

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

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## SELF

BY ST. GEORGE LANE FOX-PITT

NO single word in any language has been more fruitful as a source of error than the word *self*. This arises not merely from the ambiguity of its meaning, but from the fact that the ideas associated with the word are most difficult of comprehension, going as they do to the root of the mysteries of individual life. Let us set out a few of its numerous meanings: The most ordinary and familiar is of course that of the physical body; but it is also used to connote individual feelings, tastes—likes and dislikes, points of view, aims and motives, sometimes even it expresses the results of an individual's actions and works; and lastly it signifies *character*, which may be taken to include, as it were, a combination of all the former meanings. It is often used as a mark of opprobrium, as, for example, in the words selfish, self-indulgent, self-interest, self-opinionated, self-willed, self-love, self-aggrandisement and self-consciousness. While in other connections it is used as an embodiment of all our noblest qualities, and is then spoken of as our true or spiritual self. Or when speaking altruistically, it is appreciated in the name of personal rights and property.

Now what are the essential ideas underlying these various meanings? There will be found expressed in the above phrases three leading ideas associated with the great mysteries of life and

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growth ; two of these ideas are mutually opposed, viz., the idea of motive power and the idea of limitation ; and thirdly, there is the idea of temporary relativity ; or in other words the idea of self is a finite conception of differentiated life bounded and conditioned by circumstances. When, however, the idea of self is dominated by egotism—that grasping disposition of the human mind—it tends to become associated in thought with conceptions which are in reality quite foreign to it. Thus the qualities of *fixity*, of *permanence*, and of *independence* become engrafted upon it, and the word becomes involved in multiform confusions. One of the chief aims of all philosophers, or of religion in the higher sense, is the unravelling of such confusions. Philosophy teaches primarily that Truth alone is absolute ; that all phenomena are necessarily relative ; that the quality of permanence belongs only to the region of law.

In Christian ethics, and indeed in all religions, we have the conception of the higher self through which the multitudinous, and for the most part conflicting selves, composing the ordinary individual, are synthetically merged into an awakening consciousness of the universal *oneness* of life : a spiritual process which is of course the true meaning of the “Atonement” (at-one-ment). Similarly the phrases “losing one’s life to find it,” and the “change of heart” from excessive attention to the desires and pleasures of the moment to those of wider and more permanent import, are indicative of the same process.

According to Buddhism the false idea of self is the origin of evil. The first of the “Four Noble Truths” announces that individual life, being an inharmonious aggregation of transitory and seemingly separate states, is necessarily painful. This is not, however, as so often erroneously stated, a pessimistic view, for the cause of pain is represented as removable. This cause of pain is *Tanha*, the egoistic craving to preserve the separateness of life for its own sake and gratification, the craving which dominates each transitory self with a sense of its own infinite importance and moves it to try and monopolise the amenities of life by encroaching upon other selves ; blinding the mind to the fact that in the ultimate reality the microcosm of the individual is one with the macrocosm of the Universe ; in other words, hiding the fact that all things great and small are interdependent and governed in their relations by immutable and eternal laws. As *Tanha* grows upon an individual the more his suffering increases and the more detestable and *small* he appears. This proposition

is illustrated by considering how the quality of *greatness* in a man implies and is proportional to the quality of *sharing* with large numbers some common interest or purpose—the mutual recognition of the identity of view held and expressed. So as this community of interest and point of view approaches more nearly to the heart of all being, the quality of greatness in men acquires a wider and more enduring nature. Thus the “true self” grows great proportionally as it loses the essential characteristics of self in the ordinary sense of the word. The following verses from the *Dhammapada* give forcible expression to the dominion of the higher self :

By Self exhort thyself,  
Examine Self by Self:  
Self-guarded and collected,  
Thou shalt, O Bhikkhu, live happily.

For Self is the lord of Self,  
Oneself is his own destiny :  
Curb thyself therefore,  
As a merchant a good steed.

