

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 relationship between the authors of *The Perfect Way* and the founders of the Theosophical Society in the days of its infancy affords matter of no little interest. The basic idea of the Theosophical Society, viz. the harmonizing of the esoteric side of all religions, naturally suggested to the promoters of the movement that in the authors of so remarkable a work, they would find a tower of strength, and Madame Blavatsky, in particular, was most anxious to obtain their support and co-operation for the British section of the Society. Eventually, after considerable

hesitation, Anna Kingsford responded to the advances made to her, and accepted the presidency of the British section. But the arrangement was not one which was destined to last long. That it was not likely to be a success might, I think, have been readily enough foreseen. Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland were too uncompromising in their point of view—too positive that the source of their own

information could not be impugned, to accept readily the *bona fides* of other and, as they considered, lower oracles. This, however, was by no means all. The attitude of Theosophy in its early days towards Christianity was in the main hostile. To make the esoteric interpretation of this creed the pivot of their teaching was the last idea they contemplated. Madame Blavatsky had attacked Christianity in *Isis Unveiled*. Mr. Sinnett was equally unsympathetic. The basis of their actual teaching was an interpretation of Eastern religions, whereas the basis of *The Perfect Way* was an interpretation of Western. Anna Kingsford was just as unhesitating in giving her preference to Christianity as the leaders of Theosophy were in according theirs to Buddhism, Hinduism, and kindred Oriental philosophies. Mrs. Besant's attitude when she joined the Society showed similar preferences. Her early experiences of orthodox Christianity were not such as to bias her in its favour, and it was not until later days that she assumed the mantle of the prophet of *The Perfect Way*, and openly recognized the importance of the esoteric side of Christianity to complete the circle of theosophical teachings. As has already been intimated in this magazine, the views with which Theosophy commenced have in the course of time been materially modified, and a curious sidelight is thrown, by a letter of Anna Kingsford's, on a subject that has been discussed from various points of view in these columns—the question whether the leaders of this Society had originally adopted the reincarnation hypothesis, or whether this was in the nature of a subsequent development. Mrs. Kingsford writes under date July 3, 1882, to her friend Lady Caithness, alluding to the reception of *The Perfect Way* by the Press—

EASTERN
AND
WESTERN
TEACHING.

After all this reviewing and fault-finding on the part of critics having but a third of the knowledge which has been given to us, there is not a line in *The Perfect Way* which I would alter were the book to be reprinted. The very reviewer—Mr. Sinnett—who writes with so much pseudo-authority in the *Theosophist*, has, within a year's time, completely altered his views on at least one important subject—I mean reincarnation. When he came to see us a year ago in London, he vehemently denied that doctrine, and asserted, with immense conviction, that I had been altogether deceived in my teaching concerning it. He read a passage from *Isis Unveiled* to confute me, and argued long on the subject. He had not then received any instruction from his Hindu guru about it. Now, he has been so instructed, and wrote Mr. Maitland a long letter acknowledging the truth of the doctrine which, since seeing us, he has been taught. But he does not yet know all the truth concerning it, and so finds fault with our presentation of that side of it which, as yet, he has not been taught.

Presumably in this matter Mr. Sinnett reflected Madame Blavatsky's views, and the fact that he cites *Isis Unveiled* seems to me to leave little doubt in the matter. Surely if he had misunderstood her, H. P. B. would have taken pains to put him right! I think that the date given will fix approximately the period at which official Theosophy was openly converted to the doctrine of Reincarnation. Until that time, if it was not uniformly denied, at least there were wide diversities of opinion, and apparently its opponents mustered more strongly than its supporters. Eventually Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland founded between them the *Hermetic Society*. This was not destined to a long lease of life, mainly owing to the breakdown of Anna Kingsford's health. But while Theosophy showed the greater vitality, in spite of scandals and discords which might well have shattered it to its base, the teachings of the authors of *The Perfect Way* exercised a profound influence in leavening the mass of Theosophical teaching. Though possessing no little dogmatism in her own intellectual organization, Anna Kingsford had no great liking for any form of society that taught dogmatically, her idea being that every one must necessarily find out the truth for themselves and realize it spiritually from their own individual standpoint. Theosophy was altogether too dogmatic for her, without being dogmatic on her own lines. She was readier to admit the existence of the Mahatmas than to grant the inspired source of their communications. In any case she looked upon their teaching as of a radically lower order than her own, and reflecting those vices and defects which she and Maitland were wont to associate with the denizens of the astral plane. On the subject of communications with such entities, or with those whom she suspected of belonging by nature to this region, she was never tired of inveighing.

The secret (she says) of the opposition made in certain circles to the doctrine set forth in *The Perfect Way* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fact that the book is, throughout, strenuously opposed to idolatry in all its forms, including that of the popular "spiritualism" of the day, which is, in effect, a revival, under a new guise and with new sanctions, of the ancient cultus known as Ancestor-worship. *The Perfect*

Way, on the contrary, insists that Truth is accessible only through the illumination, by the Divine Spirit, of man's own soul; and that precisely in proportion as the individual declines such interior illumination, and seeks to extraneous influences, does he impoverish his own soul and diminish his possibilities of knowledge. It teaches that "Spirits" or "Angels," as their devotees are fond of styling them, are

REINCARNATION AND THEOSOPHY.

DANGERS OF THE PASSIVE STATE.

untrustworthy guides, possessed of no positive divine element, and reflecting, therefore, rather than instructing, their interrogators; and that the condition of mind, namely, passivity, insisted on by these "angels" is one to be strenuously avoided, the true attitude for obtaining divine illumination being that of ardent active aspiration, impelled by a resolute determination to know nothing but the Highest. Precisely such a state of passivity, voluntarily induced, and such veneration of and reliance upon "guides" or "controls," are referred to by the Apostle when he says: "But let no man beguile you by a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels." And precisely such exaltation of the personal Jesus, as *The Perfect Way* repudiates and its opponents demand, is by the same Apostle condemned in the words: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."

Accordingly, as Maitland and Kingsford fell foul of the Theosophical Society on the one hand, they fell foul of the Spiritualists on the other. But the cleavage between Spiritualism and the teaching of *The Perfect Way* was far deeper than that between this teaching and Theosophy. With Theosophy indeed, in its broadest sense, there was nothing in Kingsford and Maitland's teaching that was radically antagonistic. *The Perfect Way* might in fact be accepted to-day, with some reservations on minor points, as a theosophical text-book, and, looked at from this point of view, it is the fullest, the most complete, and the most coherent exposition of Christianity as seen through theosophical spectacles. Anna Kingsford had indeed herself been received

WAS ANNA
KINGSFORD
A ROMAN
CATHOLIC?

into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church, though certainly Roman Catholicism never had a more rebellious or more independent subject. On the doctrine of authority she would never have made concessions, and, without this admission, one fails to see what status the Roman Church can be held to occupy. It is indeed a case of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Her leanings, however, towards the ancient mother of Christian churches was, even in its modified form, gall and wormwood to her partner and collaborator, and in the end it brought about some very unhappy and regrettable scenes in connection with her last hours, and a dispute as to the faith in which she died, which must have been exceedingly painful to all concerned.

Perhaps in no single point does Roman Catholicism present a worse and more undesirable aspect than in the manner in which its missionaries besiege the last hours of the passing soul in the effort to induce its victims, when too weak for resistance, to say "ditto" to the formulæ which their priests pretend to regard as constituting a password to the celestial realms. Certainly, in

Anna Kingsford's case, the admission of a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy to tend her in her last illness was productive of the worst results, troubling her last hours with an unseemly wrangle that did not cease even after her body was consigned to its last resting-place.

A sidelight is thrown on Mrs. Kingsford's attitude towards Roman Catholicism by the record of a conversation which her biographer cites her as having had on one occasion with a Roman Catholic priest. She was calling on a Catholic friend on the occasion, and speaking as usual in her very free and self-confident manner with regard to the religious views which she held. Some remark which she made elicited from the priest the rebuke, "Why, my daughter, you have been *thinking*. You should never do that. The Church saves us the trouble and danger of thinking, by telling us what to *believe*. We are only called on to believe. I never think: I dare not. I should go mad if I were to let myself think." Anna Kingsford replied that what she wanted was to understand, and that it was impossible to do this without thinking. Believing without understanding was for her not faith but credulity. "How, except by thinking," she asked, "does one learn whether the Church has the truth?"

When the Hermetic Society was founded, W. T. Stead was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mrs. Kingsford wrote for him an account of the new Society. Stead, with his usual taste for dramatic headlines, entitled it "The Newest Thing in Religions." This was the very last description that its founders were likely to tolerate. Anna Kingsford wrote back an indignant letter of repudiation. "So far," she says, "from being the newest thing in religions, or even claiming to be a religion at all, that at which the Society aims is the recovery of what is really the oldest thing in religion, so old as to have become forgotten and lost—namely, its esoteric and spiritual, and therefore its true signification." Elsewhere she writes of *The Perfect Way* as not purporting to be a new gospel. "Its mission," she says, "is that simply of rehabilitation and re-interpretation undertaken with a view, not of superseding Christianity, but of saving it." She continues—

For, as the deepest and most earnest thinkers of our day are painfully aware, the Gospel of Christendom, as it stands in the Four Evangelists, does NOT suffice, uninterpreted, to satisfy the needs of the age, and to furnish a perfect system of thought and rule of life. Christianity—historically preached and understood—has for eighteen centuries filled the

world with wars, persecutions, and miseries of all kinds; and in these days it is rapidly filling it with agnosticism, atheism and revolt against the very idea of God. *The Perfect Way* seeks to consolidate truth in one complete whole, and, by systematizing religion, to demonstrate its Catholicity. It seeks to make peace between Science and Faith; to marry the Intellect with the Intuition; to bring together East and West, and to unite Buddhist philosophy with Christian love, by demonstrating that the basis of religion is not historical, but spiritual—not physical, but psychic—not local and temporal, but universal and eternal. It avers that the true "Lord Jesus Christ" is no mere historical character, no mere demi-god, by whose material blood the souls of men are washed white, but "the hidden man of the heart" continually born, crucified, ascending and glorified in the interior Kingdom of the Christian's own Spirit. A scientific age rightly refuses to be any longer put off with data which are more than dubious, and logic which morality and philosophy alike reject. A deeper, truer, more real religion is needed for an epoch of thought, and for a world familiar with Biblical criticism and revision—a religion whose foundations no destructive agnosticism can undermine, and in whose structure no examination, however searching, shall be able to find flaw or blemish. It is only by rescuing the Gospel of Christ from the externals of history, persons, and events, and by vindicating its essential significance, that Christianity can be saved from the destruction which inevitably overtakes all idolatrous creeds. There is not a word in *The Perfect Way* at variance with the spirit of the Gospel of the "Lord Jesus Christ."

Nothing shows the method adopted in their Gospel of Interpretation by the two authors more clearly than their teaching with regard to the story of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. It is curious how literally this story has been taken through many ages of the Church's history, in view of the fact that such a writer as Origen in the early days of the infant Church observed that: "No one in his time would be so foolish as to take this allegory as a description of actual fact." Kingsford and Maitland refer the interpretation firstly to the Church, and secondly to individual man. "The conscience," they say, "set over the human reason as its guide, overseer and ruler, whether, in the general, as the Church, or in the particular, as the individual, falls, when, listening to the suggestions of the lower nature, she desires, seeks, and at length defiles herself with, the ambitions and falsehoods of this present world." "Ceasing to be a trustworthy guide she becomes herself serpent and seducer to the human reason, leading him into false paths until, if she have her way, she will end by plunging him into the lowest depths of abject ignorance, there to be devoured by the brood of unreason and to be annihilated for ever. For she is now no longer the true wife, Faith, she has become the wanton, Super-

HERMETIC
MEANING
OF THE
FALL OF
MAN.

stition." On the other hand, "the Church at her best, unfallen, is the glass to the lamp of Truth, guarding the sacred flame within and transmitting unimpaired to her children the light received upon its inner surface." Hitherto this fall has been the common fate of all Churches. "Thus fallen and degraded, the Church becomes a church of this world, greedy of worldly dignities, emoluments, and dominion, intent on foisting on the belief of her votaries in the name of authority fables and worse than fables—a Church jealous of the letter which killeth, ignorant of, or bitterly at enmity with, the spirit which giveth life."

We now come to the interpretation of the Fall as applied to individual Man. This is allegorically described as "the lapse of heavenly beings from their first happy estate and their final redemption by means of penance done through incarnation in the flesh." The authors tell us that this imagined lapse is a parable designed to veil and preserve a truth. This truth is the Creative Secret, the projection of Spirit into matter, the descent of substance into Maya, or illusion. From a cosmic standpoint "the Tree of Divination or Knowledge becomes Motion or the Kalpa—the period of Existence as distinguished from Being; the Tree of Life is Rest or the Sabbath, the Nirvâna. Adam is Manifestation; the Serpent—no longer of the lower, but of the higher sphere—is the celestial Serpent or Seraph of Heavenly Counsel." By the Tree of Divination of Good and Evil in this interpretation must be understood that condition by means of which Spirit projected into appearance becomes manifested under the veil of Maya, a necessary condition for the evolution of the individual, but carrying with it its own inevitable perils. It is not, say our authors, because matter is in itself evil that the soul's descent into it constitutes a fall. It is because to the soul matter is a forbidden thing. By quitting her own proper condition and descending into matter she takes upon herself matter's limitations. It is no particular act that constitutes sin. Sin does not consist in fulfilling any of the functions of nature. Sin consists in acting without or against the Spirit, and in not seeking the divine sanction for everything that is done. Sin, in fact, is of the soul, and it is due to the soul's inclination to the things of sense. To regard an act as *per se* sinful is materialism and idolatry. For in doing so we invest that which is physical with a spiritual attribute, and this is of the essence of idolatry.

Adam signifies the manifested personality, or man, and is only complete when Eve, his soul, is added to him as helpmeet.

When Eve takes of the fruit and enjoys it, she turns away from her higher spiritual self to seek for pleasure in the things of her lower self, and in doing so she draws Adam down with her till they both become sensual and debased. The sin which commences in the thought of the soul, Eve, thus becomes subsequently developed into action through the energy of the body or masculine part, Adam. One of the inevitable results of the soul's enslavement to matter is its liability to extinction. In eating of the fruit Adam and Eve absorb the seeds of mortality. As Milton says—

They engorged without restraint,
And knew not, eating Death.

The soul in her own nature is immortal, but the lower she sinks into matter the weaker becomes her vitality. A continuous downward course must therefore end in the extinction of the individual—not of course of the Divine Ray, which returns to the Source whence it came. It is well to bear in mind

MAN A
DUAL
BEING.

that man is a dual being, not masculine or feminine only, but both. This, of course, applies equally to man whether manifested in a male or female body. One side is more predominant in man and the other in woman, but this does not imply absence of the other side, but merely its subordination. The man who has nothing, or next to nothing, of the woman in him, is no true man, and the woman who has nothing of the man in her, is no true woman. Man, whether man or woman, consists of male and female, Reason and Intuition, and is therefore essentially a twofold being. Owing to the duality of his constitution, every doctrine relating to man has a dual significance and application. Thus the sacred books not only present an historical narration of events occurring in time, but have a spiritual significance of a permanent character in regard to which the element of time has no meaning. In this sense Scripture is a record of that which is always taking place.

Thus, the Spirit of God, which is original Life, is always moving upon the face of the waters, or heavenly deep, which is original Substance. And the One, which consists of these two, is always putting forth alike the Macrocosm of the universe and the Microcosm of the individual, and is always making man in the image of God, and placing him in a garden of innocence and perfection, the garden of his own unsophisticated nature. And man is always falling away from that image and quitting that garden for the wilderness of sin, being tempted by the serpent of sense, his own lower element. And from this condition and its consequences he is always being born of a pure virgin—dying, rising and ascending into heaven.

