

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri "

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE conditions of mediæval Europe, except for the very few, involved the stunting of the growth of the individuality. Church and State might quarrel with each other, but on this at least they were agreed—that the life of the individual was not his own to develop. To the downtrodden it was all one whether he was the victim of—

The lie at the lips of the priest
Or the blood on the hands of the king.

The French Revolutionary movement was primarily and in its essence a movement for the freeing of the individual. Rousseau's *Social Contract* began with the words " Man is born free, and yet everywhere he is in chains." This one sentence roused echoes

THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION
AND INDI-
VIDUAL
LIBERTY.

throughout the length and breadth of Europe. It became, in effect, a battle cry. There are many people to-day who have in their minds the idea, probably in a rather nebulous form, that the French Revolution was a Socialistic outbreak. It was nothing of the kind. It was a movement that on principle recognized the rights of property while it proclaimed the free-

dom and emphasized the equality of each individual man. The excesses of the Revolutionists at the time of the Reign of Terror must not blind us to the real aims and objects of this movement. Even Robespierre at the height of his power showed himself in every word and act, in every speech that he addressed to the representatives of the people, the very antithesis of a Socialist.

The ideal of Socialism carried to its logical extreme is, "Every man a slave of the State." The ideal of individualism, whether practical or otherwise, is "Every man his own master." This was the ideal embodied in the Declaration of the Rights of Man which became the charter at once of the new France and of the American Republic. Each individual was theoretically at least to have equality of opportunity and to evolve his individuality unhampered. The American boasted that the poorest boy had a chance of one day becoming president of the United States, just as Napoleon claimed that every common soldier in his army carried a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack.

"Every man a King" is a fine motto for the Kingdom of Man if only it be realized that the throne in each case has to be earned and won by individual effort. The possibilities of life on this hypothesis are limited not by material conditions, but by the capacity of the citizen. Towards some such goal it should be the aim of the statesman to approximate. The tendency of

EVERY MAN
A KING. the struggle in life, however, if unchecked, works consistently and steadily in an opposite direction and tends to perpetuate and increase inequalities

as between man and man. The strongest argument for a democratic government is that its influence is exerted in favour of the many rather than the few, in favour of the man as against the monopolist. In order to justify itself it must show that its action is thus directed. It was, then, this great movement, the most dramatic episode in which was the French Revolution, which taught men the doctrine of their own individual worth, and their own individual power. Till this time mankind had seen their duty in obedience to the powers above them. Now, in antithesis to Duty and Submission, was emblazoned on the People's standard the dazzling legend of the "Rights of Man." Man was to be his own master, and the will of man, individual man, was to be sovereign arbitrator of his destiny. The troubles that arose from this conception are matter of history. But they arose from one cause above all others—man had a new instrument in his hands that had been long dormant, his own free will. He had still to learn how to use it. The French Revolutionary

leaders taught the gospel of the Rights of Man, but they did not teach its necessary corollary, the Rational Education of the Will.

Men who have lived under conditions of servitude do not automatically become citizens of a free state, even when you give them votes. The history of democratic government in its incipient stages provides overwhelming evidence on this point. It is thus well to bear in mind at the present day when we

THE CON-
TROL OF
THE WILL.

hear the value of the strong will so universally and loudly extolled, that although all the talents in the world without will-power may be hopelessly wasted, yet a strong will by itself, unless properly guided and controlled, will merely result in misapplied force and energy directed to unworthy purposes. It is true, as the poet says, if you have will-power sufficient, that "You will be what you *will* to be," but you must choose your goal aright, and it is judgment and not will-power which will enable you to do this. History teems with instances of great men who have been ruined by an unbending, but not therefore indomitable, will. *Frangas non flectes* ("You may break, but you cannot bend") is a motto that has spelled the doom of men and dynasties. "There is a divine law vibrating to man's consciousness through the faculties in his soul," and to oppose this, even with all the forces of the strongest will, is to engage in a hopeless and unequal struggle. Not until we have learnt to unite our wills with our real selves, can we hope to utilize their powers to their full extent. If we employ our will-power like butterflies beating their wings against a pane of glass, we shall waste our efforts and deplete our reserve of will force at the same time. "The attainment of ambition," says Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, in his latest book, *The Man of To-morrow*,* "is not through a struggle against the stream but a flowing onward with the stream down the channel evolution long ago designed to carry us to the home of Desire." Granting these limitations as a premise, it is hardly possible to over-estimate the power which the human will can exert if directed with intensity and continued concentration towards the attainment of a specific object. The man whose character is a congeries of warring elements is unable to utilize his will-power to the fullest or anything like the fullest extent. The rudder of the individuality being pulled now this way and now that, the motive power that directs the course of the vessel paralyses its oarsman, the will. It is this internal struggle, which is going on more

* *The Man of To-morrow*. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

or less within all of us, which deprives the will of free play and leads to that spiritual neurasthenia, that *aboulia*, as the physicians call it, which is so grave an evil of the times. Ever since the apostles' time and before, "the flesh has lusted against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, so that we cannot do the things that we would"; but to-day the stress of competition acting upon temperaments weakened and undermined at their source by the breakdown of the fundamental supports of orthodox beliefs and orthodox morality has proved too severe for many a man who in a more tranquil age would have steered his course without shipwreck through the shoals of life.

For us brought up and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe.

But whereas forces have been at work which have tended towards the disintegration of the will, the demand for self-dependence and self-reliance has become more imperative than ever before. It is daily becoming more difficult to place our spiritual welfare in the hands of the priest in the same way as we place our physical welfare in those of the doctor. No longer able to relieve our consciences by shifting the responsibility on to ecclesiastical shoulders we turn instead to seek, but to seek in vain, for the redeeming virtue of a vicarious sacrifice for sin. For the man of the twentieth century the blood of all the Saviours and of all the Messiahs has been shed without avail, if by this means he would hope to evade the penalties of his misdeeds. Each must answer for himself, each must "dree his own weird."

GROWING
NECESSITY
FOR SELF-
DEPEND-
ENCE.

From David's lips the word did roll;
'Tis true and living yet.
No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.

The fact is, personal responsibility is the corollary to the freedom of the will. If you decide to take charge of your own craft you have no one but yourself to thank if you make shipwreck. It is indeed, as Mr. Floyd Wilson intimates, as if in the new era the human race was coming of age and learning to

put off childish things, and assume its true part in life. Are we sure that we realize our own responsibilities under this new order of things? Do we not most of us fail to see how large a number of the old beliefs have ceased to be applicable, how many of the old symbols have lost their validity? The man who looks to no vicarious sacrifice for his redemption should not kneel before the crucified form of any Saviour, but rather become inspired by contemplation of the Divine example. The morbid Christian who contemplates his crucified Redeemer till perchance he sees in his own body the reflection of the sacred wounds themselves, had far better bethink himself, not of the death, but of the deeds and words of him who said "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Christ never said to his disciples, "I am the crucifixion"; rather he said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the LIFE."

The tendency has been for the large majority to attempt to dovetail in the conceptions of the meaning and aims of life which are part and parcel of the new age with the creeds and philosophies that were accepted by the old, and wherever possible to reinterpret these old creeds in the light of the new outlook upon life. Up to a certain point this is possible and also wise, but we must beware how far we attempt to put the new wine into the old bottles. Life has a larger and a wider meaning for us to-day than it had to our mediæval ancestors. It is better to build a new temple for Truth than to worship at the crumbling shrine of dead divinities. Man is awakening to-day to the recognition of the possibility of realizing his greatest dreams, and to see the possibilities even of this present life, in an entirely new aspect. The powers he possesses in embryo he feels that he may one day develop, and that this future day may not be so far distant as was thought even a decade ago. The fulfilment of his destiny fills him with a pride which need not, if rightly understood, be in the nature of any personal or selfish ambition. To recognize possibilities is the first step towards attaining them. As Mr. Floyd Wilson well says:—

The recognition of this truth is the recognition of the law governing progressive life. If we have learned our lesson right, the glory of striving to gain the end we would is intensified by the thought that we are performing simply our allotted part in the purpose and economy of eternal progress. It is the filling of our conscious minds not with idle, foolish optimism, but with truths concerning the purpose of being.

The man who would aim at becoming a Christ must regard

his high ideal not merely as a spiritual dream but as a matter of practical politics. The true Golden Age will arrive when man has acquired a genius for spiritual versatility, when he has learned to transmute his worn-out thoughts in the alembic of the Universal Consciousness, and has realized within himself the Creative Power of Eternal Youth. To reach this goal he must turn his back on many beliefs which have long been held inseparable from Christianity. He must evolve a type of manhood which is not one-sided or ascetic, but complete in its comprehension of the fullness of the universal gospel of life. He must not merely kill his vices, he must convert his lower powers to higher uses. It has been said that "Christianity gave Eros poison to drink. Eros, however, did not die of it, but merely degenerated into vice."* The heresy of dualism is the heritage of the creeds. The transmutation of evil into good is the secret of the spiritual alchemist. The gardener does not reject the manure, but uses it to build up the bodies of his fairest flowers. The Divine Gardener has no refuse heap. He does not merely make the wilderness blossom as the rose, but at the wave of His magic wand, the foulest slums are transformed into palaces in the garden of the Lord. In the beginning was the Creative Idea. Latent within it, as the oak tree within the acorn, lay the divine consummation by man—himself grown godlike—of his own divine destiny.

Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, to whose recent publication *The Man of To-morrow* I have made several references in these notes, is by profession a corporation lawyer of the city of New York, and in this capacity has been brought in contact with numerous mining and other enterprises of a commercial character. Mr. Wilson's forbears hailed from Ulster, his great-grandfather, William Wilson, being a member of the Scotch community in the North of Ireland, who emigrated to America about the middle of the eighteenth century. Mr. Wilson himself was born at Watervliedt, New York, on June 23, 1845, on his father's farm. His mother was of English parentage, but born in America. Our author was prepared for college at Jonesville Academy, Saratoga, N.Y., and then went West to the University of Michigan, where he graduated with a degree of A.B. in 1871, which was in the ordinary course followed by the degree of Master of Arts three years later. He also attended the Ohio State Law School where he graduated

* Nietzsche.

with the degree of LL.B. in 1873. The subject of this sketch is, as most of my readers will be aware, the author of quite a number of books, all on modern psychological and New Thought lines. Among these may be mentioned *Paths to Power*, published 1901; *Through Silence to Realization*; *Man Limitless*; and *The Discovery of the Soul*. It is, however, to be noted that *The Man of To-morrow* is the only book which our author has written as



FLOYD B. WILSON.

a complete whole with a view to definite publication in book form. He has also been a frequent contributor to magazines and other periodicals, as for instance *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *Godey's*; *The Engineering Magazine*; *The Metaphysical Magazine*, etc., etc. Mr. Wilson is an able lecturer on the subjects to which he has devoted his mind, and his writings prove conclusively that he has travelled far in the realm of occultism. He is, however, as already indicated, by no means a thinker merely. He is a

man of an essentially active and optimistic temperament, and has always many irons in the fire, most of them of a commercial character. He believes in himself as he believes in the future of the human race, with a confidence which cannot be shaken. Mr. Wilson has travelled extensively in many European countries, as well as in Mexico, Central America, and some of the South American republics. His knowledge of Spanish and his acquaintance with Mexican law have stood him in good stead from the professional point of view, and his naturally genial and sociable temperament has brought him many friends. Mr. Wilson is a great believer in the power of producing results by concentration and suggestion, and delights to put such methods to practical tests. He has also made a considerable study of mental and magnetic healing, and Hindu and Eastern philosophy. He is a member of the Masonic order.

A curious and unusual psychic experience in the Isle of Wight has been sent me by one of its witnesses, Miss Ethel C. Hargrove. I am setting this up in the words of the narrator, and prefacing it with a few words of explanation of my own. I understand from Miss Hargrove that Knighton Gorges has the reputation of being haunted, and that the object of her New Year's Eve expedition with her friends was to test the genuineness of these hauntings. Some reference to the stories in connection with this locality appear in a novel (now, I gather, out of print) by Constance McEwen, entitled *The Cavalier's Lady*. It seems that the date of New Year's Eve was chosen as a likely one, but not on account of any specific information that the hauntings specially manifested themselves at this time. Miss Hargrove writes me that she had been to the spot twice before, but had not on either occasion seen anything of so remarkable a character. Once she and her friends heard a noise like clanking chains, and once also saw a great light where the house once stood. Readers may be interested to know that the narrator proposes to make further investigations into the matter. Her story runs as follows:—

About nine o'clock last New Year's Eve my sister and I were sitting over a warm fire, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Let us go to Knighton."

It was a still dark evening. There was nothing particularly tempting in the prospect of a cold and rather dreary walk. Still she persisted.

