

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*"

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

I AM giving in the current number two more prophecies of The Great War. One of these, the prophecy of Count Tolstoi, was briefly alluded to under Periodical Literature in my last issue. A correspondent wrote requesting that I should reproduce this in full, which I am doing accordingly. The other prediction is that of the Kaiser as Antichrist. We have to thank Monsieur Péladan for unearthing this curious document from some old papers of his father's. Apparently Monsieur Adrian Péladan, his father, who died in 1890, made a collection of curious predictions, visions, etc., and the present document is one which his son has found among this collection. He tells us that it was taken from an old Latin book of prophecies by a certain Brother Johannes, dating back approximately to A.D. 1600. The book

THE KAISER  
AS ANTI-  
CHRIST.

in question covers a period of some four centuries. Monsieur Péladan *père*, we are told, received the book from a Canon of St. Michel de Frigolet, near Tarascon, who had been given it in turn by a certain Abbé Donat, a learned priest who died at Beaucaire at

an advanced age. The prophecy of Antichrist is one of the latest of a series of such predictions. Mr. Péladan does not make it clear that he is the possessor of the book, but rather I gather of his father's MS., and there might be a difficulty in tracing the original volume. The striking point about the prophecy is that it identifies the German Kaiser with Antichrist, and describes the Allies who are opposed to him as "the defenders of the Lamb." The prophet observes that "it has been foretold that, twenty centuries after the incarnation of the Word, the Beast will be incarnate in his turn, and will menace the earth with as many evils as the divine Incarnation has brought it graces." The description of Antichrist corresponds so closely in detail with that of the German Emperor that there is no room for questioning the identification. His spies (it is said) will over-run the earth, and though he will have but one arm, he will have innumerable armies who will resemble the infernal legions. It is added that he will be a Lutheran Protestant, and with the aid of his soldiers will massacre priests, monks, women, children and the aged, showing no mercy, "passing torch in hand like the barbarians, but invoking Christ." Brother Johannes adds that he will have an eagle in his arms, and that there will be an eagle also in the arms of his confederate. This confederate, however, will be a Christian, and will die from the malediction of Pope Benedict, who will be elected at the commencement of the reign of Antichrist. One is bound to admit that if the bona fides of this prophecy can be established, it must rank as the most remarkable that has ever seen the light.

In this connection the evidence of Alderman Ward of Harrogate, who writes to the Editor of *Light*, is of some importance. He states that on his recent visit to London he met at the hotel at which he was staying a Belgian judge, who showed him a copy of the prophecy in the French, and remarked that he, the judge, had been in possession of a copy of this prediction for a number of years, i.e., ever since the Antwerp Exhibition. The importance of this communication lies in the fact that certain of the predictions, notably that having reference to Pope Benedict, and the other stating that the war would be fought on earth, water, and air at one and the same time, would have been as difficult of prediction ten years ago as four hundred.

The prediction with regard to the nature of the Kaiser's end is sufficiently striking. It differs from all other forecasts and anticipations made hitherto, with the sole exception of that of Mme de Thèbes, who, as already stated in a previous number

of this Magazine, was careful to suggest that the war, while bringing his reign to an end would not, therefore, mean the termination of his life, and who since this in an interview with a representative of the *Petit Parisien* has given her views on this matter in fuller detail. Ten years ago it appears a German lady attached to the Court of Berlin brought Mme de Thèbes a plaster cast of the Kaiser's hand. The lines on the palm she said were very clear, and having studied them she drew the following deductions. The head line she pronounced to be wide and well-defined, and showing considerable intellectual powers, combined with disordered imagination and great vanity. From certain other signs the Parisian prophetess read a tendency to madness. She expressed the view that the Kaiser would end his days a physical wreck on the verge of lunacy. With regard to the Crown Prince, she predicted that a violent death was in store for him. This corresponds with an older prediction in reference to the Kaiser's heir, in which it was stated that he was to be hung or executed.

The discovery of the enormous ramifications of the German system of espionage inaugurated by the Kaiser has astonished the world, and fresh evidence of its comprehensive character accumulates every day. The discovery of the building of concrete foundations for heavy ordnance during a time of profound peace, both here and on the Continent, has given a shock to the most sceptically minded, and the latest information to hand actually reveals the fact that the Kaiser's master spy, the organizer of this gigantic system, was taken with him to Buckingham Palace in May, 1911, on a friendly visit to King George. The point to which this dissimulation extended is shown by the statement made at the time with regard to the visit in question, which was in connection with the unveiling by the King of the Queen Victoria Memorial. "The Emperor's visit," said an inspired communication to the papers at the time, "is quite a family and private one, and as such must have the best results in the relations between the two countries and the two sovereigns."

The dominant characteristics of this Antichrist are, according to the prophecy, shameless hypocrisy and blasphemy, and it must be admitted that in the person of the Kaiser the world has seen them exemplified to a quite unparalleled extent.

Antichrist (says Brother Johannes) is to invoke God and give himself out as his envoy or apostle "sent as the arm of the Most High to chastise corrupt peoples." The exactitude with which

this corresponds to the Kaiser's blasphemous methods can best be illustrated by quoting one of his latest proclamations to his Eastern Army :—

Remember who you are. The Holy Spirit has descended on me, because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative. Woe and death to those who resist my will ! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission ! Woe and death to cowards ! Let all enemies of the Germans perish ! God demands their destruction, God who through me commands you to fulfil His will.

This Antichrist is to have learned men in his pay who will maintain, and undertake to prove, his celestial mission. We are reminded of the German Professors who have prostituted their talents to support the cause of aggressive militarism, and of those paid henchmen of the Kaiser who have been in charge of the great German lie-factory, the Wolff Bureau, whose business it has been to misrepresent the aims of German policy and to deceive all the neutral nations. We are also reminded of the editors of leading German papers, as, for instance, the editor of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, who writes of the Kaiser as " This spotless wearer of the imperial and regal crowns ; this splendid modern representative of the glory vouchsafed from on High to the Anointed of the Lord, who has drawn the sword in full consciousness of having right on his side and in the absolute certainty of victory ; this immaculate sovereign of the Germanic race whom the vile brood of Albion dares to slander and to besmirch with its venom."

The prophecy I have alluded to runs thus :—

#### THE REAL ANTICHRIST.

The real Antichrist will be one of the monarchs of his time, a Lutheran Protestant. He will invoke God and give himself out as his Messenger (or apostle).

This prince of lies will swear by the Bible. He will represent himself as the arm of the Most High, sent to chastise corrupt peoples.

He will only have one arm, but his innumerable armies, who will take for their device the words " God with us," will resemble the infernal legions.

For a long time he will act by craft and strategy. His spies will overrun the earth, and he will be master of the secrets of the mighty.

He will have learned men in his pay who will maintain, and undertake to prove, his celestial mission.

A war will furnish him with the opportunity of throwing off the mask. It will not be in the first instance a war which he will wage against a French monarch. But it will be one of such a nature that after two weeks all will realize its universal character.

Not only all Christian and all Mussulman, but even other more distant

peoples will be involved. Armies will be enrolled from the four quarters of the globe.

For, by the third week, the angels will have opened the minds of men, who will perceive that the man is Antichrist, and that they will all become his slaves if they do not overthrow this conqueror.

Antichrist will be recognized by various tokens: in especial he will massacre the priests, the monks, the women, the children, and the aged. He will show no mercy, but will pass torch in hand, like the barbarians, but invoking Christ!

His words of imposture will resemble those of Christians, but his actions will be those of Nero and of the Roman persecutors. He will have an eagle in his arms, and there will be an eagle also in the arms of his confederate, another bad monarch.

But the latter will be a Christian and will die from the malediction of Pope Benedict, who will be elected at the commencement of the reign of Antichrist.

No longer will priests and monks be seen confessing and absolving the combatants, because in the first place the priests and monks will be fighting with the other citizens, and further, because Pope Benedict having cursed Antichrist, will proclaim that those who fight against him will be in a state of Grace, and, should they die, will go straight to heaven like the martyrs.

The Bull which will proclaim these things will make a great stir. It will revive the courage of the foes of Antichrist and cause the death of the monarch who is his ally.

In order to conquer Antichrist it will be necessary to kill more men than Rome has ever contained. It will need the energies of all the kingdoms, because the cock, the leopard, and the white eagle will not be able to make an end of the black eagle without the aid of the prayers and vows of all the human race.

Never will humanity have been faced with such a peril, because the triumph of Antichrist would be that of the demon, who will have taken possession of his personality.

For it has been said that, twenty centuries after the Incarnation of the Word, the Beast will be incarnate in his turn, and will menace the earth with as many evils as the Divine Incarnation has brought it graces.

Towards the year 2000 Antichrist will be made manifest. His army will surpass in number anything that can be imagined. There will be Christians among his cohorts, and there will be Mohammedan and heathen soldiers among the defenders of the Lamb.

For the first time the Lamb will be all red. There will not be in the whole Christian world a single spot which is not red; and red also will be heaven, and earth, and water, and even the air; for blood will flow in the domain of the four elements at once.

The black eagle will hurl itself upon the cock, which will lose many feathers, but will strike heroically with his spur. It would soon be exhausted but for the aid of the leopard and its claws.

The black eagle, who will come from the land of Luther, will make a surprise attack on the cock from another side, and will invade the land of the cock up to one-half.

The white eagle, who will come from the North, will fall upon the black and the other eagle, and completely invade the land of Antichrist.

The black eagle will find itself forced to let go the cock in order to fight the white eagle, whereupon the cock will have to pursue the black eagle into the land of Antichrist to aid the white eagle.

The battles fought up to that time will be as nothing compared with those which will take place in the Lutheran country; for the seven angels will simultaneously pour out the fire of their censers upon the impious land. In other words, the Lamb ordains the extermination of the race of Antichrist.

When the Beast finds himself lost, he will become furious. It will be necessary that for some months the beak of the eagle, the claws of the leopard, and the spur of the cock shall bury themselves in the flesh of the Beast.

Men will be able to cross the rivers over the bodies of the dead, which in places will change the courses of the streams. Only the bodies of the most noble, the highest captains, and the princes will be buried; for to the carnage of the battle-fields will be added the destruction of myriads who will die from hunger and pestilence.

Antichrist will sue for peace many times, but the seven angels who march before the three animals, defenders of the Lamb, will have proclaimed that victory will not be given except on condition that Antichrist shall be crushed like straw upon the threshing-floor.

Executors of the justice of the Lamb, the three animals will not be permitted to cease fighting so long as Antichrist has soldiers.

That which makes the decree of the Lamb so implacable is that Antichrist has dared to claim to be a Christian and to act in the name of Christ, and if he did not perish, the fruit of the Redemption would be lost, and the gates of Hell would prevail against the Saviour.

It will be made manifest that the combat which will be fought out in that part of the country in which Antichrist forges his arms, is no human conflict. The three animals, defenders of the Lamb, will exterminate the last army of Antichrist. But it will be necessary to make of the field of battle a funeral pyre as great as the greatest of cities, for the corpses will have altered the features of the land by forming ranges of little hills.

Antichrist will lose his crown and die in solitude and madness. His empire will be divided into twenty-two States, but none will have any longer either fortification or army, or ships of war.

The white eagle, by order of Michael, will drive the Crescent out of Europe, where there will no longer be any but Christians. He will instal himself at Constantinople.

Then will commence an era of peace and prosperity for the universe, and there will be no longer any war. Each nation will be governed according to its own heart and live in accordance with justice.

There will be no longer Lutherans or schismatics. The Lamb will reign and the happiness of humanity will begin.

Happy will be those who, escaping the perils of this marvellous time, will be able to taste of its fruit. This will be the reign of the Spirit and the sanctification of humanity, which could not come to pass until after the defeat of Antichrist.

The other prophecy, that of Count Tolstoi, is less detailed, and vaguer in its general character. It reveals Count Tolstoi's

own strong antipathy to the reign of Commerce, and should not, perhaps, be taken too seriously. It contains a prediction of the coming war, though the date is not quite accurate. More remarkable is Tolstoi's account of the sequel to Armageddon, the rise of two mysterious personages—first a strange figure from the North, a new Napoleon in whose grip Europe will remain, according to the account, for some ten years, from 1915 to 1925. Though he is described as a Napoleon, his training is stated to be that of a writer or journalist, and it is not in any way made clear by what means he exercises his authority over Europe. Following him a great reformer is to arise who will lay the corner-stone of the temple of Pantheism. Though already in our midst he has not yet realized the great mission which has been entrusted to him. We may make what we like of these two mysterious figures. The latter figure is stated to be that of a Mongolian Slav, and it may be suspected that Tolstoi's own nationality impelled him to assign the predominant part in each of these cases to one of his own race, as the rôle of the strange figure from the North will naturally also be ascribed to a Russian. The theory that a Swede is intended will scarcely bear investigation in view of the position of European supremacy which he is assumed to be destined to occupy. I am not aware that outside this prediction Count Tolstoi enjoyed the credentials of a prophet, and it remains to be seen whether he has any real claim to the mantle of Elijah.

The prediction occurred at an interview which the Countess Nastasia Tolstoi had with her great uncle at the request of the Czar. While dictating the contents of the message he had to convey, Count Tolstoi was (it is stated) in a state of semi-consciousness or trance, but the main outline of the vision had, he asserted, haunted him for no less than two years, though he could not recall it to memory in his normal state.

Before delivering himself of this prophecy the Count remained for ten minutes absolutely motionless, then straightening himself up he began to speak in a low and hollow voice, while his niece took down the words at his dictation, as follows :—

#### THE PROPHECY OF COUNT TOLSTOI.

This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to

attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair ornaments, composed of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name, "Commercialism." Alluring and bewitching as she seems, destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice metallic like gold, her look of greed, are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

And, behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and of muskets.

The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of south-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields.