The conclusion I would point to is this : that the higher self, although by nature more consistent and enduring than any of the lower selves, should not be regarded as an independent and unchangeable entity—a concrete soul distinct and isolated for all eternity ; but that it is a synthetic spiritual growth, the fruit of the experiences of individual life. It is an awakening of the seat of consciousness in a mystic vehicle approaching the centre of all truth, call it God, Brahma, Atma, or Allah. All life may be regarded as an expression of the eternal will ; and as the higher self develops and strengthens this expression becomes more complete and harmonious. Now all religions and philosophies seem to agree in this—that the growth of the higher self is a long and difficult process and that it is painful, as all birth is painful. Moreover, what is ordinarily looked to as the reward of effort is not to be gained in the process, for the simple reason that the various desires and cravings of the lower selves have no abiding attraction to the higher self. As the higher self grows in strength and beauty the energy of the universal life is no longer frittered into various conflicting currents, but is concentrated upon a great and harmonious purpose. This is easy enough to write out ; yet all human history testifies to the terrible struggle involved in the process. Ignorance and habit

hold their sway and will continue to do so for many a long day.

What then is this *process*? I believe there is no more consistent and complete an exposition of it than that to be found in the ancient Buddhist scriptures. It is called the "Middle Way," or the "Noble Eightfold Path." We are familiar with that habit of mind which, when satiated with pleasure-seeking, and realising the folly and futility of allowing the attractions of sense to dominate our thoughts, aims, speech and conduct to the exclusion of Reason and Charity, jumps at the false conclusion that the body with all its functions is radically evil and that all virtue consists in their mortification. This mental attitude is usually followed by a reaction in which the opposite extreme holds sway and we are convinced that the desires of sense are our "natural" and proper guides. The "Middle Way" is the avoidance of these two extremes as equally futile and unworthy. It is called "eightfold" because it has eight parallel and mutually interacting aspects, covering the whole range of moral culture and intellectual growth. It has been said of this path that its gate is Purity and its goal is Love, and it assuredly deserves its title of *Noble*. The strenuous pursuit of the path leads to "Arahatship," the state of mental emancipation, higher wisdom and peace; or, to use the Christian parallel, it is the state of "Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

# THE ONLY WISDOM

By LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

Like the sea beast the huge Leviathan  
Truth often swims at bottom of the world  
While dolphins play above his grained back  
So men o'er figure truth. . . .

SPENCER WELLS.

THE world is of the Seen and the Unseen, and of its record this occult journal is the key.

When Darwin and Wallace in 1858 formed the greatest cosmogony that has ever existed since the world began—the doctrine of evolution—Wallace added to that the philosophy of spiritualism. This *rationale* is wont to enthrall us, for we are in its period. But the question is how to steer safely through rocks and reefs, for no power is, or none is to be, of such adamant as the psychic force. Professor Huxley said science was “like Cinderella,” but simple as Cinderella psychic force is not. Science is like *Até*—it makes one step on, one step back, and as long as this is so the world falls back to where we have put it. The knock, knock, seems to have no appearance of strength.

“The great work of modern physical science lies with positive electricity,” says a great practical scientist. “Matter has been reduced to electricity.” If matter has been reduced to electricity the question is where the line of demarcation lies between the phenomena which are produced through what we may call human electricity or “psychic” force, and the all-pervading electricity which constitutes the Universe. Every manifestation where human electricity is in operation points to the conclusion that psychical and physical phenomena are interchangeable terms.

According to the new physics this universe is all ether and ether knots. Professor Lodge has described the atom as a solar system, “wherein electrons take the place of planetary bodies, and the relatively vast interspace provides a field for their mutual attractions and repulsions.” These new physics are con-

sistent with the logic of Spinoza, "the theory of modes of matter as the expression of God."\*

We hold that whatever exists, be it so-called spiritual or so-called material, is governed by those laws of God which we call the laws of nature, and can in no logical sense be called supernatural. That spirit is the reality, and matter but the expression of that reality, has been a favourite doctrine with all the metaphysicians worthy of the name, from the Hindoo philosophers through Spinoza down to modern transcendentalists; and it is significant that the scientists of our day are driven most reluctantly to accept the great fact enunciated by Kant, that whatever may be the nature of the external universe, it is our senses alone which give to it all its apparent realities. But those who go too deep are doomed to a spell of disappointment. Science, in deepening the ether, has deepened, technically, the difficulties of understanding it by calling it invisible. That which science rules "out o'er the wall," the psychic keeps. We may strengthen or intensify our personalities, train our senses of seeing and hearing, till we become like a hawk. Yet we cannot do anything more till we have historically deepened and artistically intensified the episodes called spiritual through study of the ancient Theurgists, their errors and their Wisdom. Isis has been struck at. Therefore, soul and body have lost form, and the fact that Love danced through the ages before the withered eyes of men, ignored by Brahman, by Calvinist, by doctor and divine.