Most of the villagers had gone to bed. Indeed, it was quite difficult to find any one willing to accompany us. However, about eleven p.m. we started off—a party of five: two men, a woman, my married sister, and myself.

Knighton Gorges lies at the foot of a range of downs stretching from Brading to Newport in the Isle of Wight. The site of the old mansion, which was pulled down over a hundred years ago, lies about a mile west of Newchurch.

It was a fine ivy-covered gabled building till a choleric old gentleman dismantled it stone by stone to cut off the entail. Consequently nothing remains to mark its former existence excepting two quaintly carved gate-posts fitted with a modern gate and a walled-in garden.

In 1723 Sir Tristram Dyllington, last male of his race (being overcome with grief at the death of his wife and children), committed suicide in a neighbouring pond.

Subsequently the house was inhabited by some very cultured people, by name Fitzmaurice. They were fond of society, and frequently entertained David Garrick, his wife, John Wilkes, and other Georgian celebrities.

We walked along narrow lanes to the deserted spot. On our arrival, shortly after eleven-thirty p.m., we all noticed a vivid streak of light marking the site of the old mansion; moreover, certain moving lights similar to those reflected from windows played under the trees.

Suddenly, some seventeen minutes before midnight, we all distinctly heard the most beautiful music, a lady singing soprano, then a duet with tenor or baritone, and part songs to the music of either a spinet or harpsichord. Lastly came some very dainty and refined minuet airs. This continued some time before it became fainter and gradually died away.

At the stroke of twelve the front gate opened and shut twice of itself.

Then came the steady tramp of many footsteps, rumbling noises, the yapping of two dogs, and pistol shots were fired.

The gate opened and shut twice again as though guests were leaving a party. We also noticed a lantern guided by an unseen hand approaching in zig-zag fashion down the field the other side of the road.

A great silence followed, and we left.

I am reproducing, for the benefit of my readers, a photograph taken by the camera of Mr. Sydney T. Klein, in his Egyptian travels, of the Court of Rameses II, in the Temple of Luxor. The author may be seen standing at the foot of the statue in the centre of the photograph. Mr. Klein's very remarkable and fascinating work *Science and the Infinite** has already attracted widespread attention, not only among readers of this magazine, but among all those who are interested in the deeper problems of life and their elucidation. It covers in a simple but marvellously lucid form the whole groundwork on which the philosophy of the occultist is based, and is perhaps the best reply that has ever been published to those who accuse the occultist of being unscientific. Mr. Klein's facts are at his fingers' ends, and they never fail to be brought forward in the fullest detail to support his hypotheses. I question whether any hypothesis—at least, on so profound a subject as that with

* *Science and the Infinite*. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net,

which the author deals—was ever before introduced, and established step by step, by so telling an array of scientific evidence.



PHOTO BY THE CAMERA OF MR. SYDNEY T. KLEIN, AUTHOR OF "SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE," OF THE COURT OF RAMESES II, IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

(The Author himself will be noticed standing by the statue in the photograph.)

I am asked to draw the attention of readers to the fact that Mrs. Annie Besant is returning to London, and will give five lectures on May 17, 24, 31 and June 7 and 14, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., at 7 p.m., on the following subjects: Meaning and Method of Mysticism; The God-Idea; The Christ-Idea; The Man-Idea; Interpretations. Tickets can be obtained by application to the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond St. W.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.
Mrs. Besant will also give an address on the occasion of the anniversary of the opening of the International Club for Psychical Research, at their premises, 22A, Regent Street, London, S.W., on Friday, May 29, commencing at 4 p.m.

I am asked to inform readers of this Magazine that the Publication of *Stead the Man* has been unavoidably postponed till the autumn.

MRS. ELSA BARKER : A STUDY

By THE EDITOR

MRS. ELSA BARKER, the author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*,* which is attracting so considerable a notice among the reading public at the present time, was born at Leicester, Vermont, U.S.A. Both her parents died when she was quite young, but she inherited from her father a natural bent for occult research, and from her mother the gift of style and power for poetic expression which gives so great a charm to her verse. Though best known on the other side of the Atlantic by her novel *The Son of Mary Bethel*, the story of the Christ reborn in a modern environment, she is proudest of the reputation she has earned as a poet through the publication of the epic of the *Frozen Grail*, the only book in which, I think, the search for the North Pole has been made the subject of epic verse, and the *Book of Love*, published by Duffield & Co., of New York, many of the sonnets in which are of rare excellence and beauty. It is noteworthy that the *Frozen Grail* was taken with him to the Pole by Captain Peary.

Much of Mrs. Barker's life has been spent at Boston and New York, but for three years—1910-1913—she lived in Paris, the city where they say good Americans go to when they die! Since this latter date she has been resident in London. Much of her life has been occupied in work on American magazines and journalistic enterprises. She is a member of the Theosophical Society in America and was a pupil of Baba Bharati, author of *Shree Krishna, the Lord of Love*, of whose recent passing over in January last his many readers and pupils will learn with sorrow. Of the Baba she speaks in terms of affectionate remembrance. Mrs. Barker's psychic experiences date back to the days of her childhood, and readers of *The Son of Mary Bethel* will be interested to learn that the dance of the fairies recorded as seen by the little girl in that romance was a personal experience of her own. At the age of eighteen she took up the study of astrology, and has in particular made the Kabala the basis of her occult education. It was while writing *The Son of Mary Bethel* that she noticed an advertisement of a book published some years ago by Lothrop Lee & Co. of Boston, *The Twentieth-Century Christ*. It occurred to her that this might be a romance much on the same lines as her own, and writing to make inquiries with regard to it, she was brought into touch with Judge X., the com-

* London : William Rider & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

municator of the *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, the consequence of which was a friendship which lasted some half a dozen years on this plane and led to even more important results after his passing over.

I have said that Mrs. Elsa Barker is a poet of distinction, and I think my readers will agree with me that the blending of the expression of passionate devotion with the occultist's outlook upon life has produced in the following verses a sonnet of rare force and charm :—

FULFILMENT

I am so empty and so incomplete,
 Save when thy lips on my lips realize
 For me my own fulfilment. Life denies
 Its own abundance save when two lives meet.
 Within your arms is all I know of sweet,
 And all I need of heaven. When I rise
 From your embrace, I feel a vague surprise—
 A sundering from my forehead to my feet.
 You are the key of every kind event,
 You open all the doors of joy to me.
 Your being and my being, interblent
 As the sea and the saltness of the sea,
 Are one inevitable element
 In the great crucible of Destiny.

Besides the sonnet, Mrs. Barker has utilized the metre employed by Fitzgerald in *Omar Khayyám*, in her verses entitled *The Garden of Roses and Rue*. The burden of these verses is the same that all the poets have sung since first there were poets to sing it :—

That after all our toils and dreams and prayers
 'Tis only love for which the future cares.
 Labour and fame are steps along love's way,
 And Art is but the garment that he wears.

The poem concludes as follows :—

Ye who would know love's highest reach of bliss,
 The still white peaks of Peace—remember this :
 Before a soul can face that steady light,
 It must have plumbed pain's nethermost abyss.
 I sought my soul in joy—She was not there.
 Vainly I sought her too in toil and prayer.
 At last I found her with illumined eyes
 Walking the rainbow of my love's despair.

Like another English poet, Mrs. Barker has employed the sacramental symbol so suggestive to the mystic and occultist in connection with the passion of love :—

Thy love is a symbol, a mystical sign
Of vast, unuttered things.
The bread and the sacramental wine
Of my faith I receive at Love's veiled shrine
In all thy ministerings.



MRS. ELSA BARKER,
Author of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*.

In similar strain the author of *Songs of Love and Empire* has written :—

Love is no joy that dies apace,
With the delight of dear embrace.
Love is no feast of wine and bread,
Red-vintaged and gold-harvested.
Love is the god whose touch divine
On hands that clung and lips that kissed
Has turned life's common bread and wine
Into the holy eucharist.

THE OCCULT EAST

By SAX ROHMER

THE arts of magic (a term which I shall not pause, here, to define) are curiously associated with the East—particularly, perhaps, with Egypt. Every nation has its superstitions; but, excepting the African medicine man and his counterpart among almost every primitive people, for the practising sorcerer, proper, we must go East.

There was an oracle of Beelzebub at Ekron to whom a mission was sent by King Ahaziah; and the oracles consulted by the Greeks were those of Zeus at Olympia and Dodona, and of Jupiter Ammon in Libya. There were others at Delos, Didyma, Thebes and Lebadea. But the most famous as well as the most important of the Greek oracles was that of Delphi, where the Pythoness obtained divine inspiration by chewing leaves of the sacred laurel and by drinking water from the stream of Kassotis which flowed beneath the temple. Seating herself upon a tripod placed immediately above an aperture in the floor, she became intoxicated by a mystic vapour which arose from the fissure. She would then pronounce the oracle, which was taken down by an attendant priest and handed to a poet whose duty was to reduce the divine response to regular expression in hexameter verses. According to Herodotus, the Delphic oracle foretold the defeat of Xerxes in her response to the Athenians: "Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women, when men scatter the seed or when they gather the harvest."

The Delphic oracle continued to be consulted until the third century A.D., but it had long before lost a good deal of its influence in certain of the Grecian states by reason of its attitude during the Peloponnesian War, when it openly espoused the Spartan cause. The Roman Sibylline oracles were, like those of the Greeks, held in high repute; and many passages were accepted by early Christian writers as being equal to the prophecies of the divinely inspired men of Judah.

Respecting divination as practised by the Egyptians, we are informed by Herodotus that it was the custom in the land of the Pharaohs to consult oracles, particularly that of Latona at Buto, which was held in higher repute than the rest. The Greek

historian also says "the Egyptians hold that it (divination) is a gift which no mortal possesses, but only certain of the gods." It is probable that he means that none but oracles gave the real answer of the deity.

Herodotus furthermore tells us :—

The Egyptians likewise discovered to which of the gods each day of the month is sacred ; and found out from the day of a man's birth, what he will meet with in the course of his life, and how he will end his days, and what sort of man he will be—discoveries whereof the Greeks engaged in poetry have made a use. The Egyptians have also discovered more prognostics than all the rest of mankind besides. Whenever a prodigy takes place, they watch and record the result ; then, if anything similar happens again, they expect the same consequences.

The oracular responses almost always formed the subjects of much debate amongst learned men of the ancient peoples, by reason of the obscure meaning of the answers given by the Pythoness ; and although the question asked was constantly evaded in the reply, the responses usually contained an amount of sound advice. The art of divination, however, once held in high esteem, has now fallen into disrepute, but whether this be due to the false oracles and trickeries which became prevalent amongst the Romans, the persecution to which it was subjected in the Middle Ages, or because of the steady progress of the human intellect, is, perhaps, open to question. Although it is still practised by certain sects, the art no longer sways the minds of men and nations as once it swayed the great peoples of Rome, of Greece, and of Egypt.

Clemens of Alexandria, who appears to have devoted much attention to the learning of the Ancient Egyptians, says :—

In that country every individual cultivates a different branch of philosophy—an arrangement which applies chiefly to their holy ceremonies. In such processions the Singer occupies the first place, carrying in his hand an instrument of music. He is said to be obliged to learn two of the books of Hermes ; one of which contains hymns addressed to the gods, and the other the rules by which a prince ought to govern.

Next comes the *Horoscopus*, holding a clock and the branch of a palm-tree, which are the symbols of astrology. He must be complete master of the four books of Hermes which treat of that science. One of these explains the order of the fixed stars ; the second, the motion and phases of the sun and moon ; the other two determine the times of their periodical rising. Then follows the *Hierogrammist*, or sacred scribe, with two feathers on his head, and a book and ruler in his hand, to which are added the instruments of writing—some ink and a reed. He must know what are called hieroglyphics, and those branches of science which belong to cosmography, geography, and astronomy, especially the laws of the sun, moon, and five planets ; he must be acquainted with the territorial dis-

tribution of Egypt, the course of the Nile, the furniture of the temples and of all consecrated places.

After these there is an officer denominated *Stolistes*, who bears a square-rule as the emblem of justice, and the cup for libations. His charge includes everything which belongs to the education of youth, as well as to sacrifices, first-fruits, the selecting of cattle for worship, hymns, prayers, religious pomps, festivals, and commemorations; the rules for which are contained in the books.

"This functionary is succeeded by one called the *Prophet*, who displays in his bosom a jar or vessel, meant for carrying water—a symbol thought to represent the deity, but which, more probably, had a reference to the sacred character of the Nile. He is attended by persons bearing bread cut into slices. The duty of the prophet made it necessary for him to be acquainted with the ten books called sacerdotal, and which treat of the laws of the gods, and of the whole discipline of the priesthood. He also presides over the distribution of the sacred revenue; that is, the income arising from the performance of pious rites, and dedicated to the support of religious institutions.