But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the north—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little military training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the old world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling.

But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by a Superior Power.

And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy.

Political and religious partnership have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations.

Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. By then, in the middle of this century, I see a heroine of litera-



ture and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians, the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious.

It is the light of symbolism that will outshine the light of the torch of commercialism. In place of polygamy and monogamy of to-day there will come a poetogamy—relations of the sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life.

And I see the nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring woman of their destiny is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of commercialism, and a new history begins.

My articles on the subject of prophecies of the war would not be complete without some reference to Mr. Sinnett's forecasts, an article in connection with which appears in the *Vahan* for October. In March, 1911, Mr. Sinnett gave a lecture in the Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, London, W., embodying certain communications with regard to the outbreak of war in Europe, which he had received psychically a month or two previously. Though the lecture in question did not appear

MR. SINNETT in print, the notes of the information he received  
AND THE were taken down by him at the time, and these are  
WAR. recorded in the *Vahan* for the benefit of Theosophical readers. I take the liberty of reproducing, with acknowledgments, the most important of these, to complete my notes on the subject in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.

There was (said Mr. Sinnett's psychic informant) at that time a thickening force, a gathering on the lower astral plane which could not fail to have terrible effects on the physical plane when it bursts. The Masters were trying to soften its effects. The present German plan was not to annex Holland, but to attack Belgium. There would ultimately be a general war in which Germany, including Austria and the Turks, would be opposed to Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy. The German Emperor was the centre of German hostility. He had some regard for his English kinsmen, but was the bitter enemy of the race. . . . It was decreed that the issue of the great war would be on the side of the Allies, who would finally crush the Germans. It would be terrible for the German people. At the close there would be a great redistribution of European territory. 1913 would be the year of the war, but there would be diplomatic mutterings much sooner.

It is curious that here, again, we get the same mistake that was so constantly made in predictions, that 1913 and not 1914 would prove to be the critical period. Mr. Sinnett, it appears, had a further communication in April, 1913, as

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follows: "Germany was holding back, knowing the complete preparations of the *Entente* Powers. If war began we should send 200,000 men to France to operate with the left wing."

Again in this prediction we find Turkey indicated as one of the Powers involved in the European struggle. The more than doubtful neutrality of that country may well land it in an untenable position before the winter is out, and in the strong set of the tide of victory against the Germanic nations, the Allies may be disposed to show towards the Sublime Porte but scant consideration, in the event of further pin-pricks. The predictions of the Greek patriarch, Kosmas, who lived late in the eighteenth century, may perhaps have a bearing on an Eastern crisis following in the wake of the present war. These predictions, which have been long current, have relation in the main to the interests of his own country, and to the bearing of the European situation upon these.

The Ionian Islands (he declared), will be delivered from the Turkish yoke before Epirus. The Christian Kings will unite and drive the Turks from Europe, when the fleet goes forth. When you see the thousand ships assemble near the coasts of the Grecian Peninsula, then children, women, and old men must escape into the mountains in order to fly from the sword of Antichrist, until the moment when the allied armies march upon Constantinople. There blood will flow in such abundance that a lamb might swim in it. Happy will be those who shall live after these occurrences. The Turks will be divided into three parts. One will perish in the war, the second will retire to Asia, and the third will be converted to Christianity.

As such a very general interest has been shown by the public with regard to predictions about the present war, I "PROPHECIES AND OMENS OF THE GREAT WAR." have taken the opportunity to bring out a little book entitled *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, at 6d. net. This covers much of the matter which has appeared in this and the two preceding issues of the OCCULT REVIEW. There are also some further notes and additional prefatory matter which have not appeared in this Magazine. The idea has been to include the whole subject within the limits of a single booklet. The book will be published almost simultaneously with the appearance of the present issue, and will be divided into an introduction, and three chapters entitled: "Prophecies of the War," "Omens of the War," and "Astrology and the War." Readers to whom the subject is of interest may like to keep it in a concise and handy form, and the book will doubtless be valued by many who are not regular

readers of the magazine. A further reason for the publication of this book lies in the fact that the September issue of the OCCULT REVIEW was entirely sold out, and is now unobtainable.

I must conclude this third series of notes on prophecies of the War with the expression of the hope that I have not tried my readers' patience too far by inserting so large an amount of matter on this particular subject. The unique circumstances of the time, and the curious and striking character of the evidence which has reached me, is my only excuse. Next month I hope to strike out on an entirely new line of thought.

The next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW will be the usual Christmas number. On this occasion it will be published in celebration of the tenth birthday of the Magazine, which occurs on January 1, 1915. The occasion will be commemorated by the appearance of five beautifully coloured full-page illustrations of psychic art of the present day, which should, I think, prove a

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uniquely attractive feature. In addition to this there will be included a further experience of "Dr. John Silence" which has never so far appeared in print, by the well-known author, Mr. Algernon Blackwood.\* The great success of this remarkable book has given Mr. Blackwood the premier position among authors of psychic romance, the knowledge shown of occult forces and their effects in this book being far ahead of anything which has yet seen the light in first-class fiction. Probably most readers of the OCCULT REVIEW have already made the acquaintance of this remarkable work. If not, I should strongly urge them to do so. The story of the Witches' Sabbath has a weirdness and uncanny atmosphere almost without parallel in English literature.

I am asked to state, in connection with the review of *The Romance of the Stars*, published by "Modern Astrology," Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C., that the price of the book is not 3s. 6d., but 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.). The number of pages also should be 201.

\* *John Silence*. By Algernon Blackwood. Eveleigh Nash, Library Edition, 3s. 6d. net. Macmillan & Co., 7d. net.

# ROGER BACON : AN APPRECIATION

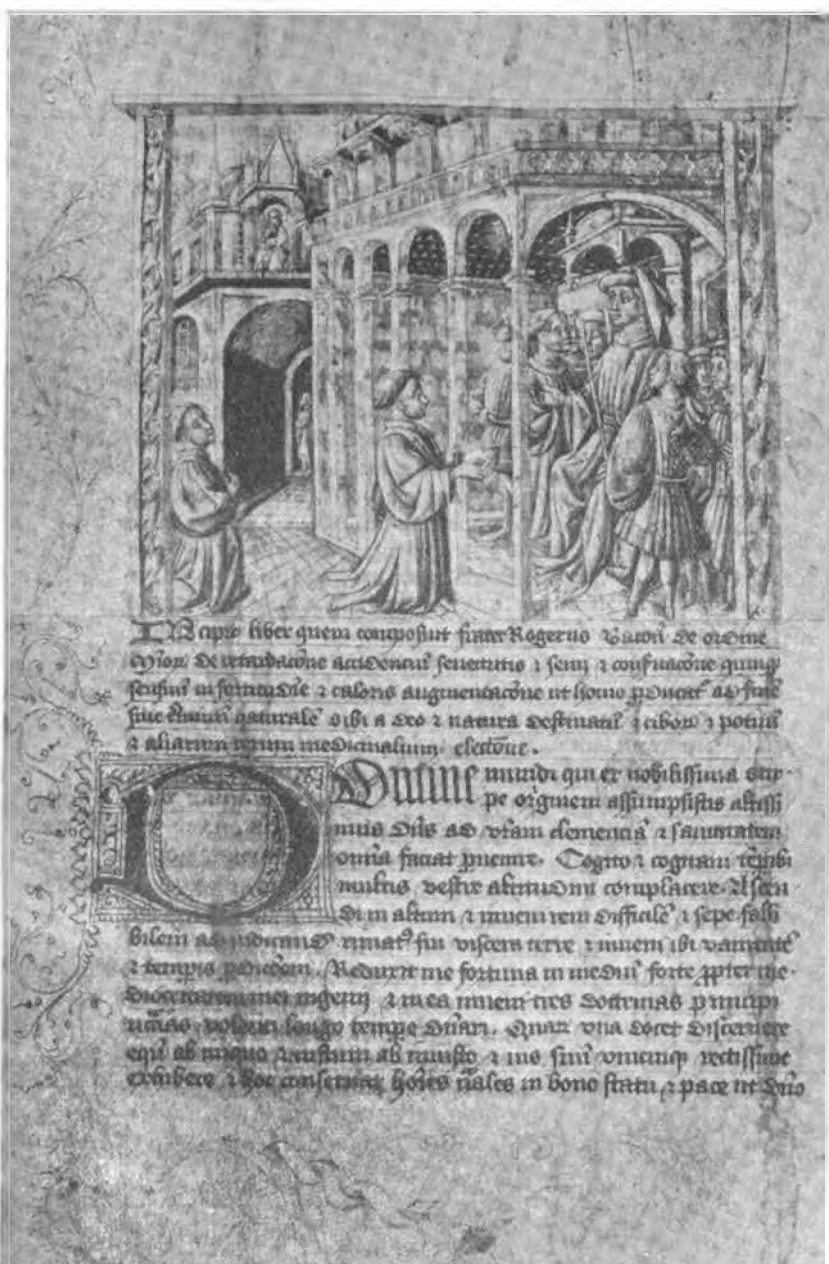
By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc., F.C.S.

IT has been said that " a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." Thereto might be added " and in his own time " ; for, whilst there is continuity in time, there is also evolution, and England of to-day, for instance, is not the same country as England of the Middle Ages. In his own day, Roger Bacon was accounted a magician, whose heretical views called for suppression by the Church. And for many a long day afterwards was he mainly remembered as a co-worker in the black art with Friar Bungay, who together with him constructed, by the aid of the devil and diabolical rites, a brazen head which should possess the power of speech—the experiment only failing through the negligence of an assistant.\* Such was Roger Bacon in the memory of the latter Middle Ages and many succeeding years ; he was the typical alchemist, where that term carries with it the depth of disrepute, though indeed alchemy was for him but one, and that not the greatest, of many interests.

It was not until the publication, by Dr. Samuel Jebb, in 1733, of the greater part of Bacon's *opus majus*, nearly four and a half centuries after his death (which occurred *circa* 1294), that anything like his rightful position in the history of philosophy began to be assigned to him. But let his spirit be no longer troubled, if it were ever troubled by neglect or slander, for the world, and first and foremost his own country, has paid him due honour. His septcentenary (he was probably born in 1214) has been duly celebrated this year at his *alma mater*, Oxford, his statue has there been raised as a memorial to his greatness, and savants have meted out praise to him in no grudging tones. Indeed, a voice has here and there been heard depreciating his better known namesake Francis,† so that the later luminary should not, standing in the way, obscure the light of the earlier ; though for my part I would suggest that one need not be so one-eyed as to fail to see both lights at once.

\* The story, of course, is entirely fictitious. For further particulars see Sir J. E. Sandys' pamphlet referred to below.

† For example, that of Ernst Dühring. See an article entitled " The Two Bacons," translated from his *Kritische Geschichte der Philosophie* in *The Open Court* for last August.



Photograph by Oxford University Press.

ROGER BACON PRESENTING A BOOK TO A KING \*  
From a Fifteenth Century Miniature in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

\* There is no contemporary portrait of Bacon known, so that the authenticity of every one of the portraits alleged to be of him is open to doubt. The two reproduced here are probably the oldest extant, and are therefore most worthy of respect. That from the Bodleian Library is reproduced by kind permission of the authorities and is, I think, the earliest known portrait of Bacon. The Knole Castle portrait is by an unknown artist, probably of the Elizabethan period; it is reproduced here by kind permission of Lady Sackville.

To those who like to observe coincidences, it may be of interest that the septcentenary of the discoverer of gunpowder should coincide with the greatest war under which the world has yet groaned, even though gunpowder is no longer employed as a military propellant.

Bacon's reference to gunpowder occurs in his *Epistola de Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ et de Nullitate Magiæ*, a little tract written against magic, in which Bacon endeavours to show, and succeeds very well in the first eight chapters, that nature and art can perform far more extraordinary feats than are claimed by the workers in the black art. The last three chapters are written in an alchemical jargon of which even one versed in the symbolic language of alchemy can make no sense. They are evidently cryptogramic and probably deal with the preparation and purification of saltpetre, which had only recently been discovered as a distinct body.\* In chapter xi, there is reference to an explosive body, which can only be gunpowder—by means of it, says Bacon, you may, "if you know the trick, produce a bright flash and a thundering noise." He mentions two of the ingredients, saltpetre and sulphur, but conceals the third (*i.e.* charcoal) under an anagram. Claims have, indeed, been put forth for the Greek, Arab, Hindu and Chinese origins of gunpowder, but a close examination of the original ancient accounts purporting to contain references to gunpowder, show that only incendiary and not explosive bodies are really dealt with. But whilst Roger Bacon knew of the explosive property of a mixture in right proportions of sulphur, charcoal and pure saltpetre (which he no doubt accidentally hit upon whilst experimenting with the latter body), he was unaware of its projective power. That discovery was, in all probability, due to Schwarz.

Roger Bacon has been credited with many other discoveries. In the work already referred to he allows his imagination freely to speculate as to the wonders that might be accomplished by a scientific utilization of nature's forces—marvellous things with lenses, in bringing distant objects near and so forth, carriages propelled by mechanical means, flying machines . . . but in no case is the word "discovery" in any sense applicable, for not even in the case of the telescope does Bacon describe means by which his speculations might be realized.

Roger Bacon's greatness does not lie in the fact that he

\* For an attempted explanation of this cryptogram, and evidence that Bacon was the discoverer of gunpowder, see Lt.-Col. H. W. L. Hime's *Gunpowder and Ammunition, their Origin and Progress* (1904).