One should come for us who for years has been made invisible. The philosophical spiritualist maintains that Christ, Socrates, Pascal, St. Francis of Assisi, and the wise men of old who avowed themselves to be in direct communion with the world of spirits were not hallucinated. He assumes that the reputation of the perfect idealist, the gentle prophet of Galilee, as a miracle worker, was not imposed upon him by his followers—that from infancy to manhood he was in secret sympathy and touch with angels, troubled by the low, comforted by the high. "Nothing was supernatural to him, for there was in him no nature," said Renan. The mission of Renan was to destroy superstition, and break all mental fetters. But he had not the master key which would open the secret chambers of the subliminal nature of Christ. From the spiritualistic standpoint, "nothing was supernatural" to the "Son of Man," the Mighty Master, Magician, Psychic and Spiritualist, who in his own

\* Spinoza, p. 290.

person manifested the power of God through all and everything, in a way almost unprecedented, and proved that men are substance of the One by whom all things are made ; He himself (in this sense) pre-eminently, though son of man—a Son of God. To His high consciousness there was one Nature human and divine. He forestalled the kingdom of God. His dominion, as we know, was one of royal order. Somewhere it is written that Jesus said of a cedar of Lebanon, "That tree will be king among cedars in Heaven !" And of a little up-torn flower withering by the wayside, "That little flower of lily purity now blooms in Paradise." And of the fig-tree, "When the branch of the fig-tree is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh. . . . Lift your eyes upon the fields, they are white for harvest." Was He credulous ? According to the transcendental philosophy of to-day, His was a credulity which hid more leaves, with the budding time now, the unfolding to come, in the further development of direct spirit communion.

The great struggle between conventionalism and freedom of thought, which is as old as civilisation itself, has in our time assumed what seems to be a new aspect. Among the best thinkers are those who, finding the old theologies wanting, uphold the religion of Rationalism. They regard the fundamental structure of the Christian churches as the most amazing, grotesque and clumsy machinery that has ever moved the universe. Read by the letter, Orthodox Christianity they call a system to which they uphold the Mumbo-Jumbo of the West African as vastly superior, that of the North-American poetical, that of the Buddhist ethical.

No phase of thought can be otherwise than pessimistic if it leaves hold of the primal idea of the spirituality of man's nature, and none, however gross and banal, can be otherwise than optimistic if it retains hold of what is really the keystone of the Universe—Love. The final cause of all the theologies is to satisfy the soul as to the future, but no theological system has succeeded in the object. Buoyant as the Greek temperament is, underlying it is a dread of a world of shadows, and all the Asiatic systems are more or less systems of gloom. With regard to Christianity there can be no doubt, there is no doubt, that a nearer approach to contentment is to be found in the Romish Church than in any other system, on account of the Church's assumption of infallibility, by granting remission of sins, which relieves the soul from a sense of responsibility. But, even in

Romanism, there is far from a feeling of entire contentment, while in Protestantism there is none at all. In the doctrine of universalism, preached and felt by spiritualists, and there alone, entire contentment can be found. It is an All Souls' April, a doctrine of pre-established Eternal progression for the earth-worm, as well as the man. Not only the spiritualist mercifully is revolted by the cruel presumption of men in a cruel age, who contended that animals had no souls and consequently that they had a right to torture their bodies. Unfortunately, in Italy the evil example was given but a few years ago from the Vatican itself, the favourite amusement of Pope Leo XIII. being, with his own hands, to crush the heads of the little birds caught in the nets in the Vatican garden. How sickening a contrast to the gentle preaching and practice of St. Francis of Assisi, and how direct a contradiction to the beautiful message conveyed by the snow-white stag to the unbelieving St. Hubert, which appeared to him with the crucifix between its antlers in the Forests of Aquitaine. The spiritualist, in his revolt against the dogma so absolutely void of loveliness, turns in relief to many beautiful ideas relating to the "wide Heaven" in the hereafter revealed to the unpriest-ridden and certain good pagans.