This, in brief, is one of the most essential portions of the new Gospel of Interpretation. It exemplifies the method adopted throughout which is that to which we are accustomed to apply the word "Hermetic." It is both Christian and pre-Christian, for it is the interpretation of the meaning of life, which was the Key to the ancient Gnostic faiths which, subsisting before Christianity, became incorporated in the Christian teaching. New generations and races of men require the old truths to be put before them in a new guise. This was so when Christianity first came to birth, but in the days of Jesus Christ there were many things which the Prophet of Nazareth had to say to his disciples, but which, as he told them, they were then too weak to understand. The mystical interpretation of Christian truth fell on deaf ears then. Re-stated and re-interpreted, after a lapse of 1900 years, is it too much to hope that it may no longer prove to be "to the Gentiles foolishness, and to the Jews a rock of offence?"

The question as to whether the future can be actually foreseen or whether it is merely a case of an anticipation of probabilities, and the bearing of the conclusion arrived at on the question of fate *versus* freewill, is one which is frequently enough discussed.

A more than usually interesting record of a double clairvoyant prediction is given in *Popular Science Siftings* by a doctor who signs himself M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S. The Editor puts a footnote to the effect that the medical practitioner who is responsible for the letter is well known to himself. Controverting the statement of a correspondent of materialistic leanings, the doctor writes as follows:—

CAN THE FUTURE BE FORESEEN?

DEAR SIR,—In his answer to "Alpha" (No. 1,183, P.S.S.) Mr. Combes says, "Supposing a man can draw pictures in his brain of a life after death, he cannot claim to go further than the grave." It is not at all clear what Mr. Combes means by this assumption. If he means that no communication can be given to us by those who have passed out of this life, he is most distinctly in error, as the late Professor F. W. H. Myers has proved up to the hilt. I will give a case in my own experience which very clearly proves it also, and I may say I could give many other instances equally, if not more, convincing in my own experience.

When asleep, one Friday morning, about 6 a.m., I saw my mother, who had passed away about four years. She held up a cablegram announcing the forthcoming death of a brother in Melbourne, and told me not to worry, as it was all for the best. She also showed a blue envelope (announcing the death of another brother in three months' time). On the following Saturday, as I stood on the very spot where I saw my mother

in the dream, the cablegram announcing the first death at Melbourne arrived, at 11.15 a.m. I had not known of my brother's illness, and he himself had expected to recover, and the doctors also expected recovery, as I afterwards ascertained.

Exactly sixteen weeks later a bluish envelope (Denver post-mark) arrived, announcing the other brother's death three weeks previously, i.e. thirteen weeks after the first. This brother had been taken suddenly ill in the Rocky Mountains, and was received into Denver Hospital, where he died a few hours after an operation. The illness was acute, only lasting a short time.

This dream or vision shows that those out of the body are still living on some sphere, wherever that may be; otherwise they could not so truthfully warn us. I have the cablegram, which I have kept, so there is no doubt about it, and I have also witnesses of the fact of my vision, because I told it to them at breakfast on the Friday morning.

I am, yours truly,

———— M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

I have a matter of some importance to communicate to my readers in the present issue. It has reference to a book to which allusion has been made more than once in this magazine, and which has excited a very widespread interest amongst those interested in Occultism and psychic phenomena—*Letters from a Living-Dead Man*.* The veil of anonymity has been withdrawn from the name of the communicant of these letters, and I am now free to make a frank statement with regard to his identity.

THE
IDENTITY
OF THE
LIVING-
DEAD MAN.

Not only am I in a position to do this, but I have before me a communication from his son stating that he has satisfied himself, after very mature and careful consideration, that the letters in question actually emanate from his father. I have already alluded to the inspirer of these letters as a "well-known American lawyer who was also an author and a profound student of philosophy." I may now say that the person in question was Judge David P. Hatch, who was born in Dresden, Me., on November 22, 1846, and died in Los Angeles, Cal., on February 21, 1912.

Judge Hatch was one of that class of self-made men which have made America what it is. He belonged to a family in very humble circumstances in life, but had the rare advantage of being brought up by a mother of great ability and high courage, to whom he owed his early education and a sympathy for which ever after he looked back with a sense of deep gratitude. As a youth he made friends with the Indians, and spent several months every year hunting and trapping with them. There was a natural

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

vein of sympathy in him which even in his early youth made him the friend of every man, and made every man his friend. Having decided on a professional career he went to Chicago, where he matriculated in the Chicago university. While there he earned sufficient money by teaching to pay for his education, and eventually was elected to fill the Chair of Logic and Mathematics in that university. While occupying this chair he found



JUDGE DAVID P. HATCH.

it possible to devote time enough to the study of Law to qualify for his chosen vocation.

Mr. Hatch married Miss Ida Stilphen, of Dresden, and shortly afterwards moved with his bride to Ottertail County, Minnesota, where he received an appointment as district attorney. Subsequently he moved again to Santa Barbara, Cal., in the year 1875.

II

where he was elected to the bench of the Superior Court. Later on he took up the business of a corporation lawyer, representing the Trans-continental Railroads and many of the largest financial institutions on the Pacific coast. Judge Hatch moved to Los Angeles in 1884. He took a prominent part in Republican politics and was also well known in Masonic circles. Late in life he became interested in Hermetic philosophy, and was responsible for the publication of various books dealing with these and kindred subjects. Judge Hatch left two sons and a daughter—David P. Hatch, an attorney of Los Angeles, and Bruce Hatch, consulting engineer, now in New York. It is to the latter of these that we owe the statement which appeared first in the *American World Magazine*, expressing his conviction that the Letters from a Living-Dead Man were undoubtedly genuine communications from his father's spirit.

I am compelled (he writes) to believe this is my father's work. I was sceptical at first. When I began to read the letters I was still unconvinced, and I shrank from the thought of my father's name being definitely connected with them. But the more I read, the more they sounded like father, not philosophizing but actually telling of his life beyond the grave. I am not a spiritualist, nor a theosophist. I do not believe, and neither did

HIS SON'S
OPINION
OF THE
LETTERS.

my father, in accepting anything as truth unless there is ample evidence to support it. But, overwhelming as the thought is, I cannot escape the conclusion that my father did dictate these letters and that they tell of his actual adventures in another world.

On February 23, 1912, I received a delayed telegram in New York telling me of father's death. The thought struck me at the time that, if anyone could return from the life beyond, my father could. I talked it over with a friend that day—a man in whom my father had the greatest confidence. The result of it was that he and another friend and Mrs. Hatch and I agreed to hold ourselves in a receptive condition every night, so that if father should be able to return he could communicate with any one of us.

At my friend's suggestion we decided to include one other person in the agreement. This was Elsa Barker. She was in Paris at the time, and we decided to ask her co-operation by mail. None of us had any positive conviction that a message would come—we just wished to make it as easy as possible.

I have not met Mrs. Barker, although I knew she was a great friend of my father, and a student of my father's books. As far as I know she is the only one of the five who has ever received a communication. The first message came to her a few days before she learned through the mail that my father was dead.

I am reproducing here a portrait of the late Judge Hatch which I am sure my readers will be interested to see.

In *Old Moore's Monthly Messenger* there appears a figure for the horoscope of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the late heir presumptive to the Austrian throne. It is a pity that astrologers have not more of the enterprising journalistic instinct which would enable them to obtain the data for such figures before the catastrophe occurs. The danger of a violent death in this case, and, above all things, the fact that the Archduke was not destined to inherit the Imperial Crown, is most clearly indicated.

THE
ARCHDUKE
FRANZ
FERDINAND.

Though the Sun and Mercury are rising together in the sign Sagittary, the former has the opposition of Uranus from the 7th house and Saturn is exactly culminating in the sign Libra. The Moon is conjoined with Neptune in the 3rd house, and Mars is on the cusp of the 12th, the house, of secret enemies. Venus is attended by Jupiter close to the cusp of the 11th house, the house of friends, indicative of the powerful influences that were always exerted in the Archduke's favour during his lifetime. The ascendant is 19 degrees of Sagittary, and Uranus is in 22°57' of the opposite sign. Saturn, it will be observed, had been transiting the descendant and the place of Uranus for some considerable period prior to the assassination. The fate of the Archduke was only what might have been expected from these tragic and sinister positions. The date given, which is, I understand, perfectly authentic, coming as it does from a high Austrian official source, is December 18, 1863, 7.15 p.m., at Graz.

With reference to the review of the book entitled *Spiritual Healing* which appears in the preceding issue of this magazine, Mr. Redgrove, the reviewer, desires me to state that the word "realize" (sixth line from bottom) should read "believe."

THE MYSTICISM OF SCHELLING

By CLARE ELIOT

SCHELLING was born at Leonberg, Würtemberg, in 1775. He began his career as a teacher of philosophy at the University of Jena as a successor of Fichte, and had several subsequent posts at academies and universities. Finally Frederick William IV, hearing that Schelling had at last discovered the positive philosophy which had been promised for so long, summoned him to Berlin. He died in Switzerland in 1854.

Schelling was an extraordinarily active thinker and writer, and had a great effect on the rather chaotic thought of the day. Every one is familiar with Hegel's saying that Schelling "carried on his philosophical education before the public, and signalized each fresh stage of his advance by a new treatise." This is essentially true, but it perhaps suggests a lack of continuity with which it is rather unfair to charge Schelling. There is continual change in his philosophy, but it is far more the development that is brought about by new discoveries than the change of a fickle mind. His works fall into three distinct periods.

During the first period of "Storm and Stress" he followed Fichte in his theory that the "Ego" is the supreme principle of philosophy. He refused to admit the reality of any Supreme Being other than the moral order of the world. This moral order is revealed to man as the idea, a moral perfection to which he can only approximate, but which should be the aim of all his efforts.

During his second period Schelling develops his "Philosophy of Identity." He was then under the influence of Boehme and Spinoza. The system is complicated. Its main value consists in the way he emphasized the truth that the universe is not a dead inanimate product but a living process, in which intelligence creates, and is conscious of itself creating. On the other hand, he really tries to combine two opposite principles, and fails to draw a clear line between knowable reality and the philosophy of the individual mind. Nature when separated from intelligence at once lapses back into Kant's "thing in itself," and all Schelling's subsequent efforts to get back from this only complicate things still further. Finally he attempted to weld the two principles together by the poetic faculty, and this led him to the door of mysticism. In this last, the crowning stage, he attempted to prove the personality of God. He could never describe to himself the absolute, save in the most formal way, and he could never

quite determine how the finite rose out of the dark background of the Infinite. Thus it will be seen that there is no real break in the thread of his philosophy. Of course in the first period he did deny what he calls an "objective God," which Mathew Arnold described as a "magnified and non-natural man in the next street," but the idea of moral perfection contains at least the germ of the idea of the glory of God, and the later development is quite a consecutive one.

Now through all ages mystics seem to have retained the poetry and heart of religion and combated the dryness and formalism of the schoolmen. All that we are really in a position to say concerning spiritual religion is negative; and the mystics are always trying to solve those questions which we all equally admit to be important. No doubt rationalism overrates reason, just as formalism does action, and mysticism feeling. Thus mysticism is the romance of religion. It has commanded the strongest as well as the feeblest of intellects. The necessity for it comes partly from weariness, from a yearning for inaccessible rest. We notice too that every people has embellished some hidden spot in the world, whether the name be Eden, Tempe, or Avalon, and what places like these have been to the popular mind, the attainment of ecstasy is to the mystic.

There is a curious identity in the upward progress of all the mystics. They all seem to go through three stages—the initiation, the ascent and the consummation in self-loss. The first stage is fraught with terror. Sometimes it is the pains of asceticism, and sometimes the phantoms of his brain that alarm the mystic, but if he can win through these, he will be rewarded by an occasional flash beyond the reach of ordinary man, and eventually reach that final stage when he loses himself in the Divine dark when he escapes from everything definite into the Infinite Fullness.

Before we consider Schelling's mysticism further, we should perhaps do well to determine what kind of a mystic he was. The first division of mystics seems to be to divide them into three kinds: the theopathic, the theosophic, and theurgic. The theopathic mystic may be either transitive or intransitive. It is that mysticism which resigns itself more or less passively to a divine manifestation, and either the mystic may regard himself as a mirror in which Divinity "glasses" Himself, or as an inspired instrument driven by a Divine Spirit. Thus, on the one hand, we have St. Bernard and the Quietists, and on the other the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Sibyl in her cave.

The word Theosophy was first employed by the School of Porphyry, but the Germans only call mysticism theosophy when it applies to natural science. This would imply that there was no theosophy in Europe until after the Reformation. The theosophists, or mystical philosophers, to whom we shall return in a moment, maintained that all truth was stored in the recesses of man's own mind, that man is a microcosm of the macrocosm of the world—their motto was "Look into thyself." Theurgic is applied to that mysticism which claims supernatural powers. These mystics performed white magic by the help of talismans, and would now ordinarily be termed "Occultists."

Schelling was a theosophic mystic, but he did not fall into the error many of these succumbed to, of imagining that the full powers of the intellect were not required to realize the Ego. He interpreted nature by the inward revelation of intellectual intuition. This philosophy was a sort of reaction. Reason and the intellect had been strained too far in trying to explain ultimate realities which they never could unravel. They failed, and Schelling therefore sought to supplement their efforts by intuition. He tried to explain in the language of reason such truths of Revelation as that of the Trinity, under which God the Father is seen to go out of Himself to the creation of a world. It is in some such way, by an eternal act before all time, that man made himself what he is, and goes on asserting his freedom until, by another eternal act, he unites himself to God, and thus man brings the world back to God and becomes its redeemer. Schelling looked forward to a church founded on the teaching of St. John, which would transcend the teaching of Peter and of Paul. But the mystic can never really teach others what has been revealed to him, mysticism is in its essence a secret. Suidas derives the word from the Greek root "Mu," to close, thus the rites and lessons of the Greek mysteries were things about which the mouth was to be closed. The philosophers borrowed the word from the priests, and in the early Christian world the word was introduced with all its old pagan significance. There is also a second meaning of the word, an extension of the first which refers to the practice of closing as completely as possible every avenue of perception by the senses, a sort of platonic abstraction. It is an effort of man to strip himself of his material self and reduce himself to a spiritual element. Philosophers and monks alike employ the word as involving the idea, not only of initiation into something hidden, but also of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition, or in the feeling of the secluded soul.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE. B.Sc.

IT was not so very long ago that the European regarded all Asiatics as unlettered heathens. For some time past, however, we have come to realize that, if the Asiatic has much to learn of us, we have also something to learn of him. The recent formation in London of an "East and West Union," through the efforts of Mr. Das Gupta and Miss Clarissa Miles (whose names, no doubt, are well known to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW), in order to bring about a better understanding and relationship between the inhabitants of the two Continents, is one evidence out of many of our changed attitude towards the East.

The mistake is sometimes made of attempting to maintain that Eastern and Western systems of thought and religion are essentially the same. Similarities in the moral teachings of Gautama and Jesus are insisted upon and comparisons instituted between the Kṛishna legends and the life of the latter. No doubt there are certain elements common to all systems of morality, and there are certain doctrines (that of "The Trinity" is a case in point, to which I shall refer later) which curiously enough confront us in otherwise disparate religions. But the Indian outlook on life, nature, and God is almost totally different from that of the European. Jesus, the Christ, came, He declared, to reveal the Divine Father of all mankind, and that men "might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."* In Buddhism, on the other hand, there is no Absolute Being, thus no God; and Gautama, the Buddha, came, he declared, to teach men the way of liberation from existence.

The concept of Vishṇu as of a God who becomes incarnate in man, at times when humanity is threatened with some dire calamity, and who is especially to be worshipped by love (*bhakti*), does, however, resemble that of the Christian doctrine of the Logos; especially as Vishṇu is a member of a Triad, expressed by the mysterious word AUM, of which one God, Brahmā, the Demiurge, is essentially a transcendent God, whilst the other, Śiva, is essentially a God immanent in Nature. I have, however, dealt with the question of the Hindu Triad elsewhere, and have

* *The Gospel according to John*, chap. x, verse 10 (A.V.).