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discovered gunpowder, nor in the further fact that his speculations have been validated by other men. His greatness lies in his secure grip of scientific method as a combination of mathematical reasoning and experiment. Men before him had experi-



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ROGER BACON.  
From a Portrait in Knole Castle.

mented, but none seemed to have realized the importance of the experimental method. Nor was he, of course, by any means the first mathematician—there were a long line of Greek and

Arabian mathematicians behind him, men whose knowledge of the science was in many cases much greater than his,—or the most learned mathematician of his day; but none realized the importance of mathematics as an organon of scientific research as he did; and he was assuredly the priest who joined mathematics to experiment in the bonds of sacred matrimony. We must not, indeed, look for precise rules of inductive reasoning in the words of this pioneer writer on scientific method. Nor shall we find these even in the works of Francis Bacon. Moreover, the latter despised mathematics, and it was not until quite recent years that the scientific world came to realize that Roger's method is the more fruitful—witness the modern revolution in chemistry produced by the adoption of mathematical methods.

Roger Bacon, it may be said, was many centuries in advance of his time; but it is equally true that he was the child of his time: this may account for his defects judged by modern standards. He owed not a little to his contemporaries, for his knowledge and high estimate of philosophy he was largely indebted to his Oxford master Grosseteste, whilst Peter Peregrinus, his friend at Paris, fostered his love of experiment, and the Arab mathematicians, whose works he knew, inclined his mind to mathematical studies. He was violently opposed to the scholastic views current in Paris at his time and attacked great thinkers like Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, as well as obscurantists, such as Alexander of Hales. But he, himself, was a scholastic philosopher, though of no servile type, taking part in scholastic arguments.\* If he declared that he would have all the works of Aristotle burned, it was not because he hated the Peripatetic's philosophy—though he could criticize as well as appreciate at times—but because of the rottenness of the translations that were used. It seems commonplace now, but it was a truly wonderful thing then. Roger Bacon believed in accuracy, and was by no means destitute of literary ethics. He believed in correct translation, correct quotation, and the acknowledgment of the sources of one's

\* For a good account of Bacon's knowledge of, and attitude towards, Aristotle's work, see a pamphlet by Sir John Edwin Sandys, entitled *Roger Bacon*, recently published for the British Academy by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C., at 1s. net. The present year has seen the publication of a considerable quantity of Roger Bacon literature, *The Journal of the Alchemical Society* being first in the field with an article from the pen of Mr. B. Ralph Rowbottom (already favourably noticed in the OCCULT REVIEW) in the March issue. I have not, therefore, thought it necessary to give an outline of Bacon's life here, as so many accounts are already available.



quotations—unheard-of things, almost, in those days. But even he was not free from all the vices of his age: in spite of his insistence upon experimental verification of the conclusions of deductive reasoning, in one place at least he adopts a view concerning lenses from another writer, of which the simplest attempt at such verification could have revealed the falsity. For such lapses, however, we can make allowances.

Another and undeniable claim to greatness rests in Roger Bacon's broadmindedness. He could actually value at their true worth the moral philosophy of non-Christian writers—Seneca and Al-Ghazali, for instance. But if he was catholic in the original meaning of that term, he was also catholic in its restricted sense. He was no heretic, and the Pope for him was the Vicar of God, whom he would wish to see reign over the whole world, not by force of arms, but by the assimilation of all that was worthy in that world. To his mind—and here he was certainly a child of his age, in its best sense, perhaps,—all other sciences were handmaidens to theology, queen of them all. All were to be subservient to her aims: the Church he called Catholic was to embrace in her arms all that was worthy in the works of "profane" writers—true prophets of God in so far as writing worthily they unconsciously bore testimony to the truth of Christianity—and all that nature might yield by patient experiment and speculation guided by mathematics. Some minds see in this a defect in his system, limiting its aims and outlook; others see it as the unifying principle giving coherence to the whole. At any rate, the Church regarded his views as dangerous, and restrained his pen for the greater portion of his life, keeping him in confinement some part of this period.

Roger Bacon may seem egotistic in argument, but his mind was humble to learn. He was not superstitious; but he would listen to common folk who worked with their hands, to astrologers and even magicians, denying nothing which seemed to him to have some evidence in experience—if he denied much of magical belief, it was because he found it lacking in such evidence. He often went astray in his views, he sometimes failed to apply his own method, and that method was in any case primitive and crude. But it was the *right* method, in embryo at least, and Roger Bacon, in spite of tremendous opposition, greater than that under which any man of science may now suffer, persisted in that method to the end, calling upon his contemporaries to adopt it as the only one which resulted in right knowledge. Across the centuries let us salute this noble and great spirit.

# STRANGE STORIES ABOUT GHOSTS

BY F. CREECH JONES

THERE are many kinds of ghosts, just as there are many kinds of men. Some ghosts will not appear without appropriate setting, as for example a pale misty moon, a broken shrine, or an ancient castle. These are the proud, the ceremonious ghosts. But, on the other hand, there are ghosts who do not mind, who do not trouble about ceremony. Any time and any place will suit them. Even the house need not be ancient, and June is just as promising as the raw, cold sleet of December. Some of these ghosts are even very poor. A friend of mine once saw a spirit clothed only in a bathing suit, whilst I have seen one dressed in a rough shooting coat and an old felt hat. It is with this class of ghosts, the humble ghosts, that I wish especially to deal.

Literature and history abound with irrefutable evidence of the intrusion of the phantom world into the affairs of men. Who has not heard of the wraith of Samuel, or the ghost of Hamlet's father, or the spirit of the poet Byron which visited Sir Walter Scott? Of course it must be granted that many so-called "ghost stories" can be explained away on the lines of brain hallucination. Mysticism and religious ecstasy will certainly account for the great number of "appearances" of saints and ressurected saviours which were so common in the Middle Ages. A recent case in point is of a Roman Catholic priest upon whose dressing table stood the statue of the Madonna. Night after night, he told me, the figure came to life and stood beside his bed, crowned with a halo round her brow and holding at her breast the Holy Child. But all ghost stories are not of this order and cannot be so explained. Men of undeniable common sense tell us that they have seen ghosts, touched ghosts, talked with ghosts. It is too universal a phenomenon to repudiate as moonshine. The tendency of modern science is undoubtedly towards an acceptance of these stories. Some of our greatest living thinkers, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes to wit, are of the opinion that man is on the verge of vast discoveries and that the future will yield up secrets of which we have as yet hardly dreamed.

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I propose to outline in this article certain incidents which have come from time to time under my own personal observation. All have been narrated by men of unimpeachable integrity, and I have attempted as far as possible to repeat them in their own words. In some cases it will be found that the "ghost" appears in definite and tangible shape, whereas in others his presence is manifested only by his actions and the sense of inexplicable terror which pervades the atmosphere. The following instance is one which belongs to the second of these two categories.

A few months ago I had an appointment with a market gardener of my acquaintance. A keen materialist and a hard-headed business man, he was not a person whom one would credit with having too much imagination in his makeup. After business had been disposed of, the conversation drifted into a discussion of Psychical Research, and he narrated to me the following story.

"As you know," he said, "I often stay up late into the night to make up my accounts. One night, the family having gone to rest, I sat down to write. There were on the writing desk before me two blank sheets of foolscap. Suddenly an invisible power seized me by the hand, held it in a grasp of iron, and swept my pen with lightning speed across the paper. How long I wrote I do not know, nor was I conscious of anything but the awful terror that bent over me."

"And what was written on the paper?" I interrogated.

"Ah, that is the curious part of it," my friend exclaimed.

"Right across the foolscap in quaint and scrawling handwriting was a list of all the shady deeds I had committed in my lifetime. Now, the greater number were things which had happened many years before and had passed altogether out of mind. The style of the handwriting, too, was different from my own. You know my writing; it is large and heavy and has a decided slope towards the right. This on the contrary was weak and badly shaped and sloped towards the left. I did not go to bed that night," my friend added, "my nerves were too unstrung, and for many nights following, when I went up to my chamber, I felt certain that behind me in the darkness of the corridor was a silent presence dodging me like a shadow."

More often the ghost appears in actual bodily form so that he can be recognized by the beholder. Such a case was told me by a veterinary surgeon who is the very incarnation of the traditional John Bull, big and powerfully built with nothing dreamy

in his mental development—just the man who would not easily be "taken in."

In his early manhood he lived at Bridgwater, where he was engaged to a young woman. The marriage was at the last moment broken off, but, though he removed to Bristol, he continued to pay frequent visits to his late fiancée's mother, by whom he was looked upon almost as her own son.

He retired to rest one evening and slept, it seemed, for some hours. All at once he started up with a presentiment (such as all of us have perhaps felt at some time in our lives) that all was not well. The moonlight was streaming through the windows, and, standing in its misty rays beside the bed, he could plainly discern the form of a woman. At once he recognized her as his sweetheart's mother. She was fully dressed, and the form and face were both clearly delineated. For a moment she stood motionless, then bent down, kissed him on the cheek, and with the words, "George, I am going now, good-bye," faded away into the moonlight.

My friend tells me that the spirit was quite tangible, and the imprint of her lips upon his cheek as plain as anything he has ever experienced. Needless to say, he could not compose himself that night and continued to be haunted by a feeling of evil. The very next morning he received a telegram which ran as follows: "Come down at once. Mrs. W— passed away at 2 a.m. Her last thoughts were of you."

It was two o'clock precisely, as he had noted by the watch which hung beside his bed, when the spirit had appeared.

Stories of this type are very general. It certainly appears that, by the operation of some laws which we only dimly understand, a person who is dying can communicate his "ghost" to some dear friend or relative at a distance.

The two incidents above quoted plainly belong to the category of the Unintelligible. There is a class of phantom manifestation, however, which may be capable of a more natural interpretation. A theory which has gained wide acceptance maintains that the animal body emanates certain chemical and gaseous waves. An instrument has lately been invented through which may clearly be seen an aura of many coloured lights floating above the human head. Supposing on this thesis that a person has inhabited a house or castle for many years, enough electricity will have soaked into the walls and furniture to build up, under given conditions, at that person's death, a similar body. This will explain why Cavaliers who walked a gallery centuries

ago have frequently been seen attired in their flowing feathers, velvet breeches and silver-buckled shoes.

It may be mentioned that darkness is not a necessary condition for the appearance of this class of spiritual phenomena. I have myself talked with a countryman who, walking through a glen one morning, beheld a gallant knight in glittering armour, attired in the gold and purple of the age of pageantry. The following story may illustrate this view. It will be understood that the location of the building mentioned has been withheld for obvious reasons.

On the outskirts of an old-world village in Somerset stands a quaint, mediæval manor house, covered with evergreen and ivy, and nestling in the shadow of an Early English abbey. At the present moment it is tenantless, for family after family who have leased it have been compelled to leave in terror by reason of a certain monk, who, with a cowl drawn close about his face, paces up and down the old oak halls.

The tradition runs that in the sixteenth century the mansion was inhabited by two brothers. Both loved a beautiful lady, the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman. One midnight, at a game of cards, the brothers quarrelled, and, mad with jealousy and wine, the elder drew a knife and stabbed the other to the heart. He buried the body beneath the stone slabs of the vault. Shortly afterwards, stricken with remorse, he retired to the local abbey, where he took the vows of celibacy and chastity. On the same night that he died, his wraith was seen walking along the oaken corridors. Since then his spirit has incessantly appeared.

An account of how an attempt was made to run the monk to earth was given the present writer by a friend of the family which owns the building.

"Accompanied," he said, "by two companions, we entered the mansion at nightfall. Neither of my companions would be accused of having any large amount of credulity. One was an army major and the other had all his life been associated with the turf. We took with us a bulldog and a pocket camera. Having fastened the great doorway, we prepared to pass the night seated in the banquet hall. This was littered with broken furniture, which we soon demolished and lighted on the hearth.

"For some hours we saw nothing; then at 12 o'clock precisely a bright blue light began to hover over the chamber. The villagers had told us about this; it was always the herald of the ghost.

“ Exactly on the stroke of 2 a.m., my dog began to whine and to gaze intently into the further corner of the room. We watched breathlessly and presently there passed into our view the figure of a Franciscan monk. The moon, shining behind the diamond lattices, and the red glow of the dying embers, gave emphasis to his face. It was much like the face of Dante, long and thin, with the dark eyes and straight nose which are so characteristic of sixteenth century paintings. The expression for sheer horror baffled description.

“ The monk passed silently across the hall and passed through the closed door in the panelled wall. We threw it open immediately, and were just in time to see him walk along the corridor leading to the basement. After the space of a minute or so, we reached a great stone archway which was walled up. Into this the monk passed, and though we waited until dawn did not appear again.”

Such is the outline of the story. My informant is quite definite in his description and states that he saw the monk on two subsequent occasions. The second time a photograph was obtained by means of a lighted magnesium ribbon. The dagger in the right hand can be discerned quite clearly.

The case has been investigated by a Roman Catholic priest and a canon, who sought to make the monk confess his crime. Both are emphatic in their evidence. Arrangements are now being made to have the archway broken down. Perhaps behind it, the legend that has frightened the villagers for so many generations will be unravelled.

There is a class of phenomena which, though not directly connected with disembodied spirits, has its roots in the supernatural. I refer to the *token*. Who as a child, when a picture has fallen to the ground without the cord breaking, has not heard some one say, “ Ah, that’s a token ”! Among rustics this particular belief is almost universal. The sound of smashing china, the howling of a dog, a black cat, the mysterious opening of doors, all have their various meanings. The incident narrated below was told me at a Christmas party many years ago. Though I have long lost sight of the narrator, I can personally vouch for his veracity. Perhaps his own words will lend it more significance.

“ It was a few weeks before Christmas, and the wind was bitterly cold and piercing. We were living at the time in a small villa I had purchased just after our marriage. One morning my wife stated that, feeling rather unwell, she would remain in bed.

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"Perhaps," she said laughingly, "I shall be myself again tomorrow." I have some knowledge of medicine and gave her a cursory examination. Not deeming her condition serious enough to send for a doctor, I waited on her and did my best to make her comfortable.

"Now the curious part of the whole matter is just here," said my friend, gazing abstractedly at the table for a few moments.

