

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT was said of Rousseau that his *Contrat Social* became the Bible of the French Revolutionists. It is even stated that Napoleon went so far as to remark that if Rousseau had not been born the French Revolution would never have taken place. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but what we are entitled to say is that if Rousseau had never lived, the French Revolution would have taken a very different form to that which it actually did. In the same way it has been declared that the writings of Nietzsche became the Bible of the military caste of Germany. A quotation from one of his aphorisms appeared on the title page of the original edition of General Bernhardi's book, *Germany and the Next War*, which has created such a sensation at the present time. "War and courage," it runs, "have done more great things than the love of the neighbour." General Bernhardi amplifies this quotation as follows:—

War is a biological necessity, an indispensable regulator in the life of mankind, failing which there would result a course of evolution harmful to the species and also entirely antagonistic to all culture. War, said

Heracleitus, is the father of all things. Without war inferior or demoralized races would only too easily swamp the healthy and vital ones, and a general decadence would be the consequence. War is one of the essential factors of morality. If circumstances require, it is not only the right, but the moral and political duty of a statesman to bring about a war.

In this last sentence we doubtless see the Kaiser's justification of his action from his own personal standpoint. Certainly this is not more than dotting the i's and crossing the t's of Nietzsche, who writes again: "You will have to pardon my occasionally chanting a pæan of war. Horribly clangs its silvery bow, and though it comes along like the night, war is nevertheless Apollo, the true divinity for consecrating and purifying the state. For nations that are growing weak and contemptible war may be prescribed as a remedy."

Nietzsche's gospel is, in fact, in the nature of a counterblast to the Sermon on the Mount. It is an attack not on the truth or otherwise of the records of Christianity, but of Christian morality itself. "Are," he asks, "Christian morals worth anything, or are they a perversion and an outrage, despite all the arts of holiness and seduction with which they are enforced?" Nietzsche maintains that they are the latter. "Christian altruism," he says again, "is the mob egotism of the weak." "The Will to Power," the German philosopher maintains, is the dominant human instinct, and it is an instinct therefore to be encouraged. "Passion for power," he says again, "is the earthquake which breaketh and upbreaketh all that is rotten and hollow. The rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres." He goes even further than this: he maintains that the criterion of truth lies in the enhancement of this feeling of power. In other words, the only true argument is the very forcible one of knocking the man down who disagrees with you. That might is right is the obvious corollary of this philosophy. Nietzsche vehemently repudiated the Christian God, but the Kaiser has taken a different line and has set himself to remodel him in order to make him fit in with the Nietzschean philosophy. This is at any rate a *tour de force*. It used to be maintained that the Israelites were God's chosen people. In a contrary sense it may be said that the German god is the Kaiser's chosen deity. It is not only the Kaiser who has made this mistake. Other people have had, and still have, their pocket deities, whom they are ever ready to trot out in support of the theories of right and wrong which they find most convenient to their own interests.

POCKET
DEITIES
AND
THEIR
DRAWBACKS.

You cannot, however, patent your own deity, and it is in vain that you exclaim to the world, "Beware of spurious imitations, none others are genuine." When the time of crisis arrives the deity in whom you put your faith will prove to be what he is, neither more nor less than the graven image that you have made yourself, and set up for worship as Jeroboam did the golden calves at Dan and Bethel. Nietzsche started with a radically false concept. It is not the Will to Power which is the ruling impulse of mankind, but rather a very different thing, the will to *achieve*. As Longfellow says :

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to *act* that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

It may be well to add that the will to achieve, where great ends are to be obtained, must be ever united with the unselfishness of the ideal aimed at. Underlying all Nietzsche's philosophy, however ingeniously disguised, is the predominant conception of the glorification of selfishness. We know the Superman to-day for what he is, a bully and a braggart who has been found out. I have said that Nietzsche's philosophy was a counterblast to the Sermon on the Mount. A word of caution is, however, necessary. If we took the Sermon on the Mount as literally as Bernhardt does his Nietzsche, we should lapse into an equally mistaken attitude at the other extreme. If the Allies had adopted it as their motto we should be under the heel of the Prussian tyrant to-day. The adoption of an attitude of passive resistance defeats its own end. It may be retorted that the injunction is a counsel of perfection intended for an ideal world. But in the ideal world the smiter would not be there to smite. Bismarck had his policy of blood and iron, and it was a policy which succeeded. But Bismarck always recognized the limits of the possible. He systematically declined to quarrel with Russia, and declared that the interests of Austria in the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier. One of the besetting sins of little men in high places is their mania for imitating great ones, but the Kaiser might have at least remembered that Napoleon went nap and failed. Russia spelt the doom of a greater man than William the Braggart.

The great success of Russia in the present war seems to have come rather as a surprise to a large proportion of the public. But this surprise was certainly confined in the main to those who

had no knowledge of what was going on behind the scenes. Since the Japanese war the entire Russian army had been re-organized from top to bottom, and no care, labour or expense had been spared in its training and equipment. In the Japanese war it had had practical experience of actual warfare with a first-class military power, which the German army lacked. In the numbers it could enrol it far exceeded the armies of neighbouring nations, and there was every reason in consequence to regard it as the most formidable fighting force in Europe. To myself personally the Russian victories in the present war were as much

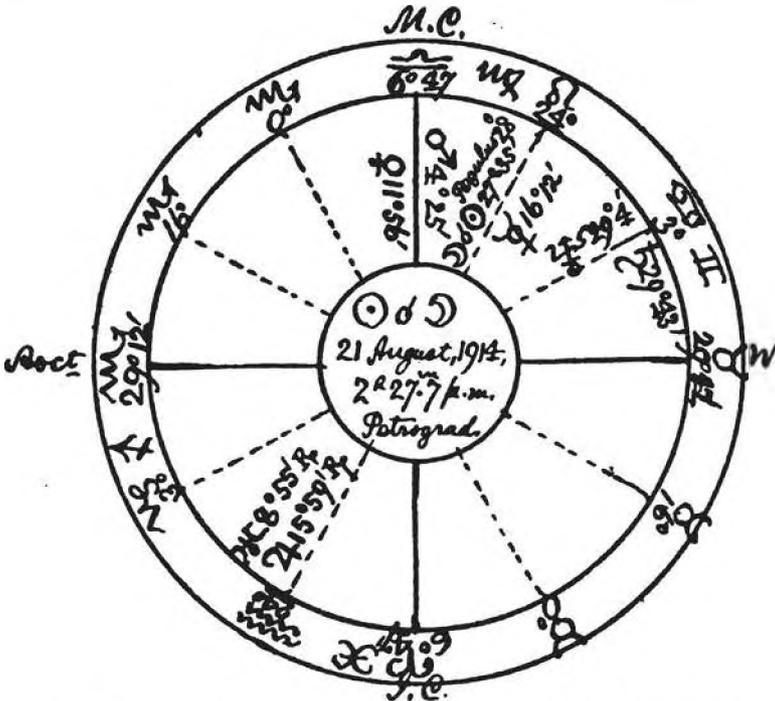


FIGURE FOR ECLIPSE AT PETROGRAD (ST. PETERSBURG).

a foregone conclusion as her defeat in that with Japan. What

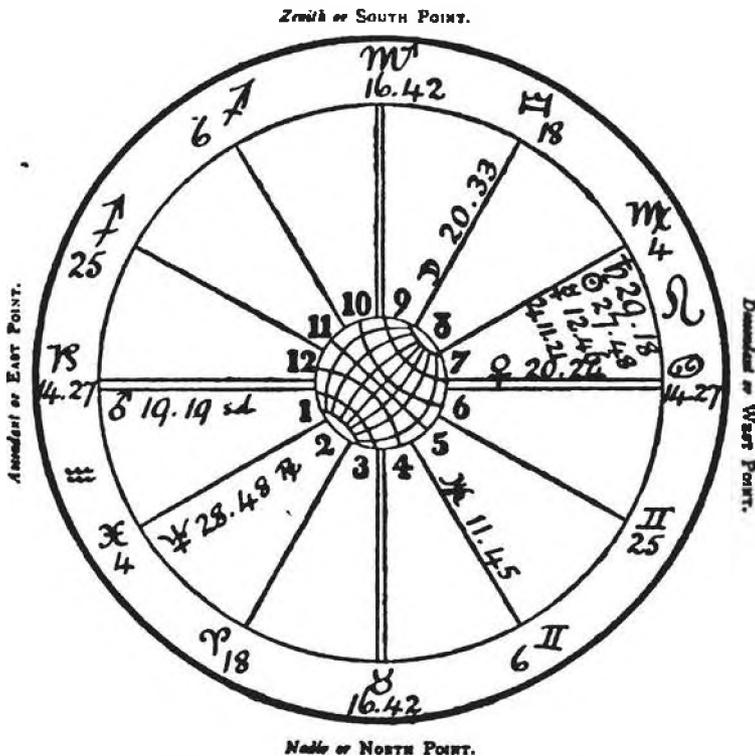
RUSSIA
AND THE
WAR.

surprised me rather was that the Kaiser, knowing as he must have done the actual facts with regard to the Russian army, should have been so misled by his overweening conceit as to underrate it so egregiously.

One did not need to be an astrologer to foresee the striking series of Russian victories which have signaled the commencement of the present campaign. It is worth noting, however, in view of the observations made in a certain recent pamphlet,* that the

* *An Astrological Survey of the Great War.* London: Foulsham & Co., 5 Pilgrim Street, E.C. 6d.

figure for the recent eclipse fell more favourably at St. Petersburg than at any other great European capital. It will be observed by a reference to the appended figure that Venus dominates in its own sign and is attended by, but elevated above, the planet Mars, a sure indication of success in war. It may also be noted that, although the eclipse fell in square to the Czar's Sun, it fell in exact trine to the place of Mars at his birth—another very pointed omen of victory. In the case of President Poincaré, whose horoscope I also reproduce, by kind permission of the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, it will be seen that while the eclipse falls exactly on his Sun,



HOROSCOPE OF PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

the Sun at his birth was too close to Saturn for the indications to be propitious in their character, and the invasion of France

by the Germans immediately followed. A reference to this interesting horoscope in which Mars is rising afflicted, but in its exaltation in Capricorn, shows the two benefics as the nearest planets to the seventh angle.* No one with such a position need fear being

* The seventh house rules open enemies, and in another sense partnership.

defeated by his enemies. The very remarkable and, in some ways, very threatening horoscope of Frederick the Great gives a similar position to the planet Venus. Without this position Frederick, astrologically speaking, would have undoubtedly fallen a victim to the combination of European Powers arrayed against him. Though he had, in most respects, a far more splendid horoscope, Napoleon suffered from a similar position of the malefic planet Uranus, and invincible as he once appeared, his enemies, typified by the seventh house, proved in the end too powerful for him. The effect of the presence of Mars alone close to the seventh angle is shown in the horoscope of the Austrian Emperor.

In connexion with predictions about the war, some prominence has been given recently to an alleged prediction of the Curé d'Ars (Father Vianney) in reference to the Franco-German War, and its successor, the Great European War of to-day. The prediction is said to have foretold the Prussian invasion of France in 1870 and the disasters that were destined to overtake France in this campaign. In regard to the second war the prediction (as quoted)

THE
PROPHECY
OF THE
CURÉ D'ARS. runs: "The enemy will not go immediately. They will again return and destroy as they come. Effective resistance will not be made. They will be allowed to advance, and after that their communications will be cut and they will suffer great loss. They will retreat towards their own country. They will be followed, and few will reach their goal. Then all that they have taken away will be restored and more in addition. Much more terrible things will happen than have yet been seen, but a great triumph will be witnessed on the Feast of Our Lady (September 8)." It will be remembered by readers that this date gave the turning point of the German campaign in France and marked the commencement of the retreat.

This prophecy has been suspected of being a fake invented specially for the occasion, and its *bona fides* still requires substantiation, in spite of the fact that the *Daily Chronicle* has gone out of its way to give chapter and verse for its origin. This prediction, says the London paper in question, "has aroused the indignation of a Sutton reader, who alleges that he speaks for a syndicate of readers in demanding documentary evidence of the supposed prophecy." The *Daily Chronicle* continues as follows:—

Sutton's susceptibilities must be soothed. The prophecy is not a fake. It occurs in "Voix Prophetiques, ou Signes, Apparitions et Predictions Modernes, tome 2, Paris, 1872, Victor Palmé, editeur, Rue de Grenelle,

St. Germain." Father Vianney is credited, on page 182 of this work, with having foretold that a great triumph would be witnessed on a certain day last week. The great rout of the Germans began last week. Singular, is it not ?

In face of this very bold assertion I almost blush to state that I hold in my hands at the time of writing the two volumes alluded to, and that their title is quite accurate ; that the date of publication (1872) agrees with the statement of the *Daily Chronicle* ; and that the name of the publisher, Victor Palmé, of 25 Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, Paris, also agrees with the statement made. There is, however, no mention, or indeed reference to, any prophecy of Father Vianney on p. 182 of either volume ; nor, in fact, has a careful investigation of the contents enabled me to discover any reference to the Curé d'Ars in either of the two volumes. I am driven to observe, in the words of the Editor of the " Office Window " column—" Singular, is it not ? "

Father Vianney, who died in 1859, was a person of some note in his day. He was remarkable as a psychic healer and inspirational preacher, and a translation of his " Life " may be obtained from R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., of 8 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A further prediction has enjoyed some reputation in Germany. It dates from the year 1854, and is called the Prophecy of Mayence. The prediction comprises eighteen verses, of which the first nine are already fulfilled. For the benefit of my readers who have not seen it in *The Referee* or *Light*, where it has been recently quoted, I give it in full.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. When the little people of the Oder shall feel themselves strong
enough to shake off the yoke of their protector and when
THE
PROPHECY shall march against Austria.
OF
MAYENCE. | 2. They will have victory upon victory up to the gates
of Vienna, but a word from the great Emperor of the West
shall make the heroes tremble on the field of victory, and
the barley shall not be gathered in until he has signed the peace, shaken
off the yoke, and returned triumphantly to his country. |
| 3. But at the gathering in of the fourth barley and that of the oats,
a dreadful sound of war shall call the harvesters to arms. A formidable
army, followed by an extraordinary number of engines of war that hell
alone could have invented, shall start towards the West. | |
| 4. Woe to thee, great nation, woe to you who have abandoned the
rights divine and human.
The God of Battles has forsaken you ; who will succour you ? | |
| 5. Napoleon III, mocking his adversary at first, shall soon turn back | |

towards the "Chene-Populeux" where he shall disappear, never to reappear.