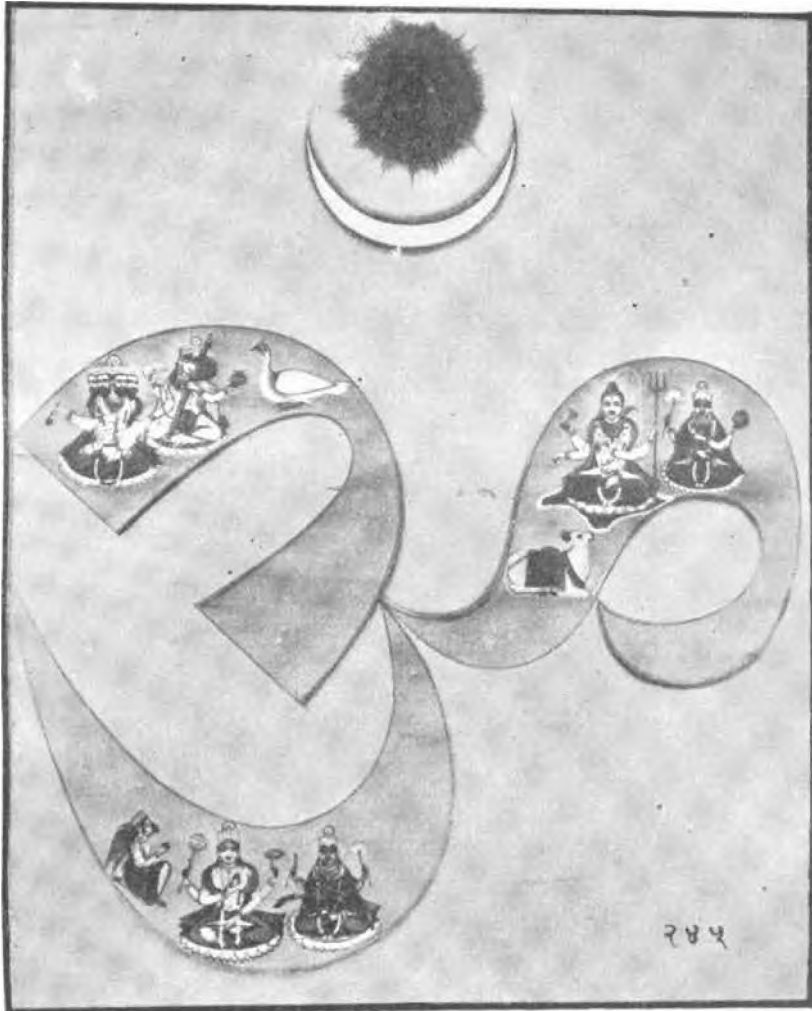
traced out the analogy between it and the Christian Trinity as far as this is possible.*

If we are to understand and appreciate the thought and literature of the East aright we must begin, I think, by studying the essential differences between the Eastern and Western outlooks. In India, to confine our attention to this one great division of the East, the uneducated masses are given over to the rankest superstition, and the popular myths contain incidents concerning the gods of the grossest character. Not merely polytheism, but idolatry and devil-worship are rife. But superstition is by no means dead in Europe, and the state of many of this continent's inhabitants can only be described as that of intellectual darkness. India, moreover, we must remember, has produced not only two great world-religions, several systems of speculative philosophy, and its own scheme of physical science, but a magnificent literature which will endure comparison with that of any other nation. If we have to teach India much in the way of the practical utilization of Nature's forces, if we have to make plain to her the joy of living and that merit, or rather true virtue, is not to be gained by the mere mortification of the body, still India, with its wonderful and fantastic mythology, has important lessons to teach us. As writes the Rev. E. Osborn Martin in a recent work on the subject,† "It [Hindu Mythology] constantly emphasizes the superiority of the spiritual over the intensely material conceptions of our present-day Western life. Pluto-cracy will not feel flattered by the Hindu conception of the 'god of wealth' as a demon of a most unpleasant type, or the 'god of prosperity,' Ganesa, who has a most repulsive appearance, and who is depicted as lord of an inferior type of goblins. Then, again, how marvellously these multitudinous deities cover every possible activity and every phase of human life. The contribution the Hindu will ultimately make to the religious consciousness of the world will be no slight one, for Hindu mythology and the practice of Hinduism teach us that to the Hindu, religion is taken into the very core and centre of daily life. For our Western externalism in religion the Hindu has uncompromising disdain; and instead of a faith which is in so many instances fading from the horizon of the West, the Hindu offers a real ardour of

* "The Trinity in Christianity and Hinduism," *New-Church Magazine*, vol. xxix (1910), p. 197.

† *The Gods of India: a Brief Description of Their History, Character and Worship*. By the Rev. E. Osborn Martin. 7½ in. × 5¼ in., pp. xviii + 330 + 48 plates. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Price 4s. 6d. net.

faith. . . . Though it may not be a faith which appeals to our Western reason, or to our sense of helpful religion, no one . . . would question the reality of such a faith. Hindu mythology, even to-day, is instinct with this wondrous faith, nay, is often



THE MYSTERIOUS SYLLABLE AUM.*

The members of the Hindu Triad are seen in each section.

- (1) BRAHMĀ, with SARASVATĪ and his GOOSE. (2) ŚIVA, with PĀRVATĪ and his BULL NANDĪ.
- (3) VIṢṆU, with LAKṢMĪ, and GARUDA.

transfigured by it, for it bears the mark of a supreme and very real religious consciousness."

In the Vedas, India's oldest Scriptures, we find a pantheistic

* The illustrations are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., the publishers of *The Gods of India*.

view of Nature, in which her various facts and forces, the sun, the moon, the heavens, the earth, the refreshing and vivifying rain, and the Soma plant which yields intoxicating liquor, are personified. A philosophical insight is also betrayed which is very remarkable in works of such an early date. In the Yajur-Veda, Varuṇa, first the open sky and then the omniscient God of the Universe, instructs Bhrigu, one of the Divine Rishis, to seek in meditation Brahmā, the Supreme Spirit, "whence all beings are produced; by which they live when born, towards which they tend,



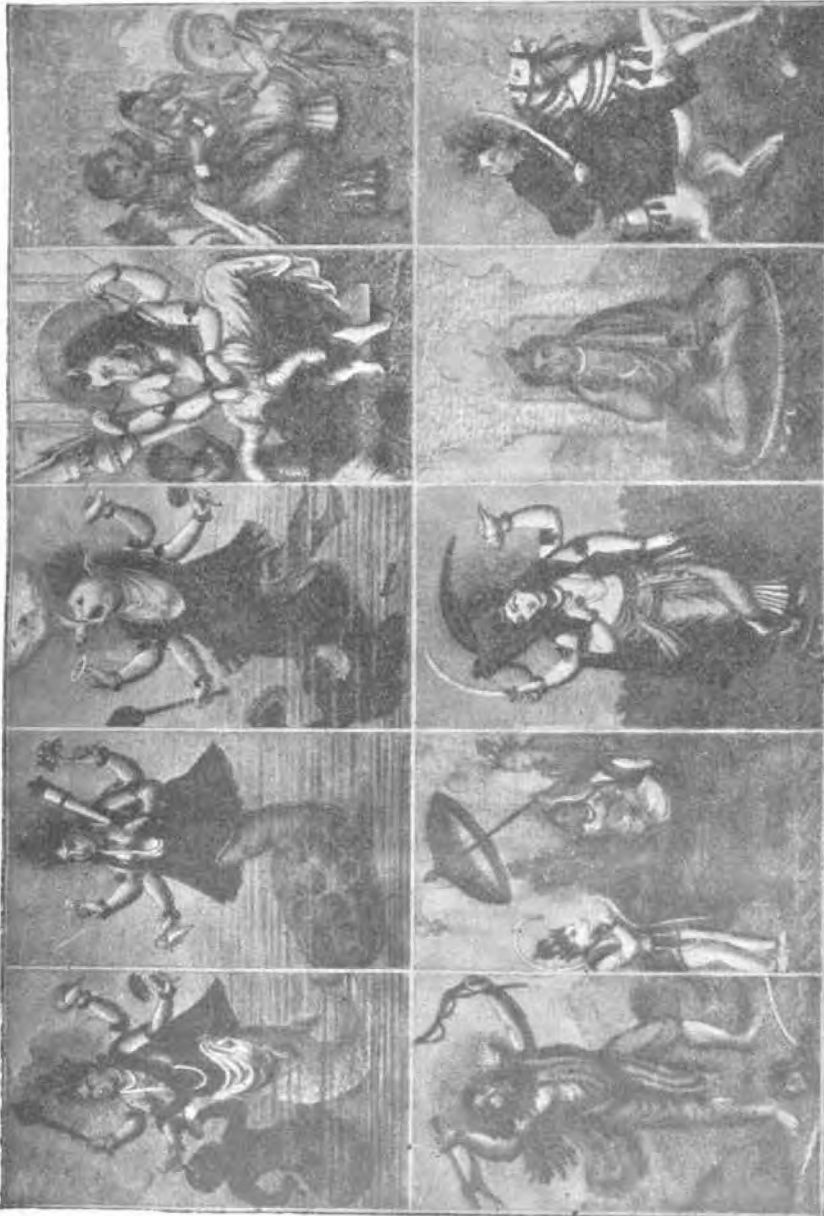
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GANEŚA.
The God of Prosperity.

and unto which they pass." After food (or matter), breath, and thought are suggested as solutions to the problem and rejected by Bhrigu or Varuṇa, we read that, "He [Bhrigu] thought deeply and then he knew 'ānanda' (or felicity) to be Brahmā: for all things are indeed produced from desire; when born they live by joy; they tend towards happiness; they pass into felicity."

With the gradual increase in power of the Brahminical school, other gods came into prominence and took the lead of the Hindu

pantheon—gods which may be described as the personifications, not of mere natural facts or forces, but of underlying principles—especially Vishnu, the Preserver, who is worshipped in his various



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THE TEN AVATARS OF VISHNU.
 (1) FISH (Matsya). (2) TORTOISE (Kurma). (3) BOAR (Varaha). (4) MAN-LION (Nrsimha). (5) DWARF (Vamana).
 (6) PARASURAMA (with axe). (7) RAM CHANDRA. (8) KRISHNA. (9) BUDDHA. (10) KALKI.

avatars or incarnations—the noble hero, Rāma ; the amorous Kṛishṇa (already mentioned) ; Buddha (who came, say the Hindus, to bring false teaching) ; Kalki (who has yet to come) ; etc., and Siva, the Destroyer The symbol of Siva, as the repre-

ductive as well as the destructive force of Nature, of whose eternal round of births and deaths he is the personification, is the lingam.

Brahminism aimed at co-ordinating the various disparate strands of earlier Hindu mythology and of interpreting its legends philosophically. But in view of the introduction by Brahminism of the caste-system and of animal sacrifices, the result was hardly beneficial, and there have been many revolts from it, in addition to Buddhism.



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ŚIVA, THE DESTROYER,

Note the necklace of human skulls, and the snake, representing Eternal Time, coiled round his neck, and the river Ganges flowing from his hair.

Brahminism is essentially eclectic, and any god is welcomed into its pantheon and explained as an *avatāra* of Vishnu. This multitudinous nature of its divine beings, this collecting into a loosely-knit whole of many disparate beliefs and legends, makes the study of the subject especially difficult. But it is well worth undertaking. The Rev. E. O. Martin's book, to which I have already referred, should prove an excellent and comprehensive introduction for the intending student, and will be found of much interest also by the general reader.

ADONAI

INVOCATION—

*I LIT the flame, I named the Name,
And lo! a Shape of Glory came.
The dusk resounded with his cry—
“I am the angel Adonai!”*

Adonai loquitur—

I am the angel Adonai,
The Servant of the Sacred Eye ;
I am the synthesis of light,
Self-conscious in the eremite.
My dwelling is a Silver Star
More bright than many planets are.
Brighter than any sun can be—
Because it shrines Love's mystery.

I am the spark of ecstasy ;
The swan-song of the soul am I,
Strange music only heard to die,
Yet, dying, born eternally.
I am the super-solar blaze
Whereon a mortal may not gaze,
Or he shall be, like Semele,
Consumed and blasted utterly !

Only a God can see a God,
Can meet the glory of that glance,
Can stand where angels have not trod,
Before that starry countenance !
I am the secret song of Love ;
In loving hearts like light I move,
Communicating from afar
The Splendour of the Silver Star.

I speak the Word of God ; I know
The Source from which all rivers flow,
The Ocean unto which they go.

I am the seraph chant of bliss
Breathed from Light's infinite Abyss ;
I am the consummating Kiss—

The Covenant 'twixt God and Man ;
E'er Space became or Time began
I shaped in sound the cosmic plan ;

I lay like light upon the deep ;
 I woke the Mother from her sleep ;
 I who have sown now come to reap.

I sowed the seed, long ages past,
 Deep in the matrix of the Vast ;
 My bread upon the seas I cast.

The seeds have blossomed into flowers ;
 Their beauty feeds on heavenly showers
 And breathes imperishable powers.

That which I cast upon the Sea
 Returns a thousandfold to me :
 A myriad shining stars I see,
 Ripe fruit upon the Cosmic Tree !

* * * *

I am the angel Adonai,
 The Servant of the Lord on high,
 The wielder of the blinding Rod,
 The sudden and the stainless God,
 With lightning crowned and thunder shod !
 Yet gentle as a maiden's breast
 Where innocence hath made its nest
 And Love himself stoops down to rest.

Yea, soft as twilight in the spring,
 Among the tender leaves I sing,
 And peace in both my hands I bring.

I am the Guardian of the Gate
 Which mortals name the Door of Fate,
 That opens on the Uncreate.

I am the Bearer of the Sword
 Of Life that turneth every way ;
 I guard the treasures of the Lord
 That none may bear his gold away.

* * * *

O Brethren of the Rosy-Cross !
 O Hearts made pure by earthly loss !
 To you I bring the Bread and Wine,
 Body and Blood of the Divine,—
 An Everlasting Seal and Sign !

MEREDITH STARR.

VOODOOISM ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

NARRATIVES BY AN EYE-WITNESS

EDITED BY IRENE E. TOYE WARNER, British Astronomical
Association ; Société Astronomique de France ; etc.

IN this article I have attempted to give a popular sketch of one of the darkest branches of Occultism, i.e. Voodooism and Black Magic generally. I do not presume to give a scientific explanation of why or how the voodoos so often appear to be successful in their criminal art ; I have but collected certain strange narratives from those who have seen the direful results of this form of black magic, and who from their knowledge of the effects have learned to dread the adepts of this cult.

It is very probable that the secret of the voodoos' success may be partially explained by the laws which govern telepathy, hypnotism, suggestion, clairvoyance, and other kindred phenomena. In most cases that have come under notice the intended victim has known that the voodoo is at work, and thus his terror has rendered him a far easier prey. In other cases, where the victim is unconscious of the terrible power at work against him, the explanation must be sought in some subtle, and as yet little known, psychic force, and as an example of the influence of mind over matter.

The well-known texts, " He that *hateth* his brother is a murderer," and " As a man *thinketh* so is he," would seem to have a deeper significance than has been hitherto suspected ; and to the question of Cain, " Am I my brother's keeper ? " the answer must often be in the affirmative. Not many, fortunately, have the necessary powerful mind concentration to work their neighbours evil, neither are many people sensitive enough to be easy subjects for such mental control.

As I sought for the origin of this terrible form of magic I found that it could be traced far back through the ages, even to the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia, and to the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, and that in fact the origin of black magic is lost in the most remote antiquity. This being so, I have

in the following article given some account of voodooism as it is practised at the present day.

It was my good fortune in 19— to meet a gentleman who had travelled over a great part of the globe, and who had made Occultism a special study. No one was better qualified than he to give me interesting narratives on voodoo magic. The result of our conversations is embodied almost literally in the following pages.

It is generally conceded that the whole of the West Coast of Africa is the white man's grave, and I do not think that anyone who has ever been there will question the truth of this statement, but in addition to the climate there is a class of men and women equally deadly. These people are known as "Voodoos," the "Wonder-workers," the "Black Magic Men," the "Necromancers," the "Devil's Own," and such like titles. There can be no doubt that these magicians flourish right throughout the whole of Africa and that their disciples are covering the face of the earth at the present day.

The followers of this cult, or art, or devil's own work, on the West Coast are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and are also to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, etc. In America they increase in numbers, and, according to my friend's experience of them there, the number seems to keep pace with the financial gain.