"That same evening, somewhere about 9 o'clock, I had occasion to go downstairs to get some coal for the fire. All at once, as I reached the foot of the staircase to come back, I heard a voice call, 'Jim, Jim, I want you.' I started, for it was my wife's voice. Bounding up the steps, I rushed into her room. But nothing was the matter. My wife was calmly reading, and when I asked her if she had called my name, she smiled and said, 'No, it must have been your imagination.'"

"The next day my wife was feverish and I called in a doctor. But would you believe, that same night, at precisely the same hour, I again heard my wife call me. It was her voice right enough, and very clear and emphatic. 'Jim,' she said, 'I want you.' But again I was mistaken, for she had not called me.

"You know the rest of the story," said he, turning to our hostess. "The same voice I had heard on two occasions, called me again on the third evening. The next day my wife died. I shall always believe that the voice was a token preparing me for her death."

When he had finished there was a dead silence for a few moments. We watched the snowflakes as they whirled against the window panes, and listened to the wind shrieking amongst the pine tops. Then it was we recognized that the statement of Hamlet is immortally true, that there are more things in the world than are dreamed of in philosophy.

Spiritual Phenomena certainly present a strange and curious problem. The incidents I have narrated have been chosen from among many, and can be equalled by anyone who cares to make ever so small an inquiry among his intimate friends. Around us is, undoubtedly, a vast world of sights and shadows of which we know nothing. Man who has bridged chasms, dammed back oceans, and harnessed the lightnings to his chariot, has yet to conquer the problem of his own being. The stories told around the yule log at Christmas Eve for countless generations are not "old wives' tales" merely. The "cold moon" and the "ruined battlement" are eternal symbols. They have their roots deep down in the experience of the race.

# THE ETHEREAL PLANE

By HELEN BOURCHIER, Author of "The Crown of Asphodels"

## II. THE CHAPEL OF POWER

THE Chapel of Power, which I have also heard called the Chapel of Action, has its place in the Hall of Learning in what, in a Cathedral of the physical plane, would be called the south aisle, at the upper end nearest to the altar. It has this peculiarity, in common with most of the places on the ethereal plane, that when you first enter it you see the whole of it quite plainly and distinctly, and yet there are many important details which only become apparent, which indeed seem only to come into existence later, on subsequent occasions.

Thus, the first time I opened the door and passed from the Hall into the Chapel of Power, I was only aware of a plain, bare room with a long table down the middle of it, set round with chairs; on my left hand a high and wide window with a window seat; and opposite me a low narrow door. While I looked at it, the door opened and there came in one, whom I will call "the President," who had left the physical plane some years before. Behind her I could see a very narrow, pebbly beach and a wide, dark ocean. Although it was bright daylight in the Chapel, there was the darkness of twilight over the ocean. On the beach there was a little boat, in which the President had come from the distant shore whither she had withdrawn. She took no notice of me nor of the fellow-disciple who had entered with me, and I do not know whether she was aware of our presence. She went and sat in the window-seat, reading a book she had brought with her.

We two went out on to the narrow beach and looked over the ocean. As far as we could see on every side there was nothing but that dark, sullen water, which was all the more amazing in that, as far as we had seen, the Hall of Learning stands in the midst of a vast plain.

We became very familiar afterwards with that narrow beach and the dark river, and the explanation of it that we gathered, as time went on, was this: The Hall of Learning and other places to which we were taken, are on the ethereal plane, but the souls of those who have left their bodies do not dwell on the ethereal



plane. There is a more remote region to which they belong, where we are not able to follow them. But they can come to the ethereal plane to meet us, as we can go there to meet them. And that dark ocean, which we cannot cross, lies between the ethereal plane and the plane beyond, to which we cannot pass while we have still a physical body.

On the second occasion when we entered the Chapel the fellow-disciple asked me, "Do you see anything in the Chapel?"

"Yes," I said, "there is an altar in this corner behind the door, and above the altar there is a white crucifix."

"That is what I have seen," she said.

Then we saw that the room was full of people, sitting round the table. At the head sat the Master whose disciples we are. On each side were some whose faces we knew, and some strangers. We took our places on each side of the table; next to me was the one whom I have called the Seer. The President sat on the window seat, reading always in her book. Before each of us on the table, there was a tall, stemmed cup out of which we were to drink some bitter draught of sacrifice. What that sacrifice was we knew and understood in our higher consciousness, but we were unable to bring it down to the physical plane. And it was with a great shrinking and reluctance that we compelled ourselves to drink that bitter draught.

After that, for some considerable time we went every day to the Chapel of Power and sat round the table and were taught by the Master. Sometimes the Old Master came there and taught, the Master of the School of Love.

And the President sat always in the window and read in her book. Till one day we were told that we had to read that book, and bring it through on to the physical plane. We knew that in the years before she laid aside her body, the President had often talked of a certain Scroll which she was commissioned to bring down on to the physical plane. She had tried to do so while she was still alive, but she had never been able to do so. She had seen the Scroll, but she had never been able to read it. The time had now come when it was to be written on the physical plane, and so great was the effort required to get it through that it took the determined concentration of seven people to accomplish it.

The seven met every day in the Chapel of Power, for the writing of that Scroll; the Master, the Seer, the President, a man whom we did not know who came always dressed in a barrister's gown, who at that time was alive, but has since died; the fellow-disciple and I, who had to write down the words as we read them

on the Scroll; and the seventh, a certain monk whose face we never saw, but only the back of his tonsured head, as he knelt always, with bowed head, before the altar.

To these seven was given the task of bringing through the mystic teaching of the Scroll, from the ethereal plane to the physical. The whole seven were always present at all the séances where we took down the words of the Scroll, but there were only four who took an active part in the work, so far as we were able to see and to understand. Either the Seer or the barrister held the Scroll before our eyes, while we, the fellow-disciple and I, read in turn what was written therein. What was the special work of the other three, beyond the influence of their presence, we did not understand, and it was never explained to us.

The difficulty we found in reading the words written in the Scroll was incredible, we could never read more than a few words at a time, one reading, and the other writing down what was read, standing there in the Chapel of Power. And part of the difficulty was this, that we wrote of things we knew nothing of, and did not understand.

But in the end the book was written and was given to the world under the title, "The Scroll of the Disembodied Man." This is the true history of its writing.

It was after the writing of the Scroll that I first became aware that over the altar in the Chapel of Power, there was a staircase that went away up out of sight, and on it there were sometimes figures moving. One of the first I saw there was an old lady, a relative of mine who had been dead for some years. She came down into the Chapel, and she seemed much distressed, but she was unable to communicate with us, and after a time she went away again, up the staircase. From that time she came continually, till she became an obsession. Then one day we asked the Master what was the reason of her coming, and he told us that she came to try and find out from us what she had to do, but she was unable to make herself understood by us. "Ask her," he said, "has she been through her ordeal?"

When she came again, I asked her, as he had directed. She stood staring at me for a moment and then turned and went up the stair in great haste. She had apparently found what she wanted, for she never came afterwards to the Chapel, nor did we ever meet her in any of the places that were shown to us in the later times.

On a certain day I was bidden to go up that staircase. It rose straight up to a great height, and at the top there was

nothing. I seemed to be standing out into space. I turned round and looked behind me ; far down I saw a dark and gloomy sea, under a heavy and lowering sky ; in the sea, half in the water and half out of it, there floated a round, black mass. I have never seen it since, but I shall never forget the impression it made upon me, of gloom and desolation. And I knew that it was the earth on which the human races dwell who elect to be reincarnated on this plane.

I had sat many times at the table in the Chapel of Power, listening to the teachings of the Masters, before I became aware that at the side between the altar and the low door out on to the beach, there was a dark opening like the mouth of a tunnel, from which half a dozen steps went down to what looked like a canal. At one side of the steps there was a statue of Buddha, in black marble, always dripping with the water of the canal ; the steps, which were also of black marble, glistened with the same moisture. Standing on the steps one could see only a long black tunnel, with now and then shadowy boats passing down it. Where they were going or from whence they came has not yet been explained to me. But once, at a time when I was going through a rather serious illness, I went down the steps into the canal. The water was icy cold, without any current, and as I swam down it, I could see that there was a faint light at a great distance, which I took to be the end of the tunnel. But I never reached it. After a time I lost count of my surroundings and then I was back again on the steps and in the Chapel of Power. Whether that chill way leads to some mystic initiation, or whether it is one of the ways of what we call death, I have not yet learnt.

The latest discovery I have made in that mysterious Chapel of Power, is the discovery of the door which opens into the Chapel of Fire : the fire of great physical pain and suffering. This Chapel has the appearance of a small, empty stone cell, and the whole of one side is a flaming furnace. Before that furnace the disciple receives the initiation of pain, which is one of the great mysteries.

Besides the door opening out of the Chapel of Power this Chapel has another door into the Hall of Learning, which is the one most commonly used by disciples. I was witness to a strange incident in connection with this Chapel of Fire. I was one day in the Hall with the fellow-disciple when we saw a figure come up the Hall, whom we both recognized as an old friend of mine whom I had lost sight of for some years, a woman whom I had not known for a disciple. She came past us without appearing to see us, and went in at the door of the Chapel of Fire.

"What can Mrs. A. be doing in the Chapel of Fire?" I asked, greatly surprised.

"You know that it is the Chapel of Physical Pain," the fellow-disciple reminded me.

On three different occasions we saw her passing up the Hall, hastily, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going straight to the Chapel of Fire.

Some months after the fellow-disciple met an acquaintance of Mrs. A. and she mentioned, casually, that Mrs. A. had been through a very serious illness, and had undergone a severe operation. I wrote then to Mrs. A., and in her answer to my letter she said: "I had no idea that any poor mortal body could go through such pain." She had always been a woman of extraordinary courage and strength of character, but whether in her physical consciousness she was aware of the Chapel of Fire and her passage through the Hall of Learning, I never had an opportunity of asking her. I mention this incident as a strong corroboration of the fact that those things which we have seen on the ethereal plane were not effects of our own imagination, as some have thought, but had as real an existence as any happenings on the physical plane.

I have gone minutely and at some length into the details of these places which I have seen on the ethereal plane, so that they may be recognized by those disciples who have also travelled in that little known country, and that our experiences may serve them as corroboration of the truth of what they themselves have seen.

# THE PASSING OF A WORLD

BY GERALD ARUNDEL

CAN any object be destroyed? As physical science clearly demonstrates the indestructibility of matter and the changeless continuity of change, we cannot believe that anything will ever pass away within the limits of Time. So far as sentiment and material life is concerned, even the most infinitesimal atom cannot cease to be. All the forces of all the universes combined cannot annihilate a single molecule in Time. They can compel it to pass through numberless conditions, and undergo changes beyond imagination's utmost reach; but they cannot murder it. Within the boundaries of Time, real destruction is an impossibility. When we use the word, we mean simply sudden change, a change in far-reaching conditions—the change of a solid into a gas, of a gas into a liquid, of one phase of mind to another.

But is not matter merely an illusion—a trick of thought, if we may so express ourselves? If it is nothing, why speak of it as something, and something that is indestructible. To say that it does not exist, and then to add that it undergoes changes but cannot be destroyed, would be to state a highly absurd contradiction in terms. How can we combine an idealism more ethereal than that of Berkeley with the mercilessly positive logic of Locke, some of the most abstract doctrines of Kant with the theories of Condillac and the teachings of modern biologists? How can we make Metaphysics and Materialism shake hands? How can we accept at once the eozoön and the psychic elemental, blind force and individual volition?

Let us explain our position as clearly and as concisely as possible. The matter that we know is something, so far as sentient life is concerned; but it is nothing, so far as mind alone is concerned; and this proposition is not affected by the old statement that we never see matter apart from force or force apart from matter. The solid, liquid and aeriform in their various combinations and conditions are mere phenomena or appearances. Beneath or behind each phenomenon or appearance is the noumenon or Thing-in-Itself. This Thing-in-Itself may be called an Idea, since there is no other word to express it.

Thus the Idea is the central Fact, and the universe becomes a collection of ever-shifting symbols, symbols which would cease to be, were it not for the persistence of conscious Being. So long as Mind is, it will necessarily create, and, to manifest itself, will necessarily cause and make use of symbols. The Thing-in-Itself, being an inseparable part of Time, continues with Time; the phenomenon, being an inevitable expression of the Thing-in-Itself, is but a condition. In everyday life, however, we cannot help looking upon the phenomenon as an independent article, and thus looking upon it, we say that it is indestructible.

Outside of Matter and Time, the subject assumes a different aspect; for very probably there are phases of Mind that do not involve the Thing-in-Itself with its various manifestations. Unspeakables, in which both noumenon and phenomenon cease, but in which higher and unimaginable symbols appear. Such suggestions, however, are beyond the reach of language—they defy the powers of even the most accomplished dialectician. Taking all this into consideration, we must say that, in the ordinary sense, matter is indestructible, for it is an essential part of existence; in another sense, matter being only a condition, the question of indestructibility loses all its meaning.

What, then, is the passing of a world? If the uncompromising evolutionist is right, the eozoön and the foraminifera were the only ancestors of all our animal and vegetable life, and the ancestor of the eozoön and the foraminifera was a nebula of gaseous matter mingled with meteorites wandering vaguely in vague space. Everything we know, and we ourselves, have come from that gaseous matter and those meteorites. All the elements of nature, all forms of life, all the results of human effort, tangible and intangible, the works, the thoughts and feelings of all the poets and philosophers, of all the writers, inventors, discoverers, architects, painters, musicians—vast London and brilliant Paris and gorgeous Cordova—the sandy wastes of Sahara—the massive buildings of New York—the extensive forests—the cloud-scorning mountains—the storm-vexed oceans—all earth, all humanity and all that humanity has ever done, were once nothing more than yonder mass of gaseous matter. In that strange unconscious thing lies the protoplasm in its primitive form. There you have the nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, the sulphur, lime, silicon and phosphorus which are the basis of earth-life. Hence, the killing of a man becomes nothing more than the crushing of a microscopical spermatozoon mixed with a little ova; and, if any person had the power to destroy

the earth as it is now, and should make use of that power, he would be simply destroying a nebula of gaseous matter with some aerolites in a highly developed stage. This must be the unavoidable conclusion of the uncompromising evolutionist.