6. In spite of the heroic resistance of France, a multitude of soldiers, blue, yellow, and black, shall scatter themselves over a great part of France.

7. Alsace and Lorraine shall be carried away from France for a period and half a period.

8. The French shall only take courage again as against each other.

9. Woe to thee, great city, woe to thee, city of vice! Fire and sword shall succeed fire and famine.

10. Courage, faithful souls, the reign of the dark shadow shall not have time to execute all its schemes.

11. But the time of mercy approaches. A prince of the nation is in your midst.

12. It is the man of salvation, the wise, the invincible, he shall count his enterprises by his victories.

13. He shall drive out the enemy of France, he shall march to victory on victory, until the day of divine justice.

14. That day he shall command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux between Ham, Woerl, and Paderborn.

15. Woe to thee, people of the North, thy seventh generation shall answer for all thy crimes. Woe to thee, people of the East, thou shalt spread afar the cries of affliction and innocent blood. Never shall such an army be seen.

16. Three days the sun shall rise upwards on the heads of the combatants without being seen through the clouds of smoke.

17. Then the commander shall get the victory; two of his enemies shall be annihilated, the remainder of the three shall fly towards the extreme East.

18. William, the second of the name, shall be the last King of Prussia. He shall have no other successors save a King of Poland, a King of Hanover, and a King of Saxony.

All the first part of this prophecy up to the ninth verse inclusive is verified by the war of 1866, then by that of 1870, and then by the Commune of 1871. Here are the last nine verses:

10. Courage, French patriots, Germany cannot carry out its schemes of supremacy.

11. The time of retaliation approaches. The Czar shall come in the midst of you to seal the alliance.

12. That is the man of salvation.

13. He shall chase the enemy of France, he shall conquer Germany until it is completely destroyed.

14. The last battle on the field of Bouleaux, near to Paderborn, in Westphalia, shall reunite seven allied peoples against three.

15. Woe to thee, Prussia, thy seventh generation shall answer for the wars thou hast made upon all the people. [Seven generations make 30 years $\times 7 = 210$ years. The realm of Prussia dates from 1713. The seventh generation is, then, living between 1893 and 1923.] Woe to thee, Austria! Never such a battle shall have taken place.

16. It shall last three days in the smoke of the conflagration.

17. Finally Prussia and Austria shall be annihilated. Hungary shall fly towards the extreme East.

18. William II shall be the last King of Prussia. Germany and Austria shall form three realms: Poland, Hanover, and Saxony.

The remarkable point about the Mayence prophecy is its detail. There are many predictions of so vague a character that the question arises whether they have actually been fulfilled or not. Here we have one which appears clearly to allude to the present war, and actually supplies us with the exact locality of the final battle. Time will show whether the field of Bouleaux, in Westphalia, is destined to witness the climax of the war; but it is at least open to anyone interested in these matters to locate the site alluded to for himself, by reference to a map of modern Germany. The same verse that alludes to this battle mentions seven allied peoples being united against three. Some ingenuity may be required to identify the various peoples intended by this number. Of the seven there is no doubt about French, English, Russians, Belgians, and Servians.* The progress of the war may serve to elucidate the names of the missing two. The Japanese are obviously inadmissible, as they are not fighting in Europe. Is this a hint of the intervention of other Powers? As regards the three, what country, it may be asked, is the third after Germany and Austria? Hungary is apparently intended, although at present forming part of the Dual Empire. The fulfilment of the first portion of the last verse of all is likely to give general satisfaction. In his very drastic efforts to obtain for himself a "place in the sun," the German Kaiser, it may be surmised, will have been successful, at any rate, in securing [for himself a warm corner somewhere!

A correspondent writes me with regard to the record of the mirage of war referred to in my last number, as seen by the Cowley Fathers, that the description tallies very closely with the naval engagement which took place off Heligoland on August 27. The day of the week was alone given in the record in the OCCULT REVIEW, but the actual date of the vision was, I understand, August 19. My correspondent writes: "The description given in the papers tallies exactly with the battle seen in the mirage, inasmuch as it was an engagement of cruisers (two and three funnels), and one of the

THE MIRAGE
OF WAR.

* Perhaps we may add India to this list.

enemy's ships was burning when last seen after being severely handled by the British fleet. The ships appearing later on like specks might well be the destroyers which came up and saved the wounded afterwards." My correspondent continues: "I should be glad to know if anyone else has noticed this coincidence." I would say that it struck me immediately on reading the account of the battle in the papers. My correspondent then proceeds as follows:—

"I also write to know if anyone made mention of a most extraordinary cloud phenomenon seen in London about 10.30 on a night in July of the present year—I cannot quite find the exact date now, but it must have been about the 20th to the 22nd of the month—very shortly before the war broke out. The whole sky appeared to be embraced by a huge many-branched column of cumuli, the whole effect being like the smoke rolling up from some huge prairie fire. It had a lurid appearance, and the moon was apparently smothered in it. Several people noticed it, and wondered what it portended. I said it looked like 'a world in flames.' At that time there was no hint of war, but it was just after the British fleet had been inspected at Spithead."

If any other of my readers have made similar observations, perhaps they will kindly record them. It is, of course, easy to imagine pictures in the clouds, and to the clairvoyant eye these may afford a background very similar to the crystal, the magic mirror, or even the tea-leaves in the cup.

Readers will remember the observations I made with regard to the curious kabalistic prediction as to the date of the duration of the German Empire in my last number, and also will recall the fact that I suggested that the prophecy in question, being doubtless familiar to the present Kaiser, exercised an influence over him, inducing him to stave off the inevitable conflict till this year had elapsed. Three or four days after the appearance of the OCCULT REVIEW, confirmation of my suggestion, apparently from an authoritative source, came to hand in the form of a letter written to the London *Times*. A correspondent of that paper, signing himself "Vidi," wrote as follows:—

THE
"KABAL-
ISTIC"
PREDICTION
—A CON-
FIRMATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Sir,—In the summer of 1899 I chanced to be sitting with the present German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Jagow (then a secretary of the German Embassy in Rome), on the balcony of the Embassy, the

Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Capitol. In the course of conversation Herr von Jagow expressed the belief that no general European war was likely to occur before the end of 1913. He gave as his reason the influence of a prophecy made to the Kaiser's grandfather, Prince William of Prussia, at Mayence in 1849. Prince William of Prussia, who was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles on January 18, 1871, was in 1849 wandering *incognito* in the Rhine Provinces, attended only by an aide-de-camp. He had incurred great unpopularity by his attitude during the Berlin revolution of March, 1848, and had been obliged to spend some time in England, whence he returned, still a semi-fugitive, to the Rhineland. At Mayence a gipsy woman offered to tell him his fortune, and addressed him as "Imperial Majesty." Not a little amused—for at that moment his chance of succeeding even to the throne of Prussia seemed slight—the Prince asked, "'Imperial Majesty,' and of what empire, pray?" "Of the new German Empire," was the reply.

Then follows the record of the prediction as I gave it in last month's issue. The correspondent of *The Times* observes, in conclusion, that the story soon spread in Prussian Court circles. "Prince William became German Emperor in 1871, and died in 1888. The effect of the double fulfilment of the prophecy on the mind of the present Kaiser was great, and, as my experience shows, it entered into the calculation of Prussian diplomatists as long ago as 1899." In the light of these observations there does not seem much doubt that my surmise was a correct one. Special interest attaches to this record as showing how the mere making of a prediction may tend to modify its fulfilment. In this connexion the prophecy of Jonah about the fall of Nineveh will be present to the minds of all.

As I go to press, yet another prediction of the present war reaches me, this time from Norway, though the author of the prediction is stated to have been a Portuguese priest by the name of Dom Bosco, who died ten years ago, and the quotation is a translation from the well-known French paper, *Le Matin*, in which it appeared in June, 1901. The communication reaches me opened and passed by the censor, so apparently its influence on the fortunes of the war has been sufficiently discounted. It runs as follows:—

"In 1913 or 1914 a great European war will break out. Germany will be completely torn to pieces, but not before the Germans have penetrated into the heart of France, whence they will be forced back to the further banks of the Rhine. An arrogant man will see his family tree cut in splinters and trampled upon by all the world. Great battles will take place on August 15 and September

R

15. At that time the Pope will die, and live again. Belgium will undergo fearful sufferings, but will rise again and become stronger than ever. Poland will get back her rights."

This prophecy is not a little remarkable in regard to the numerous important points which it covers in a few lines. The dates of the battles are perhaps the least satisfactory point, individual days for battles having little meaning in the present war.

The unanimity with which all predictions foretell the defeat of Germany is a striking point in view of the fact that until quite recently the forces of the Triple Alliance were regarded as the most formidable fighting combination in Europe. The predictions are also approximately in agreement as regards the date of the great struggle, though 1913 seems to be more in favour than the present year. The above prediction is not unique in predicting that the death of the Pope will synchronize with the outbreak of the war.

While I am on the subject of prophecies, the election of a new successor to St. Peter's Chair will serve to call to mind the curious series of predictions, if we may so describe the Latin mottoes attributed to St. Malachi, and which are supposed each to have reference to one particular tenant of St. Peter's Chair from the days of Innocent II (A.D. 1143) onwards. This long list of Latin mottoes has already reached the ninth from the end.

THE PRO-
PHECIES
OF ST.
MALACHI.

It is therefore to be assumed, if this curious prediction is to be taken seriously, that there will be only eight more Popes after the one just elected, viz., Benedict XV. The last of all is described as "Petrus Romanus," and of him it is said, "He will feed his sheep in tribulation. The city of the seven hills will be destroyed, and the great Judge will judge His people. Amen." In view of the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims almost immediately after his election, it is not a little curious that the motto for the present Pope is "Religio depopulata" (religion ravaged or laid waste). If we may credit Madame de Thèbes, it is possible that his tenancy of the chair may lead to a still more significant interpretation of the saying. The late Pope's motto, "Ignis ardens" (a burning flame), might be held to allude to the ardent piety of Pius X. Some of these mottoes are singularly appropriate, though the same cannot be said of all. The motto for Pius VII, for instance, was "Aquila rapax," a rapacious eagle, and during his pontificate the imperial eagles of France invaded the Papal States and

brought the Pope himself into captivity. Again, Pius IX's motto, "Crux de Cruce," was held to be symbolical of his loss of the temporal power. St. Malachi, the alleged author of these sayings, was a native of Armagh, in Ireland, to the archbishopric of which he finally attained. He enjoyed a high reputation for working miracles, not quite a unique distinction in those days. Whether he was the actual author of the predictions alluded to it would be difficult now to say.

I am asked to draw the attention of my readers to an ingenious attempt to interpret scriptural prophecy in terms of the present war, which has just been published by the Crystal Press, of 90 Regent Street, London, W., and is entitled, *How the War will End*. The author is Mr. F. L. Rawson, M.I.C.E., etc., a gentleman whose activities have covered a very wide field, ranging from football, cricket, and engineering, to mental healing, psychometry, and the predictive art. Mr. Rawson identifies Assyria with the modern German Empire, and quotes as applicable to the Kaiser the text, "I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the King of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. For he saith, 'By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom . . . I have put down the inhabitants like a violent man, and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people.'" Mr.

BIBLE
PROPHECY
AND THE
WAR.

Rawson predicts the Kaiser's death by quoting Isaiah xxxvii. 7 : "I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land." The appeal of Germany to England to remain neutral in the contest is ingeniously discovered in the verse in which the emissary of the King of Assyria bids the Israelites to "make an agreement with me by a present, and come out to me, and eat ye every one of his vine and every one of his fig-tree." Again, the attack of the Russians upon Germany is claimed to be foreshadowed in a text from 2 Esdras xv. : "Also the Carmanians raging in wrath shall go forth as the wild boars of the wood, and with great power shall they come, and join battle with them, and shall waste a portion of the land of the Assyrians." All this is very reminiscent of the late Rev. Mr. Baxter, and can hardly be taken seriously, except in the sense in which many of the prophetic books of the Bible have a sort of universal application. I suppose, however, there will always be those who will refer to the Jewish scriptures for a foreshadowing of present and future events. The use of the Bible as a means of augury in the same way that Virgil's poems were used in the Sortes Virgilianæ is really a good deal more legitimate.

There have been a number of instances lately of psychic^m or automatic paintings which have attracted attention, partly owing to their own intrinsic merit and partly to the curious manner in which they have been produced. Within the last few months my attention has been drawn in particular to three artists of this kind, and one of these has an exhibition of her pictures on view in London at the present time. To the productions of the two others, Miss Heron Maxwell, and Mrs. Diver, I hope to allude subsequently. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove has been good enough to supply me with a critique of Miss Seth's work, which I subjoin for the benefit of readers who are curious in the matter:—

NOTE ON AN EXHIBITION OF "MYSTICAL" PAINTINGS BY MISS FLORENCE SETH.

AN exhibition is now being held at 169 Piccadilly, W., which will no doubt be of considerable interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Miss Florence Seth, who is there exhibiting a remarkable collection of what she terms "mystical" paintings, is a miniature-painter, whose work in that department of art may be familiar to some readers. Her "mystical" paintings differ from her orthodox ones as much as the proverbial chalk from the proverbial cheese. They are produced automatically, though in a state of apparently normal consciousness, the phenomenon having first occurred with her about a year ago. She works rapidly, with no sense of effort, and with no feeling of fatigue afterwards. The medium she usually employs is water-colour, using any sort of paper or card that may be handy. She has told me that she is quite unconscious of what she is going to paint, and that in order to produce a satisfactory result it is necessary for her to remain as negative as possible, so that she may become a passive vehicle for the influence that is at work. How far we may ascribe the results to subconscious activity, and what part, if any, the free play of fancy may contribute, are problems that await investigation. Her own belief is that she is being utilized by spiritual consciousnesses distinct from her own—good influences that are endeavouring to express some message, through her, though what this is does not yet appear. Occasionally, however, she asks that a special revelation may be given her, as in the production of a slight but charming picture of the soul leaving the body, partially reminiscent of Blake.

Miss Seth has told me that in painting many of her pictures, her hand will move quite sporadically from point to point on the paper, putting colour on here and colour on there, seemingly in quite an aimless manner, the unity of the picture not appearing until after completion. It is interesting to note that, in spite of this erratic manner of production, the finished picture invariably either fills the paper or is centrally placed thereon. Moreover, although her pictures all lack symmetry, one gets a sense of balance and unity from even the most fantastic of them—and many of them are, indeed, very fanciful and futuristic in quality.