"One day," said my informant, "whilst at a place called Axim, on the Gold Coast, Prince Karatsupo came to me and asked if I had ever seen the voodoos at work, to which I replied that I had not. 'Then,' said he, 'a marvellous opportunity presents itself for you to see them, and with my introduction I do not think there will be any difficulty in allowing you to witness their work. Mind you, a lot of their business is what you will call hellish, beastly and repugnant, but that they accomplish results there is no doubt on this earth!'

"Accordingly that afternoon I was conducted to the hut of a woman (who might have seen forty-five summers), and what seemed to me two daughters, aged eighteen and twenty-three respectively. The woman eyed me very suspiciously at first, put two or three questions to me, and then said 'He'll do!' for evidently I was considered worthy to be allowed to observe their ceremonies intact! (But whether this was intended as a compliment or not I have never been able to satisfy myself!)

"Through the Prince, they explained to me that they were being paid a large sum of money by a native exporter to remove a

certain white man, who was fast supplanting him in the palm oil business on the Gold Coast. The scene was laid at a place called Tacquah, situated roughly between Axim and Cape Coast Castle. The business carried on there I believe to be solely the bartering of palm oils and ivory tusks, in exchange for hollands gin, gaudy striped calicoes, and such like.

“Accordingly, at about 3 o’clock, the hellish work commenced. Herbs were burnt by way of incense, and to anyone standing by, they would quickly have known that the devil had got his own, for the stench was unbearable! Then certain chants and incantations took place, and to look at the faces of those three women, the elder one especially, you could easily conceive that hell and hate were typified therein! A poor innocent cockerel was then seized. I think three feathers were pulled out over his heart, and his neck wrung off in very quick time. What incantations took place I am unable to say, but I am sure they were diabolical.

“Then the younger girl tore open the skin over the heart and plunged the feathers into the blood, soaking them thoroughly. After which she proceeded to the residence of the white man, and being in touch with his servant, a Kroo-boy, got into his hut and safely planted the feathers, with their cursed weight of villainy and murder, in a crevice near the bed.

“To all intents and purposes this man was well and healthy at the time to which we refer. This at least was the unanimous opinion of the public.

“In the middle of the night the doomed man was reported to have yelled with excruciating pain, which continued at intervals until the morning, when he seemed to have revived. During the day he had the pains at intervals and consulted a medical man who was located at Axim, on one of the Gold Company’s concessions. This doctor, believing it to be malarial fever, coupled with a bad state of the digestive tract, ordered immediate rest. He returned home and went to bed, but in vain did he seek for relief, for at the same hours the next day the pains were intensified and his yells were distressing to hear, and the natives declared that he had got in the grip of the voodoos, although it is but fair to say that they did not know how or in what measure this quiet-going Englishman could have aroused their wrath. On the third day at the same hour, the man died, and great indeed were the lamentations of the people, for they were nearly all engaged in that village on his work, and his loss, therefore, meant much to them.

“Some time after, the Kroo-boy, to whom we have before

referred, told how the younger member of the voodoo party had visited the hut. The natives thereupon made it their business to search it thoroughly, but found nothing of an incriminating nature against the voodoos. The boy, who was alike afraid of the voodoos and in love with the voodoo girl, made and recanted statements two or three times, until it was found that his evidence was unreliable, and it was thought that the sudden death of his master had somewhat upset his mentality. But when, about ten days after his master's burial, he had the same pains and aches, the people concluded that assuredly he had been, and was at this present time, in the grip of the voodoos!

"I am not absolutely certain, but I believe the boy died a few days afterwards. If this was not the case he must have conceived some incurable disease in the stomach, which prevented him attending the court to give evidence on oath. The voodoo women were arrested solely on his assertion, but as he was unable to attend the court the case was struck out of the list and the three women discharged.

"Now we come to a very interesting development in this case. The native exporter was called on from time to time to find hush-money to a considerable amount for these women. He bore this blackmailing as long as he could, but there comes an end to all things. Unable longer, or it may be unwilling, to comply with their demands, he threatened to make a clean breast of the whole affair and to stand the consequences. What actually took place between them we do not know, nor shall we ever know, but certain it is, that on the third day after he was seen coming away from their hut, he was found dead in his own.

"These and hundreds of similar stories are known on the coast, and it is no wonder that the natives look with utmost dread on anything directly or remotely connected with voodooism; and I, from my experience of these people, quite sympathize with them."

So concluded my friend's narrative.

II.

On another occasion, when the conversation again drifted to West African topics, I had the following interesting account from my friend—

"Some time in 1884, probably about June, I was the guest of a Mr. Dawson, a native interpreter near Kumassi, on the West coast of Africa. I found him to be far superior, intellectually at least, to the surrounding natives. There was nothing very remarkable about this man, except that he had assumed the manners

and habits of the Europeans with whom he came in contact as far as he possibly could, and it was because of this assimilation of European ideas that I found myself under his roof, with his daughter, a very charming young native woman who struck me as altogether generally superior to any woman I had seen on the West Coast of Africa during my residence there. She was young, vivacious, and not at all of a forward disposition.

“ One evening, whilst sitting out on the verandah with these two, the conversation chanced to turn on the dreaded voodooos. A woman was passing at that moment, and Mr. Dawson, seeing her, somewhat excitedly drew my attention to her as one belonging to the class to which we had just referred. I had not a good look at the woman, and consequently cannot describe her, but I learned that she was between forty and fifty years of age and thoroughly dreaded by the community.

“ Report has it ” (so my informant notified me) “ that one evening, when dark, she was evidently going, with evil in her heart and devilish intent, to lay a curse on someone, when a poor child crossed her path and in the dark knocked against her ; she pulled up and cursed him, telling him that he would be dead in five days, and that when he got home he would have the fever. All of which turned out as she vowed it would !

“ It happened that about a month after this incident there was a death in the community, and report had it that the man—who was undoubtedly the subject of the voodoo’s vengeance—was probably the one to whose hut she was wending her way when the child was cursed by her. On seeking to know the cause of the man’s death, the following strange story was told to me.

“ Some two years before, a native, whom we will name Smith, with several others, was secured by one of the English traders in the country and was consequently often down at the coast, where he came very much into contact with European notions and ideas ; but, returning later to Kumassi, he fell in love with one of the native women. The course of true love in this case did not run smoothly, for another native was anxious to secure this charming damsel, and kept a very sharp look-out on Smith.

“ There were some things that Smith did not altogether approve, doubtless owing to European influences and impressions made upon him at the coast. A sort of quiet resentment seemed to permeate both men, and it was at this time that his rival for the woman’s hand and heart received a visit from the same voodoo woman to whom we have already referred. Whether he had sent for her, or she had come of her own accord to see him, we know not.

“ One day Smith was taken ill, and the native medicine-man was sent for ; he looked very grave, and said that he was uncertain whether a spell was being worked upon him then, or not, but thinking that it must be so (for they all loved Smith), he decided if possible to break the power, if any, of the voodoo. Late that night the medicine-man returned to his patient, bringing with him a bundle of herbs, three feathers from a hen, a cock's comb, and one (or both) of its legs. He deposited all these things in the centre of the hut and, having closed the door, examined his patient carefully. Presently he burst into a loud laugh and said that he had discovered that a curse had been placed upon the patient, whom, he directed to arise from his mat at once.

“ I was unable to find out what form the curse took. Outside was the voodoo keeping guard, and as the medicine-man left report has it that she cursed him for interfering with Smith and trying to upset her work. This, of course, if true, showed her complicity in the evil work that was then being practised on this unfortunate man. The strange part in this affair, however, is that the medicine-man was never again seen in those parts, although he was reported to have gone to Cape Coast and located there. Doubtless he feared the working of the curse of the voodoo woman had he remained in her vicinity ; be that as it may, Smith got better and altogether refused to believe that anyone had placed a curse upon him.

“ On the first night of the new moon, however, the voodoo was seen near Smith's location, and the next day Smith had the fever. The neighbours came and did their best for him, but in vain, for that night he was delirious, and the next day was worse, and thus for nine or ten days he was in a feverish condition, when he died.

“ It was reported that two green marks were found on his body, and it was surmised that on the night of his death the voodoo woman had entered his hut and injected deadly poison into him where those spots appeared. Whether this was so or not there is no means of proving, but such was the common talk of the people.

“ Three days after the death of Smith the rival married the girl, and both left Kumassi right away ! ”

A clergyman, whom I met recently, had also had some experience of West Coast sorcerers. He informed me that they undoubtedly possess the knowledge of certain deadly poisons quite unknown to Europeans, by which it is supposed they accomplish much of their deadly work. One of these drugs,—probably obtained from a plant which only grows in tropical swamps,

produces madness, followed by death in a long or short period, according to the strength of the dose administered. The victim has no chance of recovery or respite when once he has swallowed the fatal draught.

A Scotchman had a Kroo-boy for a servant ; the latter was very much attached to his master and thoroughly trustworthy. Now it happened that the Scotchman had gained the enmity of some native traders, and it was considered to their interests to remove the Kroo-boy from his service, that they might be able later to damage his master. Accordingly a dose of deadly poison was administered, and the poor Kroo-boy, feeling that he was becoming insane, begged his master to bind him up, lest he should do him any injury. In a few days the faithful servant died,—raving mad !

One day an Englishman saw a native and his wife quarrelling, the former brutally assaulting the latter and wounding her badly. He interfered and knocked the native down, and assisted the woman to dress her wounds. The husband got up, muttering imprecations and vowing vengeance. A few days after the Englishman became ill and went to a doctor. There seemed to be nothing definite the matter, but from that time he got steadily worse, becoming thinner and weaker as the weeks grew into months, and finally dying of exhaustion.

My clerical friend narrowly escaped poisoning, only in his case the servant discovered the diabolical attempt in time ! A trader sold him some oranges and other fruits, which he ordered his Kroo-boy to store for him. Later, when he asked for them, he found that they had all been thrown into the sea ! He inquired the reason, and the Kroo-boy told him that each orange had been punctured and poisoned !

On one occasion my friend saw a sorcerer and his two disciples parading around the village armed with a sword and a long scourge, which they used on any natives who came near—apparently to overawe them—for these men are held in great fear amongst the natives. His face could not be seen, for it was closely veiled by a thick netting, through which, no doubt, the man could see well. The sorcerer generally lived apart in a hut surrounded by thick foliage, and situated some little distance from the village. He was consulted on all important matters, and knew all that happened for miles around. There seemed to be only one sorcerer for each tribe, and when he died another took his place. He had power even to dethrone kings, should they dare to offend him.

It is probable that these higher-class sorcerers are members of a

secret brotherhood who have the keeping of secrets, such as the use of various plants for healing or otherwise, which have been most jealously guarded and handed down orally from a remote antiquity by those who had been initiated. The ordinary voodoos of Africa and America seem to belong to a lower order of magicians than do the sorcerers proper, and their services are more easily bought than are those of the latter class.

I will close this article with the description of a typical sorcerer given by the Rev. J. S. Banks : " He was dressed in a large kilt of grass cloth, and suspended around his neck was a huge necklace composed of pieces of gourd, skulls of birds, and imitations of them roughly carved in wood. His headdress was a broad band of parti-coloured beads, surmounted by a large plume of feathers ; and his face, arms and legs were whitened with pipe-clay. On his back he carried a large bunch of rough conical iron bells, which jingled as he paraded the village with jigging and prancing steps."

MARY BELL

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

OLD is never old in hope. So "auld" Mary Bell, who passed away not many weeks ago at eighty, was not old. She was and is young, hopeful as Spring. It was at fall of day not five Springs since, I last met her on an early day in May, when the low-lying sun lit up the god-like beech trees where I walked at Inverary; down one of the beautiful avenues where overhead the trees, clasping hands, form an arched cathedral-aisle, as though built by the great Western Shee, the big green Men of Peace. Under the high protecting arms of interwoven boughs, transparently veiled in freshest green, I saw in the distance a queer appearance meeting me. A moving stack of faggots advancing slowly, crossing the flickering lights and wavering shadows. On and on it came, till its construction and locomotion became apparent. A weary mortal, a bent body supported the stack, clad in the bunchiest of skirts and biggest of old crumpled boots. As it stopped on nearing me, peering under the edifice, I saw Mary Bell. She was at her favourite pastime of gathering firewood wherewith to add to her already plentiful store; for no one ever neglected or stinted Auld Mary in her ain wee house, and she had the Old Age Pension. When I greeted her with "It's a fine day, Mary," she wearily laid her bundle down on the roadside with an "Och, Och, it's sore on the back!" I asked her if she had been over on the other side of the loch lately, and up Sithean Sluach, the "Hill of the Men of Peace."

"I'm no minding them yonder," she said, "I have my ain here."

I had forgotten she had a faithful "Broonie" * of her ain. With her Brownie beside her she was content. She would call him sometimes her "wee bit mannie." If he was away for any times he cried by the hour till he came back, just like a mother that has lost her child. Was it not a sign of the witch-nature in her, so little understood—the temperament called nowadays "psychic"—that she took what was called "bad turns," lying for an hour or so as if dead? What a mystery the trance-state is! Who knows what the temporarily released soul is about? For at the Gate of Dreams we travel, and it is said then spirits

* Brownies, some say, are of the leprechaun race so often seen in Ireland. (See Joyce's *History of Ireland*.)

carnate and discarnate meet. Shakespeare speaks of this as "encountering in sleep." If Mary's spirit did go out in the etheric regions of the hills, it would be on the jaunt surely with her Brownie. To her in the home life he was as solid a fact as a Brownie could or should be. Latterly when her health began to fail and she lay on her bed resting, it was usual to hear her complain petulantly. "Trom, trom," which being interpreted means heavy, heavy. "Och, trom, trom! he's that heavy on my legs!" Then she would hitch up her limbs under the blankets and say "Awa wi' ye under the dresser!" According to her he was obedience itself. It was his custom to retire discreetly under the dresser when neighbours called. Of course her overheard colloquies with her invisible charge diverted her neighbours and friends. All felt kindly towards Mary, but they feared for her; mistrusting her (to them) invisible guardian, they used every persuasion to shift her from her ain wee house in the town of Inverary to Eas a Claimh, a few miles up the glen. Kind friends took in hand they would set watch and ward over her outgoings and incomings, lest she came to harm. But Mary was obdurate and would not go. For she had her "wee auld bonnie mannie" to consider. He had tended her, and she him, since she was "a wee bit lassie," and with him through days of storm and rain, always the light of God's summer had shone for them. "She would not leave him his lane."

It is doubtful whether even the most well-intentioned among us without having studied the ABC of psychical phenomena, objective and subjective, could in any way understand the complexity of the "sensitive" temperament. If there were witches and wizards in olden days, we may surmise that still they are, and shall be, good, bad and indifferent, though we do not invoke protection in the words of the old litany: "From witches and wizards and longtailed buzzards and crawling things that creep in hedge bottoms, good Lord deliver us!" Indeed it seems no time since my wild ancestor, kinsman of the Earl of Argyll, about the end of the seventeenth century, convened thirty-two witches, famous for "some second sight, the art of seeing things to come." In the archives of Inverary we read in an unpublished record "he desired to perfect himself in wizardry by learning to enchant, and how to lay spites and spells on his enemies." For this he was imprisoned in the ancient castle of Carnasserie in Argyll, prior to his trial in Edinburgh for cottoning to the De'il.

What an element of the grotesque, as well as beauty, there is

when this wild Chief, after a successful cow spoil over the Isle of Arran, before setting sail for his dark home beyond Inverary, turns with his catharans and paukily invokes the water-god Eorsa after crossing the flooding river—

Eorsa! Eorsa! Kind, beautiful
Eorsa! . . . Unto thee our thanks. . . . We praise
Thee for thy bounty!

Then there was Katroin MacMasters, "Wee Kate," renowned witch in the Isle of Arran, who laid enchantment over him, bodkining the plaid off his shoulder with her distaff as he brushed past her very door when set on raiding her domain. The people said: "What way did the Murky Chief of Ardkinglas pass leaving you and yours unmolested?" She answered: "By the eye enchantment. The Murky One saw my cattle as hillocks, my sheep as rushes, my house as the big hill." They said: "In the name of Satan you did this." She answered them: "In the name of Wisdom. . . ." This was natural magic; picturesque in the telling because undisguised by the jargon of modern pseudo-science, hypnotism, suggestion, etc. Surely all the more convincing.