"Hence there are forty-two books of Hermes, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary; of these, thirty-six, containing the whole philosophy of the Egyptians, are carefully studied by the persons whom we have mentioned; and the remaining six are learned by the *Pastophori*, or inferior priests, as they belong to anatomy, to nosology, to instruments of surgery, to pharmacy, to the diseases of the eye, and to the maladies of women.

One of the earliest methods for the purposes of divination is of Chinese invention. The formula set out in the *Yi King*, or *Book of Changes*, although compiled about 1140 B.C., is believed to have prevailed in the Celestial Empire as far back as the year 3000 B.C. This was a system of geometrical figures, and the same method was in use among the early Chaldean magicians. The Chaldeans also professed to forecast the future by the interpretation of dreams, a form of divination which still survives in some degree. Pyromancy, or divination by fire, found great favour amongst the Romans; and future events were also inferred from the shapes assumed by molten lead or wax dropped into water. Foretelling the future by letting fall three drops of oil into water is an ancient Etruscan observance, as is also dactylomancy, or the swinging of finger rings.

A method of divining favoured by the Babylonians was an examination of the entrails of animals, and this custom survives to-day amongst certain African tribes. From the earliest times the future has been questioned by gazing into a crystal, a mirror, or a pool of ink. The much favoured, although penalized, art of palmistry, as is well known, proposes to interpret the past, present, and future by the study of the lines on the palms of the hand. A curious and horrible method of divination practised by the

Druids was the killing of a man, from whose mode of falling and convulsive movements, and from the flow of blood which followed, omens, good or evil, were gathered. Augury by the flight, the number, and the cries of birds was a Roman and Etruscan practice, and still survives amongst the Samoans.

If we are to believe some of the stories commonly related in the East to-day, and particularly in Egypt, there have been modern magicians not less skilful than the wise men of the Pharaohs ; and an account of a curious case of magic in Cairo, during the last century, may be given here, to show how great a degree of faith the Egyptians in general place in the arts of enchantment.

Moustafa Ed-Digwee, chief secretary in the Cadi's court in Cairo, was dismissed from his office, and succeeded by another person of the name of Moustafa, who had been a money-changer. The former sent a petition to the Pasha, begging to be reinstated ; but before he received an answer, he was attacked by a severe illness, which he believed to be the effect of enchantment ; he persuaded himself that Moustafa the money-changer had employed a magician to write a spell which should cause him to die, and therefore sent a second time to the Pasha, charging the new secretary with this crime.

The accused was brought before the Pasha, and confessed that he had had resort to malign arts, naming the magician whom he had employed. The latter was arrested, and, being unable to deny the charge brought against him, was thrown into prison, where he was sentenced to remain until it should be seen whether or not Ed-Digwee would die.

He was confined in a small cell, at the door of which two soldiers were placed who in turn watched over the prisoner. Lane, in dealing with this incident, says :—

Now for the marvellous part of the story. At night, after one of the guards had fallen asleep, the other heard a strange, murmuring noise, and, looking through a crack of the door of the cell, saw the magician sitting in the middle of the floor, muttering some words which he (the guard) could not understand. Presently the candle which was before him became extinguished ; and, at the same instant, four other candles appeared, one in each corner of the cell. The magician then rose, and, standing on one side of the cell, knocked his head three times against the wall ; and each time that he did so, the wall opened, and a man appeared to come forth from it. After the magician had conversed for some minutes with the three personages whom he had thus produced, they disappeared, as did, also, the four candles ; and the candle that was in the midst of the cell became lighted again, as at first ; the magician then resumed his

position on the floor ; and all was quiet. Thus the spell that was to have killed Ed-Digwee was dissolved.

Early the next morning, the invalid felt himself so much better that he called for a basin and ewer, performed the ablution, and said his prayers ; and from that time he rapidly recovered. He was restored to his former office ; and the magician was banished from Egypt.

The author of *The Modern Egyptians* also tells us that not long after this incident another enchanter was expelled from the country, for writing a charm which caused a Moslem girl to be affected with an irresistible love for a Copt Christian.

Whilst the feats of the Moslem magicians are perhaps more deserving of investigation than those of any other modern sorcerers, science has devoted far greater labour to the tricks of the Indian fakirs, whose methods have been the subject of much debate among students of the occult. From time to time, report reaches us from the Indian Empire of marvellous exhibitions of native skill in illusionary feats such as the rope trick, the basket trick, and the wonderful mango trick ; but no satisfactory explanation of any of these has really yet been offered, despite Mr. Maskelyne's challenge.

Photography is said to have been employed in the case of the rope trick, and two instances of this will suffice to demonstrate the contradictory evidence furnished by the camera. The first is that of a photographer who took a snapshot of a fakir surrounded by a group of interested spectators at the moment when the wizard's boy was apparently in mid air, and actually climbing the rope. The result of the photographer's experiment, we are informed, showed the crowd gazing upwards, but neither the rope nor the boy could be seen in the picture. The other attempt to pry into the secrets of the fakir is said to have shown the boy descending the rope and in the act of alighting upon his master's shoulders ! The basket trick, another Indian illusion, has often been performed in England, and is too well known for a description to be necessary here, as is also the mango trick ; for, although the accepted explanation of the rope trick is that of collective hypnotism of the onlookers by the fakir, it will not serve in the case of the rapid growth of the mango.

Of course, these tricks do not enter into, neither do they form part of, the Higher Magic of the Yogi—the cave dwellers of the mountains—the Mahatmas of Tibet. These wise men claim that by years of meditation and concentration of thought they are able to perform such feats as self levitation, or, during bodily sleep, to transport their souls to any part of the universe. They also lay claim to being able to commune or converse with one

another at great distances, and by the exertion of will-power to move from one place to another insensate bodies, which assertion resembles that of certain spiritualists of the Western world.

The Yogi are held in great veneration amongst the native population, and it is significant that their influence has extended to many European residents of India. This, however, may be accounted for by the respect in which ascetics are invariably held, whether they be Christian monks or Hindu hermits.

Of the Arhats, Mr. Arthur Lillie, in *Buddha and Early Buddhism*, tells us :—

Six supernatural faculties were expected of the ascetic before he could lay claim to the grade of Arhat. They are constantly alluded to in the Sutras as the six supernatural faculties, usually without further specification. . . . Man has a body composed of the four elements . . . in this, the transitory body, his intelligence is enchained ; the ascetic, finding himself thus confused, directs the mind to the creation of the Manas. He represents to himself, in thought, another body created from this material body—a body with a form, members and organs. This body, in relation to the material body, is like the sword and the scabbard ; or a serpent issuing from a basket in which it is confined. The ascetic then, purified and perfected, begins to practise supernatural faculties.

“ He finds himself able to pass through material obstacles, walls, ramparts, etc. ; he is able to throw his phantasmal appearance into many places at once . . . he can leave this world and even reach the heaven of Brahma himself. . . . He acquires the power of hearing the sounds of the unseen world as distinctly as those of the phenomenal world—more distinctly, in point of fact. Also by the power of Manas he is able to tell the most secret thoughts of others, and to describe their characters.”

It would be extremely interesting to study the wisdom of the Yogi, of whom, since they dwell apart from the world, it cannot be said or proved that they are insincere or false. The fact that they live the life of the recluse, and that they so discipline their bodily passions to the superior and higher potencies of the will, is, in itself, sufficient proof that these thinkers are not mere necromancers, and that they believe in the powers which they claim to possess ; but they do not impart any of the wisdom or knowledge gained by years of voluntary exile to any outside their own cult.

When discussing the subject of magic, the question of religion seems inevitably to present itself as being part of, or associated with the occult art. We know that the priests of many religions of the past have not scrupled to make use of magic—of a very low order, it is true—in order to impress the ignorant minds of the people. To this day a contrivance is used in Buddhist temples which causes some portion of the idol to move, when manipulated

by a devout teacher, in answer to the prayers of the worshippers. At the same time there are priests of the Indian religion who claim, in all sincerity, that they do possess, by right divine, divers magic powers, which they use for the benefit of the adherents of their particular creed. The lower and degenerate form is probably made use of by reason of the desire of the ignorant for manifestations by the deity.

A powerful portrayal of this was seen in the production of "False Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre, in the temple scene, where the renegade priest, moved by the faith of the poor worshippers, was impelled to move the handle that worked the head of the goddess.

Animal magnetism, in one form or another, plays an important part in nearly all sorceries. In Cochin-China are those who are said, solely by the effort of their will, to propel heavy barges! I will not cite the authority responsible for this statement, but pass on to the account of an eye-witness of some of the phenomena at command of the lamas of Tibet.

One of the marvellous feats related is as follows:—In order to discover a criminal, the lama seats himself upon the ground before a small, square table, on which he lays his hand, whilst he chants from a certain book. After a time he rises, lifting his hand; whereupon the table is likewise seen to rise, following his hand, until it has risen to the level of the lama's eyes. It next commences a rotary motion; and its speed becomes so great that he appears hard put to it to follow, even by running. Finally, having pursued various directions, the table falls. Its fall is said to indicate the point of the compass toward which search should be made for the culprit.

The traveller whose account has furnished me with the foregoing avers that he was a witness of this surprising feat. Search failed, however, to bring the criminal (in this case, a thief) to light, until, when the quest had been abandoned, a man resident in the indicated direction killed himself. The stolen property, we are told, was discovered concealed in his hut!

It may perhaps be said that no people has cultivated sorcery more assiduously than did the Chaldeans. The elaborate formulas relating to demonology and possession which have been deciphered from the cuneiform testify to the flourishing state of wizardry in Chaldea. But the elaborate, and in many cases beautiful, magic rituals formulated by the Egyptians, for some reason possess a greater fascination for the modern student.

Their system, indubitably, was more complete than any before or since.

With every new temple or centre of priestcraft reclaimed from the sand, we are haunted with the tempting possibility of modernity's recovering those magic books of the Egyptian hierarchy, which enjoyed so universal a fame throughout the ancient world. Will those unique works of sorcery ever find a place in our libraries? Shall we benefit by the strange wisdom which they are said to contain?

Though, since the history of Chinese sorcery is so obscure, we may accord to the Magi the honour of founding the earliest historic school of sorcery, we cannot fail to note how all researches in the realm of the marvellous automatically lead us, not to Babylonia, but to Egypt. I am tempted to regard Egypt as the cradle of the art.

Certain it is that the most recent devices intended to aid the explorer in the province of the supernatural have a genealogy which more often than not first started from the soil of Egypt. Table-turning was known to the priests, apparently from the earliest times. It has come to us as a legacy from the Romans, to whom the practice passed. For instance, the instrument known as a planchette is no more than a variation of the gyrating table; and tripod-turning enjoyed a considerable vogue in Rome, when the Romans, I presume, had tired of the original Egyptian form of the practice (the gyrating of a kind of sieve). Tertullian speaks of those who, "putting their faith in angels and demons, made goats and even tripods prophesy to them."

I will now touch upon the methods of those priests called *oneiropoletoi* ("vendors of dreams"). These priests slept within the precincts of the temple with the suppliants who sought the revelation of the gods, and communicated to them the divine instructions received in their dreams. A hypnotic sleep was induced, too, by means of making certain passes with the hands or by making the patient glare fixedly into a mirror floating upon the surface of a fountain. Saint Augustine tells of a priest of his own Church and time who was an adept in this art.

It seems probable that the Pythian Oracle at Delphi delivered her oracles when in a state of hypnotic trance. Saint Justin says of the Sybils:—

These women often gave utterance to grand and noble truths; but when the instinct which had guided them grew dormant, they no longer retained any recollection of the words they had spoken.

The modern activity in the Near East of the sorcerer's art is

more clearly perceptible to the student than to the layman ; but, for the purposes of this article, I will deal briefly with the superstitions and beliefs in magical charms and enchantments prevalent amongst the followers of Islam.

Egypt is the ancient wonderland of the world, and by the all but unanimous testimony of its modern inhabitants, is still the theatre of singular supernatural happenings. In common with other lands of Islam (and this the Koran tells us) Egypt is inhabited by vast numbers of *jinn*. Like men they are born, mature, age and die. They are male and female, black or white, some high of station, some lowly ; some free and some slaves ; some Moslem, others Christian. In short, they are on a par with mankind, from whom they are distinguished by their lack of flesh and blood, and by reason of their attaining to a great age—that is to say, 300 years or more.

Each child has a companion *jinn*, born in the same hour. This "familiar," or *karina*, is female in the case of a male child, and male in the case of a female. A child who dies in infancy is said to have been killed by the *karina* ; and even in the official registers of deaths, until comparatively recently, the *karina* was frequently entered as a recognized ailment.

Usually the *jinn* are said to be invisible ; but they can assume all kinds of intangible and vapoury forms, with the resemblances of men, animals, and monsters. When a proper view is obtained of them they may at once be distinguished by their perpendicular eye.