Their unity is like the unity of a dream—the synthesis of incongruous elements. There is one, for example, where bird and rock, a mass of human heads, and I know not what other things, are blended into a curious

whole. One is reminded of the hypothesis that discarnate spirits have to pass into a sort of dream-state in order to communicate with this world through the medium of a "psychic." Or may we assume the existence of a dream-consciousness latent in the waking soul?

Some of Miss Seth's productions are rather designs than pictures in the ordinary sense—quaintly beautiful designs, in some cases—fantastic combinations of curving line and rich colour. Others remind one of anatomical studies, and are exceedingly curious, though hardly works of art. Several of her pictures might be called "architectural dreams."

The phenomenon, to which I suggest giving the name of "non-visual art," is an interesting one, and one to which I hope to draw further attention in these pages.

SECOND SIGHT IN WAR

BY MARY L. LEWES

IN the whole of Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, there are few more moving passages than the one wherein are described the deaths in battle of Colonel Thomas Lloyd and Lieutenant Edward Freer. Both fell at the battle of the Nivelles, on November 10, 1813; Freer in the 43rd Regiment and Lloyd (formerly also of the 43rd) leading the 94th, of which the course of promotion had given him the command. In the distinguished but simple language of which the great soldier-historian was a master, he gives a touching description of the end of the two officers who by some extraordinary gift of personality had endeared themselves particularly to their comrades, and had displayed a bravery brilliant even where all were brave; but the point of the narrative is, for the moment, the fact that each of these men, both courageous beyond the ordinary, were deeply impressed with the premonition that the fight on that 10th of November would be their last.

Freer was but a lad of nineteen; "rich in honour, for he bore many scars . . . and had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. So slight in person and of such delicate beauty that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing, he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle . . . and would obey his slightest sign." On the night before the battle, Napier was stretched on the ground, covered with his cloak, when young Freer came to him sobbing as if his heart would break, and creeping beneath the cloak, he breathed to the kindly senior, who in vain tried to soothe and console him, his firm conviction that he should lose his life in the coming battle, confessing that his distress was caused by the thought of his mother and sister in England. Next day he was pierced by three balls at the first storming of the Rhuno rocks, and "the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept, even in the middle of the fight, when they heard of his fate."

Colonel Lloyd, "like Freer, was prescient of and predicted his own fall, yet with no abatement of courage. When he received the mortal wound, a most painful one, he would not

suffer himself to be moved, but remained watching the battle . . . until death came."

The above instances are matters of history; and the other psychic occurrences connected with military men and their friends contained in the few notes that follow may be equally well-known. But, at the present time, when our thoughts as a nation are so much with our soldiers, it may not be inappropriate to recall some of these strange happenings, most of which seem to confirm the belief that the stress of emotion and passion aroused by circumstances of war, danger or long separation, result quite often in a disturbance—or, maybe a heightening—of soul vibrations which in certain temperaments are bound to produce some outward manifestation. Occasionally—perhaps generally—these manifestations affect only the subject himself, resulting in the heavy premonition of approaching danger or death. But there are many instances on record, as all students of the occult know, where in time of crisis the subject's thoughts, reverting with love and longing to absent friends, have sent them a warning of some kind; sometimes in a dream, sometimes by an actual presentment or apparition of the thinker. Probably many amongst us could quote stories of this type, either from personal knowledge or from hearsay; they form a large class amongst recognized psychic phenomena. But though numerous, such cases are always interesting, often poignantly so, from the nature of the circumstances giving rise to them, perhaps through the very intensity of their human aspect bringing home, more forcibly than any abstract argument, the extreme thinness of the veil which hides the Unseen from the Seen.

General Sir Thomas Picton, "the hero of a hundred fights," as an historian has called him, and who met his death at Waterloo, left England the week before the battle with the presentiment that he would never return, a belief he is said to have communicated to the friends who accompanied him on the first stage of his journey. Badly wounded at Quatre Bras on June 17, he would not report his hurt lest he should be sent to the rear and thereby miss the decisive engagement. So his servant bound him up, and the morning of that eventful next day saw him at the head of his troops as usual, where the fate he felt approaching, but would not avoid, met him as he waved his sword and cheered his men on to success. Here we have another instance of a very strong personality visited by anticipations of death which might never have reached a lesser soul, well illustrating how the spirit of such a man, lofty and courageous, while acknowledging the truth

of what he feels, is spurred by the knowledge, rather than hindered in the path of honour and duty. Only to the strong does the vision come, we may be sure.

But examples of presentiments, such as the above, are in most cases so much alike that to multiply their recital would be monotonous for the ordinary reader; so we will turn to those instances where the psychic vibrations set up by impending disaster have produced external manifestations to distant friends. Sometimes these (the vibrations) occasion corresponding phenomena of an apparently inconsequent character; but invariably, whatever their nature, they arouse an unshakeable feeling—often amounting to certainty—of the *nearness* of bad news. A good illustration of this type of warning is supplied by a story related by Flammarion, in his book *L'Inconnu*, which perhaps I may be excused for quoting. As is well known, Flammarion collected hundreds of letters from all sorts of people regarding psychic phenomena of every description. Amongst these correspondents, J. Meyer (whose letter I will paraphrase in translating) writes:—

“In 1835 my grandfather lived at St. Maurice, near Rochelle. My father, the eldest of the family, was a lieutenant in Algeria, where he spent ten years of the early days of the conquest. His letters fired his younger brother Camille with the desire to join him. He disembarked at Algiers in April, 1835, and hastening to meet my father at Oran, took part in an expedition against Abd-el-Kader at the end of June. The French were obliged to retreat on Arzow, and lost many people in crossing the marsh of Maeta. My uncle was three times hit, but not seriously wounded. However, when bivouacking, a French soldier, in cleaning his gun, accidentally let it off and wounded my uncle in the thigh. He was operated on, and eventually died.

“Communications were slow in those days, and my grandmother knew nothing of these facts. According to the fashion of the day, she had a very fine china coffee-set arranged on the mantel-piece of her reception-room on the first floor. Suddenly, in broad daylight, a frightful noise was heard in this room.

“My grandmother rushed upstairs, followed by the servant. What was their stupefaction at the sight that greeted them! The whole of the coffee-set lay in pieces by the side of the chimney-place, exactly as if they had all been swept there together. My grandmother was terrified, and felt sure that some misfortune was threatened. The room was minutely inspected, but none

of the suggestions made, by way of calming my grandmother, could be made to fit the facts . . . a violent draught, the passage of rats, a cat shut in by mistake, etc., etc. The room was absolutely closed, so there could have been no draught; then neither rats nor cat could break the china entirely and collect the pieces neatly along the hearth. There was nobody in the house except my grandparents and their servant.

"The first post from Africa brought the news of my uncle's death, which happened on the exact day that the service was broken."

The above incident reminds one of the very common belief that the unexplained fall of a family picture is a presage of misfortune or death.

Many cases are recorded of death warnings being conveyed to distant friends by the apparition of those in danger. The following, which is a well-known instance of this kind, has, I believe (though I have not read the book myself), been referred to by the late Edmund Gurney, in *Phantasms of the Living*:

In September, 1857, Captain Wheatcroft . . . of a certain cavalry regiment, left England for India to rejoin his corps, leaving his wife at Cambridge. On the night of November 14, Mrs. Wheatcroft dreamed that she saw her husband looking very anxious and ill, and woke up feeling much disturbed at her dream. But hardly had she realized that she was wide awake when, by the light of the full moon which came into her room, she again saw her husband, standing beside her bed. He was in uniform, his face pale, his hair disordered, and his hands pressed tightly against his chest. There was no doubt she saw him as plainly as she had ever perceived anything in her life. He seemed to lean towards her and make an effort to speak, but no sound came. The apparition lingered about a minute, and then vanished. Mrs. Wheatcroft's first idea was to make sure again that she was not dreaming; she rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and listened carefully to the breathing of a little child who slept with her, finding she could hear and see quite normally.

Next day she told her mother of the experience, and expressed the conviction that her husband had been fatally wounded. From that day she refused to go out or take part in any social gathering, declaring that she was already a widow, and would go nowhere till she had received a letter from her husband dated later than November 14.

In December came news that Captain Wheatcroft had been killed before Lucknow, on the 15th of November. But his solicitor,

to whom Mrs. Wheatcroft had told the story of the apparition, affirming positively that she had seen it on the night of the 14th, made further inquiries at the War Office, which still confirmed the date as the 15th. However, in the March following, a brother officer, returning to London, explained the true facts, which proved that Captain Wheatcroft had been killed at his side, not on the 15th, but on the *afternoon of the 14th*, and that the cross which marked his grave bore the latter date.

Another case of a "warning," sent from a distant battlefield in a dream, happened in the days of the Peninsular War.

On the night of June 21, 1813, a lady living in the North of England dreamed that her brother, then an officer in Spain, appeared to her and said: "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Before the famous battle, Vittoria was a place almost unknown in this country, and, amongst many other people, this dreamer had never heard of it; but her first care on rising was to get a gazetteer and discover if such a place existed. On finding that it did, she immediately ordered her carriage and drove to her sister's house some miles away. Her first words to her sister were: "Have you heard anything of John?" "No," was the reply, "but I know that he is dead." He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking in the gazetteer and the atlas, and I find there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead." And so it proved; the young man died that day in the battle of Vittoria. The circumstance of the warning being conveyed simultaneously to the two sisters, and to both in a dream, makes this story unusually interesting.

I came across the following story in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, and although it belongs to a date of long ago it possesses a particular interest in view of the sad fate which later befell the unfortunate subject of the dream. It will be remembered that Major André, a British officer of exceptional ability, being employed in the American War by General Clinton on a secret service mission of peculiar delicacy and importance, was captured by the enemy in the performance of his duty, tried as a spy by General Washington's orders, and finally condemned and hanged. His death, which he met with the greatest fortitude, excited great indignation in England, and in 1821, his remains were brought home and interred in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Crowe says: "Major André . . . was a friend of Miss Seward's, and previously to his embarkation for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire to pay her a visit, and it was arranged

they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak and introduce André to Newton, her minstrel, as she called him, and to Mr. Cunningham, the Curate, who was also a poet. Whilst these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that on the preceding night he had had a very extraordinary dream which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him, and whilst looking about he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket and seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood, brought out, and suspended to a gallows.

"When André and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream."

In this dream it is rather interesting to note that the sympathy felt by the dreamer for the person in trouble awoke him. I have noticed repeatedly when dreaming, that the point of connexion between sleeping and waking consciousness seems to be that moment when the emotions of the sleeper, whether pleasurable or the reverse, are aroused. As long as one is a mere spectator in dreamland, the dream continues; but always the critical instant, the point when feeling comes in, is the moment before waking. "I was so frightened that I woke up," a person recounting a nightmare will say; and it is the same with dreams of happiness, the realization of happiness leads to waking. It is as if, detached from self, the spirit can see and perhaps do much in the world of dreams; but that its powers fail when earthly emotions are touched.

An acquaintance of mine whom I will call Miss X—— gave me the following experience of her own.

One of her brothers, an officer in the Army, went out to the South African War, and on his way to the Cape made a will, leaving what he possessed to her. Eventually he was badly wounded, and died in the hospital at Durban. In due time his effects and papers were sent home, but no will was found amongst them although his relations knew that one had been made. Some

time passed and much correspondence with the brother officer who had undertaken the return of the deceased's belongings, but to no purpose. At last one night, Miss X—— dreamed that she saw her brother floating in the sea, with a great wound in his head. He cried out to her "Oh, B—— come and take me out. I want to tell you about the will. Why haven't they looked in my dispatch-box? They will find the will there." Then Miss X—— awoke, but the dream had made such a strong impression on her mind that she again wrote to Captain Blank, asking him to have fresh search made for a dispatch-box belonging to her brother. In due course the dispatch-box and a pistol-case, both previously overlooked, came back to Miss X——, and in the box was the missing will.

I will conclude with the classical instance of Frederick the Second's dream on August 6, 1769, that a star fell from Heaven, and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could with difficulty find his way through it. He told his dream to some of his Court, and it was afterwards observed that on that day Napoleon Bonaparte was born!

BLACK MAGIC

By VERE D. SHORTT

THE present cults of spiritualism, crystal gazing, fortune telling and occultism generally are all lineal descendants of beliefs which are older than history itself. From the beginning of the world man has ever been a seeker after knowledge, and his endeavours to understand and control the hidden powers and forces of Nature have given rise to practices which are collectively called " Magic." Magic consists of two kinds, White and Black, of which the former is beneficent and used for the good of the human race at large, whilst Black Magic is magic used for a selfish purpose, or for personal benefit. Even should the purpose for which the magic is used be entirely harmless, if it is practised for a selfish motive it becomes Black Magic, and therefore forbidden. Chief among the practices of Black Magic are those of Necromancy or traffic with the spirits of the dead, evocation of non-human spirits and witchcraft.

There are two kinds of necromancy, the necromancy of light and the necromancy of darkness, the first belonging to White Magic, and consisting of evocation by prayer and perfumes, and the second belonging to Black Magic, and consisting of evocation by blood and sacrilege. The first of these varieties does not enter into the scope of this article, but a few words on the second may not be without interest.

According to ancient records, the absolute essential for an evocation of this kind was blood. The sorcerer first of all dug a trench in some lonely place and then filled it with the blood of a black goat or ram, and it was by the fumes of this blood that the spirits were drawn to him. There is every reason to believe, however, that professors of Black Magic did not confine themselves to the blood of goats, but on occasion used human blood. In fact, it is highly probable that the direction to use goat's blood in the Grimoires, or text books of magic, was simply a synonym for the human element. In the Middle Ages Necromancy assumed its most hideous and disgusting aspect. Its professors profaned tombs and compounded ointments with the fat of corpses mixed with poisonous fungi. They heated these horrible mixtures over fires of human bones and crucifixes stolen from

churches, to which they added the ashes of consecrated hosts, and then evoked the spirits of the dead. Small wonder that the fear of the witch and wizard entered into men's hearts, and that to be even suspected of Black Magic was a short cut to the stake!