What is the purport of my digression? The purport is Brownies exist still; so does Mary Bell. Witch or no witch, she was a power. We hope still a power for good. Whether she belongs to your life or love or not she was and is in the plan of the Universe. I cannot tell the end till the consequences are told of this fluctuating personality; for Mary Bell's was a case where the physical impinged closely on the psychical.

What would affect her would necessarily affect "Brownie." What would affect him would necessarily affect her. Offend him and you offended her. Offend her and you offended him. Friends offended her "wee mannie" by asking her to leave the house. So she refused. Moreover, she had "to her neighbour" another Mary at Inverary, who had "the two sights complete" and was in touch with the world of faerie, big and little. "As the crow eye thinks her ain blue-black chick a beauty," Mary Bell augured and affirmed with conviction that she had in the other Mary a dangerous rival, that above all things she coveted her "bonnie wee mannie." To leave him behind was to court disaster. Her rival would take him for her ain.

At last the day came when she announced that her "wee mannie" had consented to flit up the glen along with her. "Mary," says he, "we'll flit up yonder thegither." So to the fireside of a friend up the glen they fitted.

What a problem it all is, the mystery which pseudo-science has put down to the phenomenon of the multiple personality.

Can anyone elucidate the complexity of the distinctive types in the psychic temperament who has not studied them in every phase of manifestation in every part of the world? Once entertain the theory of obsession, and it surely does away with the clumsy far-fetched, confused speculations on the disintegration of the Ego. Would not such knowledge save many a one from the disaster of incarceration in a lunatic asylum? Think of the psychically afflicted surrounded by the auras of really insane people. The irregularities of the undetermined psychic are often nearly identical with what is called madness.

What a heart-breaking sight, to witness, when visiting a lunatic asylum, withering forms, phantoms of humanity, stamped with hopeless despair, penned within outdoor and indoor alleys, the latter enclosed by high asylum walls, where through the grated windows pitiful creatures beckoned and raved. Imbeciles, protruding suppliant hands between the bars, progged on by the keepers' sticks to pace to and fro. What agony, prolonged agony of death, I have seen graven on their faces, as of caged beasts under command of the professional tamer. A terrible and degrading spectacle. Mercifully in Scotland the regulations concerning the putting by of "daft folk" are less rigorous than in England. Poor Mary got the name of being "daft." Her fitting to her kind friends did not disperse their fear, on the contrary. Whether the conditions were altogether harmonious we have no means of knowing. If inharmonious to Mary her Brownie would begin to weary. If the Brownie was foreseeing and thought to save his affinity from the pending catastrophe of what they call in the Highlands of Scotland being "put past" his counsel was a Brownie-like mistake. He hastened the event. The confidences of Mary to her friends alarmed them. "He says, he's aye saying, Loup, Mary, loup wi' me into the Lynn. And I wull!"

So for kindness' sake they put Mary "past," and we presume the Brownie accompanied her to the Asylum down Loch Fyne side. . . . In a few days came her call, but a few weeks ago, from the Hills of Peace. For the quiet earth closed over her mortal remains, not the roaring waters of the Lynn advocated by her unscrupulous Brownie. We might have put her again under the protecting arms of the old beech trees. Those were the hearts that were round her in summer.

I was reminded yesterday of her passion for funerals, greater

even than her craze for gathering sticks. An ordinary funeral thrilled her ; the nodding sable plumes of the lugubrious pageants were " braw," the corbie-hued weepers were for her an ecstasy. Yesterday loyal throngs of thousands before and behind the Veil did honour to the mortal remains of her chief, the ninth Duke of Argyll. As a writer beautifully put it *—

" A pageantry without pomp, there was mourning, but not as with those who dwell in the shadow of the sealed tomb. Nature was at her gayest. The green low hills along the foreshores flamed with whin, and the ' heavens upbreaking through the earth ' came with the wild hyacinths in the larch woods. From Rosneath—the point of the sanctuary, encircled with the sharp ethereally blue outlines of the hills—sarcastically named ' Argyll's bowling green,' past the Castle of Ardencaple, the birthplace of the eighth Duke, along the shores of Loch Long till the short wide Holy Loch was reached, the ship sped with the flag at half-mast. There were met representatives of all the story of his life among his countrymen : the Volunteer forces which had claimed his early enthusiastic service, all lairds owning the name of Campbell and wearing the tartan that has seen the watchfires of many a camp in many lands. A half mile, bordered by the rippling waves, on which floated a procession of boats. One minute guns, coming back in low peals of echoing thunder, the waving of heraldic symbols, and the footfalls of an unnumbered multitude, so passed the long-drawn procession. The pipers calling the coronach, and the laments sounding with the cadence of a great pilgrim march—so he was left in the guardianship of the hills, the gentlest and most chivalrous of the White Knights of Lochow, in the place of his ancestors. And, as he would have wished, the ship that had borne him returned over the great ferry-ways, carrying at its mast-head the galleys of Lorne, the flag to-day of Niall Diarmid, † thirtieth Baron of Lochow, tenth Duke of Argyll."

The birds may be losing their system of calling away the re-born soul to the Land of Light, as they did the great soul of George eighth Duke of Argyll, but never the mighty companies of the Western " Sidhe " (or Shee). Those mysterious children of the Mist never forget their appointed mission to follow in crowds at the soul's re-birth of one of our near kindred or a Mac Cailleán Mhor. In that cloud of witnesses among the sympathies of the many-coloured breaking hills I know that yesterday, † comely, blythe and care-free, followed our translated Mary Bell and her Brownie.

* *Westminster Gazette.*

† My son.

‡ May 16, 1914.

SOME BRETON LEGENDS AND BELIEFS

BY VERE D. SHORTT

BRITTANY—that is to say “la Bretagne Bretonnante,” Breton Brittany—or, if one wishes to be very correct, “Armorica,” is almost the last stronghold in France of absolute blind faith in the unseen. It must be well understood that this statement is not meant to refer to the towns, which modern progress has claimed, but to the real Brittany, that grey country of moor, and rock, and stone, eternally washed by the grey Atlantic waves. There the faith in fairy, demon, and the power of the saints is as strong and living a thing as it was five hundred years ago to the rest of Europe, and some slight sketch of some of these old legends may be of interest.

Armorica—or as it is known as now, Brittany—was the last great stronghold of Druidism after the Roman conquest of Gaul. The whole country is full of Druidic remains—menhirs or monoliths, dolmens, and altars—and the belief in the old faith, or at least in the value of rites and ceremonies which are purely pagan, and which were old when Rome was young, has endured. The Church has never been able to eradicate these beliefs, and has, in fact, long ago given up the attempt. Finding it hopeless to root out the old customs and beliefs, she has adapted them to her own use, and many a pious Catholic to-day who prays at a saint's shrine, or holy well, is worshipping at the same spot and with the same belief in the efficacy of his prayer, because of the occult virtues of that spot, as his pagan ancestors did two thousand years ago. On many of the menhirs one can see a cross cut. This was done because the Church, finding it impossible to stop the people praying there, simply baptized the stone with holy water and marked it with the sign of the cross, thereby Christianizing it, and expelling the pagan demons who inhabited it. At Karnac, in the great Druidic temple there, one specially large stone is marked in this way, and there is a legend about it which runs as follows :—

About two hundred years ago there lived near Karnac two young men, Yves and Mabik. Yves was a pious youth, a regular attendant at mass and confessional, while Mabik was a ne'er-do-well, a haunter of taverns and an unbeliever. One day, while

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herding sheep among the stones of Karnac, Yves in an idle moment carved a cross on the largest menhir, and prayed to God and the saints before it. Now there is a legend in that country that on Christmas Eve, seven minutes before midnight, the great stones heave themselves out of their sockets and go across the moor to a small river to drink. Under the stones have been hidden incalculable treasure in gold and gems by the Druids thousands of years ago, and for that one seven minutes of the year the treasure is for anyone to take who dares. If a man is brave enough to go to Karnac at midnight, and watch the stones set out on their journey, he can take what he will of the treasure provided that he can get away before the stones return. To fail to do so is destruction, for the stones will fall on and crush him. Mabik knew this story, and some days before Christmas came to Yves with a suggestion that they should go together on Christmas Eve and make themselves rich for life. At first Yves flatly refused, but he was very poor and finally allowed himself to be persuaded. But Mabik had treachery in his heart. He had procured from a wise woman a talisman which he was assured was stronger than any Druidic magic, and which would prevent the stones from harming him even should he fail to escape in time. Feeling himself perfectly safe, his plan was this. He would keep Yves occupied until it was too late to escape, then, secure in his talisman, he would see his comrade crushed, and finally take the treasure from his dead body, thus securing two shares instead of one. On Christmas Eve the two young men proceeded to Karnac and concealed themselves. At precisely seven minutes to midnight the stones rose slowly from their holes, and went pounding across the moor to the water. The two adventurers rushed to the holes, where their eyes were gladdened by heaped-up piles of gold, silver and jewels, which they proceeded with feverish haste to transfer to their persons. Twice Yves begged Mabik to hasten, but the latter only replied that there was plenty of time. And now the air was full of the thunder of the returning stones, and the two young men scrambled out of their holes, to find themselves menaced on every hand by great, grey forms. Mabik held out his talisman, and the stones swerved from him and advanced on Yves. One, however, the Christianized menhir, stood in front of Yves, protecting him from the others, and as twelve o'clock struck, and the stones returned to their beds, this stone which, being Christianized, was impervious to spells, fell on and crushed the treacherous Mabik and then, rising, returned to its hole. And so Yves, thanks to his piety, was in possession of his life and

also a double share of treasure ! He lived for many years afterwards, and never failed on each Christmas Day to offer up a prayer before the cross which he had cut on his preserver.

Near Roscoff is a large menhir with a circular hole in it, and to this day newly married couples, after the religious ceremony, pass through this hole, one after the other from opposite sides. This, without doubt, is a survival of some prehistoric marriage ceremony. Until quite recently, newly-married couples in Brittany used to jump over a blazing fire. This practice, however, was always sternly condemned by the Church, and has now fallen into disuse.

The Korel, or Korrigan, in Brittany corresponds to the Irish fairy. According to local belief they may be seen by mortals, sometimes in waste and lonely places, and to anyone who does not know the right way to approach them are ill to interfere with. The mortal who approaches them unwisely may find himself struck blind, or burdened with a hump on his back. On the other hand, they often do good turns to deserving people, but always in the way of giving good luck—never money. The Korrigan's money is of no use to mortals. It invariably turns to withered leaves with the morning light. However, should a mortal obtain possession of any article, such as a cap belonging to a Korrigan, the latter may be forced to disclose the hiding-place of buried treasure. Many of the beings who are supposed to haunt the lonely moors are malignant to the human race. The Night-Washerwomen are tall, gaunt shapes who wash, at lonely fords, the shrouds of those about to die. Should a mortal intrude on them, they seize him and force him to dance with them until he drops with fatigue. Should he refuse to dance, they break his arms and legs with the mallets which they use for pounding the shrouds. The Old Man of the Purple Cloak is a benevolent phantom. He appears to belated wayfarers and throws his cloak over them, where, safely concealed, they listen to the pounding and crashing of the wheels of the Devil's Chariot as it passes on its way to perdition with its load of lost souls. The Devil's Hounds are huge shaggy dogs with fiery eyes who roam the waste, and chase the traveller, in order to drag him to their master.

On All Souls' Eve (October 29), according to Breton beliefs, the souls of the dead are free to return to where they lived on earth, and in lonely hamlets the people retire early, leaving a table spread with food in an empty room for the returning souls to refresh themselves with before they start on their backward

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journey. On that night no Breton peasant will venture out of doors. He believes that the night is full of the flying souls of the dead, and also that on that night every evil thing has full power, and so he retires to his box-bed, shuts himself in and listens trembling to every gust of the wind around his cottage. The reverence paid to death, or any relics of the dead, in Brittany is characteristic of the people. A person may not be thought much of when alive—may, in fact, be generally despised—but once dead that person becomes in a way sacred and not to be spoken of without respect. Any article belonging to a dead person is usually burned, but in any case is never used by anyone else, as this may lead to hauntings. Death in person, according to Breton belief, is an enormously tall, grey, old man. He sometimes appears and summons those who are about to die by name. If a Breton peasant once imagines that he has been called in this way, it is more than likely that he will take to his bed, and actually die from sheer fright. The writer can vouch for one case of this kind in which a young man of twenty-five imagined that he had been called by "Ankou," or Death, and straightway took to his bed, and was only saved by the *curé* of the parish bringing him a relic of a local saint, which was supposed to have high curative powers, to touch. I regret to say that this incident led to bad feeling between the Church and Science as represented by the local doctor, who found his patients deserting him in a body in favour of the saint.

The saints of Brittany are legion, and almost all of them rejoice in healing power. Every saint has his or her speciality. Thus, St. Maudey cures boils, St. Gonéry fevers, and St. Tujin hydrophobia. But St. Yves, the patron saint of Brittany, is good for everything. No matter what ailment the Breton peasant may have, he is absolutely certain that if he can only manage to interest Yves in his case he is as good as cured. As the people say, "Il les dépasse tous avec son bonnet carré" (He beats them all with his doctor's cap). And St. Yves is not only the peasant's doctor, he is also his law-giver, his just incorruptible judge. In his statues he is generally represented as sitting on the seat of justice between the good, poor man, to whose petition he listens, and the rich extortioner, whose proffered purse he waves sternly away. Whenever a Breton peasant considers himself seriously injured he appeals to him, and he is known all over Brittany as St. Yves le Veridique—St. Yves the truth-shower. When a person seeks the justice of St. Yves, the procedure is as follows. The suppliant goes to the shrine of St. Yves, and after praying before the image

of the saint, puts both his hands on its shoulders and recites his wrongs, ending as follows : " If they are right, condemn us ; if we are right, condemn them. Let them wither upon their feet and die at the appointed time ! " The justice-seeker then departs, absolutely convinced that strict justice will be done between his opponent and himself.

One shrine of St. Yves at Pors-Bihan was demolished by order of the local *curé* some years ago, because the people used the shrine and the image of the saint not to pray to, but solely for the purpose of calling down maledictions on their enemies. But in Brittany ancient beliefs die hard, and to this day people with a grievance repair to the ruined shrine to obtain vengeance on their enemies. Only a very few years ago an old woman, who considered that she had been cheated by a lawyer, passed the whole of a stormy winter night lying prostrate before the shrine, and returned home, half dead with cold but sure of vengeance.

There is a proverb in Brittany, " To every saint his pardon," or procession of honour, and these pardons are a feature of Breton life. Every hamlet has its own particular saint, and every saint has its " pardon " on his own special day. Of course, a " pardon " is primarily a religious affair, but after the purely religious part is finished, it is apt to become a rather secular, not to say lively, affair. Open stalls, where rosaries and scapularies are for sale, stand side by side with roulette tables and tents where one may see the bearded lady for twenty centimes. Unfortunately these pardons lead to a good deal of drunkenness, not so much on account of the amount of liquor consumed, as because the average Breton peasant has a lamentably weak head, and becomes quite intoxicated on a couple of *chopines* of their thin cider. The feast of St. Jean at the summer solstice is celebrated by a peculiar pardon known as the " Pardon of Fire," which is undoubtedly nothing more nor less than the festival of Bel which the Church has taken under her wing and turned into a Christian ceremony. This fire is known as the " Tantad," and is frequently of enormous proportions, each parish vying with its neighbour in size of " Tantad." The " Tantad " used to be held at night, but this practice led to such scenes of disorder and scandalous behaviour that the authorities decided to hold it in daylight immediately after vespers. When the great pile of wood is well alight a rocket is let off, which is known as " the dragon " (this is significant as denoting the origin of the practice), and then a whole battery of fireworks, which unfortunately lose their full effect through being discharged in daylight. There is a popular belief to the

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effect that should the "Tantad" fail to be lighted the sun will not appear for the rest of the year!