In the Homeric legend we find the same assurance of Paradise for the animal kingdom as that which modern revelation gives us. "Odysseus marked the great Orion driving the wild beasts over the meads of Asphodel, the very beasts which he himself had slain on the lone hills, with a strong mace all of bronze in his hands, that is ever unbroken." Compare the heathen heaven, the dwelling place of early Dawn, her dancing-grounds and the land of the sun-rising, with the turbulent heaven pictured or imagined by frantic men to suit the exigencies of a religion founded on terror—the fire-cloud, the unsheathed heaven, and the white throne. We see how corrupted our imagination is when we can no longer fix the flawless ideal of the perfected body—the Soul-body, nor the child-idea of the Benign Father smiling behind a cloud, and have forgotten the beautiful symbol, that once there was nothing but human and mental cloud—the veil of our own thoughts, hiding from us the Glorious God—the Halcyon Ray! With this thickening of the imagination no wonder if the mind becomes senile, no wonder that grossness, pessimism, and physical ugliness reign. For the youthfulness of the body depends on the life of the Soul here, and the life of the Soul here depends on the youthfulness of the body. The unintelligible we abhor. Our mental attitude is that of the little



boy who, armed with a big stick, paraded the streets "to kill the Holy Ghost because he could not bear anything so vague."

Especially captivating to the beauty worshipper is the sensuous splendour of the Roman Catholic Ritual which assimilates all the arts—the beautiful symbolism, romantic adoration of the gentle Mother, the belief in the direct protection of guardian spirits and saints. I believe that to the transcendentalist, the lover of true things, the Easter Blessing must for ever remain significant of Eternity. I look back years ago in memory to the Eternal City, Easter Sunday seen from the balconies of the Vatican. Through a curtain of silence and incense enclosing earth and heaven, I see the venerable Pontiff surrounded by his cardinals and court, heralded by the blast of silver trumpets and heavenly voices of the choir. He appears on the pontifical balcony, carried in his canopied "Sedia Gestatoria," under fanons of peacock's plumes, shimmering in the sun; I feel again the mystic moment when the troops, infantry, artillery, cavalry, lining the space from Basilica to Obelisk, present arms, the infantry with the thousands of all nations and faiths falling on bended knees while the outstretched hand and quavering tones of an old man's voice is blessing the world: "Benedictio Dei omnipotentis." But clouds of odorous praise may obscure heaven, a mantle of pomp and pageantry may cover only sapless bones, and the Spiritualist stand alone in his might to bless the world. For he is a great reformer, he revolutionises rationally.

A clergyman, writing the other day voluminously on burdened ideas, *regretted* that I had discomposed them!—by advancing Spiritualism. But, in fact, it is in this transcendental philosophy that we find the reconciliation of all fundamental truths extant in the various religious doctrines. Founded on tangible experiments of theory, at a time when tangible demonstrations of theory are alone accepted, we find in it a natural theology reconstructed on a philosophic basis, a theology which is also a progressive science—a better cosmogony, instinct with the breath of life, without odour of corruption. It is the death-blow to ghoulish superstitions which savour of the charnel house—the nightmare of a "crack of doom," resurrected bones, and of such pessimistic ideas as were painted in the strong formula of our eerie Scottish minstrelsy, typical of a time of darkness. The grave yawned, and Fair Margaret's grimly ghost uprose to declare, "The hungry worm my sister is." And the "injured ghost" of the forsaken mad girl bewailed:

The worm, the worm is my bonny bridegroom,  
 Jenny-with-many-feet my bridal maid,  
 The mill-dam water was the wine at my wedding,  
 The cauld cauld clay, the clod my bridal bedding,  
 A lang night is meet for a bridal (they say),  
 But langer the night that ne'er sees the day.

To the risen corpse of Clerk Saunders in the powerful ballad, his Margaret sobs :

Is there ony room at your head, Saunders ?  
 Is there ony room at your feet ?  
 Is there ony room at your side, Saunders ?  
 For fain there I wad sleep !

There's nae room at my head, Margaret ;  
 There's nae room at my feet.  
 My bed it is full lowly now ;  
 Amang hungry worms I sleep. . . .

The Theosophist claims that in theosophy is found a system of enlightenment superior to spiritualism. The Spiritualist thinks that the Theosophist leads you by the string, up and down, round and round, as Mephistopheles led Faust to nowhere. That trait of superiority, what is it from ? On the part of the Theosophists primarily, I believe, a protest against the gush of a certain sect of fanatics calling themselves Spiritualists—but the gush of the fanatical on the part of pseudo-Theosophists has equally retarded intellectual sympathy in the greatest movement of our time. We claim that in the disclosures we receive, allowing for insignificant discrepancies in detail—there is a uniform harmony. A practical, straightforward and intelligible directness, giving us a determined, defined and consistent interpretation of the universe. Consider the involved doctrine of soul progression according to the tenets of theosophy. Progression only possible by a series of experiences renewed through an earthly body ! Consider the nucleus of this hideous reincarnation theory. That God has created only a limited number of souls who can only work out their perfection in the various experiences of humanity. Against this theory is the undeniable fact that the human race steadily increases. Whence come these new souls ? Is the creation of an unlimited number of souls moving on through the vistas of infinity more inconceivable than Eternity ? According to the doctrine of reincarnation, a soul may have as many of his former selves in the Astral spheres as a man may have changes of raiment ! Such teaching