The Grimoires plainly hint at sacrilege, murder and theft as a means to the end of the evocation of spirits; in fact, it may be broadly stated that to practise Black Magic, owing to the nature of the procedure involved, it was absolutely necessary either to be without or to destroy any moral sense. I am not hinting that modern spiritualism has anything in common with those disgusting orgies, but still even though undertaken from the best motives, it has its dangers. Whether there is any truth in Magic or not, it is quite certain that all around us—probably on different planes of existence to ours—are entities of which we know little or nothing: some benignant, and some unspeakably malignant to the human race. It is quite probable—more than probable, in fact—that some of these entities for purposes of their own personate the spirits of the dead, and having been brought into contact with persons in whom the mediumistic faculty is strongly developed, assume at first partial and later on almost complete control over them. Hence the danger of spiritualism. In late years many cases of mental aberration have taken place among mediums both professional and otherwise, and as long as practices continue having for their motive communication with disembodied entities, whether human or ab-human, so long will this danger continue.

Closely allied with necromancy is witchcraft generally, the principal difference being that whereas the necromancer seeks knowledge from the spirits of the dead, the witch or wizard seeks power from other sources, which are not and never have been human. Witchcraft, always being used for selfish purposes, whether to satisfy hatred or for material gain, is necessarily evil, and therefore its professors must seek aid from the evil powers. The stories of the witches' sabbath must not be dismissed as pure invention. They were gatherings of men and women to worship and propitiate the evil forces, and to gain power from them, which being of themselves evil and intended to be used for evil purposes and to satisfy evil longings, could only be obtained from evil sources. The traditional scenes of the sabbath, though they probably never took place in reality, yet owing to the use of intoxicating drugs and self-hypnotism took place in the minds of the participants and were real to them.

It must be remembered that the whole aim and object of all magical ritual is to fix the will immovably on one object, and that the ritual and ceremonies of magic, while of themselves incapable of producing any result, serve to do this. Matter is the external form of mind, and reacts on intelligences, whether human or otherwise. The human will, sufficiently strongly exercised, can produce a thought elemental, and it only depends on the strength of the will how powerful for good or evil the elemental produced by it is. Thought forms were produced by devotees of Black Magic, and were *physically* real to them, as the hundreds of authentic reports of witchcraft trials prove. As people suspected of magical practices were as a rule hated and feared, and therefore badly treated by their fellow men, it stands to reason that the thought forms evoked (probably in most cases unconsciously) by them were malignant, their power of doing evil being only bounded by the strength of will of their creator. Results like these having been obtained by people who were working in the dark, naturally men and women who were fully initiated into these practices obtained much greater results. As a matter of fact, occultists of both the White and Black schools of Magic did and can produce artificial elementals of enormous power. These were the "familiar spirits" mentioned in the Bible and so many times in the reports of witchcraft trials. A magician, whether White or Black, can maintain a communication with his elemental, and can guide and control its actions, whether for good or evil, at no matter what distance. By certain processes of Black Magic well known to adepts, elementals of great power for evil may be created and do much damage. If, however, these things are used against some one of greater power, whether for good or evil, than their creator, they are baffled, and in such a case turn against and destroy their master. The mediæval stories of wizards being torn in pieces by their demons is an example of this.

These thought elementals, however, given that the force which created them has been strong enough owing to the death or weakening of the will of their master, often escape from his control. In such cases the creative force having been very strong, the elemental is proportionately so, and is dangerous in direct proportion to its strength. They can exist on their own vitality for a time, but their whole means of continued existence depends on the same cause which gave them birth—the human will—and they invariably attempt to prolong their life either by obsessing human beings or influencing them to worship them as

gods. Almost all the gods of savage tribes, especially those who demand blood sacrifices, are of this order. Their powers, though limited in some directions, are very great in others, and it is only too probable that the fear of the consequences of withholding sacrifices from these "gods" held by their unhappy worshippers is well founded. When the outward and visible sign of one of these beings is any material object, such as an image, stone or tree, the elemental becomes part of that object, and should it be destroyed, is destroyed also. This accounts for the extreme dislike and jealousy shown by the gods of savage tribes to anyone approaching their shrines except for the purpose of worship, and explains the otherwise inexplicable fulfilment of curses on those who have interfered with savage deities.

We of the twentieth century shudder at the savagery of our ancestors of only three hundred years ago who burnt men and women alive for alleged commerce with Satan, but we must remember that these same ancestors were men with, in all essential things, very much the same thoughts and ideas as ourselves. Is it reasonable to suppose that the wave of witch-burning which swept over Europe in the beginning of the seventeenth century was quite causeless? Doubtless many perished at the stake who were innocent of anything but the *desire* to do evil, but behind all the grotesqueness of the witch with her cat and broomstick lay a very real terror, only half understood and therefore doubly terrible, of the evil forces of nature. The punishment of burning was a terribly cruel one, but in comparison with the other punishments of the day for quite trivial offences, not inordinately so. At that time certain persons had rediscovered secrets and practices infinitely older than the world as we know it, and the wisdom of our ancestors decided that these practices were a danger to the human race and must be put a stop to. Before condemning the men who lived three hundred years ago as ignorant and superstitious children, let us remember that they were the men who had maintained successfully a war of high diplomacy against the great empire of Spain for years, and finally broke her power and shattered her fleet on the sea.

The negro cults of Voodoo and Obeah are also closely connected with Black Magic, as are the beliefs of so many primitive people. They are both of West African origin, but whereas the former is simply a form of worship, the latter is more a species of witchcraft, plus a certain amount of propitiation of an evil power. The word Voodoo is derived from Vaudoux, a sect of Protestants in France who were supposed to indulge in human

sacrifices, precisely as the ancient Christians were accused of doing by the Pagan Romans and the Jews are said to do by the Russians to-day. Voodooism is practically the state religion of Hayti, and Obeah was brought by slaves to the West Indian Islands, and thence has spread to the negroes of the United States. The rites of both are of a nature which cannot be described here. It is enough to say that they embody the foulest rites of the lowest form of Black Magic, and that human sacrifice is an integral part of them. The outward and visible sign of the power which both cults adore is the snake, and it is served by a priest and priestess called in Voodooism *Papaloi* and *Mamaloi*. From human sacrifices to cannibalism is only a step, and as regards this the externally civilized negro of Hayti is probably no whit in advance of his African brother.

Closely allied to Black Magic, but still not of it, is Devil-worship. This consists again of the adoration of the Evil Power of the Universe as opposed to the Good, and is carried on by the disgusting and obscene ceremony of the Black Mass. This latter consists of an obscene parody of the Sacrifice of the Mass, where among other things a consecrated wafer is exposed to every imaginable indignity and insult in the hope of pleasing the Evil Power. It throws a strange light on the mental processes of the unhappy persons who indulge in this vileness to reflect that they must be believers in God, otherwise their profanation would be meaningless. If they were freethinkers or atheists they would only be profaning a morsel of bread, whereas to their minds what they are insulting is the veritable Presence of God. Paris is the home of the Black Mass, and the police are constantly discovering and breaking up coteries of Satan worshippers.

THE STRANGE STORY OF KNIGHTON GORGES

By ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

[In view of the remarkable phenomena occurring periodically at Knighton Gorges, the record of which has already appeared in the OCCULT REVIEW, it appeared to me likely that an account of the history of this much-haunted spot would be of interest to my readers. The subjoined account has been written by Miss Hargrove, to whom readers are indebted for the original account of the hauntings.—ED.]

KNIGHTON is derived from the Celtic Neithan, the place of a fight. The mere word in itself suggests a train of thought, and Knighton Gorges has witnessed many conflicts bodily, mental and spiritual!

The authentic history of the spot dates from the reign of Henry III, when it was held by John de Morville, who founded the north chantry, or transept at Newchurch Church (afterwards to become the burial-place of the Dyllington family). The de Morvilles came from Cumberland. After the death of John, Ralph de Gorges, husband of his daughter Elen, enjoyed the manor in her right, and built a chapel there in the year 1301.

Their son left an only child Eleanor, who married the celebrated Sir Theobalde Russel. In 1340, after successfully repulsing a French invading force at Saint Helen's Point, Bembridge, Sir Theobalde was severely wounded, and his retainers carried him from the battlefield to Knighton Gorges, where he shortly afterwards passed over to the spirit-world. The manor remained in the hands of his descendants till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when one George Gilberte of Whitcombe sold it with other property to Antony Dyllington of Poole in Dorsetshire. His family continued to flourish till early Georgian days, when Sir Tristram, the last male representative of his race, had the dire misfortune to lose his beloved wife and their four children within a few days. The cause of this tragedy was some bad type of fever. The shock turned Sir Tristram's brain, causing him to drown himself in a pond hard by the mansion. The faithful butler concealed the cause of his master's death, thus retaining

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the estate* for the two Miss Dyllingtons, sisters of the ill-fated baronet, the survivor of whom bequeathed it to General Maurice Bocland. In 1765 it again passed on to another family, the Bissets. George Maurice Bisset, a man of intellect and culture, kept open house, and the notorious John Wilkes wrote in his diary, "Knighton Manor supplies me very kindly with melons and other fruit." Wilkes then lived at Sandown, and it was his custom to attend Shanklin church on Sunday mornings, and after meeting David Garrick and his wife, the trio would leave the old cliff path to walk over the fields to dine at Knighton Gorges.



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[G. ANCELL, Sandown, I.W.]

THE OLD GATE POSTS, KNIGHTON GORGES.

The house, an ancient ivy-covered building in the Gothic style, contained many fine apartments, and was situated on the edge of a hill; a wayside road at the rear led direct to some antique earthworks attributed to the Danes, but probably of much older date. In the early years of last century it was demolished stone by stone to verify the oath sworn by an irate uncle that his nephew, the next on the entail, should *never enter his dwelling*. Mr. Bisset died just as the workmen had completed their extraordinary task.

* Had suicide been proved the estate would have escheated to the Crown.

In 1914 nothing remains but the original gate-posts, a few stones, and an arbour now used as a potting-shed in the walled garden. Probably David Garrick, Wilkes and other Georgian wits drank wine and told anecdotes of London life to their genial host on the grass plot that then existed in front of this arbour.

Since then indeed till about seventeen years ago six skeletons have been discovered within two feet of the surface of the vegetable beds. They were reverently re-interred.

* * * * *

Apart from the interesting recollections connected with Knighton Gorges, deeper and more psychic associations cling to the deserted site, which is best viewed from the Rookery overlooking the walled garden and what was once an avenue of stately trees. Now some of these giants have fallen and their dismembered trunks are half covered with rank fungi of different species, but the scent of the limes still pervades the atmosphere on summer evenings, and the wind sings softly in the leafy recesses of an enormous fig-tree.

A few Sunday evenings ago I was walking on the road that passes the old gate-posts between the hours of seven and eight. engrossed in conversation with a friend, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a very loud noise, apparently made by children p'aying with wire railings. We could not ascertain the cause, but as there were several schoolboys about we passed on and thought no more of the circumstance.

It would never have occurred to me to give it another thought but for this coincidence. On Monday, July 6, I was sitting on one of the fallen trunks shortly before eight o'clock p.m. The hope of hearing the mysterious music I have already described in a letter to the Editor was strong within me. Last time it had been noted at ten minutes to twelve on New Year's Eve, 1913-14, when in company with a sister and three villagers I had walked the mile from Newchurch on a cold still night to experience the marvellous aural manifestation of "a lady singing soprano, then a duet with tenor or baritone, and part songs to the music of a spinet or harpsichord. Lastly came some very dainty and refined minuet airs. . . ."

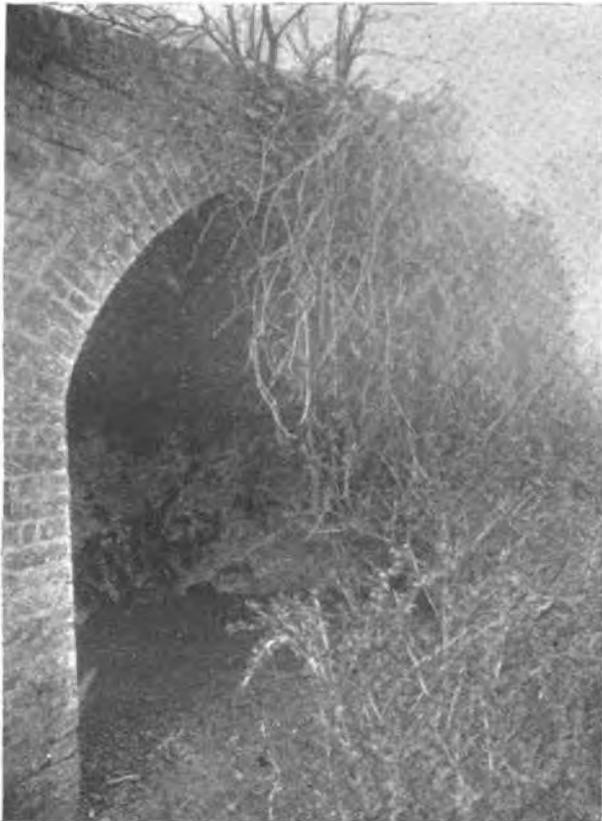
This July evening I was destined to hear music of a different stamp. Again it delighted my ears, but this time it was the voices of a church choir. I listened with great joy, till I was disturbed by contending elements . . . the self-same noise I had attributed to the mischief of children knocking some wire railings. This time it was simply deafening. "Children playing

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again," I reasoned; but it had in it an affinity to the sound of clashing swords.

"Do be quiet," I shouted, for the sacred music was hardly distinguishable in such a din.

Finding this had no effect, I rose to my feet and approached the spot from whence the tumult proceeded—the corner of the



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[G. ANCELL, Sandown, I.W.]

THE ARBOUR.

walled garden. When I arrived there it suddenly ceased; but neither boys nor railings could be seen!

"Neithan"—The Place of a Fight. Surely in days of yore, a conflict must have taken place, and even now the forces of good and evil appear to war against each other.

Not every day is a manifestation vouchsafed. I have often wandered on the rugged hillside without hearing anything beyond the singing of birds, or the hurried flight of numerous rabbits, or perchance the advent of a solemn round-eyed owl. Every spring primroses and yellow gorse strive to restore the long-lost splendour

of the scene, but the atmosphere of "never more" permeates the deserted shrine of old-world life.

* * * * *

Naturally many stories of supernatural (so called) and other happenings are interwoven in the history of Knighton Gorges.