But the true thinker knows that the uncompromising evolutionist would be wrong; for he sees and feels that there is something more. Perfectly aware that he cannot be sensibly cognizant of the principle at work in that nebulous matter, and of the principles at work behind that principle, he comes to the reasonable conclusion that all the truths of physical science are relative, and that physical facts themselves are relative; nay, he may believe that even psychical truths and facts are relative when regarded from a super-transcendental point of view. That nebulous matter, then, is merely a form, a condition—a symbol, and all the present varieties of life are forms, conditions—symbols. If the symbol is indestructible, that which it expresses must certainly be indestructible likewise; but if the thing symbolized continues for ever, it does not necessarily follow that the symbol also continues for ever. Earth can be resolved into its primitive elements; it can be converted into vapour; it can be burnt to ashes; but would this destruction involve the cessation of mind? To make something out of nothing is considered an impossible task; but is it not equally impossible to make nothing out of something—to cause existence to cease to exist? To unmake a single fact would necessitate the unmaking of millions.

There are various ways in which, as it seems, our earth can come to an end as a planet. We will mention one or two of them. The continuous decay of vegetation generates ammonia. As many scientists have said, there is more ammonia in the atmosphere now than there was ten thousand years ago, and considerably more than there was a million years ago. Fresh supplies are added year after year, so that in a future day there will be an exceedingly great quantity of it. Now ammonia has a combustive property. If the atmosphere should get laden with it, a universal conflagration would be inevitable. The outbreak of a volcano, or a flash of lightning, would be sufficient to cause the circumambient air to ignite—all space would become a mass of raging flame which would boil the rivers and seas, converting them into hot vapours, which would devour all living creatures, all forms of vegetable life, would bake the earth and perhaps burn it to cinders.

Destruction by a comet appears even more frightful. The

shock would probably smash the earth to meteorites, scattering the rude fragments in all directions—a thrice-beautiful, an awful, a sublime spectacle to any possible onlooker—a vast, an unrivalled display of wild fireworks in space compared with which the burning of a Moscow might appear like the tiny blaze of a match. The earth could be converted into smoke within a second; it could be hurled out of its course and made to come into dreadful collision with another planet; or, thrown dangerously near the sun, it would be drawn by the wonderful solar attraction into the fiery bosom of that bright monarch of the universe. We should not feel the heat, however, for the first shock would have destroyed every breathing creature in an instant.

The horror of such a catastrophe appears unspeakably great—something from which the startled imagination recoils and staggers. And yet, after due reflection, we must admit that the prospect is sublime rather than horrible. Anticipation of an intolerable pain is worse than the pain itself. A human being is capable of pain up to a certain degree only, as also of pleasure up to a correspondingly high degree, and no more. Nay, one person is capable of more suffering and more enjoyment than another; and it is altogether a fallacious notion that there is as much agony when a fly is crushed “as when a giant dies.” Now often, after long and dismal anticipation of a tragic event, we have found at the last that the anticipation outran the reality! This is caused, not only by the quickness and resourcefulness of mind, but also by the circumstance that we cannot bear more than a certain measure of pain and affliction. The day may come when a sort of psychometer will have been invented, which will register the degree of pain and the degree of joy that any individual person may have in each important crisis and each blissful moment throughout his life. Then, too, it must be remembered that as every extreme causes its opposite, as a white heat gives a sensation of cold, as frost can burn like fire, as laughter can end in tears and tears in laughter, as wisdom sometimes subsides into folly and the jester will utter the sayings of a sage, so excess of pain may end in a sort of thrilling pleasure, and this may account for the sudden ecstasies of martyrs under torture. Moreover, even if the pain and panic inseparable from earth-destruction be inexpressibly great, it could bear a very favourable comparison with the slow tortures of cancer in the abdomen, the poignant pangs of an abscess near the brain, the hopeless anguish of a breaking heart. The passing of Earth, then, would not cause



so much human pain as is generally believed. It would probably be nothing more than the sudden awakening from an outgrown condition of being. "When they awoke in the morning, they found themselves dead men"; but as they were capable of seeing that their past selves were dead, they were then more truly alive, and must soon have been able to make the distinction between their neglected fleshly garments and their identical selves. It was indeed an awakening.

A far more saddening prospect than that of earth-destruction is that of the gradual extinction of mankind or of all animal life while the planet is still in its heyday. Disturbing influences in elemental nature, causing changes in every climate and consequent changes in vegetable life, might, by weakening the generative cells, lead to the barrenness of the ova and the impotence of the spermatozoa. This, of course, would be fatal to new births, and the existing generation of mankind would obviously be the last. What a strange, deep, inexpressible feeling of dejection would take possession of the rapidly dwindling human race! No prospect of a grand posterity—no wonderful forecasts born of hope and aspiration and the passion for progress! Nothing but the sad, silent end of the drama of Man, now in the last scene of the last act—blank despondency, broken at intervals by the wild, half-stifled cry, "Behind the veil—behind the veil!" Better the sudden dissolution of Earth than this dreary lingering decay of an impotent humanity! Better far the pure and cloudless blue than that the planet should be a meaningless cipher—a blot on the fair page of the Infinite!

Is it likely that the earth will come to an end very soon? Neither the astronomer nor the geologist furnishes us with sufficient data from which to judge satisfactorily. The astronomer cannot assure us that no new comet will suddenly appear in our system at any particular time and approach the orbit of Earth, he cannot assure us that the whole cosmos will not have to face very perilous situations in the course of its progress; he cannot even explain the meaning of motion; nor has he ever suspected that there may be counter-motions in the systems of systems to nullify the motions of each revolving sphere. The geologist, again, cannot possibly forecast the results of the present rock-system; he cannot say what the next system will resemble; what destructive forces are at work underneath the Archæan system, and what other forces are silently engaged in counter-acting their effects. He has not yet succeeded in explaining the possibilities of radium, in this connexion; nor can he tell us

whether there are other substances in earth the properties of which are more far-reaching than radium-heat.

To be able to make any reasonable conjecture or sound suggestion, we must look at the subject from the mental or moral point of view. If we regard the earth as an expression of the Unknown, and consider its various stages of development, from the first rude forms of life on the bed of the primeval ocean to the rise and progress of paleolithic man, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that our planet is in its youth, perhaps even in its infancy, that it has not yet fulfilled the purposes and accomplished the designs within and behind it. When we compare the age of the earth, as geology gives it, to the completion of sixty minutes by the finger of a clock, dividing each period into so many minutes and seconds, what do we find? The first two stages, apparently the most unproductive—the Archæan and the Laurentian—have lasted about half an hour; the others, from the Cambrian to the end of the Pleistocene, which is part of the Quaternary, have lasted about twenty-nine minutes and a half; and human existence has lasted, up to now, only about thirty seconds. The sixty minutes are complete, and man has not yet had a single minute for himself. It seems clear enough, then, that if there be any purpose, any design connected with Earth and Time, man has yet to continue tens of thousands of years before he reaches his goal as a planetary being. What changes will take place within and around him before the day of his full maturity as a biped and a reasoning entity, we need not now inquire. It is our conviction that there have been many changes in the race within eight thousand years, that faculties and instincts once active have become dormant; that others, hardly noticeable up to the present, are being slowly but surely developed. We are also deeply convinced that the Future belongs to Mind and Soul, that every fresh marvel disclosed by physical science will be out-marvelled by a fresh revelation in psychics.

But the observation may be made that it is a mistake to speak of the present geological period as the most fruitful, to speak of the Archæan, Laurentian, Cambrian and other systems as less wonderful, less startling, than the system that has seen the birth and development of man. It may be urged that though the Devonian Age, seen by the physical eye, would indeed have been the age of sea-scorpions, diplocanthi and other strange fishes, we do not know, we cannot say, what marvels lay beneath those manifestations of life. It may be urged that we do not know what the algæ signified to the comprehension of some higher, non-sentient

being, and that there might have been uses and meanings in the megatherium which the scientist does not remotely suspect. Furthermore, it may be observed that the inherent superiority of man does not necessarily indicate a very lengthy duration. Ten thousand or fifteen thousand years may be the exact length of time sufficient for his full development, and the transition to a higher stage of existence may necessitate the destruction of the planet and the re-combination of its component elements. Be this as it may, the true philosopher looks forward to ever higher stages of progress, and, confident in the unceasing triumphs of Mind, shrinks not even from the contemplation of world-destruction.

When the passing of Earth shall have taken place, what will be the subsequent destiny of its inhabitants? Will a new planet arise out of the wreck of the old, and a new race of dominant creatures appear in the course of time? If a planet die, shall it live again? Like enough, the various fragments, whether altogether gaseous or partly in a state of solidity, will serve as expressions and symbols of new phases of Being—new forms of consciousness, new individualities; and it may be that after due progression, a new planet will be born, and will pass through better systems of growth, systems corresponding in some way to those of the former existence—the Archæan, Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous and Quaternary. Like enough, there will be once again the ancient conflict between Good and Evil, perhaps on a higher scale, and in creatures more beautifully developed, whose lives will show greater intelligence, greater intents and purposes. It may be supposed, on the other hand, that the new planet will have to endure all the experiences of the old one, in accordance with the laws of the Eternal Harmony unexpressed and inexpressible in terms of human speech.

The true spiritualistic philosopher can contemplate the passing of this planet without any feeling of dread or fearful apprehension. Deeply conscious of his own indestructibility, and the impotence of matter to annihilate mind, knowing that he is superior even to the Thing-in-Itself, stronger than a comet, more durable than a sun, more significant than the signs of the zodiac, he sees in the physical shipwreck of a world a change of garments for eternal Mind,—the consummation of an old order of things,—the twilight preceding the dawn of a new Day. Friend and student of unnamable Verities, he may say, reversing the famous saying of Luther, "Destiny itself cannot doom me to

death." He continually has fresh and glorious vistas before his mind's eye—unexplored regions of marvels—and so he grows younger instead of older from year to year. In one sense, everything is old ; in another sense, everything is young ; but in the highest sense, nothing is either young or old, but everything is ; and Past, Present and Future are but different aspects of the same essential Substance and Fact.

## SABINE

SABINE, you are a Serpent-Queen  
 Whose passion smites my soul with sound.  
 I visualize the Dark Unseen ;  
 I penetrate the Deep Profound.

You fill my soul with orange light ;  
 The crimson lilies in your hair  
 Burn thro' the sable gloom of night  
 Until the very gods despair.

Your beauty burns me like a flame,  
 Your body is music and rich wine ;  
 Your soul is like your serpent-name,  
 Your words are sleepy snakes that twine

Around the roses of my youth  
 That perfume all the star-sown night,  
 Singing the Song of Love and Truth,  
 Drunk on the Ecstasy of Light.

MEREDITH STARR.

# PREMONITIONS

BY H. A. DALLAS

AMONG those who are convinced of the genuineness of psychic phenomena, and even of the reality of communication from the other life, there are many who still hesitate to admit the possibility of premonitions.

Without impugning the correctness of the reports of these experiences, they consider that they may be explained without having recourse to an hypothesis which seems to them open to grave objections. These objections are of an ethical and philosophic character, and they are certainly weighty. If it can be proved that all future events can be foreseen and predicted in detail, a fatalist view of history and of human destiny seems inevitable. Such a belief involves consequences of a most serious nature, for it threatens to paralyse initiative and to weaken the sense of moral responsibility. A notable man, who has widespread influence, once said, in the hearing of the present writer, that although he felt logically compelled to accept pre-determinism as *true*, he dared not teach it, since the outcome would be injurious to human character. The fact that a thoughtful man, a moralist, and a religious teacher, could express this opinion, should give one pause. Is it in harmony with nature that any fundamental fact of the universe should be so paralysing and so great a hindrance to progress? Are we driven to believe that man must conceal truth in order to further the highest development of the race? Can a doctrine which involves such an anachronism be true?

If everything that happens, including all human thoughts and activities, are part of a pre-ordained plan, inevitably fixed in all its minutest details, human responsibility is a mere illusion and morality a fiction. There can be no moral character without choice; if we are only automata we deserve neither praise nor blame. In that case much of life's experience seems to be altogether devoid of purpose and significance. Many things become intelligible if we may regard the evolution of character as an object of real worth; then struggle and pain, doubt and effort and failure are all capable of justification, as "toil co-operant to an end." The human intelligence cannot, ought not, to

readily forego the only clue which we seem to have to the meaning of this suffering world. Moreover the human mind is constituted with an innate belief in purpose, and although men often take short-sighted views of the universe when seeking to discover the purpose of events, the search itself accords with the demands of reason. Reason demands that everything should have an adequate cause and an adequate result. It is of no avail to argue that this demand cannot prove its right to be made; it is as instinctive as the recognition that two and two ought to make four. It may be disappointed and baffled many times, but it will crop out again and again. The man of science is a searcher for causes, and is forever discovering results; and great is the delight when some flash of insight shows him the *wherefore* of any special phenomena in nature. An interesting chapter in Alfred Russel Wallace's autobiography describes how the theory of the origin of species and its results as "a self-acting process" which "would necessarily improve the race" flashed upon him with satisfying conviction. The satisfaction was just one more instance of this innate instinctive desire to find adequate causes and adequate results.