The art of calling up these dread beings, in order to expel them, or to make them do one's bidding by invoking them by name, is cultivated throughout the Mohammedan world by great numbers of men and by some women. By the instrumentality of the *jinn*, the "servants of the secret," or by the knowledge of one of the "secret names of God," those acquainted with occult lore can perform miracles. That the greater number of those Moslem sorcerers are poor men—often mendicants—may therefore appear remarkable ; but it is claimed that self-denial is essential in a compact with a *jinn*. Some sorcerers of Moslem Egypt are said to be formally married to a *jinnnee*, or female *jinn*, and to perform their wonders by means of their supernatural spouse.

A mysterious Moslem gentlemen suspected of being wedded to a *jinnnee* appeared in Egypt in the early part of the nineteenth century, styling himself the Seyid Abd-er-Rahman el Adaros, from India. He sailed up the Nile with a vessel and extensive retinue, and proclaimed that he designed to travel in the Sudan. Eye-

witnesses swore to having seen him take pieces of money from beneath his carpet whenever he so willed, and that he could with a breath change silver coins into gold ones. Suffice it that the mysterious gentleman was denounced to the government as a sorcerer and escorted from the country!

An old Moslem authority says: "Let a Christian beware of calling up a Moslem *jinn*. The *jinn* will avenge himself for this affront and immediately put his summoner to death."

In the magic books of the East we read how to gain the affections of another; to awake at will; to unfasten chains; to recapture an escaped slave; to keep a wife from faithlessness; to cause the belly of a thief to swell up; to make a man or an ox run after him; to discover buried treasure; to call up *jinns*; to find pieces of gold under one's pillow. I will conclude with a charm for calling up *jinns* (The *naiveté* of the concluding sentence is quaint.)

Fast for seven days, and let body and clothes be clean. Read first the chapter of the *Koran*, "The Angel" to the word *hazir*, fourteen times after the sunset prayer; then pray with four genuflections, uttering the *fatha* seven times at each, and when on the seventh night you have read that chapter fourteen times, ask of God what you wish. The *jinns*, who are the servants of this chapter, will now appear, and will give you information respecting *the treasure* and how you may *obtain possession of it*.

DREAMS AND THEIR UTILITY

BY A. LEONARD SUMMERS

THE psychology of dreams may be divided into two sections, viz. (1) those with meaning and explanation, and (2) those which are absolutely devoid of interpretation and meaningless—in fact, the mere outcome of a confused, worried state of mind, indigestion and so on. With the latter, being neither of value or interest, I do not propose to deal; but with regard to the former, some are frequently amazingly portentous, and would appear to be of considerable importance if only in the nature of warnings, as the following remarkable instances will show.

Some time ago the newspapers recorded the strange case of a dream in connection with the recovery of a body from the River Avon. A Mr. Charles Hancox was missing from his home one day, and his wife, in the middle of the night, dreamed that her husband was dead. She aroused her sister, who was in the same house. She then insisted on inquiry for her husband being made at an hotel where he often stayed, but nothing had been seen of him there. Mrs. Hancox felt convinced that her husband was dead, and she refused to return to bed. The next morning she got a parcel, bearing the Evesham postmark, containing her husband's watch and chain, with the following note in his own handwriting: "From your dying husband." The same day several articles of clothing belonging to Mr. Hancox were found on the river bank at Evesham, but his body was not recovered until about five weeks later.

Mr. Andrew Lang has put on record two true dream stories illustrating the contention that not only do dreams warn us of impending disasters, but that they may be the means of *actually preventing* the danger if we act upon them with promptitude. One of Mr. Lang's dream stories was of a lady who, having lost an important key while walking in a wood near her home in Ireland, dreamed that she saw it lying at the root of a certain tree. Next day she went and found the key there right enough.

The other story concerns a certain barrister who went out late one night to post his letters, and upon undressing missed a cheque for a large amount received during the day. He dreamed he saw it curled round an area railing not far from his own doorway. Waking up, he dressed and went out and found the cheque exactly as he had dreamed of it!

About two years ago—just at a time when a number of cases of dreams coming true were being daily quoted in the Press—a Mr. George Cox, of Barnham, related how he dreamed that he saw his wife crouching behind a hedge, waiting for an approaching train. He awoke suddenly and discovered that his wife had disappeared. Soon after, her mutilated body was found at a level crossing, half a mile away from the house. She had walked there in the rain, attired only in her nightdress and without shoes, and thrown herself before a train.

Here we have a clear case of the utility of a dream. Had Mr. Cox recognized the spot at which he saw his wife crouching, he might probably have gone straight there and saved her life.

Upon the night the writer's father died (under painful circumstances) he awoke early in the morning from a very troubled dream in which he continually saw sickening pools of blood. About eight o'clock he received news that his father had come to the end of an agonizing existence at 2.45 that morning.

I do not know whether it is ominous to dream of birds in flight or otherwise, but I have reason to believe so. Some years ago I dreamed that I stood with a crowd of other people watching the flight of a long and almost endless line of birds high up in the air. On coming downstairs next morning, I opened the door leading to the garden and the first incident that drew my attention was, very high up in the sky above, a long straight line of birds—crows, I think—it seemed *half a mile of them*, flying past towards London. This occurred on January 13, 1904, according to my diary. On January 19 of the same year I had the misfortune to break a blood-vessel, from which I was seriously ill for a long period!

I met a lady friend in the street one day and she said: "How strange I should meet you this morning! Why, I was dreaming of you last night. I saw you in the theatre. I dreamt you were in the promenade with a tall dark lady in a black dress."

And it was perfectly true as she described the scene!

This would seem to confirm the theory that whilst asleep and in the dream state the human mind may undergo transition to a place or places of which the physical body is unconscious. A further proof of this is afforded by a letter which appeared in the *Daily Mail* some time ago, signed "Indisputable," as follows:—

"For some time past," said the writer, "I have kept an account of every dream I have had, chiefly with the idea of solving this point. Two or three years ago I went to a certain seaside town which I had never

visited before, and while taking a walk inland I came across a small church, which I entered. Directly I did so I was struck with the familiarity of my surroundings, which were of a rather curious nature. I could in no way account for this, as I had never seen or even heard of this place before, so I was forced to the conclusion that I had visited it on another occasion in a dream, as I found an account of a dream I had had which described such a place."

As to what dreams teach us, a correspondent of a contemporary paper recently wrote :—

In 1883, when I was twelve years old, I was staying at Teignmouth. I had learnt to swim with the breast stroke, but I could not manage swimming on my back. One night I dreamed that I could do this. I put it to the test the next day quite successfully, and from that time I never had the slightest difficulty.

Edison, the famous inventor, confesses to having thought out in his dreams many of his best inventions ; and the present writer once dreamed the solution of a difficult invention which had puzzled him for months, and he duly patented it !

Coleridge acquired such valuable inspiration during a dream that he composed from two to three hundred lines of his " Kubla Khan " during sleep. Unfortunately, the arrival of a visitor interrupted him in the task of writing it down on awaking, and he was only able to recall the existing fragment of fifty-four lines.

The writer was once warned by a dream of an accident which might have proved disastrous to him. A few days prior to the accident he had a somewhat muddled and vague dream of either standing upon or climbing a ladder. This failed entirely to impress him as at all extraordinary, hence it was unheeded and forgotten. Shortly afterwards, while standing in the street studying a shop-window, a workman propelling a trolley came round a corner hastily and clumsily knocked down a ladder, which fell sideways, crashing heavily on the ground—just missing the writer's head by a fraction of an inch !

It has been questioned whether blind persons possess the ability to dream of things as they actually are, and it is very interesting to learn the opinion of a London lady who has been totally blind from birth and can therefore speak with authority. This lady recently said : " There can be no denying that the imagination plays a prominent part in the ideas of those born blind, but, on the other hand, I quite believe that most of us are possessed of more or less psychic power which may often greatly aid us in forming correct ideas of form and even colour. To the thinking

mind it must be plain that we who have been blind from birth should be endowed with some power which may enable us to learn much which would otherwise be to us a sealed book. We always speak of 'seeing,' because we know that we do see with the *inward* sight; without such gift our knowledge of the world must indeed be limited to a very small sphere." With this, I think, most readers will fully agree.

The lady continues: "I firmly believe that a very vivid dream is often a true vision. I well remember an instance in my own experience which may explain my meaning. A kind friend, knowing my love of ancient castles, kindly undertook to describe the interior of one of these. Step by step he led me through the old rooms, telling of their contents as he had so lately seen them, till I felt as if I, too, had been there with him. Shortly after our conversation I had a very clear dream of being in this same old castle and seeing all that he had told me of, but on awaking I could distinctly remember a small chamber to the left of one of the large ones on the ground floor. I remembered, too, that this small room was full of what looked like odd guns and swords and other queer implements which did not interest me at all. When next I saw my friend I happened to mention my dream, and incidentally I spoke of the small chamber and laughingly teased him about forgetting to tell me of it. He seemed much astonished that I could have seen that, and said that he had not forgotten to mention it, but that he thought I should not care to hear about that room. He added, however, that the chamber and its contents were *just what I had described*, saying, too, that he doubted if he could describe it better than I had done!"

The lady expresses the wise opinion that were the psychic gifts better understood and cultivated by the blind their scope of knowledge must be greatly enhanced in all directions. "Our sighted friends know almost as little of us and our latent powers as we know of their world. It is often said that the blind live in an ideal world, but while this may be true in part, I, for one, plead for a wider and more practical world to be open to our vision."

THE PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS OF SIR WILLIAM CROOKES

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

NO one has investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism with greater care and precision than Sir William Crookes, the President of the Royal Society, who has brought to bear on the subject the keen acumen and scientific ability of his high intelligence, and a brain accustomed to observing and solving problems in chemical and physical research. In his elaborate and carefully conducted experiments he made use of the services of no less a person than the famous medium, David Dunglas Home, the greatest psychic of modern times ; and in a lesser degree, two other well-known mediums—Miss Kate Fox and Miss Florence Cook—also assisted him in his researches by exhibitions of their wonderful mediumistic powers, proving conclusively the claims of Spiritualists that the souls of the “ dead ” (so called) can and do communicate with the “ living ” and manifest their ability to act on this material plane in various ways.

In most of his experiments with Mr. Home, specially constructed scientific apparatus was employed, and the results were very carefully noted. Trickery was of course out of the question. There were always several highly intelligent witnesses present, and as they all saw the same phenomena we must conclude that the idea of hallucination may also be disposed of. The extreme nervous and physical exhaustion of Mr. Home after many of these experiments caused Sir William to conclude that *psychic force* is closely allied to vital force, or nervous energy, and is dependent to a great extent on physical vitality, and that the evolution of psychic force is accompanied by a corresponding drain on vital force. This, I fancy, is the experience of most mediums when their powers are used to any great extent in producing phenomena. Sir William Crookes also came to the conclusion that psychic force is possessed by *all* human beings, although some individuals are endowed with an extraordinary amount of it. In the case of Mr. Home the development of the force varied enormously not only from week to week, but from hour to hour ; on some occasions the force was inappreciable by the tests for an hour or more, then suddenly reappeared in great strength.

To describe the complicated apparatus used by Sir William and his *modus operandi* is not within the scope of this article, but rather to give some of the results in the form of striking psychical phenomena. Sir William proved that darkness is not essential, though when the force is weak a bright light exerts an interfering action on certain phenomena.

So strong, however, was Mr. Home's power that light never proved antagonistic, and this medium always objected to darkness, but for the observation of *luminous* phenomena a certain amount of darkness was of course necessary.

It was discovered at an early stage in the proceedings that the force behind the phenomena was not a blind force, but governed by intelligence—especially the rappings and the movements of furniture and various articles—and this intelligence was proved to emanate from some invisible entity (or entities). The intelligence governing the phenomena was manifestly below that of the medium and certainly did not emanate from any person present.

The phenomena which were particularly noticed and exhaustively investigated may be classified as follows (proceeding from the simple to the more complex) :—

Class I.—Movement of Heavy Bodies with Contact but without Exertion.

Class II.—The Phenomena of Percussive and other Allied Sounds.

Class III.—The Alteration of Weights of Bodies.

Class IV.—Movements of Heavy Substances when at a Distance from the Medium.

Class V.—The Rising of Tables and Chairs off the Ground without Contact with any Person.

Class VI.—The Levitation of Human Beings.

Class VII.—Movements of Various Small Articles without Contact with any Person.

Class VIII.—Luminous Appearances.

Class IX.—The Appearance of Hands, either Self Luminous or Visible by Ordinary Light.

Class X.—Direct Writing.

Class XI.—Phantom Forms and Faces.

Class XII.—Miscellaneous *Phenomena* of a Complex Character.

With nearly all these phenomena most Spiritualists are acquainted, but very few (if any) have examined and tested them as Sir William Crookes has done, and therefore the record of his experiments and their results is all the more valuable.