I have been fortunate enough to establish a link reaching back 150 years with the place in the person of an aged farm labourer, who told me thus :—

"When I was a boy, between sixty and seventy years ago, I knew an old man who told me his grandfather used to work for the Dyllingtons in the kitchen, boiling potatoes for the pigs,



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[G. ANCELL, Sandown, I.W.]

VIEW FROM THE ROOKERY.

and," he added, "the tongs would move across the room by themselves!"

The same individual also mentioned the rumour that a great fortune, composed of gold coins, is supposed to be buried in the grounds of the estate.

Other incidents are cited by various authorities. How that Knighton was reputed haunted and that a Brading priest was once engaged to exorcise the demons.

Charles I is said to have visited the then owners of the Gorges.

Sir John Oglander, who wrote his memoirs at that period, quotes: "They had a park there on ye west side of ye house,"

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and "they had theyre chappell and there manie of them buried and had fayre monuments; ye chappell is nowe tourned to a brew house and ye church yarde to an orchard." The later fact apparently explains the finding of the skeletons in the walled garden, and to this day a barn at a neighbouring farm is still reported to be the remains of a mediæval chapel!

Thus the years roll on, kingdoms rise and fall, new discoveries are made, and old faiths questioned. Yet the eternal never changes, and events are chronicled, to be stored in the universal gramophone of Nature. What has been remains; actions repeat themselves; melody is stored in waves of ether, God's music of the spheres—

Lingering and wandering on as loth to die
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
That they were born for immortality.

A VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

By KATHERINE G. LEWIS

This story was related to me by a schoolmate, as her own personal experience. The convent setting is absolutely true. The name of my friend is fictitious.

ELEANOR MAYNARD was not popular at the convent. It was not because she was twenty-three years old, and occupied the much-envied position of "parlour pupil," with its perquisites of a room or cell to herself, instead of the crowded dormitory, and permission to wear street clothes, in place of the unbecoming black uniform. As a matter of fact, parlour pupils were no novelty among the French girls, for many orphans, after finishing school, remained under the sheltering wing of the convent, there to await the selection of a suitable *parti* or become nuns. It was because of her stolid English reserve and a detached interest in her surroundings, which irritated the demonstrative temperament of the French girls, and caused them to leave her severely alone. She had come to Paris frankly for the purpose of learning French, and for no other reason, hence the indifference of her classmates affected her not at all, and she trailed around the grounds in her good-looking clothes, her fair head held high, and her tall, lithe figure swaying like a reed. They called her *la grande anglaise*, accompanied by a shrug and uplifted brows.

It was a murky day in the early part of June, and a miserable half-hearted rain had driven every one into the *châlet* during recreation, where the little novice in charge intermittently told her beads and scolded the girls. Bored by the whispered confidences of a love-lorn miss of seventeen, my gaze strayed to the door, which opened to admit Eleanor Maynard. She crossed the room with the swinging step of the Englishwoman accustomed to outdoor life, and spoke to the novice. The eyes of the latter travelled swiftly from group to group, and finally rested upon me.

"Kittie Willis," she called in her fluty French; and, excusing myself to my companion, I joined her.

"Mère Madeleine wishes you to go over Eleanor's French with her," she told me; "so you may be absent until *salut*."

I rather liked the lonely English girl, for though five years my senior, she seemed, in her odd way, to fancy me. Perhaps

my being American, and in sympathy with her poor French, had something to do with it!

As we left the *châlet* together, she said, "Let us go to my cell, where we can be alone." I readily agreed, and, passing through the chapel and adjoining refectory, we soon found ourselves within a long, narrow passage, which was practically a funnel, catching and conveying the mingled sounds from numerous pianos in the adjacent cells, where the nuns were giving music lessons.

Eleanor's room was located at the end of the hall, and it was with a sense of relief that we entered, and, closing the heavy door behind us, shut out the din and the rest of the world. It was my first visit, and I glanced about curiously, then with heightened interest, and felt as though I had stepped into a secret niche of the *Arabian Nights*. The stone floor of the cell was covered with a bright-coloured rug, the bare walls were hung with East Indian trophies, a military helmet swung from a nail, a cavalry sabre stood in one corner, and a silver cigarette case with the monogram "R.M." lay upon a strip of black satin embroidered in oriental gold, that was stretched across the table. An intangible Eastern odour assailed my nostrils, and for a moment I stood still. Next, my attention was drawn to a boyish face, strikingly resembling Eleanor's, which looked out, at all ages, from numerous photographs scattered about the room. I saw him as a child, propped against the little shell holy-water basins on the wall, which served his Protestant sister as photograph-holders, and I followed him successively, by aid of the camera, right up to the time when, in a silver frame, and resplendent in the uniform of a British army officer, he proudly ornamented Eleanor's bureau.

"Oh," I breathed feelingly, "what a wonderful place you have! It is such a treat to get away from bare floors and benches, and the chaste eyes of painted saints staring at you from every cloister and dormitory."

Eleanor smiled wistfully, and looked through the window at the gently falling rain.

"I would not have come," she said, "if I could not have had my treasures with me."

"Well," I retorted, "you are lucky to be a parlour pupil! They even made me take down my little American flag, because it was worldly."

She smiled a little and seating herself on an inlaid stool opened her French book. I drew up my chair to the table and

we started the lesson. To the majority of English people, French does not come easily, and Eleanor Maynard was no exception. Over and over again we read certain passages, and it seemed to me that her accent became more sing-songy and impossible every minute, until suddenly she closed the book sharply and pushed it from her.

"It is no use to try to read to-day, of all days," she muttered tensely.

"Why not?" I asked. "Just put your mind on it!"

"I can't, not to-day." She turned to me and continued with a peculiar earnestness in her voice. "Do you know that you are the only human being in this place who has a particle of feeling? The nuns are so busy saving their own souls that they have become wooden, and the girls are simply machines."

"You have never given them the opportunity to know you. Then, too, when you can really speak French you will feel differently. Come, let us look over the lesson once more."

"Not to-day," she repeated almost fiercely; "not to-day."

"And why not to-day?"

She was silent for a moment, then she turned to me, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Because to-day is the anniversary of the saddest day of my life," she murmured haltingly.

Instinctively I put out my hand and touched hers sympathetically.

"I am so sorry," I faltered, "perhaps some time you will tell me about it." Suddenly she leaned her arms upon the table, and her whole body shook with sobs. Utterly amazed I slipped my arm about her shoulders and held her close, not knowing what to say. For a few moments she abandoned herself to her grief with a wildness that frightened me, but gradually, like a storm that has spent itself, the sobbing ceased and she finally grew calm again.

"I must talk to some one," she murmured brokenly, "or I shall go mad. You see, I have no one now, for mother died a year ago." She hesitated a moment, then took up the thread of her story. "My brother and I were twins"—she pointed to the photograph on the bureau—"as you can plainly see, and all these things belonged to him. Our father was an English army officer, and died in India shortly after we were born, leaving poor mother to bring us home when we were barely out of long clothes. Well, we settled down in a little cottage in Surrey and lived a quiet uneventful life. Richard and I were devoted to each other and almost inseparable. I shall never forget the void in my life when,

following our father's profession, he went to Sandhurst, leaving me alone with mother. It seemed to me that part of myself had been taken away; I could not eat or sleep or play with the same spirit. I even imagined that I had lost some of my physical strength. At any rate, there existed a peculiar bond between us that could not be explained. For instance, soon after he left I was taken ill with measles, and a few days later he wrote that he was sick, but could hardly define his symptoms. Later on, he was thrown from his horse, and that afternoon while standing before the mirror, I suddenly felt as if I had been struck a blow, which resulted in a bad headache. I realized afterwards that I had experienced these sensations about the time that he had met with his accident.

"Time wore on, and he finally graduated with high honours, to the delight of his family and many friends, and the last few weeks of his leave of absence spent at home held a happiness which I shall always remember. What wonderful times we had! Every moment was precious. We dug up all the books we could find on India, as he was ordered there to join his regiment, the 22nd Dragoons, and we read aloud to each other by the hour. The mention of his departure was avoided as much as possible, but as his stay became briefer, we would walk together sometimes for miles in silence, both realizing what the separation meant to us all, for even then mother was very frail."

Here Eleanor rose and paced restlessly up and down the room, while unconsciously my eyes dwelt upon the regular designs of the rug, and I caught myself counting so many squares to the right, so many to the left. Finally she paused in front of me, her arms folded.

"Never shall I forget the day he sailed for India," she continued. "It was really very interesting to me, never having seen a military embarkation. How bright and gay everything seemed on the great ship, rocking gently at the dock, while scores of dapper officers, with their families and sweethearts, went aboard. I can see now the brilliant coats of the soldiers swarming against the rails of the lower decks, and I can hear the shrill bag-pipes of the Highlanders, conspicuous in their bare legs and picturesque plaids, and lustily playing 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.' The whole ship was a blaze of colour and life, and the laughter mingling with the music reached us long after we had gone ashore. Of course we lingered as long as possible, each dreading the moment of separation, yet wishing it over. Finally the last signal was given, and mother, her eyes swimming with tears, clung to her

boy, as only mothers do. At length releasing her, with a husky, 'Cheer up, mother; it won't be long,' he held out his arms to me. Just then a singular thing occurred. A sudden gust of wind hurled a woman's yellow hat, trimmed with black roses, straight against his breast, where it caught on a button. After some little difficulty I succeeded in detaching it and restored it to its owner, but the incident, accompanied by a few drops of rain, somehow put the last strain on my self-control, and I burst into tears. Of course this was hard on Richard, who had been bearing up for mother's sake, and he held me close for a long moment, murmuring low, with a half-sob (for he was only a boy after all) 'My little sister, my little sister,' then, ashamed of his emotion, he tried to smile, repeating, 'It won't be long.'

"'No,' I echoed mechanically, 'it won't be long'; and the next thing I knew I was leading mother across the gang plank, and we were soon watching that mighty vessel, with colours flying and band playing, sail away with our precious boy."

Eleanor reached over and picked up the cigarette case, patting it as though it were human.

"How many, many times he has held this!" she mused thoughtfully, then she continued: "I will not go into the details of how I experienced in a measure his sea-sickness, and other physical ills, but suffice to say that he reached his destination safely. His first letter after he arrived was full of enthusiasm for his station and brother officers. He was enjoying himself immensely, and every mail brought us glowing accounts of his life in the colonies, his military duties, his social successes, his athletic sports. He was having a splendid time and making the most of every minute. He spoke of the kindness of his Colonel, of the regimental balls, the tennis tournaments, a prospective hunting trip, his strenuous practice for the polo team, and his dandy pony. He was learning Hindustani, he loved the army, and as we read his letters, we lived every moment of his joyous life with him.

"Time passed, and mother was gradually failing. She always took her breakfast in bed now, but managed to get up later in the day, and I tried to save her all unnecessary worries."

Eleanor flung herself into a chair by the window, and a tenderness crept into her voice, while the dull sound of the continual "drip, drip" of the rain in the pipe outside made me nervous.

"Two years ago to-day," she resumed, "the 12th of June, I awoke feeling strangely depressed. The damp, sultry air fell

heavily upon my spirits, and a dank earthy smell from the garden penetrated my nostrils and somehow oppressed me. As far as I knew, I was physically perfectly well, but I felt curiously nervous, and wandered about restlessly until, thoroughly vexed with myself, I put on my high storm boots and splashed for hours through puddles and across meadows. When I returned I felt somewhat better, still I paid a dozen unnecessary visits to the rose bed, snipping off imaginary dried leaves, then I dusted the library so often that poor, patient mother finally begged me to sit down.

“ ‘What ails you, child?’ she asked; ‘you seem completely unstrung.’

“ I got through the day somehow, and toward evening the sun burst through the clouds just above the horizon, blazing like a ball of fire, edged with a tiny circle of black, and as I glanced up casually I felt the inexplicable dreariness of the morning returning; however, concentrating all my will power, I succeeded finally in releasing myself from the spell that bound me, and managed to swallow a few mouthfuls of supper.

“ The day had been insufferably warm, and by the time I had prepared mother for bed, I was quite ready to turn in myself, and completely worn out, both physically and mentally, I soon fell asleep. I never could remember just how it occurred, but I suddenly found myself sitting bolt upright in bed with every sense awake and listening; then faintly, as though coming from a distance, I heard my name called clearly. ‘Eleanor, Eleanor,’ said the voice, ‘open your top bureau drawer.’ Three times the command was repeated before it appealed to my unresponsive ears; then dazed, and as though controlled by a hypnotic spell, without even the power to challenge the strangeness of it, I mechanically rose to obey. It took but a second to pull out the drawer, which lay in the path of a moonbeam, and there, stretched across the top from one end to the other, appeared to my astonished gaze a broad band of deep, yellow satin ribbon, bordered with black. As I looked at it, stupefied (for I had no such article in my possession), I suddenly felt myself almost overcome by a peculiar sensation of suffocation, and found myself fighting for breath. I shut the drawer hastily, and, rushing to the window, flung it wide, breathing deep into my lungs the mild night air.

“ In a few moments I felt calmer, and with idle curiosity, glanced at my watch by moonlight. It was a quarter to two. Still trembling a little, I threw myself on the bed, but not to

sleep, for a throbbing headache, such as I had never before experienced, pounded upon my temples ; besides just as I was considering the advisability of applying a cold compress, the voice drifted to me again. This time I listened more quietly, for I realized that unconsciously I had been awaiting a second summons. My mind, though in a sense clear, was held in the grip of some strange power, and I rose, slipping into my slippers and dressing-gown, and prepared to obey its orders.

“ ‘Eleanor, Eleanor,’ called the voice again, ‘go down into the garden.’ ”

“ ‘Mystified, but, as before, so dominated by this invisible force that it left me powerless to question the absurdity of its command, I stole downstairs without awakening mother, and into the garden. Instinctively I turned to my cherished rose bed, and stopped short. Right in the centre, standing tall and straight, appeared an alien flower, which I could have sworn had not been there a few hours before. Of the order of a lily, it rose majestically on its stalk and burst at the top into a gorgeous bloom of deep yellow, spotted with black. An iciness, a sinking of the heart, enveloped me, and I felt myself straining my ears for some sound, but the night was silent as the grave, while the heavy odour from the strange plant mingled with that of the roses, producing a sickening sensation of nausea. Again that feeling of suffocation stole over me, and I suddenly became very ill ; pains shot through my body, and my mouth was parched, while the cold perspiration oozed upon my brow. I got out of the garden somehow, and staggered up to my room, where on the table in the moonlight just where I left it, my watch recorded the hour of Two o’clock. Shivering, though the night was warm, I crawled under the bedclothes, and after some time finally fell into a restless sleep.