is spoken of by Buddha as "a walking in a jungle of delusion." The Brahmanical idea of transmigration, and the Buddhist idea of transmigration and the Buddhist idea of rebirth have, no doubt, been confused in the past ages, and the essential doctrines of neither the one nor the other clearly distinguished. The Spiritualist claims that the doctrine of reincarnation can be disproved—that it is disproved. Errors in every system of thought have crept into the minds of men and grown like any other cankerous mind-growth to be dispersed through the evolution of succeeding generations, and too many words and confusion of words on both sides—Theosophist and Spiritualist—have no doubt sufficed to keep many points worlds apart, which are mutually explanatory.

Practical or experimental spiritism opens casket within casket. It is a great master key, a key without which the psychologist has been lost in hopeless conjectures hitherto as to the manners of the mind. It is the key which in his hands opens the history of folk-lore and gives to its cosmical ideas a significant order of sequence which entitles it as a descriptive science to a high place in the progress of human thought.

Psychism or Spiritism we would show is as inductive in its process as any of the physical sciences. For the scientific spiritist, in arriving at his conclusions, does so by the strictest induction. "*Le pas s'appuie au pas, l'aile s'appuie a l'aile.*" In beginning his researches, he, like other people, is so overwhelmed by the pressure upon his senses of the actual external world that he finds it impossible to even conceive of any impact upon these senses other than that normal approach with which he has from childhood been familiar. When he first hears of spirit intercourse, if he does not disbelieve it altogether, which is commonly the case, he forms a vague conception of a relation between materiality and immateriality which severe thinking, or anything like severe thinking, would show as absurd. It is only reluctantly and after hard struggles that he accepts fact after fact subversive of what he conceived to be the actual and final order of the Universe. As Bacon remarked of the bigoted inquirer: "He says there is no land, because he can see nothing but sea," but eventually the evidence of his own senses overmasters all his obstinate refusals to accept what is demonstrated.

What is demonstrated? That matter is and shall be. Let us consider the ways of the Universe. The phenomena of the starry heavens, the swaying and rotating of the stars—Orion's

Belt ! Is not that truly begun, if ending in the beginning of the spiritual spheres ? Think of what it is, this wireless telegraphy of the soul. Spirit has to get at spirit to revive it from bodily death. Spirit is put in touch with enlightened angel, and *vice versa* the enlightened angel with the spirit—man—who is a spirit. Endless messages are passing along the liquid light which the trained mathematicians and all the bright intellects of our time would apply to their already acquired knowledge. The vulnerable has to be worked out through the laws of the invulnerable. But those annals of our messengers are superfluous unless we stay them. To us in our limited state it means everything we lack. The balance of the critic. For when we go to the scientific men who slowly try to find out for that public the centre of all the earth—who look across the universe, and try to explain more lucidly than they have done the world enigma—we find the daily newspaper reporter jaunty and glib, holding forth as the great I AM on matters concerning which no scientific men would express an opinion. By all the wandering tacit writ of stars ! No wonder that the impatient world cry out—there is something wrong with Science. The curtain comes down here, a hindrance to enjoyment, woven by witless men. As for the gods, they cannot blame men for being mortal ! nor for holding to the blackest view of the spiritual theory, seeing that progression is slow, and our evolution from the apes.

With infinite judgment of detail in psychic knowledge, of which geology would be the basis, we might draw a map of the spiritual spheres—in a sense geographically. Look across the wide Atlantic, and there seek a soul. One is obliged to obscure one's meaning, or take the veil off the very past, remembering the tradition of those who fell from royal degree, and in its fame were lost ! What of the lost Island-world ? The aged yet ageless white city of the Atlanteans submerged for their sins in magic ? He who built those minaret domes has not displaced them. In blue depths, Atlantis lives where she lies, or if her soul sleeps it is in the Island-world of the soul-Atlantic. So at eventide when the chime of bells is borne up through the deep, and on a wave, to fishermen in their barques, or to peoples on far-stretching shores, they count these mighty strokes, a deep-tongued message *toomed* from Spirit-Atlantis, the submerged White City of Sin.\*

\* These bells have been heard. A member of the *Challenger* staff lectured in London soon after the Deep-Sea Sounding Expedition. The submarine plateau then discovered is stated to be the remains of the lost Atlantis.

