy of the Vedānta. Translated from the original Samskrita, with an Introduction by Śrī Ananda Āchārya. London: Francis Griffiths. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE Samhita is one of the earliest Vedic scripts, and though perhaps more primitive than the Upanishads, contains the essential and basic principles of Self-realization. In unadorned, simple language it sets forth the difference between Self and the not-self, between Reality and Maya :

"As the mother-of-pearl appears like silver—as the rope assumes the form of the snake, and the sunbeam produces the illusion of water (mirage), so, in me (the Self) arises the reflection of the imaginary universe. . . . The world is but a magic show."

To find the solution of the life enigma the disciple has to look within his own self. There alone can he find a refuge against which the contradictory waves of Maya beat in vain. No longer ensnared by the delusion of opposites he verily becomes the One, self-luminous, eternal in the heavens, unthinkable, self-poised, all containing.

The path to this blissful state is described. It is a razor edge over an abyss and needs careful treading. All forms of Maya, notably desire, must be renounced.

"The desireless man, whether a king or a beggar, shines by his own light; he remains unmoved by good or evil, by the beautiful or the unbeautiful."

He must pass beyond all *relative* states. Knowledge, feeling, and even thought, are as nothing before the illimitable splendour of the Self. He must become indifferent to failure and success. Praise must not please him, nor blame upset him. *He must be balanced in all things.* He must not be influenced by what pleases or displeases; on all occasions he must strive to do what is *right*. He must see the "Lord of lords" in all; he must not see anything else.

The *Samhita* is an important work and should be carefully studied. It is an excellent guide to the path. May it be the means of spreading the Light! Aum.

A portrait of the translator prefaces the volume.

MEREDITH STARR.

**ATLANTIS.** By Gerhardt Hauptmann. Translated by Adele and Thomas Seltzer. Werner Laurie. Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.

THIS remarkable work of fiction by Gerhardt Hauptmann, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, has two main themes, the wreck of a liner in mid-ocean, and the disastrous passion of the man Frederick Von Kam-macher, for a depraved little dancing girl of seventeen. Both these themes are handled with extraordinary power. The book was written before the *Titanic* disaster befell, and this point serves to deepen the impression made by the writer's masterly description of the scenes on board the foundering vessel—every detail adds to the horror of those tragic moments of panic and helplessness, the remorseless Day of Judgment which overwhelms the author in a flood of revolt against the powers of destruction.

"What strikes a man hardest," he writes, "is the absurdity of it, the stupid senselessness of it, the superlative brutality. We know nature's brutality in theory: but to be able to live we must forget it in its real extent, in its gruesome actuality. The most enlightened modern man somehow and somewhere in his soul still believes in something like an all-beneficent God. But such an experience gives that 'somehow' and 'somewhere' an unmerciful drubbing with iron fists. . . . What is the sense of our sentimentalizing over man's dignity, his divine destiny, when such fearful, inane injustice is wrought upon innocent persons and cannot be undone."

The central figure of the story, Frederick, is a man of middle age, whose complex and sensitive character is accounted for by himself by the "Faust" in him. As a psychological study his presentation does not strike the note of lofty aspiration and dignity inseparable from Goethe's creation. He was cast in a lower mould than the immortal doctor, and the "unnecessary instinct for idea rather than practical activity" of which he complains led him a sorry dance in the barren regions of a contemptible infatuation. On closing this book most readers would acknowledge Hauptmann as a writer of genius, but many will miss the evidence of those higher qualities of genius which make for immortality. Chief amongst these, perhaps, is the conviction that man is not merely the sport of circumstance and environment, but a potential master of Fate, and heir to the kingdom of his own fabrication and desire.

P. S. W.

THE LITTLE WICKET GATE. By Algernon Petworth. London: A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price 6s.

At first we really thought we were with "Alice in Wonderland," then we believed we had reached Paradise itself at last, then we came to earth with a crash, realizing that the novel presented for our perusal was but a socialistic *dream*, concealing all or nearly all unpleasant flavour in the same manner as does a sugar-coated pill. Nevertheless the story is a striking one, and sets one thinking along strange lines. This is doubtless what the author aimed at. The adventures of Algernon the other side of that little Wicket Gate were decidedly unique, and should appeal to all lovers of the fairy tale. We are told "there is no reality in love where there is no reciprocity." We are doubtful if there is any real love of the fierce and suffering variety the other side of that wonderful Gate. Yet must we acknowledge that at moments the author reaches the sublime, and the spiritual touch at the end of the story redeems it from ever being commonplace.

In these days of defective and exasperating telephones, the mechanical, labour-saving devices that never appear to get out of order in Algernon's Utopia make one really jealous. Yet the story leaves us dissatisfied with each side of the Little Wicket Gate.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK, By Jethro Bithell. Pp. 200. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.

THIS is a welcome addition to the popular and attractive "Great Writers" series. Mr. Bithell is a keen admirer of Maeterlinck, but not a blind one. He can criticize when necessary, and his criticisms are reasonable and just,

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but he can also give generous praise. His notes on the earlier plays are admirable, and very illuminating, as are also his remarks on the essays contained in *The Treasure of the Humble* and *Wisdom and Destiny*. He traces in very interesting fashion the evolution of the writer's thought, and the great changes that took place in it, largely owing to the influence of the woman who afterwards became Maeterlinck's wife. Of the private life and personality of the author we are also given some interesting glimpses, but it is as an appreciative study of his literary output that the book is chiefly valuable. Indeed, no one should be without it who is interested in this man, who is dramatist, poet, essayist, and mystic all in one—a man of whose influence as a philosopher (to quote Mr. Bithell), "it may be said again of him, as he has said of Goethe, that he has brought us to the shores of the sea of serenity."

E. M. M.

OUT OF THE DEEP. A Psychological Study of Human Love. By Effie de Bathe. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE scene of this pathetic little story is the island of Oahu, near Hawaii. It is the third of a psychic series dealing with certain phases of psychic phenomena. Its object is "to emphasize the persistence of human love beyond what men call death." Two lovers make a compact that the one who dies first must endeavour, if possible, to return to the other so as to prove the existence of a life beyond the grave. They are prevented from marrying by the prospective bridegroom being murdered by his own brother, who thereupon, by a dastardly trick, nearly succeeds in making Lydia, who was to have been his brother's wife, marry him. His schemes, however, are frustrated by Lydia discovering through clairvoyance that Martin had not met his death by an accident, as narrated by Hugh, but that Hugh had murdered him. The story ends dramatically; the lovers are united in death to part no more. There are several fascinating pages in the book. It will appeal to emotional and artistic natures.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE EVOLUTION OF CULTURE. By Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., etc. 1913. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

MR. PROCTOR traces the evolution of culture from the earliest Stone Age down to comparatively recent times. "The man who carved the semblance of a reindeer from one of its antlers was the father of sculpture, the initiator of an art in which the ancients greatly excelled. Here gleamed the first faint streak of dawn, which was to culminate in the glorious sunlight of Egyptian, Grecian and Roman sculpture . . . we can see in the crude efforts of Palæolithic Man the foundation of all our art and science." There is an interesting chapter on the Hebrew alphabet. Mr. Proctor is of the opinion that the arrested growth of Chinese culture is due to the lack of an alphabet. There are also some fascinating chapters dealing with the history and unity of Revelation, and parallel Revelation. Christianity is regarded as the Crowning Revelation. There are many points of interest in Mr. Proctor's book.

MEREDITH STARR.