It is because the acceptance of pre-determinism *seems* to disappoint and to contradict these aspirations that the idea is so repugnant to reason. Those who share this feeling will be interested to know what are the conclusions which have been reached by an expert psychical researcher, Signor Ernest Bozzano, who has devoted special attention to this problem, having collected and analysed numerous well attested cases of premonitions. Articles recording his studies and their results appeared in *Annales Psychiques*, and these have been issued within the last few months as a separate volume under the title *Phénomènes Pré-monitoires*.\*

Those who already know the writings of this clear-sighted author will be prepared to find that he treats his subject with admirable fairness and lucidity. Case after case is passed in review and classified, and the hypotheses by which it might be explained are fully discussed. The writer does not allow himself to be tempted by the natural desire for simplification into forcing all facts under one interpretation. He believes, he cannot help believing, that premonitions are facts; but he is also convinced that they do not all originate in one and the same manner. He

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admits frankly that some of the theories with which he started his study have been to some extent abandoned before the close ; it is in the last chapter that he gives us his final conclusions, so far as any conclusion can be considered final in the mind of a student of this type, one who is for ever learning and ready to readjust his ideas to include results gained by fresh research.

A theory frequently suggested as a possible solution of the mystery of pre-cognition, namely, that there is no past or future, but that all events co-exist, Signor Bozzano does not consider to be a solution at all ; he dismisses this suggestion as " philosophically inconceivable, psychologically absurd and practically unsupported by facts," and he endorses the view of another writer, Signor Vincenzo Cavalli, that it involves the " annihilation of all movement." In so far as it does this it obviously runs counter to the tendency of modern philosophic thought as presented in the teaching of Professor Bergson. The sentence with which he concludes his work *Matière et Mémoire* embodies essentially the idea of movement in the universe. He says : " Ainsi, qu'on l'envisage dans le temps ou dans l'espace, la liberté paraît toujours pousser dans la nécessité des racines profondes et s'organiser intimement avec elle. L'esprit emprunte à la matière les perceptions d'où il tire sa nourriture, et les lui rend sous forme de mouvement où il a imprimé sa liberté " (p. 279).

The theory that there is no progressive movement in evolution presents us with determinism in its most pronounced form. Signor Bozzano is not a determinist in this absolute sense. His studies have indeed convinced him that the general lines of the events of life are prearranged, but not with such rigidity as would invalidate the possibility of human initiation and choice.

After carefully comparing the premonitory phenomena analysed in his book, he expresses his conviction that they afford reasons for believing " that events in the histories of peoples and individuals are subject to cosmic laws in which necessity and liberty are harmoniously associated together, and that this is for a purpose which, although inscrutable, yet permits us to catch glimpses which indicate that the trend is upwards from Necessity towards Liberty." He sums up his conclusion thus : " *Neither free-will nor absolute determinism* are the prerogatives of the spirit during its incarnate existence, but *conditioned Liberty.*"

Before expressing this final conclusion Signor Bozzano faces the other alternative and points out that if it were incontro-

vertibly proved that as far as this life is concerned we are all under a law of absolute pre-determinism, such a conclusion would point inevitably to a pre-ordaining Intelligence. He quotes the classical formula : *Si divinatio est, Dii sunt* (If there is divination, the gods exist), and he adds that so marvellous a scheme presupposing so marvellous an Intelligence behind it must be a scheme with a purpose. "So purposeful a plan in universal life, a plan of such grandeur in its inflexible rigour, must have a final end and aim, which can only be fulfilled in the spiritual ascension of individuals; it follows that the fatalist law controlling humanity (if this alternative must be accepted) must have a *raison d'être*, and be of advantage to the race in the present phase of incarnation. And this conclusion would not prevent our believing that the spiritual ascension of humanity must be from Necessity towards Liberty." So that even in this contingency Signor Bozzano finds the study he has made as reassuring.

But he hastens to add that in his opinion there are indications that this fatalist view is not the complete solution of the problem; that it should be modified by recognizing that within strict limits man has liberty of choice and consequently responsibility for his actions.

It is reassuring to know that this conclusion has been reached by one who has made so extensive a study of cases of premonition, but probably the problem is itself beyond our power to solve, and we shall never during this mortal state be able to logically harmonize Pre-determinism and Free-will, because the factors which we require in order to even state the problem correctly are as far outside our range of mental reach as is the parallax of the distant fixed stars. Without finding this parallax the relative distances of these stars cannot be measured, and, figuratively speaking, we are not in a position to find the parallax of this problem; it is beyond us. What then ought we to do? If we decide that, logically, absolute pre-determinism seems to be forced upon us, and commit ourselves to this hypothesis, we must ignore and disregard the reasonable and innate conviction, *based on experience*, that in certain matters *we are responsible* for our decisions, that we can and do exercise choice; thus we sacrifice one kind of experience in order to accept another, that is to say, we sacrifice the conclusions which reason draws from experiences of liberty to adopt the conclusions which reason draws from experiences of premonitions. This is not just or wise; it is surely better to hold on to both kinds of experience



and to await further light upon them, believing, as Signor Bozzano believes, that they are capable of being harmonized and that we are actually living under the control of a vast scheme in which both liberty (within limits) and pre-determinism (within limits) are operative, not contradicting each other, but together educating the human spirit and fulfilling the purposes of an Over-ruling Mind and Will.

We will now turn from the general problem to consider some curious experiences and the interpretation which Signor Bozzano suggests may reasonably be applied to them. In certain cases it seems as if the predictions were made and fulfilled by the same agency. A simple case in point is quoted from Dr. J. Maxwell's interesting book *Phénomènes Psychiques*.

A young girl was annoyed by an importunate lover, who, finding himself repulsed, vowed that he would revenge himself. The communicating intelligence wrote: "Do not let this girl go out all day. I will free you from this dangerous man soon by suggesting to his mind the desire for a journey from which he will not return." Two or three days later the girl heard that this man had gone to Algeria. If the writing had merely predicted the departure of the man, this case would be classified as an unexplained premonition, but in this case the unseen communicator who predicted plainly indicated that the fulfilment was brought about by his own suggestion. This interpretation may doubtless be applicable to many occurrences which seem mysterious, and Signor Bozzano considers that we should find in it the clue to many of the apparently trivial premonitions which find fulfilment. He quotes a remarkable case from *Proceedings* (vol. xx, p. 331), where Mrs. Verrall records a strange premonition of this trivial kind.

On December 11, 1901, she received the following in automatic writing: "Nothing too mean, the trivial helps, gives confidence. Hence this. Frost and a candle in the dim light—Marmontel—he was reading on a sofa or in bed—there was only a candle's light. She will surely remember this. The book was lent, not his own—he talked about it." After this appeared a fanciful attempt at the name Sidgwick. No meaning was conveyed to Mrs. Verrall by the above script.

On December 17 Mrs. Verrall felt disturbed by a wish to write, and taking a pencil the following came: "I wanted to write. Marmontel is right. It was a French book, a Memoir I think. Passy may help, Souvenirs de Passy or Fleury Marmontel

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was not on the cover—the book was bound and was lent—two volumes in old-fashioned binding and print. It is not in any paper—it is an attempt to make some one remember—an incident.”

Mrs. Verrall had no conscious knowledge of having heard of Marmontel before this; but on December 25 she saw an advertisement of Marmontel's *Moral Tales*. On March 1 she received a visit from a friend, Mr. Marsh, and asked him if he knew Marmontel's *Moral Tales*. He replied that he knew the *Memoir*, and then proceeded to tell her (after she had explained the reason for her curiosity) that he had taken the first volume of this book (borrowed from a library) to Paris and read it on February 20 and 21 by the light of a candle, whilst he himself lay on two chairs. The weather was cold, though not frosty. Marmontel's name *was* on the cover of the book. On February 21 he had been reading in the *Memoir* a passage describing the finding at *Passy* of a panel, etc., connected with a story in which *Fleury* plays a prominent part. Thus the script occurring two months before these incidents mentioned them in detail and with almost complete accuracy. Mrs. Verrall points out that the name of the reader was omitted, she adds that this would have been the most conclusive evidence; but would it? Had that been given, Mrs. Verrall might have written at once to Mr. Marsh to inquire whether he could understand the script and the plan would have been spoiled. The omission seems of itself to indicate a careful plan and an intelligent agent behind it.

This is the view taken by Sir Oliver Lodge, who recognizes that the incident bears the character of a preconcerted plan involving a prediction of events, which prediction was deliberately fulfilled by suggestions made by some unseen intelligence. With this view Signor Bozzano entirely agrees.

It is easy to see that if this sort of experiment is being engineered by spirits, many occurrences which seem to support a fatalist hypothesis will have to be reconsidered; they may only show that our actions are largely influenced by unseen agents who suggest ideas to our minds and induce us to accept them. If the question is asked, With what object might they wish to try an experiment of this nature in connection with trivial incidents of the above kind? Signor Bozzano suggests that they might do so in order to arrest our attention and to impress us with the sense of their active association with our lives. These trivial incidents do, as a matter of fact, arrest attention. But they may have another object also. It is quite likely that those

who have passed over have to experiment as well as we; our psychical research experiments deal with quite trivial matters, attempts to transfer thought are made with cards and other insignificant things, and it is probable that they too are trying to exercise the power of thought transference towards us and they may find little insignificant things offer them opportunities for exercising this and for practising us in receptivity. This may account for many of the perplexing experiences of sensitives whose psychic susceptibilities are beginning to develop. We teach a child to write by making him form pot-hooks and round O's before we expect him to write words and sentences; and it may be that, in communicating impressions, those on the other side have to practise by simple experiments, and have to train the recipient to receive in a similar manner.

A failure is sometimes as instructive as a success. The following incident, describing an attempted premonition which failed, illustrates the above point. It was reported by Dr. Ermacora. He says: "I will first record a failure which proves that the mediumistic personalities also work by suggestion on the subject to bring about the fulfilment of the premonition. The personality B predicted a slight incident based upon a mistake which Mme Marie would make when preparing her linen. However, on the day preceding that on which the prediction was to have been realized, the personality B announced that the prediction could not be fulfilled, saying that she had not succeeded in influencing Marie to make the mistake" (quoted in *Phénomènes Prémonitoires* from *Rivista di Studi Psicici*, 1896, p. 330).

Apart from the light which these incidents throw on the problem of predictions, they suggest a very serious consideration, not, indeed, new but never sufficiently appreciated, namely, the openness of the human mind to influences from other minds. If our actions are liable to be instigated by seed-thoughts which are intentionally sown in our minds, they are also liable to be influenced by thoughts which float undirected in our mental environment. Hence the great importance of keeping the judgment on the alert, of challenging and sifting the thoughts that knock for admittance, the need also to take care that the thoughts that emanate from us consciously and unconsciously are healthy, and such as we should not be unwilling to encounter again in the words and actions of our associates.

## 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.*]

### THE NEW RACE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—There are certain passages in the letter from Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner, F.T.S., in your last issue, which call for some reply. The doctrine of the "worthlessness" of marriage for highly developed human entities is a very dangerous one, and capable of much perversion. We may grant that celibacy is important at certain stages of evolution, and that people have lived on earth—like the Master Jesus—so highly evolved that the experiences of marriage could teach them nothing; but to suggest that there are many people *now living* who have reached this point is a very different matter. Personally, I should say that even those whose personalities respond (as Mr. Turner puts it) to the "human consciousness," are very much further off Mastership than seven incarnations, and that there are, in any case, very few among them to whom marriage could not teach deep and valuable lessons. More important still, these really "human" people are needed—needed just now, perhaps, more desperately than ever before—to provide suitable bodies for the hosts of incoming egos who are to form that New Race for which we are anxiously looking. In this crucial period of the world's history it is indeed a deplorable thing if the more highly evolved among us are going to take up the attitude of considering love and marriage "worthless to them, illusory, and perhaps revolting" (to quote Mr. Turner's own words). These people, who have made it their aim to practise "plain living and high thinking," who are pure in body and mind, are the natural parents of the New Race. They, and only they, can provide the necessary conditions, mental and physical, for its appearance on earth. Are they going to fail in this great task? Will they not rather show the world that the sex question, like all other vital questions, can be raised to the stars or lowered to the dust, according to the mental attitude of those who deal with it? and that the creation of a bodily habitation for an immortal soul is verily a symbol and a reflection of the creative energy of Him Who made the worlds? Of the sexual impulse a well-known writer has said that it is "the ultimate basis of the very highest, as well as of the very lowest, phases in human action and human feeling. . . . It is capable of rising higher and falling lower

than any other impulse we know. It gives wings or shackles ; oftenest a little of both." Who are likely to soar with the wings and throw off the shackles more easily than those who have risen above the " animal " and the " child " stages of consciousness? If they refuse the honour that is rightly theirs, the shackles will grow heavy indeed, and it will be long before the egos of the New Race are able to come to birth upon this sad and pain-racked earth that needs them so sorely.

Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER F. T. S.

### THE PLANET URANUS: A NEW VIEW OF ITS ASTROLOGICAL MEANING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The fundamental significance of Uranus may be said to represent *Instability*. This clue when applied goes far to show the cause of the many strange effects found to be connected with the influence of Uranus, and demonstrates that these are but incidental manifestations of the one cause—instability. It figures as a " malefic " because instability in affairs and relationships is far more liable to be unpropitious than advantageous, and this explains why its adverse aspects to the " luminaries " and to Venus are so unfortunate for matrimony. It is due to instability that it seems a planet (as said of it) of extremes and opposites, " ups and downs," may be manifesting as genius or as eccentricity (and so forth). Greatness and madness have been said to be closely allied, and that because both are the outcome of an unstable condition of brain. Growth must imply instability, but instability may imply disintegration and destruction. Uranus has been called " the planet of changes and of reform," which things are but the outcome of instability. " Research " has been suggested as a definition of Uranus ; but that again is only the result of instability of brain applied to investigation. The same may be said of occultism (so much associated with Uranus), which is research extended to the finer forces of Nature (a line of argument which may be worked out indefinitely). Therefore it is suggested that much that has hitherto been held to be inherent in the nature of Uranus finds an explanation in the many effects of the one cause in manifestation. The writer holds Neptune to be the planet of striving, and Uranus of instability: two forces that play a considerable part in the underlying causes of evolution.