The phenomenon of levitation was undoubtedly the most rare and remarkable of those noticed. This power seemed peculiar to Mr. Home and was possessed by him to a high degree. Sir William Crookes states: "There are at least a hundred recorded and well-tested instances of Mr. Home rising from the ground in the presence of many persons, and I have heard from the lips of three witnesses, *viz.*, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne, of the most striking occurrence of this kind. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of evidence." The special incident referred to was that of Mr. Home rising from his chair to the ceiling and then floating horizontally out of an

open window in mid air above the street eighty feet below, and coming in at another window later in a similar fashion. This occurred at Lord Dunraven's house in London, and was witnessed by several persons.

Sir William saw Mr. Home raised completely from the floor on several occasions—when sitting in an easy chair, kneeling on a chair and standing up. On each occasion he had the full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place. The accumulated evidence establishing Mr. Home's levitations is overwhelming. Other levitations he witnessed at different times were those of a lady and two children. The former was kneeling on her chair in such a manner that its four feet were visible to all. The chair bearing the lady was suspended in mid air for a short time, then slowly descended. The children on separate occasions rose from the floor with their chairs in full daylight nearly to the ceiling, under the most satisfactory conditions.

Of other noticeable phenomena under test conditions the following may be taken as typical. In the *full light* a luminous cloud crossed the room and, hovering over a heliotrope on a side table, broke off a sprig and carried it to a lady—the luminous cloud later condensing to the form of a hand and carrying small objects about.

Under the *strictest test conditions* a solid, self-luminous crystalline body was placed in the experimenter's hand which did not belong to any person in the house.

A beautifully-formed small hand rose through the middle of a dining-table and presented Sir William with a flower. It appeared and disappeared three times at intervals, affording him ample opportunity of satisfying himself that it was as real in appearance as his own. This occurred in full light in his own room, the medium's hands and feet being secured at the time. On another occasion a small hand and arm like a baby's appeared playing about a lady who was sitting next to him. It then passed to Sir William and patted his arm and pulled his coat several times. Again, a finger and thumb were seen to pick the petals from a flower in Mr. Home's buttonhole and lay them before several persons sitting near him. A hand was also seen repeatedly playing the keys of an accordion, both of the medium's hands being visible at the same time, and sometimes being held by those next him.

The evolution of solid hands from a mass of nebulous cloud was of very frequent occurrence. At the wrist or arm these hands became hazy and faded off into a luminous cloud. To the touch they sometimes appeared icy cold and dead, at other times warm and lifelike, giving a grasp like that of an old friend.

On one occasion the experimenter retained one of these hands in his own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapour, and faded in that manner from his grasp.

One evening during a séance with Mr. Home (just as it was getting dusk), the curtains of a window about eight feet from the medium were seen to move, and a dark, shadowy, semi-transparent figure, like that of a man, appeared and was seen by all present as it stood near the window waving the curtain with its hand. After a time the form slowly faded away and the curtains ceased to move.

This happened in Sir William's own house. At another time in the same room, when Mr. Home again was the medium, a phantom form came from a corner of the room, took an accordion in its hand and glided about the room playing the instrument.

The apparition was visible to all present for about ten minutes, Mr. Home being also seen at the same time. Coming rather close to a lady who was sitting apart from the rest of the company, she gave a slight cry, upon which it vanished.

In an experiment with the *planchette* Sir William was anxious to prove that what was written by it was not due to "unconscious cerebration."

A lady medium had her hands on the instrument at the time. Sir William asked the unseen intelligence (presumably present), "Can you see the contents of this room?" "Yes," wrote the *planchette*. "Can you see to read this newspaper?" he next inquired, putting his finger on a copy of *The Times*, which lay on a table behind him and the medium. "Yes," was again the reply. "Well, if you can do that tell me the word which is now covered by my finger," said Sir William, without looking at the paper and so not knowing what the word was. Slowly the *planchette* moved and wrote the word "*however*." He turned round and saw that the word "however" was covered by the tip of his finger. It was impossible for the medium, had she tried, to have seen any of the printed words, as she was sitting at one table and the paper was on another table behind, and Sir William's body intervened.

During a séance with Miss Kate Fox one evening the following striking instance of an *apport* occurred.

The lights were lowered and the experimenter held both of Miss Fox's hands in one of his, so that the medium was quite above the reproach of "trickery."

A message was given in the following words: "We are going to bring something to show our power"; and almost immediately afterwards all present heard the tinkling of a bell, not stationary but moving about in all parts of the room, sometimes tapping against the ceiling, then touching persons on the head and ringing in their ears. After moving about the room for over five minutes the bell fell with a crash on to the table close to Sir William's hands. During the time this was going on no one had moved and Miss Fox's hands were perfectly quiet in Sir William's grasp.

The light being turned on full, it was discovered that it was a small hand bell which had been brought from the library, apparently

through the closed door. It had certainly not been brought into the room by any one present, either before or during the *séance*, and it was conclusively proved that the bell had been in its usual place in the library just before the *séance* commenced.

An experiment in "*direct writing*" through Miss Fox's mediumship produced the following results. There were only three persons present (beside the medium), Sir William, his wife and a lady relative. Miss Fox's hands were securely held, and her feet so placed that she could not move them without being known to do so. Paper was placed on the table, and Sir William's disengaged hand held a pencil. Suddenly a luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room and taking the pencil from his hand rapidly wrote on a sheet of paper, then dropping the pencil rose up over their heads and vanished.

Another experiment in "*direct writing*" was through Mr. Home's mediumship. The *séance* was held in the light, in Sir William's own room, a few private friends being present.

A pencil and sheets of paper lay in the centre of the table. After a short time the pencil commenced to move about, then rose upon its point and after advancing with hesitating jerks across the paper fell down. It rose and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. Then a small wooden lath which was lying on the table slid across to the pencil and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again and propping itself against the lath the two together made an effort to mark the paper. The only result was an illegible scrawl. The pencil fell down as if exhausted, and the lath moved back to its place. An alphabetical message then spelt out: "We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted."

The experiments through the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook produced the most extraordinary results, the materializations of the spirit known as Katie King being quite unique in their power and perfection. The account seems almost incredible, but we have Sir William Crookes' written statement that it is true. The idea of trickery is absurd, when we consider the circumstances under which the experiments were tried. Everything was carried on in Sir William's house in a room which was under his special care and surveillance and of which he kept the key. He arranged the "cabinet" himself, and placed the furniture and everything which was necessary. The medium was a young girl of fifteen years of age—a mere schoolgirl—without any knowledge or experience, honest, straightforward and unsophisticated. Even had she been a clever trickster she could not have deceived such a trained observer as the great scientist. The materialized spirit "Katie King" was considerably taller than Miss Cook, and nearly always appeared in a white dress, whilst Miss Cook wore black. There were several distinctive differences between the two, so the usual sceptic's argument that the medium masqueraded as a spirit will not hold good in this case.

Sir William at the time of his investigations stated: "I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me and which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses—having first *traced it up to the scalp and satisfied myself that it actually grew there*—is a rich golden auburn."

Sir William had examined Katie King when brightly illuminated by electric light. He timed her pulse and found it beat steadily at 75—whilst the medium's was going at its usual rate (during the experiments) of 90! He tested—as a doctor might—Katie's heart and lungs and found them in perfect condition. The medium's lungs were not at all strong and she had a severe cough. Katie King was a head taller than Miss Cook and looked a big woman in comparison with her. Both of them were photographed by electric light. Katie was photographed many times. On several occasions she was "taken" by five cameras at the same time by the aid of electric light. Sir William's library was used as a dark cabinet. It had folding doors opening into the laboratory; one of these doors was taken off its hinges, and a curtain suspended in its place to enable Katie to pass in and out easily. The witnesses were placed in the laboratory facing the curtain, and the cameras were placed a little behind them ready to photograph Katie when she came outside and to photograph anything also inside the cabinet. Each evening there were three or four exposures of plates in the five cameras, giving at least fifteen separate pictures at each séance. Some of these were spoilt in developing, but Sir William obtained altogether forty-four good negatives. It was a common thing for seven or eight of the witnesses assembled in the laboratory to see *Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light*. There was also a photograph of the two taken together.

In describing Katie King Sir William stated: "Photography is as inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of her face as words are powerless to describe her charm of manner. Photography may give a map of her countenance, but it could not reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion or the ever-varying expression of her mobile features, now overshadowed with sadness, now smiling with all the innocence of happy girlhood."

Sir William's children were very fond of Katie. There was nothing of the "ghost" about her to them. This spirit used to talk and laugh with them just as any mortal girl might do—collecting them round her and telling them stories. Miss Cook was also devoted to Katie and cried bitterly when the spirit took farewell of her. Katie stated that her mission was ended—her work done—and she would be obliged to leave them. In the farewell séance she called each of the company up to her and spoke to them a short time in private.

She gave general directions for the future guidance of Miss Cook. These were taken down in shorthand verbatim. After conversing with Sir William Crookes for some time she walked across the room to where Miss Cook was entranced and touching her, said, "Wake up, Florrie, wake up! I must leave you now." Miss Cook then awoke and tearfully entreated Katie to stay a little longer. "My dear child, I can't, my work is done. God bless you!" and Katie continued speaking to Miss Cook. For some time the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following Katie's request, Sir William then stepped forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on to the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break. When he turned round a minute later the white-robed Katie had gone.

At one séance Katie King walked about the room conversing familiarly with those present for about two hours. On several occasions she took Sir William's arm, and the impression conveyed to his mind was that it was a living woman by his side instead of a visitor from the other world. To assure himself of her solidity he asked permission to clasp her in his arms. Permission was granted, and it was thus proved that the spirit was as material a being as Miss Cook herself. In the meantime Miss Cook could be heard moaning (as was her wont when entranced) in the "cabinet." Katie then suggested that she should show herself and Miss Cook together.

Sir William was to turn the gas out and then come with his phosphorus lamp into the room used as a "cabinet." This he did, having previously asked a friend who was skilful at shorthand to take down any statement he might make when in the cabinet, knowing the importance attached to first impressions and not wishing to leave more to memory than was necessary. Entering the room he found Miss Cook crouching on the floor to all appearance perfectly senseless. She was dressed as usual in black velvet. He took her hand and held the light close to her face, but she did not move. Her breathing was heavy, and she continued to moan slightly. Raising the lamp he looked around and saw Katie standing close beside him, robed in flowing white drapery as she had previously been. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in his and still kneeling he passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure and satisfy himself thoroughly that he was really looking at the veritable Katie he had clasped in his arms a short time before, and not at the phantom of a disordered brain. She did not speak, but moved her head and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did he carefully examine Miss Cook crouching before him to be sure that the hand he held was that of a living woman, and thrice did he turn the lamp to Katie and examine her with steadfast scrutiny until he had not the slightest doubt whatever of her objective reality. At last Miss Cook began to move and Katie motioned him to go away. He moved to another part of the cabinet and then ceased to see Katie, but did not leave the room till

Miss Cook thoroughly woke up, and two of the visitors came in to see to her with lights.

Sir William Crookes, the able President of the Royal Society and the greatest chemist of the age, has conferred great benefits on mankind by his chemical and physical experiments and discoveries, but his psychical experiments and their marvellous results are in the eyes of many of even greater value and importance in this materialistic age. The late Mr. Gladstone once emphatically stated: "Psychical Research is the most important, far the most important, work which is being done in the world to-day"; and the famous Dr. Johnson was fond of asserting that the question of apparitions and psychic phenomena was one of the most important that could come before the human understanding.

LOVE'S ETERNITY

BY MRS. CECIL CROFTS

HERE in the Silence of my Bower,
I seek to solve—the past ;
Just to recall that wondrous hour,
The Dawn of Love—at last !

I see a figure sweet and grave,
In mystic sheen of yore ;
There at her feet a brave young slave
Permitted to adore.

The scene is changed—a form in flight,
With visage stern and pale,
And now a spotless dove in sight,
Behold ! the Holy Grail !

Again the "ball" is misted o'er,
Dream of Immortal bliss,
Two plight their troth for Evermore,
In one Enduring kiss.

One thing is clear from age to age,
Thou dost belong to me,
And on and on through every stage,
My Soul returns to thee.

THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE CUP

BY G. M. HORT

FEW of us need to be reminded that the cup or chalice is one of the oldest and the most significant of religious symbols. It had its sacredness, even for primitive man ; and, indeed in its most secular uses, represented to him a religious idea—the right to claim and practise hospitality, and the bond of mutual need that held him to his fellows.

In a wider sense, a cup suggested to the primitive mind the preserving and protective element in Nature. Where so much seemed indifferent, or actually hostile, to human interests, where fires and floods and famines seemed to be the open enemies of man, and the Earth herself a cold and un pitying mother, the cup-like hollow or well was accepted everywhere as a token of God's hospitality and thought for man's needs ; and reverent gratitude was its natural due, from the very earliest ages. So the destiny of the cup, and the part allotted to it in Christian ceremony and doctrine, were duly foreshadowed and prepared for by this sacrament of nature ; and God, as in so much else, led man by a familiar pathway to a new and glorious goal.