Where we are, wherever we are, the boundary is. The mists break, it may be for a second, but for that second we see, we hear, we feel the Beyond. Scotland—Faerie Scotland—the lowland and the highland spheres, the blue and purple spirit ranges of "The Hidden People," they that are in the hidden ring. They ride to their high castells on the lea, all up the great road, and the high road, to the heights of their phantasy. And through the breaking hills, when shadows flee—where light and shadow fly a race, they ride, in gear of birken green, sleek fillies all bedight with bells—the far-famed "MEN OF PEACE."

# MIND AND LIFE

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

THE remarkable experiments of Mr. J. B. Burke, at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, have aroused public interest in a controversy which has too long been regarded, by all save a very few of us, as closed. And as the subject of these experiments bears very nearly upon the root-question of the origin and nature of mind, they may properly be considered here.

But not in any detail is it proposed to discuss them. Suffice it to remind the reader that Mr. Burke has demonstrated the development, by the influence of radium acting upon beef-gelatine (the whole being sterilised), of minute bodies which are either a totally new and anomalous form of crystalline matter, differing in all respects from all known crystals, or are living organisms, or, as I myself tentatively incline to believe, are neither one nor the other, but somewhere intermediate between the two: our rigid concept of life or not-life being incompatible with our oft-reiterated belief in the continuity of Nature.

I purpose neither to describe the technique of Mr. Burke's experiments, nor to suggest possible criticisms, nor even to assume that he has proved the possibility of "spontaneous generation." In an article on "The Origin of Life," which may be found in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, I have adduced the reasons which led me, whilst in entire ignorance of Mr. Burke's observations, to return a verdict of "not proven" upon the familiar dogma of contemporary biology—*omne vivum ex vivo*. The results of Mr. Burke's inquiries go far to strengthen my case, whether or not they are conclusive. But here I propose first to consider in brief outline the main facts of the past of life as historical or evolutionary science attempts to reconstruct them; and thereafter to inquire as to the manner in which these more than probable facts bear upon the problems of mind and its place in Nature.

Even the overwhelming majority of biologists, who maintain—perhaps now with some trepidation—the dogma of *omne vivum ex vivo* as true to-day, will be found admitting that it cannot always have been true. We may note in passing the

vast inherent improbability that living matter can once have originated on the earth in the absence of those organic compounds which are so beneficial to life as we know it and in the abundant presence of which it cannot—so we are told—originate to-day. However, that is the paradoxical position of contemporary biology : life cannot arise *de novo* on our planet to-day, though that the conditions are favourable no one who considers the teeming earth and crowded sea can question ; but it arose spontaneously in the remote past owing to some “ difference of conditions ”—which can neither be imagined nor described. Any difference that can be imagined, compatibly with the views of the geologists and the physicists, is all in the direction of making the conditions of the remote past *less* favourable than those of to-day for the sustenance of life—let alone its genesis.

But we may leave this difficulty to those who prefer to entertain it ; and may agree that, even though the dogma of *omne vivum ex vivo*—as relating to the present—should last for a few years more, it is certainly inapplicable to the past. We can neither be satisfied with Lord Kelvin’s suggestion that the first germs of life reached our planet on a meteorite “ from the moss-grown ruins of another world,” nor can we accept the most unphilosophic view that the God of Nature found it necessary to arrest the course of his own handiwork in order to insert therein the first germs of life. We have outgrown that conception of Deity and His relation to Nature.

Taking into consideration all the facts, and not forgetting the recent discovery—amazing, however interpreted—of Mr. Burke, we will then assume, for the present argument, that, on any planet constituted like ours, life may be bodied forth or manifested whenever there occur the conditions—physical, chemical, electrical, thermic or other—necessary therefor. We have already observed that this view is probably held by every competent and unbiassed judge—whether or not he may be still prepared to maintain the truth of the dogma *omne vivum ex vivo*, as applied to our planet in our times. The proposition may be framed in other terms—that the inorganic and organic, the lifeless and the living worlds, are continuous—the Whole of Things being indeed a whole, and not a patchwork or a heterogeneous heap, but a “ flawless unit of fact,” to quote the words of that great student of psychology, Professor William James of Harvard. This granted, there arises the supremely important question of the relation of life to mind.