“ ‘When I awoke next morning the sun was pouring in my window. I stretched myself wearily, and felt sore all through my muscles, but the headache had disappeared. When I had collected my scattered senses I rushed to the bureau drawer and opened it, to find the ribbon—gone ! Utterly amazed, I looked again and again, but in vain. What could it mean ? There was no sign of it anywhere. I dressed feverishly and hurried into the garden ; the roses were blooming abundantly, but quite—alone. The strange visitor of the night before had disappeared. It had neither been stolen or destroyed, for the ground had not been disturbed ; only a few weeds marked the centre of the bed. I pressed my hands to my temples and

asked myself if I were going mad ; then, retracing my steps, I slowly returned to the house.

“ Methodically I prepared mother’s breakfast tray (a duty that I never left to the servants) and steeled myself to listen to her commonplace chatter, though my mind was occupied with other thoughts. Gradually the lameness in my muscles left me, but my heart was heavy, and I felt myself awaiting something, I knew not what. Late in the afternoon when mother was taking her nap, I saw a telegraph boy coming up the street, and instinctively I knew that he was looking for our house, so I stepped off the porch and went to meet him.”

Here Eleanor went to her desk and, opening it, took out a worn piece of paper, which she placed in my lap. Completely wrought up by the weirdness of her story, I shrank from opening it. Finally, however, I overcame my nervousness sufficiently to unfold the cable and glance at it, and I am quite sure that for a few seconds my heart actually ceased to beat.

“ Bombay, India, June 12, 1900.” I read.

“ Mrs. Richard Maynard, Ackworth Grange, Leatherhead, Surrey, England.

“ It is my unpleasant duty to inform you death of your son, killed about six this morning while hunting, by tiger. Heartfelt sympathy.

“ CRESSWELL, Colonel.”

The paper fell to the ground, and my face was hidden in my hands as Eleanor said : “ And the difference in time between Bombay and London is just about four hours.”

The silence that ensued was broken presently by the sound of the chapel bell, tolling for *salut*. Quietly Eleanor and I put on our white veils, and slipping out into the corridor, followed in the wake of a procession of nuns, who, clad in their picturesque lavender and white robes, were chanting in dull, monotonous rhythm : “ Domini, patro et filio et Spiritu Sancto.”

THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE HAND

By G. M. HORT

ALL over the world, from the very earliest times, the human hand has played an important part in the symbolism of Religion and Magic. The palmists of Ancient India who wandered about that country, like learned gipsies, some seven hundred years before Christ, told fortunes and prophesied future events, by a careful scrutiny of the marks on the body ; but pre-eminence, in this augury, was early given to the hand, which was not only, according to their faith, the chosen writing-tablet of a man's guardian genius, but also, in a peculiar way, the index of the man himself, the time-honoured symbol of his inner personality.

We are so accustomed to the scriptural phrase, " the hand of God," that we hardly realize the force of the idea behind it. As Grant Allen aptly puts it, " The hand is the part of the man with which he does things " ; and so " the hand of God " became the reverent and expressive euphemism for the Deity Himself and for all He is capable of doing.

A hand emerging from a cloud is one of the earliest emblems of God the Father employed in Christian art ; and a particularly happy one, since it embodied an idea already familiar to converts from Paganism, and suggested, by association, the right line of thought. To see the hand was to see the whole Person, and to be conscious at once of His protecting presence.

In some parts of the East, at the present day, the mere outline of a hand traced on the walls of a house is thought sufficient to avert ill-luck, and places the household under the protection of Heaven.

This identification of the hand with the personality lies at the root of all the folklore in which the symbol figures. It applies equally to good and evil, beneficent and malignant influences.

It is believed in the East that evil spirits enter the body by way of the hand ; and the Jews, in their ceremonial washings, were careful to hold the hand downwards, with fingers apart, so that the water from the ewer might flow over each one, and

“ wash off any evil spirits that may have happened to lodge there.”

This too, of course, explains the Jewish dread of a mysterious defilement that would arise from a meal eaten with unwashed hands (St. Matt. xv. 20). The demons might be inadvertently swallowed with the food, and demoniacal possession result; while if the hand were guarded, the whole body was felt to be secure. It was not, therefore, only in a figure of speech that Eastern faith associated clean hands and a pure heart. The two were substantially the same, and mutually dependent.

The symbolic importance of the hand is no less remarkable in Christian lore.

In mediæval England, it was the fashion to dedicate each joint to a calendar saint; just as in palmistry each finger receives the name of a planet—Mercury, Apollo, the Sun, and so on—and is supposed, in some mysterious way, to bear the signs of that planet's influence. Palmistry, as a matter of fact, revived among the “ black arts ” of the Middle Ages very much as it has done in our day; and, no doubt, simple people were alarmed at its heathen language, and suggested the finger-saints as an antidote.

And we trace the same thought of a precaution against evil in the bridal custom of touching each finger of the bride's hand with the wedding-ring, and pronouncing at each the name of a Person of the Trinity, before letting it rest on the third (or, as it may be more strictly called, the fourth!) with the word Amen.

The palmist's dedication of the third finger to Apollo or the Sun, and, thence, to all lucky influences, may or may not have affected the choice of it as, pre-eminently, the ring-finger. But the “ touching ” was, in any case, an exorcism, a warning to any evil presiding genius to begone. Quite apart from this, all rings were originally used as amulets, as a means, that is, of turning away ill-luck from a part of the body universally regarded as representing the soul.

Christian custom of all ages associates the joined hands with the act of prayer; but among the older faiths there were certain homely superstitious prayers which could be expressed, without a word, by the mere position of the fingers.

Thus the help of Priapus, the god of fertility, was invoked by placing the thumb between the first and second fingers; a prayer to Diana was implied by closing all the fingers except the first and little one, a sort of crude imitation of Diana's emblem, the crescent or horned moon. This latter gesture, as every one

knows, survives in Naples as a charm against the evil eye, and its frequent and indiscriminate use at the approach of strangers has caused a good deal of annoyance and indignation on the part of the suspected persons. The Neapolitan cab-driver would seem to be the worst offender, which, after all, from his point of view, is not so very surprising or blameworthy. In the matter of fares, he can be no respecter of persons, and common-sense and piety demand that he shall run no unnecessary risks!

This silent petition was also, we know, put up to the Egyptian moon-goddess, Isis. Models of the hand in this position have been found among the amulets of Ancient Egypt.

Another manual prayer—this time of real dignity and pathos—is expressed in the Jewish custom of disposing the hands of the dead in the form of the Hebrew letter, *Tau*, the last in the alphabet, and connected by many mystics not only with the end of all things but with the *crux ansata*, the symbol of resurrection, which its form remotely suggests.

We must not forget, either, that prayer—in the sense of complete submission to the Divine Will, coupled with a desire to further the Divine purposes—found, for early religious thought, its best manual expression in the outstretched and uplifted hand.*

Thus the hands of Moses were instrumental in bringing victory to Israel, in the well-known Old Testament story: "Joshua fought with Amalek, and Moses and Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed" (Exod. xvii. 10, 11).

The Christian custom, before referred to, of praying with clasped hands is explained by the great preponderance in Christian prayer—at any rate, in public or communal prayer!—of deprecatory petitions.

To put the hands together expresses a desire to avert a threatened evil, or impede a dreaded design; and prayer with clasped hands would seem to be the religious form of the primitive motion that clasped hands had a hindering effect. Frazer, in the *Golden Bough*, mentions certain savage communities in which it is forbidden to clasp the hands in the presence of a woman in labour, as it will retard her delivery; and at the sacrifices of Ancient Rome it was also of ill-omen for anyone present to be seen clasping his hands.

Here the hand is evidently regarded as the vehicle by which

* Which would, also, be opened. The clenched hands uplifted to Heaven are symbolic of imprecations.

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the latent thwarting capacity of the individual is brought to bear on the event, or enterprise, of the hour.

The idea of occult power residing in the hand, and rendered active by its means is, practically, an axiom, both in religious ceremony and magical rite.

The hand of the priest is lifted in benediction, to call down the blessing of Heaven on his flock. The hand of the Bishop, laid on the head of the kneeling candidate, confers the gifts of God.

And in folklore the hand *quâ* hand is credited with a portion of this priestly authority. In the Hebrides, when anyone goes to view the dead, he will be careful to lay his hand upon the corpse, in order to keep the ghost from haunting him, or, as the phrase goes, "lest he should chance to see it again."

It was once thought that documents on which the whole hand had been laid were peculiarly binding. Even nowadays, we know how, after the ordinary signature to an agreement of bequest, the lawyer will direct one finger to be laid upon the seal, while the words "I deliver this as my act and deed" are formally pronounced.

In folk-medicine, the resemblance of any herb to the fingers of the hand made a herb a lucky one to use, since it was suggestive of a power that would make the cure work. But one "finger" or leaf had to be stripped off, as of ill-omen; clearly, as symbolic of the "unlucky" middle finger, known to palmists as Saturn's, and recording only misfortunes and bad qualities.

This finger, by the way, has always bulked large in evil charms and witch-lore. Here is an Italian recipe for winning back a faithless lover: "Go at night to a churchyard; dig up the body of an assassin, and cut off with your *left* hand three joints of *his* left hand third finger. Scrape the bones, and mix them with the faithless lover's drink. His affections will then certainly return to you."

The evil personality of the dead man is here, evidently, conceived as centred in the finger and as still active after death. Death, indeed, was supposed to confer additional occult power, and the dead hand appears mightier than the living one, as in the case of the famous "hand of glory," cut from the body of an executed criminal, and carried by thieves to give them success in their undertakings!

The gang who were happy enough to possess this ghastly talisman found house-breaking a simple task; for all bolts and bars gave way before the hand of glory. In the darkest places also the hand would emit a weird light, and proved an in-

fallible guide to hidden treasure. Mr. Grant Allen has an ingenious theory to account for the special selection of the hands of executed criminals to work cures or spells. "Criminals," he says, "were originally victims offered to a god, and, therefore, by a well-known principle identified with him"; in other words, with the divine power the god himself possessed.

A pleasanter thought has been handed down to us by the Catholic tradition regarding relics. The hand or finger of the dead saint was considered as efficacious in working miracles or extending protection as his whole body. The possession of it was as eagerly coveted; and the spiritual and temporal benefits to the township or convent were substantially the same. Indeed, it may be said of the dead saint that he resembled, in one particular, Emerson's Sir Jenkin Grout, "Whoso touched his little finger drew after it his whole body," thereby establishing a claim on his remembrance and on his magnanimity.

This ruling idea of the Ages of Faith is not so crude as it sounds. It is even doubtful whether it can be ever, logically, repudiated by the disciples of One Who declared that He cast out devils by the Finger of God, and Whose dead outstretched hands have drawn His people to Him.

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.*]

IS THE EARTH ALIVE ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—This startling question is thoughtfully considered in an interesting and suggestive article by J. A. Hill in the August number of *The National Review*. I venture briefly to summarize it for the benefit of your readers.

Some of the ancients thought the earth was an animal, its rocks and soil corresponding to bone and flesh, its seas and rivers to blood, and the rhythmical flow of its tides to a blood pulsation or breathing, while its interior heat was comparable to animal warmth, and so on. Modern approximations to this view have been chiefly poetic, and are pan-psychic rather than animistic. But the various poets and thinkers, while suggesting a soul-side of the material universe, have not ventured to attribute spirits to specific collections of matter such as the planets.

The nineteenth century, however, produced a thinker who revised the animistic idea in an improved form. He elaborated it into a system of philosophy, welding into it the discoveries of science, and leaving room for any further additions to our knowledge. At the same time he showed that his system was essentially religious, and quite consistent with Christianity in its best interpretation. But he was before his time, and his writings fell almost dead from the press. This was Gustav Theodor Fechner, who was born on April 19, 1801, at Gross-Särshen in Silesia. He studied at Leipzig, and was appointed professor there in 1834. The elements of man's body, he tells us, are the same as those of the earth. He is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. At death his body returns to the earth-body and similarly his soul joins the earth-soul. But it may be asserted that the inorganic part of our planet presents no evidence of life or mind. It does not act as if it were alive and conscious. True, non-living matter does not exhibit vital activities, but it manifests others. Have we not chemical affinity and molecular movements? The distinction between life at its lowest, and non-life at its highest (crystals?) is indistinguishable. Again, may not cohesion and chemical affinity be regarded as a kind of elemental affection? Drops of oil exhibit amoeboid movements, and at the lower end of the life scale the slime mass becomes so undifferentiated as to be very nearly a borderland between the two

states. Nature does not jump—she glides. The universe is continuous, and the earth spirit is part of the universe spirit or God, just as the human spirit is part of the earth spirit.

It is perhaps at first difficult to think of the earth as having life and consciousness, for we are scattered over its surface and cannot, therefore, regard it as a whole. We are like an eye which looks at the body of which it forms a part and finds it difficult to believe in auditory, tactile and olfactory experiences, and more difficult still to conceive of pure thought, emotion and will. If, however, the earth seems dead, think of the human brain. It is a mere lump of whitish filaments *seen from the outside*; but its inner experience is the rich and infinitely detailed life of a human being. So, also, may the inner experience of the earth be incomparably richer than its outer appearance indicates to our external senses. Objectively our brains are part of the earth; subjectively *we see in ourselves a part of what the earth sees in itself.*

Yours faithfully,

A. BUTCHER.

UNWELCOME COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In Sir W. F. Barrett's little volume on *Psychical Research* he mentions a case, in the eighth chapter, of an auditory impression being transmitted to a great distance, i.e. from London to Exeter. He concludes that chapter with the surmise: "It is quite possible, therefore, that if we knew how to effect this transfer, unflinchingly and accurately, from the outer to the inner self and vice versa, telepathy would become a universal and common method of communicating thought."

This transmission is stated to have occurred during that period between sleeping and waking which we recognize as favourable for the presentation of thought, by the sub-conscious to the conscious mind.

A similar case has come to my notice in which a young man who, generally an early riser, yet one day a week in the winter months had a custom of remaining in bed till midday. It was at such a time whilst dozing, that he had a voice come to him which he at first thought due to some disorder of his mind. This voice communicated with him very frequently, and consequent on its presenting to him certain items of news which it was impossible he could have been cognisant of, either consciously or sub-consciously, he was forced to the conclusion that it was the voice of another person. After some little time the voice declared itself to be the voice of a certain woman known to him by repute but with whom he is not acquainted.