Near Quimper is the legendary site of the city of Ys, or Ker-Ys. Ys was a great and populous city long ago, and was ruled well and wisely by its King, Grannul. But Grannul's daughter, the Princess Dahut, known as Dahut the Red from the colour of her hair, although the fairest woman in Brittany, was a wicked sorceress, and in her wing of the palace performed forbidden rites, and gave herself up to nameless orgies. The people of Ker-Ys murmured against her, but King Grannul was foolishly fond and would hear nothing against his daughter. At last, however, there came a day when Dahut's witchcraft and evil deeds exhausted the patience of Heaven, and the waves of the sea rose, and began to overwhelm the city. Grannul remained in his palace until the last possible moment, but when the waves began to break against the walls, he saddled his good war-horse, and abandoning all else set Dahut on the saddle before him and rode for the high ground near Dourarnenez. Fast as he rode, however, the water rose faster still, and was almost up to the horse's chest when Grannul was aware of one in a priest's habit who rode beside him on a great white horse. Grannul looked, and recognized the stranger as St. Gwennoïé—dead three hundred years before. Then the saint spoke to Grannul, urging him to throw Dahut down. Dahut looked at the saint, saying scornfully, "Look yonder; there lies Dourarnenez. Wait until we get there for my thanks, priest!" Still the water rose, and the saint made another appeal to the king to sacrifice his daughter to save his people, saying that unless the princess was thrown to the waves, that all Brittany would disappear under the water. At last the king's sense of duty overpowered his love, and he threw his daughter down. Immediately the flood was arrested, but the city of Ys was covered by the waves and has never been seen since. The peasants avoid the locality, as they believe that it is inhabited by the spirits of Dahut the Red and her companions, who lure mortals to destruction both in this world and the next.

As is only natural in a sea-washed country like Brittany, the sea is the ever-present fear of wife, daughter and bread-winner, and the prayer most often addressed to the saints is that for the safety of those in peril at sea. In every little wayside chapel may be seen hanging votive offerings in the shape of full-rigged ships, which have been vowed to Breton saints by men in deadly peril on the Banks of Newfoundland and elsewhere. This form of votive offering is very popular among Bretons, and

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one often sees very incongruous objects, such as soldiers' epaulettes and sailors' caps, hung up in front of saints' shrines. No matter how far the Breton peasant or fisherman roams, or what experience he goes through, he always seems to keep his simple faith in his native saints intact. Faith and tradition are the keynotes of the Breton character. To this day women may be seen praying for the souls of the dead before the little grey stone crucifixes by the wayside which mark the spots where the "Chouan" bands were exterminated by the troops of the First Republic. In Republican and Agnostic France, the ancient country of Armorica still clings to its old beliefs and prays to the same saints as it did when St. Louis was king, and will continue to do so. The Bretons are Kelts, and to the Kelt faith in the unseen is the prime factor of life. The French peasant as a rule goes to his military service, and comes back with his faith blunted or destroyed, but not so the Breton. To him the little chapel where his mother brought him as a boy to make his first communion is the most important place in a religious sense in the world, and the patron saint of his native village powerful to hear and help, even across half the world. Brittany is truly to-day, as it has been for hundreds of years, the "Land of the Saints."

IS MARTYRDOM PAINFUL ?

BY FIELDING OULD

AMAZED at the constancy of the martyrs, we have perhaps declared that our own beliefs would have proved very plastic indeed, had it been our lot to stand before the hooded Inquisitor.

Yet men are still found ready to die in a good cause, and heroes of the fire and flood, the coal-pit or the shipwreck, are never wanting when the opportunity occurs. The worthy pew-holders of our parish churches would not be backward were the roll of martyrs incomplete, and in how many orderly citizens who shuffle to and fro with daily paper and umbrella lies latent this indomitable spirit ? They are long-suffering, fleeced and harassed, but there is a point beyond which they will not budge, there is an obstinacy due to loyalty to one's simple self which nothing will destroy.

The question is, how far will that high spirit of revolt actually take the sting out of the penalty incurred ? St. Laurence played a joke upon his judge, and tweaked the tail of the lion which yawned to eat him. How far did that reckless courage sustain him in the sequel ? When he bid his slayers "Turn him over, for that he was cooked on that side," are we to see in the grim jest evidence of immunity from pain ? and can the mind, when sufficiently stimulated, infect the body with its own contempt for human malice ?

It may be that the body is not the actual seat of pain—that the nerves but carry their complaint to the Dweller within who transcribes the code in terms of suffering. Can the Spirit, intent on other matters, cut the wires, refuse to answer the insistent call and so remain untouched by the disorder of the outer framework ? When St. Antony, standing in the pulpit of St. Pierre-du-Queyroix at Limoges, projected his inner self to the neighbouring monastic chapel and there read the Gospel to the unsuspecting brethren (on Holy Thursday, 1226), he gave the classic example of the possibility of dissociating temporarily two parts of man's personality.

"Sufferings borne for the Name are not torments, but soothing ointments," said Maximus of Ephesus, as they stretched him on the hobby-horse.

"When are we to be tossed?" asks Perpetua, though the thing is over.

"The body does not feel when the mind is wholly devoted to God," said Cyprian in a dream to the martyr Flavian.

Dativus, we read, "was rather a spectator of his own torments than a sufferer" (H. B. Workman, *Persecution in the Early Church*).

St. Bernard is quoted as saying, "Where then is the soul of the martyr? It is in a place of safety, dwelling in the bosom of Jesus. If it were dwelling in its own, by self scrutiny, assuredly the stabbing sword would be seen and felt; the pain would be unendurable; it would succumb or deny its Lord. If it is an exile from the body, is it wonderful that it does not feel the pains of the body? This is not the consequence of insensibility, but of the force of love" (Henri Joly, *Psychology of the Saints*, p. 156).

The Jesuit Alexander Briant, slain in England in 1581, is quoted as speaking as follows: "Whether this that I say be miraculous or no, God knoweth. But true it is, and thereof my conscience is a witness before God, and this I say, that in the end of the tortures, though my hands and feet were violently racked, and my adversaries fulfilled this cruel tyranny on my body, yet, notwithstanding, I was without sense of feeling, well nigh of grief and pain; and not so only, but as it were comforted, eased and refreshed of grievousness of the tortures by-past . . ." (Bowden *Mementoes of the English Martyrs and Confessors*). In such a case we may remember the words of Isaiah, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness."

When the physicians insisted that branding of the brows with hot irons was the only thing which would revive the inflamed eyes of St. Francis, the saint made a pathetic address to the element: "My brother Fire, noble and useful among God's creatures, be kind to me in this hour, for I have loved thee of old"; and in point of fact he felt no pain from the cauterizing.

Many martyrs seem to have passed through their terrible experiences with little or no suffering. Maximus, who cried: "I do not feel the rods, nor the hooks, nor the fire!" Quirinus, who said: "As for the beating of my body, I like it; it does not hurt me. I put myself at your disposal for worse inflictions." So, too, Pionus, Probus, Taractus, St. Leger, Sozon the shepherd boy, and many others (Mason, *Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church*).

On the other hand, we are disconcerted to find that some seem

to have felt the full effects of the malice of their enemies. Thelica, Saturninus, Theodotus and Nicomachus (who apostatized under the inflictions) may perhaps be instanced. The account of the burning of Servetus by Calvin, the tortures of the great Savonarola, or of Gabriel Lalemant at the hands of the Iroquois, make terrible reading.

Why was it, we may inquire, that some martyrs were able by some mental or spiritual process to rise superior to pain, while other equally holy men endured its worst evils? Does immunity depend on sanctity? Is it effected by a Power outside the victim, or is it the work of a faculty of his own? Is it the result of a psychic organization which in some of the subjects was not developed to the necessary degree to produce detachment? It is a matter of common knowledge that certain psychics, of as far as is recorded no exceptional spirituality, were unhurt and uninjured by contact with fire. The famous medium, D. D. Holme, handled live coals with entire impunity in 1880. The practice during religious rites of walking barefoot upon hot cinders has been observed among more than one savage tribe, and the Yogi Chakravarty is said to have done such a thing in the presence of the Indian civil servants Messrs. Nelson and Sawday (see *Light*, January 27, 1912).

The contempt of fire exhibited by the martyr Tirburtius was ascribed by the Prefect to magic, as was that of Balthasar Gerard, the assassin of William the Silent, by his equally cruel executioner, while of St. Rosa, commemorated by the Church on September 4, we are told that she "jumped into the midst of the flames, ran about in them and came forth unharmed" (Baring-Gould).

It is confidently reported that a Hindu Sadhu can concentrate his whole attention on one point in his body, gradually withdrawing consciousness and sensation from every other member. So in a lesser degree may an ordinary individual engaged upon some mental occupation, be quite unconscious of distracting sounds, a draught of cold air, or the attacks of a persistent house-fly. It may easily be possible, then, for some to concentrate the attention so exclusively upon, e.g., the Beatific Vision, as to be wholly indifferent as to what is being done to the outer man, and an Isaac Jogues may be so solicitous for his converts as literally to suffer more in them than in himself.

There is furthermore good evidence to show that the mastering emotion need not be a religious one. A soldier in the fury of the charge may not notice a wound whose bleeding he afterwards sees with astonishment. Parkman, telling the ghastly

story of the chief Ononkwaya's death at the hands of the Hurons, says that the victim worked himself up into such a state of speechless ferocity and fury that his body became apparently anæsthetic.

Professor Davidson speaks of "States of mental abstraction, when the action of the mind being intense, the senses are less acute, so that a certain unconsciousness of external surroundings ensues which, when very intense, becomes ecstasy."

That some should possess naturally this power of psychic abstraction in a greater degree than others is not to be wondered at, nor that in many saints it should be found in its highest manifestation. Sanctity of life, the upward and outward straining of intense prayer and the practice of austerities, all tend to develop the psychic faculties latent in every man; and when this unfolding has taken place to an adequate degree, and there is added to it an absorbing devotion to a person or a cause, we may expect to find a power of abstraction and detachment from the worst physical evils which may be inflicted upon the body.

Any mother will tell us that the sovereign method of comforting a child who weeps over its broken toy or has hurt itself, is to divert its attention to something else. At the sight of a penny a street urchin's grief is healed as though by magic. Even the mother's own and greater distress is remembered no more for joy of her newborn babe. The principle is the same, a martyr's attention is arrested and concentrated upon something beyond his maltreated body; he feels the soft touch of wings, a cool air from beyond the hills fans his fevered brow, unearthly voices whisper in his ear and he "remembers no more the anguish." "St. Michael! St. Michael!" cries the clear girlish voice of Joan of Arc, and in the triumph of faith's supreme vindication the glad soul, though still a moment within the flesh, passes beyond the reach of human cruelty.

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.*]

DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner seldom or never touches on an occult subject, whether light or abstruse, without illuminating it, but either modesty or commendable consideration for your space seems to have caused him to curtail his own views, or knowledge, in connection with dream symbology ; but perhaps in his letter in your current issue he was endeavouring to collect useful information ?

I recollect Mr. Turner saying at a drawing-room talk some two years ago that the reason why to dream of a dog meant a man friend was because an evolved dog before it individualized or reached the human stage was the acme of faithfulness, and produced a faithful friend, as a dog was pictured as being faithful and such thoughts easily became forms on the astral plane and hence could be "dreamt" of with ease. Cats, Mr. Turner said at the time, were generally considered fickle, and so would make themselves at home wherever they were comfortable. Thus as we, i.e. the race generally, had heavy karmic relations in respect to cats through working them as beasts of burden in Atlantis, they still frequently manifested in the thought world as symbols of some future unpleasantness. The same speaker pointed out that as all sex pleasures brought disappointment and frequently severe suffering in the next world, so a pleasant dream experience with a female results in an unpleasant earth experience ; he giving some very remarkable examples, one of which I am almost tempted to report, but perhaps Mr. T. will give it himself in some future issue of your valued journal ?

Yours sincerely,

RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.

D. T. K.

THEOSOPHY AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to E. Oliver's letter in your current issue, I would like to point out, if you will permit me, that it is only the FORM which the human entity, monad, ego, soul or self (or whatever you care to call it) uses which lives in the present, but man, as

an immortal and divine centre of consciousness, is NOT the form, and so from the standpoint of the ego, soul or self, man's consciousness extends "back," into the most remote past, and "forward" to the conclusion of "his" human evolution. It is only from the standpoint of the lowest sheath of the personality while functioning on the physical plane that man is apparently living in the present.

I would like to mention, *à la* Madame Blavatsky, that Theosophy is not a religion, but religion. It is therefore not a matter of adapting a religion to suit sentiment, but simply of stating immutable laws, which know neither "wrath nor pardon." It further will be seen that with an orthodox religion, where "charity," "mercy," etc., are introduced, some relatively preposterous deity is also imposed, who possesses most of the vices and very few of the virtues of the ordinary human being, and who not infrequently is represented as gloating over the murder of his own son. As to the knowledge of immutable laws which Theosophy teaches, I maintain that any earnest inquirer may actually KNOW of the workings of reincarnation and karma, if he or she wants to, in a very short time—sometimes a few weeks.

The personality which one used during past incarnations is frequently the subject of much foolish talk, even by theosophical students who are content to repeat text-books against making investigations themselves, and so I would add, in reply to your correspondent's remark, that the practical value of having used the form of "the great King Rameses in bygone ages" would be that in one's next incarnation one would occupy a more or less similarly notable position in the eyes of the world. It is only very rarely, and that after vast stretches of "time," that the eminent reincarnate as obscure, or vice versa.

In concluding, I would like to say that I do wish people who attempted to question Theosophy would get to know SOMETHING about it first. In the present case your correspondent alludes to my fraternal comrades "trying to cope with each other over the highest position in the astral plane," which is entirely senseless and inaccurate, as no Theosophist thinks much of the A.P.—in fact, it is the purgatorial region!

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

6 TREWINCE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON, S.W.

THE DEFENCE OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The letter which you have just published, signed "E. Oliver," interests me very much. I cordially agree with the writer that as a guide for the present day, the reincarnation theory—for theory alone it is—is valueless. The present is the vital factor. This is why I quarrel with the exponents of those creeds

who look only to the life to come as worthy of consideration. The very essence of Islam, the religion which is professed by one-third of mankind, is the service of humanity. This is the *true* service of God. One who submits and becomes obedient and in harmony with the Divine Will must become a servant to humanity at large, and his existence is for him a paradise ever rising upward to the Divine stage. Here men become prophets and leaders. They are living examples of conduct which we can emulate because they are of us. Jesus, being regarded by some as the actual Deity, is less of a pattern than a simple Prophet. He is God, and therefore is necessarily impervious to all temptation and could not sin, or realize the trials of the flesh, being protected by His Divinity, therefore it is useless for us to try to emulate his life. In addition to this, his life was very short. We must have an example which we can all try to follow, an example for all sides and positions in life. It is the force of circumstance which brings to the service all the latent possibilities in us. The example must have been in his life king, statesman, conqueror, to be able to display magnanimity and charity, priest, soldier, legislator, merchant, agriculturist, dweller in towns and deserts, also he must have been both rich and poor, father and orphan. If we have a man who was all of these, then in our relations with our fellows we are sure of a pattern. Have we any man who was thus qualified? There is One—the Prophet Mohammed—the Voice of Allah from Arabia to the whole universe. In his lifetime he was afforded these golden opportunities, and if one reads his life we find that he displayed that noblest of the virtues in its highest form. He was a living example of Charity. Again, that supreme attribute of God—Love—we find only in a negative sense in our history of Jesus, as he was unmarried; therefore as a pattern for conjugal existence we have again to turn to Mohammed, who was a husband. He completed that Divine law which results in man thus completing the handiwork of the Creator—the fusion into one of man and woman, who apart are incomplete. We Moslems regard Jesus as one of our prophets, and we reverence his teachings; but we have to confess that although we find him lacking in these qualifications, it was the force of circumstance which denied them to him. Therefore when Mr. Oliver writes, "What use or good can a religion be which possesses little or no charity?" I quite agree that Charity is the "cornerstone" of a true religion, and if a religion has it not, then it is not from God, but the creation of men. Speculation upon *What Might Have Been* or *What Will Be* and theosophical mysticism are worse than useless from the practical point of the world's pressing needs.