Yours faithfully,

E. FOUNTAINE.

### SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I noticed the other day a reference in the OCCULT REVIEW to the ancient superstition about the Sortes Virgilianæ. As I am a great believer in the truth of anything that has been, as it

were, consecrated by solemn tradition and ancient usage, I decided to consult my *Virgil* about a fortnight ago with reference to the war. With all due ceremony, there being other witnesses or participators in the ritual present, I opened the book at line 136 of book ix.

"Sunt et mea contra

Fata mihi, ferro sceleratam excindere gentem,"

which might be translated, leaving out the contra which has merely a contextual significance, "And it is my destiny to extirpate a race that has defiled itself with the sword." I do not think that if I had read carefully through the entire *Æneid* I could have found a more apt passage.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

WALTER DUNLOP.

### THE WHEATCROFT CASE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In the OCCULT REVIEW for October, page 203, is a reference to the Wheatcroft case. The case is given at length in *Phantasms of the Living*, p. 420. It is a very remarkable case, for the following reasons :—

By No. 9,579 of a War Office certificate, dated January 30, 1858, Captain G. Wheatcroft was certified to have died on November 15, 1857. In two different despatches of Sir Colin Campbell the same time of the death was given. More than a year afterwards the date was changed by the War Office to the 14th. These certificates can, doubtless, be examined at the War Office.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

WICK COURT, near BRISTOL.

### THE HALL OF LEARNING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Having read Dr. Helen Bouchier's article entitled the "Hall of Learning," published in the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW, I take the liberty of sending you a remarkable personal experience of a dream which appears to be of a corroborative nature.

I found myself on a vast plain, absolutely alone, perfectly happy and contented. The perfect peace and beauty of the scene was indescribable, and I seemed to be the sole inhabiter of the universe. It was neither broad daylight nor night, but over all the land there was a soft evening glow. After wandering about for some time I came upon a very large building, in appearance like a temple. The doors stood open, and without hesitation I entered and discovered it to be full of people, people from every nation. In the body of the

building there were neither chairs nor pews, and the floor was highly polished, but of what substance I did not notice. I stood and gazed in wonderment. Presently a man, a stranger to me, came forward and informed me that they were all awaiting the Judgment. The people were all very calm and quiet; numbers of them were lying in rows on the floor, wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, just their faces exposed. The sight of all these people calmly waiting greatly distressed me for some unaccountable reason, so I turned and left the building with a great sense of relief to be free to follow my own course, but of what that course was I have no notion. Once more alone on the plain (having left the building behind) was I impressed with the marvellous peace and beauty of the scene. Suddenly, far out on the horizon, I observed a wonderful light, and a glorious ray travelled over hill and dale in a direct line straight to my feet. I at once knew that that beautiful golden path of light would lead me straight to the Divine Power. Immediately, I commenced to traverse this Path, but, to my great disappointment, I had not gone many yards when I suddenly awakened up.

Have I visited the ethereal plane and was the building the Hall of Learning? Decidedly much can be learnt from a correct interpretation of such a dream.

I am, yours truly,

ISOBEL GREEN.

BOURNEMOUTH.

### PSYCHIC HELP IN SHOOTING.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—The general explanation of Mr. Walter Winans' experience is as follows:—

All people who are interested, more or less keenly, in a sport or pastime—or anything else for that matter—create a thought form or elemental which loiters near the implements used in the particular sport or pastime, and is in "attendance" when the same are used in practice. If one participates, in, say shooting intelligently for some time, this elemental grows to a fairly substantial entity, and is ever pressing or "interfering" so as to get its creator the fulfilment of the latter's desire. Further, it is possessed of almost exactly the same intelligence that its creator puts into his execution of the shooting, and when an important match or competition is on, the person's keenness or enthusiasm often vitalizes the elemental into remarkably intelligent activity. Now the very keen wish to make bull's-eyes belongs mainly to the astral or desire body of the human personality, and the elemental being composed of astral matter, and seeing the likelihood of the physical rifle-barrel being unsteady, simply seizes its (the rifle's) astral counterpart and steadies the physical barrel or sight on the bull's eye. People do not often enter keenly enough into such things, or they have no particularly definite burst of enthusiasm to create very

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active or intelligent elementals. I may add that I know a man who, when he takes part in an important shooting match, does not even look at the target, and yet scores so well as to win medals!

The above subject is an extremely interesting line to investigate. The awful slowness of the average Britisher to come to anything in the way of a decision in business is in the main solely due to the indefinite and "underfed" desire elementals which are by him, while as many as nine active and definite entities "wait" on an American or German business man at times.

In closing I would add that if you think about some highly philosophical or metaphysical subject, with complete non-attachment, you can create an elemental entirely out of mental matter. I remember thinking for about five days in order to come to some successful conclusion as to the relation between the Absolute and the Logos, and I viewed the thought-elemental in various forms of completeness. Such an entity would not help you to accomplish, but would only represent a record of your own thought—not desire.

Yours faithfully,  
T.

[This explanation is surely rather far-fetched. Cannot the intuition be capable of working without the aid of elementals?—ED.]



## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE is a sound of many trumpets in *The Hibbert Journal*, which has issued a memorable number on the all-engrossing subject of the time that is now with us. War and the duty of war, war and its peculiar ethics, the evil side, its iniquity and diabolism, certain deeper issues on the side of justification, the reason why of the present Armageddon, the prospect seen at the end from far away, and then last of all—as lying at the end of all—the intellectualism, the philosophy, the inverted Hegelianism, the Fuebachs, the Karl Marxes, the “faith in brute force,” with a counterblast to one tendency of the moment in a sort of apology for Nietzsche, by a study of the elements of “love and pity” in his works. It is Field-Marshal Earl Roberts who speaks to citizens of our kingdom on their “supreme duty” in the crisis: this is summed up by a sentence when he says that “all alike must place everything at the service of the State.” The Bishop of Carlisle considers war in itself and the ethics comprised therein. He reminds one of Saint-Martin the mystic praying that “the star of peace and justice” might rise over his country and his life: that was at the war of revolution, with France in the furnace. The Anglican prelate sees, or thinks that he sees, in the present “tremendous war,” though rooted in “insatiable ambition and ruthless envy,” a “burning light which will pierce the conscience of humanity as it has never been pierced before.” But more and much more than this, he calls it “rich in the promise of a brighter world in which peace shall reign among men of good will”; it is “the herald of a new rising of the Star of Bethlehem,” the “final ringing out of the Herods and a fresh ringing in of the Christ.” There is fascination in the prophetic picture, but men of goodwill in the midst of “a raving world” have not found their peace so far in outward things, and whether their small number will be increased by this or by any war remains to be seen. Professor Jacks writes with full grasp of his subject on “Mechanism, Diabolism and the War,” the title intimating his standpoint. As to ourselves, he says that behind all “there is the consciousness of a nation which has kept its word.” He also is on the side of optimism, looking for a change which will herald the star of peace and justice, though he does not speak of its rising. The future lies with us; the war forced

upon us " may be converted into a great moral opportunity," like any other evil in the world. But the condition is that of Lord Roberts—if the " faith required of us " is " attested by an immediate and absolute self-sacrifice to the State." Sir Henry Jones voices the universal conviction that " this war has been forced upon us as a Duty," though in his case he distinguishes between duty and rightness. Our position was one of tragical option between two great evils, and we have had our part in bringing this alternative into being, for " it has taken all the nations of Europe in the past to make the war inevitable, just as it will take them all in the future to make it impossible." He looks to " the restoration of the authority of the moral powers " to bring peace, being the only possible peacemakers. . . . One is perhaps more in sympathy with Professor Gilbert Murray, speaking of " the nightmare doctrines of Bismarck and Nietzsche and Bernhardt," than with Mr. W. M. Salter in his qualified apology for the author of " Thus spake Zarathustra." Though he has done his work ably, it brings no conviction with it, except towards the personal care of the apologist. The " nightmare doctrines " gleam more redly against the light streaks of that something in Nietzsche which is here called " love " and that other something called " pity." Presumably, we think in our hearts that they are unholy counterfeits.

*The Quest* is for once an antithesis of its co-heir in things of the mind and " the goal of thought " ; for at the end of all its articles there are a few words only on the great crisis. These are on the part of the Editor, who writes of " A World in Travail." Mr. Mead also thinks that " the present is an opportunity such as never has been for men," because " a new order of things has come to birth." The whole world has for the first time become a conscious rather than a vegetative organism. Unlike any other war, this one has instantly affected all nations. There is a crisis within as well as without, and the writer looks later on for a guarantee of international security by " governments that place the welfare of humanity above their selfish national interests." In other respects, *The Quest* continues the tenor of its illuminating way, as if there were neither wars nor their rumours. Professor Emile Boutroux says suggestive things concerning the subliminal self in the course of a summary of the subject on its historical side. For M. Boutroux, " the subliminal self is the theatre of communication between man and God," and it is therefore that almost unexplored part of our nature which has been in the past, and may become again in the future, a field of mystical

experience. It is from this point of view that historical mysticism calls for re-study apart from doctrinal considerations, whether in the East or West, and apart from the question whether doctrine on either side has helped or hindered the experience. There are naturally some points on which it is difficult to follow the writer, and one questions whether he has always expressed his meaning. The definition of God as an intuition is perhaps the worst that has been offered, if indeed it was written intentionally that "the intuition of the identity of understanding and act, of being and perfection, is what is called God." Again, speaking of science, M. Boutroux says that it is an imperfect summary of observation and "it cannot guarantee that we shall never establish anything that does not come within its limits." But obviously such "anything" will come, if once established, within those ever extending limits. . . . We know that according to the Zohar every man at death beholds the face of Shekinah, and the analogy hereto in Christian theology is that glimpse of the Blessed Vision which comes to every soul on its passage hence, to the "lost" even as the "saved." Dr. Abelson shows the Rabbinical and Talmudic origin of the Zoharic notion and concludes by affirming that many of the Rabbis were mystics, though probably unaware of the fact. As much might be said of most Christian mystics, for the word is of late introduction in Latin theosophy. From the days of pseudo-Dionysius they knew of that infused grace of experience which is called mystical theology and was, according to the Areopagite, a thing secret—to be kept secretly. . . . We note with satisfaction that Dr. Evans continues in this issue his valuable translations of Eckehart—which were begun some time since in Mr. J. M. Watkins' "Porch" series of pamphlets. We possess now in English the German mystic's views on the Blessed Vision; and if he tells us little of the state in which it is reached we can glean significant intimations as to certain doctrinal positions that caused the charge of pantheism to be preferred against Eckehart. It is not, however, possible to dwell upon the subject in this place.

*The New Age* extends the particulars which have reached us from other sources concerning a Masonic movement, which it characterizes justly as a great work, in Iowa, U.S.A. This is the inauguration of a "Study side of Masonry," in comparison with which the efforts of the London *Quatuor Coronati* Lodge—during a number of past years—are but partial and tentative. Indeed in this case several of the proposed objects have not been carried into effect. Under the auspices of its Grand Master, the Grand

Lodge of Iowa is establishing a Lecture Bureau, Clubs for Study, Classes for Masonic Jurisprudence, and what is called Travelling Libraries, meaning a process of circulation. There are valuable Masonic libraries in Great Britain, but a student in London must journey to Edinburgh if he would consult archives in the Grand Lodge of that City, and a Scottish Mason must make the same pilgrimage to take advantage of London resources, either at Grand Lodge or at the *Quatuor Coronati* Library. The American proposal is therefore a great advance. An important monthly magazine as official organ of the movement will be established in January, 1915, and is expected to reach at least 50,000 readers.

The records of the past in prophecy and the forecasts based on astrology are about us on every side. Such things are on their trial, and, whether or not the prevision of the ages stands with them in the court of inquiry, there is a certain duty devolving on those who believe in the powers of the soul that they should keep the subject in sight, so that values may be determined hereafter. *Modern Astrology* has issued a number devoted entirely to the war and things arising therefrom. As regards the German Emperor, "he will ruin his country financially . . . , will close the royal dynasty for Germany and will be the direct cause of a revolution that will bring a republican government to the seat of power." Then as to the Emperor Francis Joseph, "when his cup is full we shall know that the royal dynasty of Austria-Hungary is ended. Austria also will set up a republican government if it is fortunate enough to escape the rulership of another power."

The editor is also moved to ask himself two pertinent questions which will bear quoting here: (1) "Are the kings and rulers over nations representative men embodying the moral status of their nations? If so, we know the moral status to which certain civilized countries have arrived." (2) "Is there no Divine machinery behind the national scenes, working to restore the world's moral balance? If not, then might is right indeed, and there is no Divine Power Who worketh all things for good." After dealing with the subject of national astrology and the horoscopes of the rulers of the respective nations involved in the present crisis, Mr. Leo passes on to a consideration of the Mundane Maps for 1914, and deals successively with ten interesting questions affecting the interests of England and the metropolis. The whole number makes interesting reading, and should appeal on this occasion not only to astrological students, but to those even whose knowledge of the subject is of the vaguest.

Another little monthly paper, edited by Mr. de Kerlor, makes its appearance in troublous times, but comes with the message of peace, and bears the name of OM, compounded of the initial letters of the *Occult Messenger*. It is issued at the nominal price of 2d., and contains some interesting astrological articles on Lord Kitchener and the German Kaiser, the conclusions of Astrology being emphasized in a remarkable way by the Graphological readings of their respective characters as indicated by their signatures, which are reproduced and analysed for the benefit of readers. The November number, we may add, is to contain the horoscopes of General French and Admiral Jellicoe.