The young man is very psychic and has led a very lonely life for many years, and, because of that, has been given much to introspective thought and visualization, and believes himself to have quite unwittingly attained to a state of the subconscious mind presenting at will

to the conscious mind and vice versa, impressions, auditory and visual, at any time of wakefulness.

The woman in question appears to be a very powerful psychic and has, according to his account, persecuted him for four years, and owing to his unfortunate situation gradually increased her power over him.

Certain steps have been suggested as a means of stopping the communication, but the woman will not permit of his breaking the connexion.

Is there no redress in a case of this kind? Cannot the woman be made to discontinue these unwelcome attentions?

Yours obediently,

LONDON, N.

WITNESS.

THE DEFENCE OF COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—If you will permit me to trespass once more, I would like to point out that Mr. Khalid Sheldrake, in his ultra-exoteric letter in your current issue, gives utterance to very many mistaken statements in his so-called defence of Mohammedanism, which no one to my knowledge had attacked.

First, let me point out to him that the doctrine of re-incarnation is not a theory by a long way, as some five per cent of those who either hold or teach this line of philosophy KNOW it to be true, either by having been able to function consciously on the plane on which the ego sees the past, present, and future, and having continued at will in this state of consciousness when back on the physical plane, or by having chosen or cultivated a personality which includes a physical brain efficient enough to record the ego's memory. This knowledge may be acquired more generally than it is now, but a high percentage of people are still in relative ignorance, and continue to identify themselves solely with their personalities, and ridicule what they cannot understand or will not investigate. As a personal testimony I may say that within seven weeks after first reading about re-incarnation in my present earth life, I began acquiring psychic faculties, and within fifteen months I knew my last two incarnations (1792-1813 and 395-312 B.C.), simply because I considered it imperative that I should KNOW so that in some small way I might teach, as I could not consciously teach what I had simply read in a book and did not personally know to be true. Faith and belief were never even in the same street as knowledge, and if anyone doubts this let him review what the indefinite, illogical and unintelligent teaching has brought the religious sects of Western civilization to to-day.

Secondly, Mr. Sheldrake once more falls into error when he suggests that re-incarnation is not a practical teaching. Let me illustrate my point simply. Let me postulate that A, being wealthy and

philanthropic, comes across B, who has just failed in a line of business which he does not understand. A is willing to re-set up B, but if he is reasonably intelligent he will point out the causes in the PAST which brought about B's PRESENT distress, so that with the fresh opportunities which are being afforded him, he may avoid a repetition of the disaster in the FUTURE. The same applies to re-incarnation teaching, as if a man knows or believes that his present position is the result of his past actions, he will reform his actions accordingly in order to secure a more congenial future.

Your correspondent's suggestion that the type of love as taught by the Master Jesus is of the negative kind because he did not marry, reveals, in my opinion, marked ignorance of the laws which govern the expression of consciousness through form, and when he talks of "the fusion of one man and woman" he does not lead us forward, as his gospel of "love" is simply a glorification of the fleshly organism. In all individual cases such experience has been necessary, and in many cases it is necessary still, but it is a gross absurdity to state that a human entity which had either finished or was within one incarnation of finishing its human evolution, as the Master Jesus was, when his personality was used by the Christ, was an inefficient teacher or example to humanity because he had long since ceased to go mentally on all-fours. Humanity is, roughly speaking, divided into three great classes—those whose personalities respond to the animal consciousness, the child consciousness, and the human consciousness, while some of the first two are reflected jointly in certain personalities. The first type are people who give definite expression to sex instincts and the coarser and more brutal form of "sport." The second are recognized in the so-called pleasure lovers, those who patronize the lighter games to excess, are "theatre mad," and who mingle in society foolishly and indefinitely. Lastly, those who have reached the human stage of consciousness are deeply rooted in philosophical knowledge, are definite in action and teaching, and while tolerant of all actions are not attached to the results of their own. Most of the human entities who have reached this stage of evolution are still at least seven incarnations off mastership, but they have completed their necessary experiences with regard to marriage in past incarnations (the writer, for instance, knows one who married for the last time while incarnate in 365 B.C.). Thus when a human entity acquires a personality which responds purely to the human consciousness, such a one knows that sex sensations and the "consummation of love," as it is very erroneously described, are worthless to them, illusory, and perhaps revolting. For this reason the immortal Láo-tsze pointed out that he who having experienced incarnation in both male and female forms and now combined the consciousness of both, was a channel for illumination. Further, as most of your readers will know, all the great ethical teachings mention the importance of celibacy at a certain period of evolution,

(i.e., of course when one has acquired a suitable personality). " Firm in the vow of Brahmachari," says the Bhagavad-Gita, while the Christian Initiate Paul points out that he that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, but he who is unmarried how he might harmonize with the Lord (the " Lord " being the human being's own ego, who is seldom on entirely harmonious terms with the personality).

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

IS THE EARTH THE FULCRUM ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Annie E. Cheney in her article, " The Fulcrum Earth," says she believes " that earth is the fulcrum from which we proceed," and that " all facts and all laws bear out this postulate."

When this lady uses the word " all " in connexion with " facts " she certainly means to leave the impression that she has examined " all facts " and knows whereof she speaks.

I wish to show at least one fact that she has failed to examine, or turned it down as unworthy of examination.

The growth or creation of all matter or temporal things comes forth from an unseen source. The activity or energy behind the elements that unite to form a seen composition is unseen and unknown to the five senses, yet it lives and acts for it is the very source of living and action.

Those very elements which unite to form anything known to the senses gain their permission to act from something outside of themselves ; these elements in turn are being subdivided, and life or energy is not found within them.

The only evidence the senses of man have of life is in the activity that it causes to be and the results obtained.

Therefore if a something unknown to the senses form and build the senses, surely that something is more capable, more intelligent, more substantial than these temporal things which we see built.

Now what reason have we to believe that matter is the only substance or form of substance that this intelligence builds ?

Such intelligence must have thousands of ways of expressing itself, thousands of substances and formations.

This particular composition of elements may be one way, but it is foolish to believe that this is the only way that life or man can know himself as a substantial being.

Rocks and matter certainly look real to these senses, but what reason has anyone to believe that this material composition is the only or greatest result of the creative energy or thought which builds all things ?

Yours faithfully,

RALPH THOMPSON.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hindu Spiritual Magazine gives us further and fuller particulars concerning the apparatus called *Dynamistograph*, of which we gave an account some two or three years ago on the basis of particulars in certain French periodicals. It appears that the inventors, who are two Dutch scientists, have published a work on the subject entitled "The Mystery of Death." It gives an exhaustive description of their invention, "by means of which they have been able to talk to their deceased relatives and friends," the instrument being—by the hypothesis—the sole medium. As the apparatus has been described in the OCCULT REVIEW for February, 1912, we will mention at present only the conclusions that have been reached as a result of alleged communications: (1) The form of life in which man survives death of the body is not pure spirit but a finely attenuated organism, the weight of which has been registered; (2) it has the approximate density of air; (3) the head and shoulders are more developed than the rest of the body; (4) the next life is one of aimless wandering; and (5) this is terminated by a second death, which means annihilation. The "spirits" communicating through the machine are responsible presumably for the last two points. If the story as a whole happens to be true in fact, the most probable explanation is that the operators are themselves mediums, as suggested indeed by their private *séances* before the instrument was invented, and as such gained little advantage from its use. The notion of the after-life is not worth discussing, as the production of messages by means of mechanical appliances does not render them more reliable, and these particular communications are in disagreement with the whole cloud of witnesses throughout the history of spiritism.

We are indebted to *The Progressive Thinker* for reproducing from *The Denver Post* a long recital of a prophetic rhapsody spoken, so it is alleged, in some kind of trance by Count Leo Tolstoi and recorded by his grand-niece, Countess Nastai Tolstoi. If the whole thing is not a fabrication, then the Russian novelist was also among the prophets. His vision foretold a great war-conflagration, beginning in 1912. It was to originate in the countries of South-Eastern Europe, and in 1913 the seer beheld "all Europe in flames and bleeding." About 1915 a new Napoleon will rise up in the North, and Europe will remain in

his grip for a period of ten years. The "great calamity" will end in 1925, leaving no empires or kingdoms, "but the world will form a federation of the united states of nations"—consisting of Anglo-Saxons, Latins, Slavs and Mongolians. All other races will apparently have vanished. The vision goes on to promise a great reformer, about 1925, who will inaugurate a religion of Pantheism. This personage is already "walking the earth, a man of active affairs," and is a Mongolian Slav. The light of symbolism will outshine "the torch of commercialism," and thereafter the relations of the sexes will be based on "poetic conceptions of life." It is not a very convincing vision, but it is curious that Tolstoi—assuming the truth of the story—should have fixed on 1913, like several other prophets and their prophecies, for his expected war of the world.

The graces of unexpected instruction come to us from many quarters, but it has remained for *The Spiritual Journal*, published at Boston, U.S.A., to enlighten us after its own manner on the subject of the Instituted Mysteries, and this at a time when we had almost forgotten the Rev. G. S. Faber and had ceased to regard Dr. Kenealy either as a Divine messenger or the precursor of one who was to come. Our contemporary reminds us that in days which are gone there were Lesser and Greater Mysteries, but over the first it passes lightly, for they were merely ceremonies used as symbols of spiritual things. Those which were termed Greater are, however, of its special province, and a beginning is made with Atlantis, which founded the Hermetic Brotherhood. One receives the information with much the same feelings as if a trance-medium had told us that Atlantean spiritists were under the guidance of John King. This kind of dead may be buried by the dead past as piously as circumstances will permit, for after all the real question is one of present day Mysteries. There is one school in the Himalayas, and of this H.P.B. was messenger and spokesman. The other is located in Mexico, and is just beginning a propaganda in close communication with the world beyond the region of the Dalai Lama. It is a Lodge of Initiation, and is known—or otherwise—as the Brotherhood of Atlantis. It has a concordat with the circle beyond the Himalayas, and between them the two undertakings are proposing to issue transactions which will proclaim the inauguration of a Golden Age in 1925—much after the manner of Tolstoi, but with the exception that the Second Advent is timed for that period and that "the Christ will assume both spiritual and temporal dominion, as a living Saviour and a just and im-

partial ruler and judge." One is disposed to wonder what baleful star presides at the birth of such inventions, so that they invariably give themselves away when they begin to speak. A moderate acquaintance with the history of the word "Hermetic" would have saved this last pretence from a singularly illiterate blunder. We may add that the Mexican variety of the Hermetic Brotherhood of Atlantis—which sounds perilously like the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, of disastrous memory—has a mass of MSS., and any confiding person who would like to assist in the issue of things which might not stand on their own merits with publishers "are privileged to address the writer" of the article. Him we forbear from naming on our own part—not that we anticipate his appeal influencing our readers.

We have mentioned on previous occasions a Spanish review entitled *O Estrella de Oriente*, which claims to be the official organ of an Order of Oriental Initiates working under the auspices of a Supreme Council of Worshipful Masters of Thibet. Perhaps it should look to its laurels, having regard to the preceding intimations; but as a fact it seems less concerned with the Mysteries than with vegetarianism, spiritism and the reproduction of theosophical articles from other reviews.

Dr. J. D. Buck writes in *The New Age* on "Morality as a Science," and treats his subject from a Masonic point of view. No secret attaches to the fact that Masonry describes itself as "a peculiar system of morality," and if it were not more than this there would be no justification for its secrecy, its pledges and its somewhat ridiculous threats in penal clauses of rituals, for there is nothing arcane about morality, either as system or science, while it so happens that Masonry has nothing to tell its members beyond trite and hackneyed conventions on rules of conduct which have never been questioned and are older than most of the hills. Dr. Buck's own contribution belongs to a very poor order of intellectual exercise, abounding in false definitions and crass statements. There is relief when one turns from it to a short study on the dispersal of old cathedral builders. This has some hazardous speculations on degrees worked by Operative Masons, but otherwise is a sound article. The last issue of *The New Age* is, for the rest, interesting as a Masonic journal, and it is regrettable that there is no review representing the craft in our own country. The Scottish Rite of the Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A., has suffered a great loss by the death of its Sovereign Commander, James Daniel Richardson, at the age of 71.

We have borne witness previously to the interest which always

attaches to certain editorial notes which appear in *The Expository Times*, and the current issue is no exception to the rule, though the questions are old questions—the atonement, miracles and the resurrection. The particular occasions are the views and counter-views of Dr. Sanday and Professor Scott Holland. They lead up to what strikes us as an original aspect of certain Old Testament passages, regarded by the New Testament as prophetic of Christ. Professor Scott Holland goes far to prove that “it is not the prophecies which suggest the facts, but the facts which select and extract the prophecies.” In other words, “the facts were the first,” or alternatively, on the mythos hypothesis, the parable-story of Christ was devised independently of the prophecies, these being utilized subsequently as evidence concerning its truth. “Out of Egypt have I called my son” could not have suggested to a maker of parables that there should be a journey of the Infant Christ into that tabooed land. “In Rama was a voice heard” could never have suggested the massacre of the innocents. Above all, “the Virgin prophecy” in Isaiah is not a “prophecy which suggested the Virgin birth, but the belief in the Virgin birth which imposed its meaning on the prophecy.” Professor Scott Holland points out (a) that this prophecy was never understood to be Messianic and (b) that the word translated “virgin” means any young unmarried woman, and in this case one who “would be married and bear a son.”

We have to thank *The Vahan* for its affecting *Requiescat in Pace* occasioned by the death of His Holiness Pope Pius X. There are a few paragraphs only, in part of “humble tribute” and in part of personal recollections of the “simple man in plain white garments, with thick white hair and wonderful deep understanding grey eyes, bringing the sense of a most perfect peace.” There is also a subtle sense of peace communicated by these memorial lines.

The October issue of *The Hibbert Journal* has not reached us in time to notice at any length, but it may be said that it is devoted largely to various moral issues involved in the War and to its deeper causes. It opens with an article by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, entitled “The Supreme Duty of the Citizen in the Present Crisis.” There are further articles by Sir Henry Jones, the Bishop of Carlisle, Professor Gilbert Murray and the Editor. Contributions also appear dealing with the relations of the War to German literature, including a special study of Nietzsche as partly responsible for Prussian militarism.