Do Something Now should be our motto, help our fellows to gain some degree of Paradise in this world, and if we follow the teachings of Islam—Unity of God and Brotherhood of Man—we need have no fear for that after life which is the continuation of our existence here. The Prophet Mohammed said: "The best among you is he

from whom accrueth most good to humanity." Let this be our criterion : Cease to chase the shadow, when the substance is an ever-present actuality.

155 BOYSON ROAD,
CAMBERWELL GATE, S.E.

Yours faithfully,
KHALID SHELDRAKE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the review in your periodical, signed by Miss E. Harper, I cannot of course expect a cordial welcome from a spiritist writer, as I try to persuade spiritists to abandon a pursuit much endeared to them by their pleasure at being slightly hypnotized.

But I may remark that Miss Harper omits a prefatory remark, and further misquotes me somewhat. I write "If the cases I recapitulate and Mr. Raupert's tales be considered, a desire should arise for information being spread leading (i.e. which would lead) to spiritistic séances being deprecated by all decent people. The group of five I mention were as follows:—

First, a naval officer commanding a dispatch vessel frequently charged with commissions, including a small oriental exhibition for show at Copenhagen sent by the affectionate care of the then Princess of Wales to her royal and noble father.

Secondly, the gentleman at that time Secretary of H.B.M. Legation at Copenhagen. This gentleman died three months after I published the book under review. He, puzzled as I describe, would not, fettered by personal and family motives, speak out, though I urged him to do so. He retired later and lived in Sweden; he prudently married again.

Thirdly, the Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, whose sudden death was fiendishly brought about.

Fourthly, my Vice Consul, and fifthly, myself.

A naval *aide-de-camp* of Prince George of Greece, whom I find connected previously with the Secretary of Legation, was also affected.

It will be seen that the five British formed a group of Foreign Office employés, strong, healthy men. The probabilities against normal causes are many thousands to one.

I must remark that I consider Captain Lestrangle's sister as a victim of occult operations.

I myself, as well as my father and grandfather, were similarly unfortunate. Both held high positions; my grandfather for a time being acquainted with Pitt's most secret plans; he would not remain long the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. My father, after being

in parliament, rose through consular service to high diplomatic employ. I have mentioned these facts in detail; my books, omitted on my present title page by accident, are mentioned in *Who's Who?*

My grandfather's story, explicable by my deductions in a book published in 1900, was told by the late Lord Barrington to the Duke of Argyll, who published it in the *London Magazine*, 1901; it was of a ghostly imitated voice.

My experiences, brought about by force and fraud like many, were séances like Mrs. Verrall's and her daughters, where the medium is, so to speak, sitter as well; the chief object of the controls is to stupefy, lead astray, affect sleep or digestion deleteriously. Mrs. Holland's case is more like mine, but she and Staunton Moses were, it may be said, more fortunate in their surroundings than I was (for one wretched year at least), as far as their mere comfort went.

Mr. Stead, quoted by Miss Harper, spoke vaguely of danger as of an unknown sea. I have charted it, the oriental gold is not found there, only unexpected freezing out of life, very like the North-West Passage; and there is no honour, only the encouragement of scamps and godless fanatics whom, at least, I hope to outlaw.

I explain that Messrs. Feilding and Carrington suffered from hyperæsthesia of the fingers when with Eusapia; Mrs. Hutton was shown then to be hypnotized. I think Madame Curie really made a discovery, but it was not pressed. I agree with Miss Harper that level-headed people alone should experiment, lawyers and physicians should furnish the best heads; physical science, philosophy and literature do not qualify very highly always.

The Gurneys and Podmores die in sinister fashion. The Lodges and Hyslops advertise what they cannot recognize as a villainy.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. HARRIS.

Late Indian Civil and Consular Services.

E.I.U. SERVICE CLUB,

16 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A remark made by your reviewer concerning one of the stories in my book *The Voice on the Beach* suggests to me that your readers may be interested to know of a fact that came to my knowledge after the publication of the book. Mr. Chesson calls the particular story ("A Gift of God") "an elaborate but spiritually commonplace account of the discovery of a Holy Graal." Of course it was not intended to have any spiritual significance at all. Only a high initiate would be capable of unfolding worthily such a theme; and, even if he could, I doubt if he would choose the short story as

his instrument. The story as it stands was partly suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's remarks on the Graal in the second volume of her *Legend of Sir Perceval*, and the interesting point is that after reading my book she wrote to me from Paris: "Certainly your Chapel of the Holy Graal is well within the limits of possibility. . . . Your island location is quite correct. *As a matter of fact the ritual is carried on to-day in a monastery on an island.*" I think that these words from our foremost Arthurian critic may be of interest in connection with my book.

Yours faithfully,

CYRIL L. RYLEY.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
KIBWORTH BEAUCHAMP, LEICESTER.

VAMPIRISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A" asks for a method of defence against this practice. The letter by no means overstates the danger. Fortunately the method of defence is simple and easy. Every man has a natural fortress within himself, the Soul impregnable. It is only in the rarest circumstances that this can ever be successfully assailed. The Black Magical Operation, which used to be called "a pact with the devil," is almost the only way in which this can happen; although one had better leave out of immediate consideration questions of the interpretation of madness. Besides this central citadel, man has also outworks, the Aura. This Aura is sensitive, and must be sensitive. Unless it were responsive to impressions it would cease to be a medium of communication from the non-ego to the ego. This Aura should be bright and resilient even in the case of the ordinary man. In the case of the adept it is also radiant. In ill-health this Aura becomes weakened. It will be seen flabby, torn at the edges, cloudy, dull. It may even come near to destruction. It is the duty of every person to see that his Aura is in good condition. There are two main methods of doing this. The first is by a performance two or three times daily of the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. Accurate instructions for performing this are given in No. II. of the *Equinox*, pp. 19, sqq. Its main point is to establish in the Astral four Pentagrams, one in each quarter, and two Hexagrams, one above, the other below, thus enclosing the Magician, as it were, in a consecrated box. It also places in his Aura the Divine names invoked.

The second method is the assumption of the God-form of Harpocrates, described on pp. 17 and 18 of the same number of the *Equinox*. The Magician imagines himself in the form of the God Harpocrates, the Lord of Silence, preferably either in his standing posture or throned.

By this practice the Aura becomes concentrated about the Soul, thus receiving fresh purity and force from that fountain of all light and power. It then returns to its normal size fortified, even invulnerable. Persistence in these practices will make it impossible for any hostile agency to penetrate it, and it will further radiate its own light on all of those with whom it comes into communication, so that they themselves receive virtue from it.

For some years I have been engaged in teaching these methods to those who find it difficult to follow the printed instructions given in the place referred to above, free of all charge (for it is, of course, the first law of Magick, and indeed of business, never to accept dross in return for gold) and I am glad of this opportunity to make this fact more widely known.

I shall be glad to hear from anyone who requires help in this direction.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

PERDURABO.

33 AVENUE STUDIOS (76 FULHAM ROAD),
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "A," whose letter appeared in the last issue of your interesting journal, I may state that the medical gentleman who gave me the details about voodooism (now appearing in your journal) has, he tells me, had practical experience in the above subject and has enabled a few sufferers to rid themselves completely of the incubus of the vampire. He kindly offers his services to any deserving person who may wish his aid, and if a personal letter be written and enclosed to me I will forward it to him.

Yours truly,

IRENE E. TOYE WARNER.

"ARDAGH,"

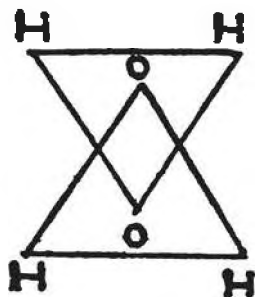
HORFIELD COMMON WEST, BRISTOL.

THE KABALA OF NUMBERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am well pleased with Mr. Redgrove's appreciation of my addenda to *Kabala of Numbers*, Part I, and equally so with his contributory notes. I think, however, that the formula for water $2\text{H}_2\text{O}$ is not incorrect, except as represented in diagram. The triangles should not so far intersect as to bring oxygen out into active polarity,

but only so far as is necessary to bring the diagram into line with the formula, thus :



As regards the rival claims of Bruno and Swedenborg to the honour of having originated the Law of Correspondences, I think it should not be forgotten that Bruno was the first man on record to have thought the sun into the centre of the universe. All attempts at correspondences prior to his time are based on geocentric and mundane concepts, and hence are rather to be regarded as analogistic than correspondential.

I should not consider *A Hieroglyphical Key to Natural and Spiritual Mysteries*, which is the basis of Swedenborg's doctrine, as either "detached" or "scientific." But it is worth our notice that both he and Bruno were late Sagittarians and emanated from the same sphere, charged, it would appear, with the same message.

I am sure that when Mr. Redgrove has read as much of Bruno as he has of Swedenborg he will discern the essential identity of their teachings, and allow further that the idea of Continuity and the dependence of the material universe upon the spiritual is nowhere more closely reasoned than in Bruno's *De la Causa*. Swedenborg allows continuity on the same plane of existence, Bruno appears to argue for a continuity through all planes and thereby also the immanence of Deity. What we call states of existence are regulated by modes of perception. Essentially there is only one state of existence. The idea is closely allied, if not identical with, the lofty concept of the Vedanta.

Yours, etc.
SEPHARIAL.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal has an article of moment on "Post-Modernism," by the Rev. J. M. Thompson, M.A. He points out that the earlier type of modernism sought to reconcile the "critical movement resulting from the influence of scientific methods of study upon the Bible and the Church" with an institutional movement, embodying a reaction against rationalism and utilitarianism. In other terms, it was an attempt to hold the faith of the Church, whilst accepting the conclusions of criticism. Within the field of Roman Catholicism, "authority has succeeded in driving the modernists underground," but modernism is not dead. There and elsewhere, the attempt to reconstruct beliefs goes on, and to this Mr. Thompson gives the name of post-modernism. It seeks "a scheme of forms which shall express the real values of spiritual things," unobscured by their conventional embodiments. Critically it "studies the written sources of the Gospels as it would any other ancient documents," and sacred like secular traditions. Institutionally it regards tradition as a summary of what men have said in the past, creeds as the expression of their belief, and sacraments as that of their experience. Mystically it considers Christian experience as firm and unchanging, meaning that personal realization of Christ "which it is supposed that any Christian may fairly expect to have." There are other excellent articles. The Hon. and Rev. Canon Adderley, in "Sacraments and Unity," registers his absolute belief in sacraments, his opinion that the Church is itself "the arch-sacrament," and his hope that a wider understanding of the Eucharist will yet bring "into one active, co-operative body all who name the Name of Christ." The Dean of St. Paul's writes on "Institutionalism and Mysticism," defining the latter as "an immediate communion, real or supposed, between the human soul and the Soul of the World," or Logos of Christian theology. Institutionalism, on the other hand, is "the idea that churchmanship is the essential part of the Christian religion." Dean Inge shows clearly the distinction and indeed opposition of the two views and holds that the aberrations of institutionalism are more dangerous than those of mysticism. In an article on "Mysticism and Logic," the Hon. Bertram Russell maintains that mystical insight, untested and unsupported, is an insufficient

guarantee of truth. He overlooks, however, the fact that the records of this insight have borne the same testimony on the basis of experience throughout the ages.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead's "Remarkable Record of Materializations" is the chief centre of interest in the last issue of *The Quest*. It is a careful study of "What purport to be mediumistic physical phenomena," contained in two records. One of these is a large volume in German by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing; the other is in French, the writer being Mme. Juliette Alexandre-Bisson. The accounts are supported by a remarkable series of photographs, numbering nearly 200 and selected from a still larger series. Sometimes eight cameras were employed at a single sitting. The recorded sittings exceed 150 and the two writers mentioned were the investigators, the French lady being present at all the experiments, while the German writer witnessed about two-thirds of the recorded cases. After studying the chief documents of the controversy, which has continued in France and Germany for more than six months, Mr. Mead considers that the good faith of the witnesses remains intact. They on their part are firmly convinced of the medium's good faith, but they offer no explanatory hypothesis, except that the German writer inclines to think that nebulous substance disengaged from various parts of the medium's body is moulded by some "ideoplastic energy of the subconscious of the medium." The bibliography attached to the article shows Mr. Mead's acquaintance with the hostile criticism produced in the course of the controversy. His aim is, however, to place both sides before readers without presenting personal conclusions. The side to which he leans is no doubt that the occurrences are veridical, and in the reflected light of his recital we incline to this view. If the phenomena are genuine, they offer the most repulsive side of their subject—more distressing, as Mr. Mead says, for the spiritist than for anyone else. The spectacle of "seeming masses of intestinal tissue" issuing from various orifices of the body, with the medium in a state of nudity, the cries of pain, the strainings, faintings and vomitings, on the one side, and the horrible faces sometimes manifested on the other, suggest that the field of experiment is somewhere very low down in the world of life. It is difficult not to feel that such things are of that moral abyss which exhales the second death. What kind of psychical state can have led the medium, Marthe Béraud, to submit her inward and outward nature to influences producing such results?

The name of the Rev. F. W. Orde-Ward will be known to

many of our readers as an occasional contributor to *The Seeker* and as a member of the Christo-Theosophical Society, we believe, from its inception. We meet him now as a contributor to *The Open Court*, discussing the probabilities of an after-life under the title *Non Omnis Moriar*. That title establishes his point of view, being "I shall not die but live." The following statement commands our whole concurrence: "Consciously or unconsciously, life seeks for a spiritual totality, a rounding off of itself never quite finished here, but yielding inextinguishable references to a future and a hope in some kind of vaster otherness beyond." In the same issue, Mr. C. H. Chase also discusses the survival of personality and regards the common intuition of the great majority on the affirmative side as "more to be relied on than is the opinion of any specialist who has devoted his life" to the pursuit of particular scientific or philosophical investigation. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. It is true in a higher sense than appears in Mr. Chase's paper; it is the witness to itself and within itself of our self-knowing part. From the standpoint of science Mr. Chase may be right that the complete proof of immortality cannot be produced in the present state of our knowledge, "but the probable evidence in its favour is overwhelming."

We offer a cordial welcome to *The New Life*, a quarterly journal of mystical religion which seems to have existed previously, we do not know under what circumstances, but now takes its place in a new form and one that is highly creditable. It is published under the auspices of Messrs. Allenson, well known by their excellent series of mystical works under the title of "Heart and Life Booklets." Our contributor, Mr. E. Newlandsmith, seems to be connected with the enterprise, but the editorial responsibility is—we believe—in other hands. Any new mystical periodical has to reckon with *The Seeker*, which has always deserved and received unstinted praise at our hands. *The New Life* has one advantage over it, being that of appearance, but in other respects it must make its own title. There is room for the experiment, and we shall watch the result with interest. It is hard to judge by first numbers, especially in this department. There is an excellent article on Christian Mysticism by the Rev. R. de Bary, appearing as a notice of Miss Underhill's last book. Perhaps the other contents are a little thin, though we note with satisfaction that Mr. Newlandsmith, writing on "The Call of Christ," recognizes the new birth as a beginning, not a term. In this he follows Bromley's "Way to the Sabbath of Rest"

and other English mystics of the seventeenth century. There is a sheaf of short opinions on the Woman's Movement, contributed by Dean Inge, Evelyn Underhill, Mr. de Bary and others. The views reflected are various, that of Miss Underhill being especially strong and what would be called hostile. May we be permitted, in conclusion, to suggest that in a magazine of this type the practice of filling up blank spaces with quotations, though tempting, is a little amateurish and gives a scrappy character to what is otherwise a good number?

The Vahan draws further attention to the commemoration of Roger Bacon, in connection with the presumed 700th anniversary of his birth at Ilchester in Somerset. The design is to form a Roger Bacon Society, chiefly for the publication of his works, MSS. of which are scattered through European libraries. The latest bibliography gives their total as seventy-seven, including things doubtful and things attributed falsely. We have been inclined to question several reputed alchemical tracts, though we reflect only the trend of scholarly opinion in this respect. If the Society is brought into being, we trust that it will establish a satisfactory canon of criticism regarding these texts. A collected edition was published at Frankfort in 1603, but is known to us only by report. Leglet de Fresnoy enumerates fourteen alchemical treatises under separate titles, including one on the "Nullity of Magic." Two others, being the "Secret of Secrets" and the "Book of the Three Words," are in hand for publication by the Commemoration Committee.