The cup played an important part in Jewish symbolism. It figured largely in all religious observances. Four cups of wine, each consecrated by a special prayer, were drained at significant points of the Passover Supper. A cup of thanksgiving was drunk by every pious Jew, on his return from a journey. The head of every family blesses a cup to celebrate the beginning of the Sabbath ; and the ceremonial breaking of a wine-cup at every wedding ceremony symbolizes for bride and bridegroom, more vividly than any words, the temporary character of all earthly happiness.

From this intense reverence for the cup grew up, among simple and superstitious Orientals, the idea of employing it in magic, and, in particular, of reading the future from shadows cast in the liquid it contained. Joseph's divining cup in the scriptural narrative seems to have been a valuable goblet, specially set apart for its purpose ; but less exalted folk would, no doubt, use any ordinary drinking-vessel.* Such practices

* As cottagers even now use a tea-cup for telling their fortunes.

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are deeply interesting as showing the inseparable connection of the cup in the mind of man with the hidden life and the Other World.

The cup was one of the first objects to suggest itself to the artists of the Catacombs.

It figures on the walls of those subterranean shrines in a conventional and stereotyped form, and suggests rather than represents the Eucharistic Chalice; for, as every one knows, the art of the Catacombs was symbolic rather than realistic; and, in some cases, not even boldly symbolic. The Christian artist was, in many cases, a recent convert from paganism, and laboured under an excessive fear of idolatry; besides, there was practical danger in representing anything which was known to be an object of Christian worship, or connected with Christian rites. So the persecuted community took refuge in making some symbol of a symbol, and trusting to the faithful to read the true meaning.

The simplicity and common domestic use of the cup made it one of the safest devices; and it has been rightly said that in household life Christian Art found its first natural outlet, and a solution to its early difficulties and scruples. The pious pagan who ornamented his drinking-cup with the image or symbol of his guardian god was readily imitated by the Christian, who realizing better than any other the sanctity of the household meal, soon perceived that there could be no idolatry in desiring to associate domestic life with the life of the soul.

Only the cross itself could rival the cup in establishing this association; and the cross, as we know, was not, at first, a favourite symbol with the proud and sensitive converts of Imperial Rome.

The cups found in pre-Christian tombs have, of course, no reference to the priestly office of the dead. But none the less, we may think of them as connected with the priestly office. Placed there, with other objects of common use, to satisfy the supposed needs of the ghosts, they have yet a pathetic significance, through their connection with the appeasing sacrifices and with the life-blood of the victims offered at the tomb.*

The funeral chalices placed in the coffins of Christian priests were, in early times, extremely small, and of some worthless material, thus coming into the category of things which symbolized symbols. The Eucharistic Chalice, as soon as persecuting days were over, was ordered to be made of some precious metal;

* In some of these funeral cups the remains of blood have been detected.

and rules as to its value were laid down, and carefully observed.

No priest, for instance, except under stress of persecution, would offer in a wooden chalice; and the multiplication of glass chalices, where more durable material could be obtained, was not encouraged by authority. There are, however, many traditional tales which point to the beautiful workmanship of the ancient glass chalices, and the care with which they were preserved, where they already existed.

When one of these was broken by the heathen Danes, we read that St. Donatus, Bishop of Arezzo, restored it by prayer, and St. Malo of Wales is said to have turned a stone chalice into a crystal one, by blessing it!

The famous "Luck of Edenhall"—known to most of us in Longfellow's translation of the German ballad—was probably a glass chalice, which the Lords of Edenhall had either pilfered or received into their house to preserve it in troublous times.

Be that as it may, this cup was credited with bringing prosperity to the house that contained it, and was guarded with scrupulous care, until one hapless day, when the then Lord of Edenhall insisted on using it at a drunken carouse.

The old butler brings the sacred heirloom, weeping, at his young master's command, and, foreseeing doom, beseeches the revellers to think better of their mad irreverence. He reminds them of the words inscribed on the cup—

If this glass should fall
Farewell then, Luck of Edenhall.

But he speaks to deaf ears. The cup is broken at the feast, and the fortunes of the family are broken with it.

Bronze chalices were long employed, in preference to any other kind, by the monks of early Ireland. St. Gall is said to have refused to offer in silver, giving as a reason the rule of St. Columbanus, who offered in a vessel of bronze, in memory of Christ's attachment to the cross by brazen nails!

But, as time went on, and the arts of peace developed, the chalice of gold or silver appealed peculiarly to Christian art, and gave the broadest opportunities to Christian symbolism. One of the earliest distinctions of the Eucharistic chalice was the cruciform arrangement of the gems with which it was studded. Later, it was engraved with Scriptural scenes or sacred emblems, with the figure of Our Lord, or of the Madonna and Child.

The great and increasing value of Church plate brought its own painful responsibility on the clergy, who constantly and

willingly parted with the gold and silver vessels of the sanctuary to relieve the poor, or to redeem Christian captives and slaves.

Indeed, the Quaker poet, Whittier, in his poem, "The Gift of Triptolemus," is not entirely true to history, when he describes the pious horror of the Abbot Triptolemus over the sale of the altar-candlesticks. The good abbot would, of course, have grieved that the son of the poor woman, who came weeping to the convent for help, could not have been rescued from the infidels by any other means; but he would hardly have been scandalized and remorseful. For the sacrifice he had to make was made so often and so ungrudgingly that a decree of the Emperor Justinian was actually framed to prevent its being incurred without sufficient reason! The vessels of the sanctuary had been rendered so rich and so beautiful, just because they symbolized the richness and beauty of Divine Love or sacrifice; and since the office of the Church's ministers was a setting-forth of this Love and Sacrifice, it is no wonder that their impulse was towards overgenerosity, and that, as a general rule, they left prudence to the temporal power.

Two figures in Christian Art are, pre-eminently and uniformly, represented carrying a cup:—The Angel of Strengthening, in pictures of the Agony; and St. John the Evangelist.

In the latter case, of course, the allusion is to the well-known story of the Apostle's defeat of the malice of his enemies, who had given him poison in a cup. He made the sign of the cross over the deadly draught, and then drank it with impunity. The expelled spirit of evil is represented, in Art, by a little winged dragon rising out of the cup.

Still more important, for our line of thought, is an early miniature, which represents Adam at the foot of the Saviour's cross, holding a cup to catch the saving blood-drops.

Here we come to the supreme significance of the cup as a religious emblem, as the natural shrine of the Precious Blood, and so far identified with its contents that mediæval allegory unified the two, and, wherever the one appeared, was reverently conscious of the other.

The Sangrail was spoken of interchangeably as "the Holy Blood" and "the Holy Cup." A modern poet describes it as appearing, in the visions of Galahad, "blood-red"; revealing rather than concealing what it held; and it hardly strains the analogy to remind ourselves that this mirror of Divine Love had to be also a mirror for the beholder himself; and to give a self-revelation at once merciful and stern.

"Sir Lancelot," seeing a sick knight healed by the Vision, and finding himself unable to rise and do it reverence, realizes the cause, and at once rebels against the evil spell that binds him.

"When I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires I ever achieved them. . . . And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, I see and understand that mine old sin shameth me, so that I had no power to stir nor to speak when the Holy Blood appeared before me."

The narrative of Malory suggests rather than relates the actual history of the Grail; of the Cup, borne to the western shores of England by Joseph of Arimathea and deposited in the ancient village of Glastonbury—the Avalon of Arthurian story, where Arthur was himself laid to rest, and "healed of his grievous wound."

Perhaps the tradition which places the blameless King's grave at Glastonbury is connected with the shrining of the Cup. Arthur might well have wished to be laid near the sacred Relic, the Quest of which had been so blessed to his knights, though he had himself distrusted their enthusiasm and foreseen their failure.

It is, at least, historically certain that a chalice, traditionally associated with the Last Supper, was enshrined at Glastonbury from very early times, and was among the most precious possessions of the great Abbey.

Pre-eminently dear for its divine associations, and ceremonial ideas, the cup is also dear to Christian allegorists as a symbol of destiny—which, for the Christian, means acceptance of, and resignation to, God's will.

"Man," ran the old saying, "takes his fate from God as the guest takes his cup from the hand of his host"; and, in Jan Mabuse's picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," pathetic significance and dignity attaches to the gesture of the Holy Child, Who rests His little hand on the golden cup which one of the kings has just uncovered, and which His Mother holds within His reach.

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.]

COINCIDENCE OR HUMAN TELEGRAPHY ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Will any of your readers help to solve the underlying cause for the following events, all of which followed each other in quick succession within the space of ten days, and can hardly be attributed to “mere coincidence” ? I have thought much about the occurrences I am going to relate, and have arrived at the conclusion that there is a sort of human wireless telegraphy connecting individual members of families or communities which brings them into “touch” with each other in the strangest possible manner.

Early in February we bade good-bye at Gangtok, a very small and remote town in the Himalayas, to a certain Mrs. W—— and her small son, who were to sail for England from Calcutta on the 21st of the same month. On the 23rd my daughter and I visited Calcutta, and were driving through M—— Street in that big city, when, much to our surprise, we saw Mrs. W——’s hill servants standing at a gateway with her little son. We found on inquiry that her boat had been delayed and she was spending the interval in a boarding house. All very simple and ordinary, but when one considers the labyrinth of streets in an enormous city, it was surely a strange coincidence which led us to that *one* street where a member of our community was to be found ! More especially as we were not anticipating the meeting, as we believed her to be on the high seas *en route* to Europe at the time.

A day or so later my daughter and I walked into the same street where we had found Mrs. W—— and saw our own name on a board at a gate almost directly opposite the boarding house where we had rooms. We found a nephew there whom we believed to be living at the opposite end of India. He had just been transferred to Calcutta and had put up his name at the gate. The same week I was walking down one of the biggest and most crowded thoroughfares in Calcutta, when I was attracted by a brass plate bearing the name of a literary agency. Something impelled me to enter, and after a few minutes’ conversation with the manager I happened to mention Sikkim, and he immediately said, “Do you know Gangtok. I once lived in a house there called ——.” He mentioned the name of our own house !!

Next day I was having tea with a friend and found she had a little servant who came from the same town—Gangtok—and was delighted to meet any one who knew the place and people. The following morning I went to make some purchases, and on leaving my Gangtok address for the goods to be forwarded the saleswoman immediately said, "Gangtok. How strange! we have just had a Mr. X. from Gangtok here." The same afternoon I was at a newspaper office and found the Editor had visited Sikkim, of which Gangtok is the capital. Now was it "mere coincidence" that these people, all independent of each other, and in most cases quite unknown to one another, had been to the same remote corner of the Himalayas where I lived? A circumstance uniquely extraordinary when one considers the smallness and remoteness of the place. To me it seems nothing short of miraculous how those *few* human beings who had visited or resided in Gangtok were thrown together during the short space of about ten days in a big city like Calcutta, with its thousands of inhabitants and network of streets. It was during those ten days that I found myself thinking very constantly one morning of a little friend of mine in Baluchistan; this worried me, as I wondered if she were ill or in any difficulty. The same morning I called on a lady whom I had never met in my life, and she told me that her son had just left Calcutta for Baluchistan, where he was staying with the parents of my little friend of whom I had been thinking so much the whole morning! I had never met or known the son, and never knew that he lived in the house, so that the whole "coincidence" struck me as being remarkable in the extreme.

This is not the first time in either my own life or the life of hundreds of human beings that such coincidences have occurred, and, therefore, they cannot be arranged by "chance" alone, but by some unexplained law of attraction which I am most anxious to investigate. Indeed, in support of this I may mention that Mrs. W—— of whom I have already spoken, said to me, almost as soon as we met, that she only knew *one* soul in the whole city of Calcutta, a nurse who had nursed her through enteric at Gangtok, but of whose whereabouts she was in complete ignorance. Yet, strange to say, this nurse was the very first person she "chanced" (?) to meet in the streets of that great city! In conclusion, I may add an equally strange "coincidence" which once overtook me in London. I was on a motor "bus driving through a crowded thoroughfare in Knightsbridge, when a small board with the words "Rooms to Let" caught my eye. As I was looking for rooms at the time I went to the place, and a pleasant-looking woman showed me over a suite of rooms which she said had just been vacated by a "lady from India." We all know the vastness of India, yet I immediately asked: "Was she fair, and had she projecting teeth?" The landlady was taken by surprise. "However did you know, madam?" she asked. "And her name," I continued, "was Mrs. S——" This proved to be absolutely correct, and "the lady from India"

had once lived in the very town in which I myself lived in India. We had met constantly, but had afterwards lost sight of each other completely, and I had no idea of her whereabouts or address, which I then asked the landlady to give me. Most people of a matter-of-fact turn of mind will say: "Coincidence, mere coincidence," but if asked to define what coincidence really is they have no reply ready.