We shall not face this question fitly until we have pondered somewhat upon our conception of life. Here, if anywhere, confused thinking is the order of the day : we must beware.

Suppose that Mr. Burke's "radiobes" are demonstrated to be alive ; suppose that the procedure for witnessing or causing the "origin of life" becomes so easy that any one can initiate it. Suppose, in a word, that the "man in the street" is proved to be, in a sense, right when he takes for granted what he regards as the spontaneous generation of life in "dead" cheese. Assuredly, then, there will arise many who will confuse our knowledge of the conditions which favour the origin of life, with a knowledge of the *nature of life*. But, indeed, the gap between these two orders of knowledge is immeasurable. We daily see the origin or evolution of mind in a baby or a child : yet none but the fool will declare that his knowledge of the conditions in which mind is manifested implies a knowledge of the nature of mind. I will not have the impertinence further to argue such a point.

Some, again, who have never had occasion to study the logicians' discussion of the scope and nature of definition, are apt to think that a thing is known when it is defined. Now life has been variously defined by many students during the past five centuries or so ; and the experts are agreed that the widest and profoundest, yet most accurate definition of life, is that of Herbert Spencer, "the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." Many people have lately heard this definition for the first time, since it has been employed by Mr. Burke as the ultimate criterion of the nature of his radiobes. But if any one is tempted to imagine that the act of definition is any more than a means of identifying the relation between our conceptions and their objects, or that an accurate definition of a thing implies a knowledge of its nature, let him consult those remarkable pages in the "Principles of Biology," wherein Spencer gives the grounds for his definition, and reminds the reader that it is only a "proximate definition." It is proximate rather than ultimate, not merely because "classifications are subjective conceptions, which have no absolute demarcations in Nature corresponding to them" ; but also because, if we know matter only proximately, and not "through and through," it is *à fortiori* evident that our knowledge of life can never be more than proximate. This conclusion, I repeat, is absolutely unaffected by any process of definition, however profound ; and it is abso-



lutely unaffected by any demonstration, however decisive, of the spontaneous origin of life from the not-living.

But such spontaneous generation of life, occurring now or in the past, profoundly affects our conception of life. It reinforces the conviction already reached by the study of radio-activity, that such expressions as "brute matter" were expressive of naught but brute ignorance. It reinforces the conviction that there is as veritable a mystery of matter as there is a mystery of life; and it suggests to us that which the philosophic mind is well prepared to believe—that, in the last analysis, these and all other mysteries are but varying forms, some "simple," others complex, of one mystery—the mystery of Reality.

Having thus pondered, let us return to history as read by the biologist. First, there was inorganic matter—sometimes, by the sufficiently foolish, called "dead matter." Therein arose life by a continuous evolution. Thereafter—and the reader will forgive me for employing terms of time, and will not credit me with the delusion that our human way of thinking has any validity for the Eternal and Timeless—thereafter, as we say, arose *mind*. Whoso questions the priority of life to mind as a planetary fact will not question it as regards the evolution of the human embryo that may become a Shakespeare. According to science, and according to all philosophic systems of to-day save impalpable idealism, life is prior to mind in order of causation, and is a means of its evolution. But, on the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, or archebiosis, as Dr. Bastian terms it, or abiogenesis, to use Huxley's name, life is continuously evolved in or from inorganic matter. Hereupon the materialist will declare us forced to his conclusion, that mind and life are none other than occasional properties of matter. That, he will declare, is the conclusion to which the discovery or admission of the possibility of spontaneous generation leads us; and we must recognise his foresight, he may add, in having reached this conclusion even whilst men believed that *omne vivum ex vivo*.

Sooner or later, I have no doubt, the decay of the dogma so often quoted will lead to just such a recrudescence of the materialistic theory of mind. There is the sequence: dead matter, living matter, conscious matter; dead dirt, living dirt, conscious dirt; *ergo*, consciousness is a property of dirt—and should be ashamed of itself, should hide its diminished head in the dust from which it sprang.

Whence, alas, can I summon the eloquence with which such

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a reading of the riddle should be refuted? But let me attempt to indicate two independent lines of answer to such reasoning.