Madame de Steiger has completed her study of "Superhumanity" by an epilogue, and *The Path* has therefore done with a very curious series of papers which have occupied the attention of its readers for a period of fourteen months. She is of opinion that the story of the Fall of Man was located in Central Asia, but prior to this event the whole world may have been Paradise. She understands conversion as a first stage in the progress towards sanctity, regeneration as the second, and transmutation as the third. We know something concerning the first, a little only of the second, but of the third scarcely anything. It is our duty to record with regret that, after a protracted and valiant struggle, the publication of *The Path* has been discontinued.

Both in America and England, the magazines which are devoted to the interests of the New Church are excellent of their kind and indicate that the teachings of Emmanuel Swedenborg have able exponents at the present day. *The New Church*

Review is a notable American publication, and *The New Church Magazine* has existed in England, representing its cause successfully, for a great number of years. Both periodicals have done admirable work of the research kind, not only as regards obscure points in the life of Swedenborg but in the early history of the movement. Sometimes it has proved serviceable for wider fields of occult history in the eighteenth century, and we remember one case in which an unexpected light was thrown upon a particular department of High-Grade Masonry. A recent issue of *The New Church Magazine* has a study of Christian Science and its claims under a Swedenborgian light. There is also a suggestive article on the lost Ark of the Covenant.

The French psychical and occult magazines are to the front as usual. Each within its own measures is of conspicuous interest and sometimes of excellence, comparing favourably with much that reaches us from other quarters, especially the further side of the Atlantic. It is regrettable that with so many claimants we can notice them so slightly. On the present occasion, we are attracted by *Psyche*, of Paris foundation and now in its eighteenth year of publication. It occupies an independent platform, with a leaning towards modern spiritism. The complexion is otherwise Christian, and one of its authorities is M. Sédir, of whom it is claimed truly that he is the sole actual representative in France of Christian Mysticism—more especially, let us add, of Saint-Martin and his school. The Gospel—for M. Sédir—is a mystery enacted within each believer, and all its symbolical personalities are found within. We have been impressed also by Dr. De Farémont's article in a recent issue on the "Religion of Goodness," which prepares the way for a final Religion of Love. Its motto might be a maxim of the French mystic Récéjac: "The absolute exceeds the heart, but the good fills it entirely."

A writer in *The Vedic Magazine* discusses the problem whether ultimate reality is one or many, and affirms that Vedic theology is frankly pluralistic, "while nearly all other religions are dogmatically monistic." He has forgotten orthodox Christianity, but the article is remarkable in several respects and especially as we have most of us heard so much of Vedantic monism. It is also refreshing, because its salient points are put strongly—almost with a militant accent. The writer, however, represents a particular school, and while Vedanta is one thing there is the Vedic Dharma, which is another.

REVIEWS

THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS. By Jean Finot. Translated from the French by Mary J. Safford. London: Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 7s. 6d.

JEAN FINOT is a philosopher *par excellence*, and he searches as diligently to find the elixir vita of happiness as the alchemists sought for the philosophers' stone and Sir Lancelot quested for the chalice of the Holy Graal. And M. Finot is a thinker to be respected; he has studied his subject deeply, and his mind ranges easily from Socrates and Plato, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Kant and Hegel to Renan, La Bruyère and Chateaubriand, to Walter Pater, Taine, Mill, Lubbock and Carlyle. For Schopenhauer, that arch-pessimist, he has a pen barbed and swift in its denunciation; for Emerson, the divine optimist, his praise flows easily as a lark-song to the dawn.

M. Finot wages a Holy War without bloodshed against the Puritanism and Calvinism which still haunt us like the sombre spectres of the Middle Ages, and which the Reformation sealed with its iron gauntlet.

It was Oscar Wilde who wrote in his *Essay on Socialism* that in the Middle Ages Christ became "the realization of Pain," and M. Finot is a valiant crusader against this host of unhappy ideas.

He teaches us that "the Kingdom of Heaven lies within," that the solution of the problem of happiness offers more enticement to the well-wisher of the race than the gold of the Incas did to the treasure-seekers of Spain, who themselves looked upon the coveted yellow metal, however mistakenly, as a key to the happiness which all are trying to find. Amid the noisy tumult of life, amid the dissonance that divides man from, the Science of Happiness tries to discover the divine link which binds humanity to happiness through the soul and through the union of souls.

M. Finot is as opposed to the Indian symbolism of Maya and Karma as he is to Schopenhauer, and he quotes Leconte de Lisle's inimitable line from his very heart: "O Maya! Maya! thou torrent of ever-changing chimeras!"

It is a big subject, largely and intellectually treated by a master-hand. Unstinted praise is due to the translator, Miss Mary J. Safford, whose English retains the classical note of the original while remaining easy and flowing in style.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH ALL GOES WRONG. By J. C. P. Bode. Pp. 80. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 1s. net.

THERE is no doubt that a tendency to worry unnecessarily is the bane of many people in these days, and if some of the worried ones could take to heart the good advice offered them in this little book, they would find life considerably easier. Perhaps the author is a little too lavish with his capital letters, but there is much sound common sense in what he has to say. All who are of a worrying frame of mind might profit by it.

E. M. M.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND. A little Book of Practical Psychology.
By William Glover. 6½ in. × 4½ in. Pp. ix + 204. Cambridge :
The University Press (London : C. F. Clay, Fetter Lane, E.C.).
Price 2s. net.

THE title of this admirable little book well describes its aim and contents. The author is a disciple of Herbart. Herbart's synthetic psychology is, indeed, open to criticism on many points. In attempting to explain the mind as a synthesis of ideas, it is apt to give the latter a spurious individuality of their own ; it has no adequate explanation of genius, or what other schools of psychology regard as inherited mental aptitude ; and it places undue emphasis, I think, on the cognitive aspect of psychic phenomena. So far as the reality of freedom is concerned, Mr. Glover safeguards this by the introduction, in a final chapter, of the soul as a factor determining the evolution of the mind apart from external forces. But he, wisely I think, avoids metaphysical questions in the body of the book. And it must be confessed that the Herbartian criticism of the order "faculty-psychology" is well merited, and that Herbart's doctrines of apperception and interest are not only theoretically valid, but of the greatest practical importance. Mr. Glover well emphasizes the advantages of correlating our various ideas. A jumble of disparate facts and fancies is of little utility. "Something of everything and everything of something" is his aim on the intellectual side, combined with lofty ideals, closely correlated with all of our ideas—in short, the self-realization of the highest ideal possible on the ethical side.

His book is ably written in a colloquial and witty style, free from technicalities. He has a fund of excellent illustrations. Teachers especially should find the book of value ; but it is not intended for them in particular, and the general reader will, I think, read the book with both pleasure and profit.

H. S. REDGROVE.

KEEPING YOUNG AND WELL. Compiled by G. W. Bacon, F.R.G.S.
7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 130 + 1 plate. London : L. N. Fowler & Co.,
7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus. Price (paper cover) 1s. net.

THIS little book contains chapters on "Health Hints for the Home," "Colds," "Care of the Child," "Common Complaints" (written by a medical man), "Foods Medicinal," etc. It is rather scrappy in style, the author is over fond of quoting (he sometimes repeats his quotations), and, naturally, there are some matters dealt with concerning which authorities differ. But it will, on the other hand, be found to contain much sound advice, and many useful little hints as to the prevention of disease and the cure of simple complaints, and judging from the author's portrait taken at the age of eighty, his hygienic methods have proved effectual in his own case. Over-eating and non-attention to colds he regards as two of the most potent causes of modern ill-health. He emphasizes the value of deep breathing—"cautiously carried out" ; and it is interesting to note, in connection with the teachings of Swedenborg, and also the Indian yogis, concerning the psychic functions of breathing, that (as Mr. Bacon points out) adenoids and polypi, which prevent normal breathing, retard mental development. I am glad to note, too, that Mr. Bacon lays stress on the nutritive value of sugar. There is a brief glossary of medical terms at the end of the book. The whole forms, I think, a useful shillingsworth.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY. By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A.,
Brasenose College, Oxford. Second Edition, revised. London:
T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. Leipzig: Inselstrasse 20.
Price 2s. 6d. net.

WITH earnestness, sincerity and scholarly research, Mr. Spencer deals with the far-reaching questions suggested by the title of his book, defining its object, in his Introduction, as a desire "to know the truth of the subjects with which the main doctrines of Christianity deal,—namely, the means of intercourse of human souls with God, the position of human souls in the Universe, the destiny of God for them in the future, and the conditions of fulfilling that destiny." In this connection he chooses to consider the tenets of Christianity "rather than any other religion, because Christianity is more familiar to us, and because it is professedly the religion of those portions of humanity which, on the whole, appear most developed. "The New Testament he regards as a landmark indicating a widespread religious quickening, which foreshadowed a vast religious movement founded upon the teaching of Christ, but subject to continual modifications in the course of its evolution. This evolution the author analyses minutely in the twelve chapters contained in the book. These include chapters on "The Spiritual," "God," "Christ," "Sin," "The Atonement," "The Resurrection," and "The Kingdom of God." In the last named it is argued by the author that "the evolutionary view of the Kingdom of God implies that souls have several lifetimes in physical humanity," and that, therefore, humanity as a whole consists of a certain number of souls which function alternately in corporeal and incorporeal existence, being in both these phases "in process of evolution into the Kingdom of God, in which these breaks and divisions shall have ceased." This hypothesis will appeal to the reader in proportion to the extent to which he or she is in agreement with it. Mr. Spencer points out that Christianity began by establishing a religious tradition based upon personal devotion to its Founder, while in our own day a living faith in the Person of Christ is best expressed by self-devotion to an ideal which involves readiness to serve with all one's powers "the growth of humanity, physical, mental and spiritual, since thereby the end for which Jesus laboured and died will be reached."

EDITH K. HARPER.

LEGENDS AND TALES. By Annie Besant. Theosophical Publishing
House, Adyar, Madras, India; Benares, India; Chicago, U.S.A.;
T.P.S., London, 1913. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE Series of which this is the first volume is called *Lotus Leaves for the Young*. It is "written for the young by lovers of the young, that they may learn of 'high thoughts and noble needs,' and so weave for their own young lives chaplets of fair blossoms wherewith to crown their manhood and womanhood. This series will also contain teachings which form the foundations of character, and which, learned in youth, will prove a sure rock amid all the storms of life." The seven tales in this volume are (1) "Ganga, the River Maid"; (2) "The Stealing of Persephone"; (3) "The First Roses"; (4) "The Drowning of the World"; (5) "The Wandering Jew"; (6) "Perseus the Saviour"; (7) "The Story of Hypatia." In her foreword Mrs. Besant writes: "They are the world-old tales retold

for modern children, and breathe the spirit which inspires to heroic action. The modern world has need of the self-sacrifice of Ganga, of the courage of Perseus, and its Helpers of to-morrow are among the young of to-day." The myths are beautifully retold, the simple style in which they are written make them all the more winning; both children and "grown-ups" will be charmed and delighted by their perusal. Humanity can never tire of these exquisite myths, which, beneath their symbolic imagery, conceal and reveal the eternal, ever-radiant truths of Divine Wisdom.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE DIARY OF A CHILD OF SORROW. By Elias Gewurz. London: The White Lodge Library, 6 Nassington Road, N.W. Price 2s. net.

WE are informed at the outset that "these are leaves from the Diary of a Child of Sorrow whose eyes have wept bitterly, whose heart has been broken sorely, one of those who have come from great tribulation." Mr. Gewurz tells us that the mission of pain is the making of kings, just as the royal road of beauty leads to the consummation and the Crown of Love. For pain opens our eyes to the hollowness of the illusory pleasures of a transitory existence; through pain we learn to *truly* renounce. He regards pain as the tocsin that awakens the soul from the enchanted slumber of the senses, and leads it, by strange and devious paths, to the Crown and the summit of Being where the Transfiguration takes place. When this is accomplished, and then only, do we live the Life Beautiful, and, passing through the Gates of Silence into the Castle of Love, are entrusted with the Wand of Manifested Power . . . henceforth we are Sons of the Solitude.

This little book is, in every sense of the term, a human document. Having read it the responsibility rests with us of *practising* in our lives the beautiful teachings it contains. Otherwise we are hypocrites. MEREDITH STARR.

COUNSEL FROM THE HEAVENLY SPHERES. By H. P. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THE words of advice in this little book, obtained through spirit communion, will be found helpful to simple souls in their search for the Higher Wisdom. The teachings are very like the teachings of Jesus, and it is to be sincerely hoped that they will not only be read, but practised, by those who may decide to invest a shilling in the purchase of this little volume.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE QUESTION OF MIRACLES. By Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J. The Catholic Library, Vol. XIII. Manresa Press. Price 1s. net.

STUDENTS of the occult will be specially interested in two passages in this book. "There is nothing unreasonable in the belief held by many beside Christians that there exist around us incorporeal beings more highly endowed than man, and capable under certain circumstances of acting on the material world." The other admits the possibility of contravention of natural law, in miracles, otherwise than by divine agency. The argument for miracles rules out of court the materialistic explanation of an extension of natural law. The author's position is quite clear. The miracles of the Gospel and of Lourdes are cited as examples. These are

of a character so extraordinary that they may be considered "to testify to the liberty of God which, however it habitually shows itself in nature, is yet more than and above nature." Miracles "break a link in that chain of cause and effect, which else we should come to regard as itself God." The question is, therefore, seen to resolve itself into a distinction between the metaphysical positions of immanence and transcendence. The author holds that God, being an infinite and transcendent First Cause, is enabled, for the working out of the moral order, to transcend His own decrees in the physical order. Although this may be viewed from one standpoint as a violation of physical law, he is careful to point out that the general law remains, whilst only the individual occasion has been modified to justify the existence of the supreme in a manifestation which is, perhaps, a necessary adjunct to a divine revelation.

"It may be safely said that either the Gospel cures were miraculous or the whole story of Christ's life is fictitious." It is seen, therefore, that the case for the reality of Divine Revelation in Christianity is made to depend upon the validity of the miracles of Christ. A searching analysis is made of the Charcot school of hysteria and neuropathy. A distinction of difference in *kind* is drawn between miracles and faith healing or hypnotic cures and hypnotically produced diseases. The miracle is seen to be of a different order. It is necessarily of such a character that only by the direct intervention of the Supreme Power, acting immediately or through an accredited agent, can its effect, which is opposed to the normal working of natural law, be produced. The book is a closely reasoned argument which takes into account the various objections, rationalistic and the so-called explanations of the mystical schools, and meets them individually. The essence of a miracle, in the author's opinion, is its instantaneous operation, its permanency, its complete transcendence of normal experience, and its moral worth as an illustration of the beneficence and power of God.

J. W. FRINGS.

SOME FORGOTTEN TRUTHS OF HINDUISM. By J. Shrinivasa Rao.

The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 4 annas.

MR. SHRINIVASA RAO in these pages, on the authority of the Hindu scriptures, attempts to answer such questions as: Is there anything new in the teachings of the Theosophical Society? Has it any new Dharma, any new message to justify its existence? The answer is of course: No. All truth is eternal; it is the mode of presentation alone which differs. On page 3 it is written, in capital letters, that "only great Rishis are competent to teach Dharmas," and the question which here naturally arises in the mind of the reader is: Are all the teachers in the Theosophical Society great Rishis? On page 18 it is stated that the time is now ripe for the arrival of a great World-Teacher, and on the very next page, at the end of the same paragraph, we read that the Teacher will not appear until the world is in a state of *perfect peace*. But surely a World-Teacher would be needed most of all when the storm-clouds of unrest and revolt are ominously sweeping over the world, for when *perfect peace* is established throughout the globe, humanity as a whole will be conscious of the indwelling Divine Principle only—no other Teacher than Interior Wisdom will be needed; for "they that are whole need not a physician."

MEREDITH STARR.