Whilst on the subject of prophecies, which seems to be now very much "in the air," we may be permitted to draw attention to an ingenious work by Mr. F. L. Rawson, M.I.E.E., A.M.I.C.E., entitled *How the War will End*, in which the present crisis is identified with the Armageddon of Revelation, and the Biblical prophecies in regard to the "final war" are skilfully worked out. Germany is identified with "Assyria," and it is suggested that the Austrians are the "Egyptians." Various texts are selected as indicating the probable course of events. This method of interpretation is necessarily a very debatable one; but many will be found with intuition sufficiently developed to concur in Mr. Rawson's opinion that the war is the result of the final attempt of the powers of Darkness to stop the coming wave of spirituality which is about to flood the world with light. Students of scriptural methods of divination will find in the booklet a great deal of interest. It is published by the Crystal Press, 90 Regent Street, London, W., at a shilling net.

Our contemporary *Light* not only maintains its interest, but has increased it in several respects by many prudent observations, in editorial notes and in leading articles, on the great crisis, how it may be best understood and how met individually by men and women of spiritual aspiration and experience. It has been much concerned also in old forecasts and prophecies, the number of which seems legion. Outside such matters, we have read with appreciation a recent article on "Time and Space," characterized as "the twin enigmas of mortal life."

## REVIEWS

**MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS.** By William Hope Hodgson. London: Eveleigh Nash. Pp. 303. Price 6s.

THE "creeps" may not be the highest tribute that can be paid to art, but the art which produces them may justly lay claim to a publisher's respect, for it is predestined to popularity. Mr. Hope Hodgson, in his latest collection of tales, provides several specimens of creepy fiction, of which the most thoughtfully horrible is illustrative of the theory that "the Life-Force is both as fiercely urgent and as indiscriminate as Fire—the Destructor." Another story dealing with the transformation of two human beings into the likeness of fungi is admirably abominable, thanks to something better than the originality which imagines new diseases.

What I have said may incline some readers to shrug their shoulders; but I am happy to assert that the book contains one story, masterly both in construction and grace of fancy, which is worth any number of nauseating freaks of sensationalism. The story is called "The Sea Horses," and is about a diver and a little boy, who possessed a toy steed on which he rode from faith to anguished scepticism before he became a happy submarine ghost. Mr. Hodgson is an impressive describer of picturesque phenomena; witness his narrative of a voyage through a cyclone.

W. H. C.

**HOW TO CREATE JOY; AND THE LEGEND OF THE RADIANT MONK.**

By Jules Fiaux. (Translated from the French.) 5 in. × 7½ in., pp. 64. London: The Power Book Co., 58 & 59 Bank Chambers, 329 High Holborn, W.C. Price (paper cover) 1s. net.

THERE are some people, writes the author of this delightful little book, who "dream of an eternal winter." But he is not one of them, and he would have us transmute, by the alchemy of mirth, the whole year of our life into a spiritual spring. There is a proverb which tells us that "the loud laugh shows the vacant mind"; but, like most proverbs, it expresses but half the truth. Sadness is the sign neither of wisdom nor virtue. Sadness, like cold, contracts the mind, whilst joy causes it to open out and become active. Joy and work are twins, born of activity and health. Only the wise know how, and only the virtuous can afford, to laugh the laugh of joy, and not the superficial snigger of hypocrisy.

Let us no longer distress ourselves over that which is past, for either it is irremediable and regrets are futile, or else it can be remedied, in which case let us be up and doing. In any case it is action that is called for, action that is both virtue and joy, not tears of futility. Do rightly and laugh with the joy of it. That is Jules Fiaux's ethic. I trust the book may have a wide circulation, and succeed in its wholly beneficent mission.

H. S. REDGROVE.

**AFTER DEATH.** New and enlarged edition of "Letters from Julia." Pp. 164. London: "Review of Reviews" Office, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

OF the re-published matter in this volume it is not necessary to say much, except that the now famous "Letters" lose none of their interest on a second reading, and remain a striking testimony to the survival of human personality. But the book's value is greatly increased by the new matter added to it. The preface (written by Mr. Stead in 1909) is an extremely characteristic and convincing piece of writing. Few will deny that his experiences were such as to carry weight even with the most sceptical; while the fifteen new letters from "Julia" supplement and explain the earlier ones to a quite remarkable degree. As Miss Stead says in her Foreword, "they open up new lines of thought and show how in some matters Julia has changed her views as she has gained more knowledge of the life across the Border." Between the first and second series of letters there seems to have been a gap of about eleven years, and it is particularly interesting to note that the theory of reincarnation, which receives only a brief and passing mention in the first, is fully dealt with in the second series. Julia's views on this subject should not be missed by any of those who see in reincarnation the only explanation of the difficulties and inequalities of earthly life. Indeed, the book is one which should stand side by side with the *Letters of a Living-Dead Man* on the shelves of all who seek to know the truth concerning the other side of so-called "death."

E. M. M.

**MAN: THE PROBLEM OF THE AGES.** A Theo-Philosophic Treatise. By "Homo." 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. xv + 113. London: Francis Griffiths, 34 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

ONE is not disappointed with little anonymous books of a quasi-philosophical nature, because one expects nothing from them. The present volume, however, is better than most of its class. The author writes well, and though he is rather overfond of quoting, his quotations are always apt. Indeed, there are one or two sections, e.g., that on "God in Nature," that are sufficiently good to make me wish that they were longer. The author is a spiritual pantheist, who regards God as a transcendent personality as well as immanent in man, the latter aspect receiving greater emphasis. As such I can follow him a long way, but not the whole way. For in the last analysis he seems to teach a doctrine more difficult of apprehension than the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity—not merely three persons in one God, but I know not how many billion persons in one God. What he fails to grasp is that distinction is essential to self-consciousness: I am self-conscious just because I am aware of the distinction between the self and the not-self. But distinction is not necessarily separation. Effect and cause (I use the latter word in the sense of source, though it is persistently confused with occasion) are perfectly distinct, though they are certainly connected by the closest bond, and may exist simultaneously in time and space (e.g., matter and ether). The organon of thought which really reconciles immanence and transcendence, needed by "Homo," is Swedenborg's doctrine of continuous and discrete degrees.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE DIM DIVINE. By E. Richardson. London : A. C. Fifield.  
Price 1s.

DESPITE its mystical title, this little book of verse is easily reviewed and takes its place amid countless other minor efforts. Like all these, it has its decided virtues and vices, but lacks the passion and appeal to lift it from the ranges of the commonplace. Occasionally, as in "The Elusive," we come across an ugly line like :

All that dimly passes by the dulled ear.

"Dulled" is a very ungainly adjective indeed.

But the poet has his more beautiful and occult moods and moments. If pieces like "The Quest" fail, the title-poem, "The Heavenly Staircase," "To the Unknown God," and "The Eyes of the Soul," have their spell. In "Invocation," particularly, is a touch of glamour :

What have I done that the things that watch dwell not in my garden ?  
What have I left undone that has lured not, or driven them away ?  
Surely apart from the world where peace here dwells and contentment,  
Surely in this green spot they should linger and love to dwell !

This is a question most of us ask, and yet receive no answer to the  
Eternal Why.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

OUR FUTURE LIFE : WHAT WILL IT BE ? By a Bible Student.  
London : Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price  
6d. net.

AM I IMMORTAL ? A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY. By Lt.-Col. F.  
Roberts, late Royal Artillery. London : Elliot Stock, 7  
Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3d.

THE anonymous author of *Our Future Life* writes from the theological, not from the psychical standpoint, but so far from endorsing the orthodox conception of an eternal hell he maintains as ardently as any enlightened spiritualist that a doctrine so horrible is absolutely contrary to the nature of God as manifested in Christ. Love, not fear, is the alchemy by which unregenerate humanity may be transmuted into the likeness of its divine Saviour. The punishment of sinners "will last as long as the present age in which we are now living, either here or in the Unseen World that lies so close to us beyond. But at any moment salvation may come with the same lightning rapidity that it came to the penitent thief." Readers who find the narrow limits of strict orthodoxy unsatisfactory, yet who shrink from plunging into the ocean of Psychical Research, will derive much comfort from this extremely interesting little book, which is evidently the work of a thinker. Not so reassuring is the pamphlet *Am I Immortal ? A Question for Everybody*, by Lt.-Col. F. Roberts, who, after a long array of arguments in support of his views, concludes that "Christianity . . . alone proclaims the fact that life—eternal vitality—is obtained through a saving faith in the atoning death and resurrection of the God-man. It alone teaches that man's condition by nature is *not* one of unending life as ordinarily assumed, but one of impending death and corruption—the destruction of both soul (*psuche*, life) and body—the result of sin. . . ." Yet what of the promise, "I will draw *all* men to Me" ?

EDITH K. HARPER.



CHRIST AND THE POWERS OF DARKNESS. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. London : Heath, Cranton & Ouseley. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MR. RAUPERT is known as an opponent of the "spiritistic theory" that the souls of deceased human beings manifest themselves at séances and through *La Planchette*, etc. He believes that impersonations by malignant non-human spirits deceive people, with results disastrous to the infatuated and weak-willed. Possession by a devil is to him a sombre possibility and exorcism a potent expeller of evil intruders.

In so far as this book is a deterrent to a rash wooing of discarnate and non-carnate intelligences it is valuable; but I am of opinion that Mr. Raupert allows the evil facts of spiritism to block his reader's view of its cheering and love-inducing phenomena. He writes, of course, from a Roman Catholic standpoint, and is therefore thoroughly opposed to the perusal by the laity of his Church of "anything manifestly hostile to" its faith. His book, however, is interesting; it is not too narrow to contain lurid and bizarre anecdotes.

W. H. C.

VAMPIRES AND VAMPIRISM. By Dudley Wright. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

HAD Mr. Dudley Wright set out with the intention of Dickens's Fat Boy—"I wants ter make your flesh creep!"—he could hardly have compiled a more gruesomely interesting collection of horrors than the contents of his book on "Vampires and Vampirism," just published by Messrs. William Rider & Son, Ltd. "There has not been any collection of vampire stories published which are common to all the five continents of the globe," the author says, and this volume is an attempt to supply as far as possible "all the instances which could be collected from the various countries." It is true enough that the subject is regarded more seriously now than it was ten years ago; for thoughtful persons are recognizing that there may be a certain substratum of scientific truth underlying even the most extravagant legends. The anthropologist, Tylor, quoted by Mr. Wright, refers the origin of the vampire superstition to savage animism, "causes conceived in spiritual form to account for specific facts of wasting disease," much, for instance, as the forces of nature, frost and snow, heat, fire and wind, were conceived of by primitive man as the giants of Jotunheim. *Webster* defines a vampire as "a bloodsucking ghost or reanimated body of a dead person believed to come from the grave and wander about by night sucking the blood of persons asleep, causing their death." Is it possible that this uncanny belief, formerly so deep-rooted and widespread among the races of Eastern Europe, may account for the fear and repugnance of the ignorant towards communication with the other world? The earliest references to vampirism were found on the tablets of Chaldea and Assyria. The superstition existed also in Arabia and Babylonia, in Greece and Rome, in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Russia, Serbia and Bulgaria. Traces have even been found in the British Islands. Sometimes the supposed evil spirit was "exorcised" either "by opening the grave of the suspected person and driving a stake through the corpse, or firing a pistol shot into the coffin." Sudden death was attributed

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by the Wallachians to attack by a vampire. Can this be the remote origin of the petition in our Litany against sudden death?

There is also the living vampire, quite distinct from the dead species, concerning which the author quotes a thrilling circumstantial story exactly as related to him by a well-known medical practitioner in the West End of London. He also gives many examples showing how the vampire legend has been used in literature.

The teachings of Theosophists and Continental spiritists may, Mr. Wright suggests, offer a key to the problem. He relates, apropos, a "romantic case of the projection of the double," which, however, does not seem to come within the scope of vampirism, but rather to confirm the theory that intense magnetic attraction between two persons may have power to draw the one to the other, a theme Browning has elaborated in his poem "Mesmerism." The author has certainly given his readers much food for reflection in his very able exposition of the eerie subject of Vampires.

EDITH K. HARPER.

LESSONS IN TRUTH. A Course of Twelve Lessons in Practical Christianity. By H. Emilie Cady. London: The Power Book Co., 58 and 59 Bank Chambers, 329 High Holborn, W.C. Price 2s. 6d.

If the teachings inculcated in this book were practised by every one, the world would become a paradise. Deep down in the soul dwells the invisible presence of man's real self, the unchanging in change, the Unknown God at whose altar he worships and to whom he kneels. Those who learn to think along the lines laid down in these lessons will, in time, become conscious of this indwelling divinity, and from henceforth their lives will be—

"One grand sweet song."

MEREDITH STARR.

THE LADY OF THE SHROUD. By Bram Stoker. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

It is little short of marvellous how Mr. Bram Stoker has retained his power to thrill and interest us when we consider how many novels of pure romance and adventure he has written. This story of the Adriatic is no exception to the rule. It starts in England with the reading of a will in a lawyer's office, where we are introduced to the hero and his relative, Ernest Melton, as detestable and complete a bounder as one might or might not wish to meet, and continues in the Land of the Blue Mountains, blue skies, black-eyed maids and brave men, where the story immediately grips and holds us spellbound through many perils and adventures till the end is reached. We must confess we were very glad to get away from that odious young prig, the future Head of the House, and more than delighted at his discomfiture when he turns up again in later chapters.

The "Lady" in her grave clothes was as charming as her personality is bewildering. At one time we were so sure she was a vampire, and it was with immense relief we discovered her to be human flesh and blood. Her nobility, self-sacrifice and patriotism form part of the plot and mystery of the book, therefore, must not be recounted here. But it is well worth reading *The Lady of the Shroud*, and the book contains plenty of fire and action and not one single dull chapter throughout.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.