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SOME five years ago a dispute arose in America among certain of the followers of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy concerning sundry points of discipline. At the urgent request of a large body of Christian Scientists throughout the world, and of many other persons who are interested in the Christian Science Movement and are desirous of having an authentic statement of the controversy, the present volume has been issued to the public. It describes itself as being "a Record of Unsettled Questions which arose in the year 1909 between the Directors of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts, and First Church of Christ Scientist, New York, Eight of its Nine Trustees and Sixteen of its Practitioners." No fewer than 405 pages are devoted to an exhaustive examination and discussion of the said questions, together with the evidence of numerous witnesses in regard to them, which has been carefully chronicled and will doubtless be followed with deep interest by students of Christian Science. A number of interesting excerpts and facsimiles of Mrs. Eddy's letters to Mrs. Stetson are also included in the book.

EDITH K. HARPER.

LE CIMETIÈRE D'AMBOISE, and STANCES SUR L'ORIGINE ET LA DESTINATION DE L'HOMME. By L. C. de Saint-Martin, with Preface by Papus. Paris: Librairie Générale des Sciences Occultes, Bibliothèque Chacornac: 11 Quai Saint-Michel.

THE little paper-covered volume containing these two poems by Saint-Martin (known as *Le Philosophe Inconnu*) forms one of a series of similar works entitled *Petite Collection d'Auteurs Mystiques*, which includes gems of devotional thought from the musings of such famous illuminates as Madame Guyon, William Law, and Jacob Boehme. Saint-Martin's verses breathe a lofty idealism tinged with the inevitable melancholy of his school of thought. He perceives the Cimetière d'Amboise wherever the "spiritually dead" are embodied in an existence of dense materialism. "The dead are in great numbers among the few who live." Dr. Papus emphasizes this simile in his brilliant preface, and speaks of Claude de Saint-Martin as "le Maître de la Mystique moderne."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE SUBSTANCE BETWEEN SPIRIT AND MATTER. By David Goyder, M.D. 8 in. x 5½ in., pp. 24. Boston: W. B. Libby, The Garden Press, 16 Arlington Street.

DR. GOYDER believes in the existence of a "nerve-spirit," consisting, probably, of organized ether. His thesis is that just as the bones, the muscles,

the vascular system and blood, and the nerves, each approximate to the human form, and constitute, as it were, a man, each one more perfectly organized than the preceding, so is the ether or electric fluid infilling the nerves organized into a man, forming a sort of spiritual body, or rather natural basis for the body of pure spirit, which will remain intact after the death of the purely material body. He uses this concept to elucidate two or three disputed passages in the works of Swedenborg, and applies it to the explanation of apparitions. The thesis will no doubt commend itself to students of occultism who believe in the existence of what is called "the etheric double." The booklet is well worth reading, and has much in it that is worthy of consideration. Some notes added on an inset, by Mr. E. J. Frost, containing several unreliable statements, do not, to my mind, help to elucidate the question.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE AND SOME OF ITS SPOKES. By V. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton. Bournemouth: Horace G. Commin. Price 2s. 6d. net cloth.

THIS little book of less than fifty pages deals with such diverse subjects as love, space, time and sound, and in the result we are a little bewildered. Miss Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton shows evidence of much reading, but the opinions she has reached are only hinted at, and we feel we should like to stop her and ask her to enlarge and explain. Fragments are apt to be somewhat unsatisfactory.

CLARE ELIOT.

THE POSSESSION OF ELIZABETH. By Hope Rea. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s.

THE case of Elizabeth is one of surpassing psychological interest, and the story of how she became obsessed and the strange happenings that followed in consequence thereof is exceedingly well told. The author adopts the diary form of narrative, and thus secures a certain *vraisemblance* which otherwise might not be attained, for the incidents are of the occult order and so passing strange as to excite challenge in the reader's mind. But nevertheless, the facts are quite in accord with the revelations of modern psychology. The story is told as a true one, though for obvious reasons it will appear merely fictional to those un instructed in experimental psychology.

SCRUTATOR.

RÉGIME DE L'INTELLECTUEL. Par Ernest Bosc. Paris: H. Darra-
gon, 96-98 Rue Blanche. Prix 1 fr. 25 c.

AN interesting pamphlet on the peculiar position of the man and woman of intellect in an age of rush, agitation and feverish effort.

It is pointed out that the dietary and regime of the brain-worker requires to be entirely different from that of the manual labourer, and very strong reasons are adduced for this conclusion. The author gives us some rules for guidance and many valuable hints which are the result of his own personal experience, which, if followed out, will enable us to work with the greatest facility and the least expenditure of vital force. A point emphasized is that brain work is more devitalizing than manual work. It produces more speedy intoxication of the organism than any sort of occu-

pation and is the origin of all the evils to which we are subject. The methods employed by the author lead to speedy disintoxication and rejuvenation of the system, good health, and ability for arduous and sustained work. Such are the conclusions placed before the reader and they certainly deserve attention, as representing some of the latest results of psycho-physical culture.

SCRUTATOR.

THIS WORKADAY WORLD AND THE NEXT: The Creed of a Journalist and other Articles. By "Ben Adhem." Liverpool: *The Weekly Post*, Victoria Street. Price 6d. net.

"BEN ADHEM" has sent an unpretentious little collection of articles into the world under this heading, whose chief charm is their sincerity and innate humour and whose great fault is their journalistic sentimentality—I say, journalistic sentimentality, which is as far removed from true poetical sentiment as bathos from pathos. "Ben Adhem" opens his slender volume with a pretty touch in "A Preface about a Photo." He has promised his portrait to the world at large but stricken both by the fear of his rash promise and his fear of breaking it, he inserts a photograph of himself at the innocent age of six months on his grandmother's knee—an idea which quite disarms the most seasoned critic. Despite the journalistic touch aforesaid, which is as irksome in volume form as it is pleasant in the daily paper, the book contains much original thought on the problems of life, and the occult experiences of "Ben Adhem's" wife make interesting reading.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MASTER KEYS. By Captain Walter Carey, R.N. London: The Order of the Golden Age, 153 & 155 Brompton Road, S.W. Price 1s. net.

CAPTAIN CAREY has given his pamphlet a good title. He divides it into seven "Keys": Understanding, Happiness, Life, Death, Purpose of the Animal Creation, Health, Progress. In the course of nearly one hundred and forty pages the author covers a number of subjects, many of which have given us much controversy in the past, and will do so in the future; but Captain Carey seems to conclude that a good deal of the "faultiness" of our life is the result of the lack of intelligence; which is, of course, true. We found the booklet very interesting.

X.

HEREAFTER. Notes on the Fifteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Verses 20 to 58. By Hilda, Baroness Deichman. Published for the Author by the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

BARONESS DEICHMAN received these notes on the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians through the medium of automatic writing. They are published "in the hope that, by the power of God, the simple words may bring comfort to those that mourn and seek the Light." They have been translated into German by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania. *Hereafter* is a good bridge between the orthodox Christian religion and Theosophy (Divine Wisdom). It is a book for the multitude, not for the

few. There are many earnest and deeply religious Christians who find it difficult to reconcile the teachings of Theosophy with Christianity as taught by the Christian Church. To such as these *Hereafter* will prove a "stepping-stone to higher things." MEREDITH STARR.

THE TALK OF THE HOUR, OR THE EXPLANATION OF THE HUMAN RAYS. By Mrs. Northesk Wilson. New York: Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 45 John Street.

AFTER a serious illness in 1905 Mrs. Northesk Wilson tells us she discovered a luminous aura, at night, around her arms and fingers. As she regained her health, the emanations were seen to be brighter and stronger. She then discovered the power of healing, and after many experiments could see the immense forces of light and colour in the world. Ever since she has attempted to bring these facts to the notice of other than occultists. The present little book is "only a faint outline, a sketch, only the placing of a key in the door which will open to show the splendours beyond, and," she adds, "it is as well to realize that the physical power must be perfected like the tuning of an instrument before anyone can hope to use the forces of the Psychic. Physical training, purification of the body (and mind); control of the senses must precede the practice of any development on the lines of which I write." Amongst other things a history of the rays is given and the different interpretations Mrs. Wilson attributes to the principal colours. Her knowledge of the latter is incomplete, but good as far as it goes. Every colour has two opposite meanings. There is the livid blue of the corpse, as well as the blue of the sky. There is the "whited sepulchre," the white of hypocrisy, as well as the pure Christ-emanation. The little book contains a remarkable chapter on healing. There is much thought-provoking and soul-stimulating material in *The Talk of the Hour*. MEREDITH STARR.

AN EGYPTIAN LOVE SPELL. By Maris Herrington Billings. New York, The Central Publishing Co. Pp. 64. Price 50c.

THE pen is ambitious that tries to portray Semiramis and make her play a part on the stage of fiction, but it cannot be said that in this case either the imagination or literary skill displayed is very considerable. Nevertheless this little story, in which reincarnation enables two lovers, whom Semiramis separated, to unite in the twentieth century, is easy to read, and will please romantic young people who are predisposed to like the magical and remote. W. H. C.

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION THROUGH INTERIOR UNDERSTANDING. By Alfred W. Berry. Sudbury, Suffolk: The Author.

MR. BERRY writes "for the purpose of planting liberating ideas in the minds of those who require them." He holds that the only way to freedom of expression is through interior guidance. If through the spirit of service the conscious mind identifies itself with the Sustaining Law, the power of lower conceptions is obliterated and the life becomes positive and free. "When determination has once been made to get into touch with Law (through love), Love (the law) will get into touch with us." Thus a man has to work out his own salvation by identifying himself

with the Love principle. By ascending through discipline in Love, the meaning of spiritual truths will become plain, and by co-operation with the Law he fulfils his purpose of existence and finds his plane of free expression. The author appears to be willing to help those who desire to work these ideas out in practice. S.

BRIEF EXPOSITION OF COSMIC PHILOSOPHY.

REALITY AND VARIETY OF SPIRITUAL RACES PEOPLING THE INVISIBLE WORLD. By G. de Tromelin.

Paris: Frenand Drubay, 53 bis Quai des Grands Augustins.
Price 1 fr. each.

THESE two brochures in French are published from the Librarie "Le Progrès Vulgarisateur," and are each of 32 pages. The first of them, *Cosmic Philosophy*, is intended to supply the elementary needs of those who essay the study of the Cosmic Tradition as embodied in the Occultism and Spiritual philosophy of the day. The brochure advances many new concepts and rehabilitates many that are old. These concepts, which throw considerable light on psychic matters, deserve to be fully examined, and in defining the métier of the Philosophie Cosmique the author has greatly facilitated our approach.

Des Races d'Esprits is a preliminary discussion of the state of Beings in the world beyond. It will be found of vital interest to all who are interested in the question of Soul Survival and the condition of those who inhabit the invisible worlds. It is, in short, an aperçu of the *Mystères de l'Univers*, whose author claims to have been in constant communication with certain Beings and to have recounted only that which he has seen and heard for himself. SCRUTATOR.

POEMS FROM BEYOND. By J. R. Mallett. Plymouth: W. H. Smith & Son. Price 1s. net.

THE BROOD OF LIGHT. By C. R. Crowther, M.B.

IN THE SILENCE. By Eila Deene.

London: A. C. Fifield. Price 1s. net each.

Poems from Beyond is a somewhat disconcerting little book, inasmuch as the introductory poem is serious, while in the rest the experiences of a soul after death are treated with a flippancy that is not always humorous. The final poem strikes a serious note again, and is a warning to the nation against the dangers of luxury. The author of *The Brood of Light* has taken a vast subject—the story of Evolution—which only a Milton or a Dante could deal with adequately. But his work contains really fine passages, and some phrases that remain in the memory, such as this:—

Then to our mind philosophy unbars
The unseen ways where ceaselessly beats through
The life that fills the courses of the stars.

The "prose poem" with which the third-named volume opens is very beautiful, and has more music in it than most of the rhymed pieces that follow. Yet some of them have a quaint charm, and more than once an original note is struck. "My Ladye's Garden," "The Password," and "My Friend and I" are among the best. E. M. M.

THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Orison S. Marden, author of "He Can Who Thinks he Can," "The Optimistic Life," "The Miracle of Right Thought," "Be Good to Yourself," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE remarkable demand for literature of what is called the "New Thought" school is ever on the increase, and no doubt a very cordial welcome awaits Mr. O. S. Marden's latest book, *The Secret of Achievement*, which Messrs. William Rider & Son have just published. Each of its fourteen chapters is brimful of the vigorous philosophy and "wisdom for everyday" which have won for this author's writings their great measure of popularity. His doctrine is the glorification of optimism, of individuality, of all the positive virtues. Not only is it an excellent antidote to that morbid class of literature sometimes called "realistic"—whose squalid and dreary pessimism must, according to the "New Thought" gospel, have flooded the mental atmosphere of the world with unhealthy ideas—but the author places before his readers definite "ideals of noble character, to illustrate the qualities essential to lofty achievement; to stimulate, encourage, and inspire them to be and to do something in the world; to teach them how to acquire practical power and how to succeed in life." The chapters on "Self-Control" and "Tenacity of Purpose" are particularly admirable, and one would be glad to see them become part of every school curriculum; while "The Art of Keeping Well" may be strongly recommended to hypochondriacs and valetudinarians and the large class of persons whose only malady is "too much to eat and too little to do." Mr. Marden embodies his bracing and buoyant thoughts in the terse phraseology that one has grown to regard as essentially transatlantic, and his maxims are always "Right There!"

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE ROMANCE OF THE STARS. By Bessie Leo. Crown 8vo, pp. 201. London: "Modern Astrology," Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A SHORT story or a novel may be regarded from two points of view—from the point of view of the teaching or the moral it embodies, or from the standpoint of the story, the play itself. Perhaps the ideal form is that in which neither the didactic nor the dramatic factor is unduly emphasized. In this collection the tendency is to subordinate the dramatic element to the didactic, although not to the extent to weaken the action of the plot itself. In each the characterization is eminently lifelike, due, no doubt, to the fact that the several personages moving across the stage are drawn from actual horoscopes. This all makes for actuality, besides initiating the reader into the prince of occult sciences—Astrology. Some of the stories, such, for example, as "The Blasted Tower," are founded upon fact, and although they naturally vary in merit, some are remarkably powerful, and should prove an excellent anodyne at this period of strife, relieving the tension and helping us to forget awhile the frightful carnage of the War which is taking place on our very threshold.

H. J. S.