ALICE ELIZABETH DRAYCOTT.

GANGTOK, SIKKIM.

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your interesting remarks upon crystal-gazing, you ask the question as to whether it is simply auto-hypnosis; you suggest that crystal-gazing produces the same results as looking into a magic mirror; also that similar "mental distraction" may be brought about by studying a pack of cards.

It would be interesting if we could distinguish between these three processes, which appear to me to work in widely different ways, though the results attained in each may often be similar.

To take crystal-gazing first. There is a state of consciousness known to some psychic persons when the whole atmosphere around changes as it were to solid crystal; this state is accompanied by extraordinary clarity of vision, also clarity of thought. One feels as though one were dwelling within a solid crystal and all normal vibration between oneself and objects around is silent; there is no air along which vibration can travel, it has become solid, and there is a strange experience of absolute stillness and silence; yet normal vision is retained, objects are seen with their usual shape and outline, but one sees through them to the Great Beyond.

There are times when to the vision of some clairvoyants, a man's aura may change from a vibrating mass of many colours, to one solid silent crystal with only a faint *reflection* of colour playing upon it. In this state I believe the colours invariably appear in perfect balance, not one more pronounced than another. This change in the aura comes when the man is in profound thought or meditation, when concentrating upon the wholeness of Cosmic Life rather than upon the details of daily life. Then the play of colour and vibration is seen as a dim reflection shining from some other plane, unable to influence the profound stillness which reigns.

Crystal-gazing appears to me to be a form of sympathetic magic practised in order to bring about this particular state of consciousness. We do something on the physical plane to match a psychic condition, and by some strange law of sympathetic magic assist in bringing about the state.

To consider next the use of a mirror—I am thinking of an ordinary

mirror, not a specially made magic mirror which I believe to be only a more potent form of the ordinary reflecting surface.

It is known to many people who practise concentration that this is far more easily attained when sitting in front of a large mirror. The vibrations from the mind as well as the human body can be thrown upon a mirror, and then cast back upon the person, bringing great intensification of thought power, but the experience then is not stillness and silence, but rapidity and intensity, a heightening of all capacities. Normal vision goes, the rigid outline and surface of things to which we are accustomed fades gradually away into a wave of intenser life, all objects are merged in one sea of activity. One does not see through them to the Great Beyond. Life from the Beyond is nigh upon us and is sometimes overwhelming.

I would suggest that it is to assist us in attaining to this condition that we gaze into a magic mirror, and I believe it to be a wholly different condition from the crystal state.

For those who can stand an intensification of life, mirror-gazing may be useful, but I think it is well to realize that this intensification affects both our vices and our virtues, both our bad luck and our good luck.

With regard to fortune-telling by cards, is it connected with either "self concentration" or any form of "mental distraction?" I do not believe either the one or the other is the least essential. Cards can be made to tell their tale without the slightest concentration, in fact with the minimum of attention. I have known people prophesy by means of cards with extraordinary exactness when they have been in a most scatterbrained condition, talking to half a dozen different people on as many different subjects, paying no attention to the cards except to observe what turns up.

With playing cards there is always a very human though uncanny touch; they tell us concerning Fate, but from such a detached and heartless point of view! Crystal gazing, on the other hand, I believe to be connected with a profound and impersonal mental state, and it seems a pity that the art is so often used simply for spying upon people at a distance—distant as to time or space. To truly use the crystal state of consciousness I believe the personal pivot has to be withdrawn and the mind entirely unmade, the whole inner nature of the man has to be liquefied and then allowed to slowly crystallize out again upon some cosmic principle or plan. When this does happen we should be more likely to get hints as to scientific laws or world processes, than scraps of human gossip. But here again it is well to realize what this unmaking of the inner nature may mean, this complete shattering of the normal aura before building it up upon a less personal principle. Practised by those who have strong individuality, it may be excellent discipline, for others the constant unbuilding of the normal nature may lead to a weakening of the mind fabric.

I think if we could distinguish a little more between these various

practices better results might be obtained. If when sitting by the magic mirror we expected an intensification of our normal powers, a strengthening of our capacity for concentration ; if when gazing into the crystal we searched for illustrations of scientific laws and world processes, we might sometimes catch glimpses of things not otherwise to be seen. Then we could leave it to the cards to play their true part, that of revealing to those who are curious some of the secrets so sternly guarded by Dame Fortune.

MINNIE B. THEOBALD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see you ask for instances of crystal-gazing. I have a maid who has lived with me for many years and who has a wonderful power of seeing veridical pictures in the crystal. She is never able to see more than three successive pictures, and they never refer to the future but represent events actually taking place and usually connected with members of my family. She saw and described my daughter nursing a sick friend in China, one of my sons surveying and measuring ground in Japan, a scene in Brazil, another in Rome, one on board ship, and so on. All these I have verified as being correct by correspondence and interviews, and in one case (the scene in Brazil) she saw the sun setting and the labourers going home, although here it was in the early afternoon and she knew nothing of the time difference. The scenes are certainly not due to telepathy from my mind, as several times they were entirely opposed to my belief—it appears to be a kind of travelling clairvoyance. If Mrs. Spoer would like any detailed account, I shall be glad to communicate with her.

I am, yours faithfully,

M. S. SCHWABE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see in the OCCULT REVIEW that you ask for experiences *re* Crystal-Gazing, and perhaps mine may be of interest, as when I first tried, I had not heard much talk on the subject, nor had any one tried to interest me. Seeing crystals advertised, I got one "for fun." I looked from 9 to 10 p.m. in bed for seven or ten days, cannot be exactly certain. Then I saw my elder sister (in a Sisterhood), standing by a little common bedstead, some one I did not know evidently ill on it, and a group of unknown people there too. I saw low, whitewashed walls, a sandy ground, and pitch black shadows! A sort of roofing on piles, making it look like a verandah, close by. I knew it must be a very hot country by the shadows. But my sister was in London, and no one dreamt of her leaving the Sisterhood to go and nurse, *and* abroad. But thirteen months later the South African War broke out. The first week my sister persuaded the "Mother" to let her and three other Sisters go out and nurse. The War

Office accepted their services gladly. When Ladysmith was relieved, they nursed in one of the environs, called "Tin-Town," all corrugated iron roofs on piles, as I had seen thirteen months before!

Again, I saw my elder brother in some wild district, being carried by two men. Suddenly the scene changed, and he lay on a little wooden bed and two women met at the foot, one all in white and one all in black, and kissed and wept. I could not see their faces, as they folded each other with their heads on each other's shoulders. Months after my elder brother was murdered in America. The shock to me was great and I was in bed some weeks with nervous prostration. The same Sisterhood Sister was in the town and came to our house to try and comfort me, she being in her long black draperies and I in my nightclothes!

A curious thing happened the week my brother died. I declared I felt compelled to go into mourning clothes. My husband's remarks on the "folly of so doing, imagination, plenty of good clothes already," etc., had no effect on me. I went into black. It was more than three weeks later, I had the letter from America enclosing his death certificate, showing he died the week I put on black. I have had many curious warnings, etc., in my life, and I most certainly believe in the occult. Hence I regularly take in your magazine. I had to give up the crystal as I suffered so with neuralgia. If you like to make use of this, pray do.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPHINE GROTE CORDINER.

8 AUCKLAND ROAD EAST,
SOUTHSEA.

THE NATURE OF THE WILL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Concerning my suggestion made in my article "Facts and Hypotheses in Psychical Research," published in your issue for April, as to the possibility of approaching the question of the nature of the will from the mathematical point of view, I would like to add the following. It will be understood that in making this attempt I use the series of "imaginary" numbers (whose unit is $\sqrt{-1}$ or i) to represent the elements of the psychic world, corresponding to the elements of the physical world represented by the series of "real" numbers, in the manner I have explained elsewhere.*

The science of dynamics is usually based upon the three concepts, length [L], time [T], and inertia or mass [M], which are not given directly in experience, as is usually supposed, but are derived therefrom by analysis. The nature of the psychic correlates to length and time, which may be represented by the symbols [i L] and [i T] respectively, I

* *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit* (Rider, 1912). "Imaginary" quantities are perfectly real conceptually and in point of utility. They are so called because they are physically unintelligible.

have discussed elsewhere * ; and no doubt a psychic correlate to inertia [\mathfrak{M}] exists, though what its nature is I am not prepared to say. Now, the dimensions of force [F] and energy [E] are as follows,—

$$[F] = \frac{[M][L]}{[T]^2}, \quad [E] = \frac{[M][L]^2}{[T]^2}$$

Let us attempt to determine the dimensions of the psychic correlates to force [ΨF], and energy [ΨE] by substituting [\mathfrak{L}] for [L], [\mathfrak{T}] for [T], and [\mathfrak{M}] for [M]. Thus—

$$[\Psi F] = \frac{[\mathfrak{M}][\mathfrak{L}]}{[\mathfrak{T}]^2} = \frac{[M][L]}{[T]^2} = [F], \quad [\Psi E] = \frac{[\mathfrak{M}][\mathfrak{L}]^2}{[\mathfrak{T}]^2} = \frac{[M][L]^2}{[T]^2} = [E]$$

—cancelling out \mathfrak{L} in each case. It will be seen from these results that whilst physical energy has a definite psychological correlate \mathfrak{E} , force has no such psychological correlate. In other words, force is indifferently physical or psychological : it is common to both worlds. I suggest, then, that will should be regarded not as a definite physical energy, but as a definite psychological correlate to physical energy. Such a psychological correlate to physical energy would be capable of manifesting force identical with that derived from physical energy. On the other hand, it would be free from the law of conservation of physical energy, though subject, perhaps, to a law of conservation of its own. Soul would be thus capable of acting directly on body, though I doubt, according to this view, if the converse would be strictly true, inasmuch as an “imaginary” number cannot be derived from any combination of “real” ones.

Yours very faithfully,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE.

191 CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

* See *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos* (Rider, 1910).

A THEORY OF COLOURS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I add a few remarks in corroboration of Miss Marjorie Hamilton's interesting “Theory of Colours”?

My mother, who was born in 1829, knew, when she was a young girl, two children named Parry, who would nowadays be described as “psychic.” They saw all people as possessing colours, and names as having colours of their own also.

For instance they described my mother as “pink,” but her name “Addis,” they said, was “white,” and this puzzled them very much.

When they wished to ascertain the character of any strangers who happened to call, they would go up to them, and surreptitiously take and smell a part of their garments.

In relation to the name “John,” which Miss Marjorie Hamilton sees as a “blue” name, when it is spelt with a “red” vowel (δ) may it not be that the true form of the name John is Johānes (accented \bar{a}), as in other languages (Giovānni, Ivān, Iān, etc. etc.)? The pronunciation of

this name is always broad ā (not ō, as in Ross, or Douglas). This would make John (really Jāhn) a "blue" name, just as Mary is also a "blue" name? I think it is the spelling of "John" which is at fault, by analogy with other countries. Yours faithfully,

GRAND HÔTEL SALÔ, SALÔ-RIVIERA,
LAC DE GARDA.

ETHEL L. URLIN.

OCCULTIST AND MYSTIC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with great interest Lily Nightingale's illuminating article on the above in your April issue. Occultist and mystic alike transcend the ordinary man and woman in their knowledge of Eternal Truth, the consciousness of the average man or woman at the present day being restricted by the planet Saturn. The Occultist is one who through the medium of his higher reason responds to the vibrations of the planet Uranus, the impartor of esoteric knowledge. The Mystic is one who through his deeper affection is attuned to the vibrations of the planet Neptune, the revealer of interior wisdom. The path of the Occultist lies mainly through the head; that of the Mystic through the heart.

Yours faithfully,

UNITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Regarding the review of Mazdaznan publications in the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW, permit me to say that I am very much surprised at the seemingly antagonistic attitude taken towards Mazdaznan literature. The principles of a non-flesh diet and of fasting are too well recognized and appreciated among occultists as well as among the most advanced scientific authorities to need any further defence by me other than the statements contained in the articles reviewed. A perusal of the last paragraph of the first chapter and of the last paragraph but one of the second chapter of *Jehoshua Nazir*, or the life of Christ according to Mazdaznan records, will clearly show the error in the review's statement of fact, and the consequent criticism is therefore wholly uncalled for.

Regretting that your review of Mazdaznan publications may very readily impart a false idea of Mazdaznan to the readers of your magazine,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GILMAN BEELER,

President, The British Mazdaznan Association.

86 SEYMOUR STREET,
CONNAUGHT SQUARE, LONDON, W.

[Much further correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IN taking up the last issue of *The Quest*, a process of selection for reference purposes might be called difficult, did the province of reviewing tolerate the confession of difficulties, and it would arise—as in this mystical quarterly it seems to arise frequently—through a wealth of materials. The subjects of profitable debate are so many within our particular circle of interest. Two or three things shall be mentioned, much as Mrs. Browning's heroine in *Aurora Leigh* is said to have "brush'd with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences." There is the editor's own article on "Reincarnationists of early Christendom," which disposes once and for all of the claim made "in popular expositions of the reincarnation theory" that the doctrine in question was taught by some Fathers of the Church. It is relegated to its proper place in the Gnostic schools, of which Mr. Mead is one of our foremost interpreters. There is an article on Eucken and the "Philosophy of Self-Realization" by Mr. Edmond Holmes, which is a criticism of Eucken's disparagement of nature and human nature for the exaltation of spiritual life: it commands our full sympathy and agreement. Mr. J. Arthur Hill writes on "The Inspiration of Genius" and concludes that it is God Himself Who "speaks through the mouth of prophet, poet, or other genius." We are drawn, however, in particular to a paper entitled "Trespassers on the Mystic Way," by Dr. Walter Walsh—not because it is that which belongs most to our range of subjects, nor yet that it is better than the rest, where all indeed are good, but because it offers so large a field for speculation as to what is intended by the writer. Who are the trespassers? We hear of something which is called "the modern movement," of the modern and especially the pulpit mystic, but the one person who is really placed in the pillory is Miss Evelyn Underhill, and—in the words of a ribald song—"the more one thinks it over, the more one wonders why." She has written two popular books on mysticism, but she is a reflection of antecedent and a few current authorities, and it is against these in reality that Dr. Walsh's charges lie, if they lie at all and anywhere. At least Baron von Hugel and the Jesuit Father Poulain should have been included as defendants to the indictment. What also is the implicit of the title chosen by Dr. Walsh? Obviously,

if there are "trespassers on the mystic way," then there are those who carry a warrant; but of warrant or bearers we hear absolutely nothing. What, in fine, is the mystic way itself, from the writer's standpoint? It is granted in the opening sentence that it is "a lawful way to the supreme goal." Why or in what sense we do not learn, nor anything of the alternative courses suggested by the statement that "it is not the only way." Compared with these unknown quantities, it is called narrow and frequently illusive. The counsel in respect of mysticism is that the modern world should have another anchor to its faith, and this is apparently rationalism, meaning "the categories of mind"—apparently as against obscurantism, dogmatism, aristocratism, anti-science and irrationalism. While admitting that the impeachment of the logical understanding has gone much too far with a certain type of mystics, we believe that there is a way of inward experience which is not comprised by rationalism, and, for the rest, we await some information concerning those warranted thinkers who carry a charter along the mystic way—whether or not it is constituted, chiefly or exclusively, by categories of mind.

The Churchman has a thought-provoking article on "The Resurrection Body of our Lord," reminding us of some old views which have been looked at frequently enough, during recent years, in what purports to be a new light and introducing a few extracts from Fathers of the Church with which we happen to be unacquainted and are therefore glad to see. The article is by the Rev. T. A. Gurney, and seems to us an admirable example of special pleading in its attempt to harmonize the narratives of the synoptics and the fourth gospel. A comparison between the risen body and the divine vesture on the mountain of transfiguration is drawn from a French source, but is probably new so far as England is concerned. New also is the suggestion that it was the acts of the risen Lord, rather than his appearance in any likeness worn of old, which led to recognition by his disciples. The thesis led up to, gradually and carefully, is that the resurrection was not a "resuscitation to a former life." That it was in some sense the body of crucifixion which was manifested is the testimony of every narrative, but there is also, in the writer's opinion, full evidence of change, the keynote of which is in the words: "Behold, I am alive for evermore." It was a raising with power, and there was no dying thereafter, but life transfigured and glorified, in a vesture of incorruption. The continuity with the former body was, according to Origen, not in identity of form or particles, but in permanence of spirit, which provides a fitting

vehicle for manifestation, an absolute servant of the will. Now, we know of this body otherwise in most of the old theosophies ; it is the body of sanctity, in which saint and adept function after physical dissolution ; it is " the robe of glory," and is no sense the material body raised into a state of incorruption. If the Christ of the resurrection narratives appeared in this form, two things follow : (1) that we have still to learn what became of the physical body, and (2) that the print of crucifixion nails and wounding spear must have been devised merely as a show, for the robe of glory had no part in these markings. This is equivalent to saying that Mr. Gurney's view of the subject, though interesting and suggestive, is really in a sense opposite to the narratives and sacrifices what it was obviously intended to convey by these. For the rest, there seems no argument or method of theological interpretation which has ever reconciled the difficulties of physical resurrection and shown its need and reason, or ever will.

The claim of our contemporary *Reason*, which appears at Los Angeles, is that this power or faculty of the human mind, as illustrated doubtless by the periodical which bears its name, is a faculty or power that radiates truth, happiness and success—a view which we commend to Dr. Walsh and perhaps to some of his readers. Whether or not we happen to be in agreement, philosophically speaking, we are a little glad to come across the claim, having lived through so many diatribes on the insufficiency of the logical understanding and the unflinching manner in which reason misses the great things of life and thought. Perhaps our contemporary is really testifying to the " splendour and consolations of the sovereign reason " celebrated by Éliphas Lévi, as something to be distinguished from the normal gift of our not too perfect humanity. Unfortunately, the chief lustre of our contemporary is or the borrowed order, for it is over-devoted to reprinting, while the original papers do not carry their subjects further—e.g., that on " Soul Flight " in a recent issue, which gives examples of things familiar enough under the denomination of " astral projection." On the whole, therefore, the case in favour of reason leaves something to be desired in its champion : we miss the promised radiation, and the kind of truth furnished fails to make us free, which is a first condition of the happiness that is also promised. We begin indeed to suspect that the " success " is a question of dollars, as part of a scheme for making the best of both worlds, with special reference to this one.

Our contemporary *Light*, which, for a period of about thirty years, has represented so ably the interests and cause of spiritual-

ism in England—has passed under new editorship, owing to the death of Mr. E. W. Wallis, and, so far as we are able to judge, is giving evidence of increased vitality. It has been always representative within its own field, and has been characterized by a high standard of taste, feeling and discriminate ability. Nor has it been confined to one realm of thought and experience, but has opened its columns freely to every phase of psychical and mystical activity. We have had occasion in THE OCCULT REVIEW to mention the liberality with which *Light* gave space in the past to Mrs. A. J. Penny's frequent and voluminous elucidations of Jacob Böhme's theosophy; but as much might be said of other branches of mystical thought. Mr. C. C. Massey was once a regular contributor to its columns, and many memorable names of the past are connected with its history. The most recent issues give a verbatim report of Mr. Ralph Shirley's address delivered to the London Spiritualist Alliance, under the title of "The Time of Day, Retrospect and Prospect," as also of Mr. W. B. Yeats' discourse on "Ghosts and Dreams."

Two other old friends, of the same general dedication, continue to reach us. One is *The Harbinger of Light*, which has been published as a monthly journal at Melbourne for a period of nearly forty-five years, has consistently occupied an independent platform, and has been a spokesman of the better side of spiritualistic thought and activity. Its observations from the editorial chair are remarkable for freshness and a certain high seriousness of tone and manner. A recent number contains a memorial notice of Mr. E. W. Wallis and an interesting sketch of our friend, Professor Hyslop. The other periodical is *The Progressive Thinker*, which belongs to Chicago, and has also a long established appeal within a circle of its own. The claim put forward in one of its recent essays might be that of the Journal itself, namely, that "spiritualism blends the spiritual with the material in the universal law of harmony."

The Vahan devotes considerable space to thoughts by several writers on Wagner's *Parsifal*. The great musical drama is considered in connection with mysteries of pain and love, of colour and its symbolism. There is much of course which is of the order of fantasy; but the Rev. A. H. Lee, who has deeper insight, regards *Parsifal* as "a reconciliation of the gospels of pessimism and pity." His is a suggestive paper.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF BLESSED HENRY SUSO. By Himself. Cr. 8vo., pp. xl., 254. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE translation from the original German is by Father Knox of the Oratory, and it was first published in 1865. The present edition is introduced by Dr. Inge, who distinguishes the period of Suso—which was the fourteenth century—as the classic age of Christian mysticism. This is true enough in its way, even if there were only two names belonging thereto. I speak of Eckehart and Ruysbroeck: but of the latter more especially, because it seems to me that in mystic literature, under the ægis of Christian tradition, there is no one who stands quite so alone, without warrants save those that are his, and without precedents—as if he had realized beforehand the maxim of Paracelsus: *qui suus esse potest non sit alterius*. We must all speak as we find, and though I do not differ from Dr. Inge when he says that Suso achieved greatness, I do not in my own case altogether feel the sense of greatness—notwithstanding *The Book of Eternal Wisdom* and notwithstanding Suso's autobiography, which is a work of art and nature, a memorable work in literature, and one for which in its present form we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Inge and the publishers. I call it an autobiography, as it is assuredly, but it is veiled beautifully as the life of one who is termed Servitor throughout, and thus the personal note never intervenes. It is the most detached of all memorials. We learn thereby through what paths of merciless self-crucifixion that *servus servorum Dei* travelled on his journey to God, of the dark and the bright times, of the blessed and other visions, and of that union with "the modeless simplicity of the Divine Essence" when "the Spirit loses itself as self, and comes to an end as regards its own activity"—which state is the term of quest. There is no life of sanctity more readable than is this life, if it be tolerable to give my readers this dubious quality of encouragement. It is not only so clear that it is like a limpid stream; it is not only so fresh in its freedom from all conventions and mannerisms; but when we are shrinking most from the greed of self-torture, we are still drawn on by the narrative till we breathe more freely on reaching the comparative sanity of Suso's later life. He has no message for us in respect of asceticism, except a trumpet of warning; he has no message in his visions, whether of the blessed Master Eckehart, whether of Christ appearing in the form of a seraph. These coins come out of the mint of asceticism and are therefore suspect; but when, in the highest clearness of mind, he writes of the sovereign reason, of the research in silence and of the "highest flight of the soul experienced in the ways of God," then indeed he carries a plenary message. We know that which he is and that he keeps his place for ever, near Eckehart and Ruysbroeck—what matters which was the greatest?—in "the classic age of Christian mysticism."

A. E. WAITE.

ODD NUMBERS. By Robert Calignoc. London: George Bell & Son.
Price 1s.

THE *Odd Numbers* of Mr. Robert Calignoc are odd and amusing in every way. In the first portion of this little volume he airs his epigrammatic quips, his satirical fillips like a minor Martial or Lessing. His gently-flung sling-stones strike many a well-known personality. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, G. R. S. Mead, Harold Monro and even, be it hinted, by a timid critic, who deems that by the verse commencing, "An editor I prize near Ludgate Station," our own kindly editor of the OCCULT REVIEW is intended. There are some excellent quizzicalities on Eugenics in the book. "The Only way" is quite a gem:

Sentenced to wed, by order of the State,
That being on earth, the most divinely given—
A engenistic dame, t' avoid her fate,
Took phosphorus, and made a match in Heaven.

It is all very original, though it often strains the limits of poetical liberty. But in the second portion of the book Mr. Calignoc proves himself deeply versed in the occult and an adept in astrological lore. In "The Fall," "Aphelion" and "Witchcraft" he is especially good, particularly in the last-named, wherein there is a Hecate-like wizardry and the gloom of the witches in *Macbeth*.

Come, miser night, thy skinny arms
Have circled earth with noxious harms;
The dew-damps creep along the vale,
The screech-owls tell their ghostly tale.

It is almost like the Brocken scene in Goethe's *Faust* and has a weirdness all its own. Mr. Calignoc is a deft weaver who passes from the flippant to the eerie, from the ludicrous to the sombre, with easy skill.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE FIRE WITHIN. By Patricia Wentworth (Mrs. G. F. Dillon):
London: Andrew Melrose. Pp. 275. Price 6s.

A RESTFUL loving soul expresses the principal—perhaps the only—dogmas of its theology in this fantastic novel: the dogmas that God is Love and that everything is unreal (whether its name be pain or doubt or insomnia) which does not abide in the Divine Consciousness. Mrs. Dillon's heroine devotes herself to the weal of a man who has sacrificed his professional honour as a doctor to a married woman for whom he cherishes a fleshly passion. But when sleep releases him from the bondage of error, the woman whom he loves is the woman who loves him. His memory, owing to his somnambulism, fails to record the act which qualifies him for fatherhood; one is reminded of *The Lost Viol*, where the hero is loved as pathetically and begets almost as strangely. Mrs. Dillon has poetry of temperament, and no common gift for making verses. Some of her verses are haunting, and for their sake and her heroine's lovely spirit her book is well worth reading.

W. H. CHESSON.