In the first place, let us grant to the materialist, for the sake of argument, that his logic is valid, that his manner of expressing the facts is just. Even were it so, his inference as to the dignity of mind would be merely gratuitous and irrelevant. For pray why do we value mind? Surely for itself, for what it is and can. The *psyche* of man has revealed many of the hidden laws of the Nature of which it is a part. It has proved its intellectual power. The *psyche* of man has flowered in poetry and music and architecture. It has proved its power as a creator of the divinest art. The *psyche* of man has revealed itself in martyrdoms and heroisms, in patience and sacrifice and love. It has proved its power as a moral force. For such things we value it; and such things it certainly has done and certainly is doing. Hence we shall continue to value it: careless of its asserted origin. What care we for the origin of the good thing, so long as it be good? Had we valued mind in virtue of an aristocratic lineage, as men value some "noble" fool, we should alter our estimate, as men alter their estimate of the "noble" fool who turns out to be not noble but a base-born changeling. But mind is mind "for a' that."

Not that this retort is necessary; far from it. For the philosopher will draw from the sequence we have named conclusions far other than those so welcome to the materialist. The philosopher will argue that, if these things are so, it is high time that we revise our estimate of "brute matter" and the "brute creation." The philosopher will argue that the sequence insisted upon by the materialist is a vindication of *his* contention, that mind is not a thing apart, but that it permeates all things. He will reply that matter is but a phenomenon, our concept of matter symbolic: that there is no meaning, "though the words are strong," in the description of mind as an occasional property of a *symbol*; that, in short, mind and not-mind are correlative manifestations of a Reality which underlies both.

## LAST HOURS OF A MEDLÆVAL OCCULTIST

THE following Extract is from a little ancient duodecimo volume entitled "*Aurifontina Chymica* or a Collection of Fourteen small Treatises Concerning the First Matter of Philosophers for the discovery of their (hitherto so much concealed) MERCURY which many have studiously endeavoured to hide, but these to make manifest, for the benefit of Mankind in general. London printed for William Cooper at the Pelican, Little Britain 1680."

Needless to say all the authors of the Fourteen small Treatises as carefully hide the true meaning, as the Compiler carelessly announces that it is made manifest for the benefit of mankind in general.

This generous announcement and promise is followed up by leaving the *General* reader as much in the dark as ever, as to what the several authors really can mean.

However without digressing into this enchanting subject, it might be as well to point out to the general reader, that there is one unmistakable point to be observed concerning these Alchemic Adepts, their extreme serious and religious earnestness. It is *impossible* that men could systematically be the gross hypocrites and fraudulent impostors such as they are represented by Charles Mackay and others—and also be men of science and intellect, and determined recluses, avoiding in most cases all contact with the public; for in former as in modern times, your worldly fame depended on the size of your circle of admirers.

That they were most seriously religious men, though perhaps of not approved orthodoxy by the Church—Roman or otherwise—is sufficiently shown by their verbal respect at least to Divine Authority,—and to my mind there is as entire an absence of cant and mere hypocritical phraseology in their continual references to such exalted subjects as there is in a religious Mussulman's open devotion in word and deed to Allah. Indeed we might say, I think with truth, that profound religious conviction is integral to the subject, and in fact could not be divorced by any means, without destroying its basis.

The Treatise I subjoin follows No. 1 entitled "Hydropyrogatium Hermeticum." No. 2 is "The Privy Seal of Secrets which upon pain of Damnation is not unadvisedly to be broken up nor Revealed to any but with great Care and many Cautions." No. 3 is the following most charming Letter communicated by the Prince in question.

It is clear from the context that the faithful writer could not have been the Prince himself, but at all times there have been means whereby the advanced minds sought intercourse with others. This Prince may have been a Seeker and Enquirer, and at least have shown reverence and respect and reliable caution in dealing with subjects that bore the name of magical; it is possible then that some accredited friend of the Writer passed it by degrees into the hands of the Prince in question—possibly the Letter was found as it is among his papers—as there are no additional notes or memoranda of any kind.

In this letter, seemingly of a most faithful and devoted assistant to his Master, it is clear, that though witness of much that he declares he dares not set down in writing, he was not Initiated as was his master's nephew "*Mr. Jesse*"—the whole story to my mind is a picture of a rare and wonderful adept—faithful, silent, kind, true, neglecting not his duty to his fellows, living in this world but not of it; that he was a Jew and not an orthodox Christian is plain, but that he was not a Hypocrite is also clear. The celibacy of the Master, and the kindly concession to the flesh that he allowed his less initiated friend and servant, by the endowment of the "poor Virgins" thereby facilitating the marriage, is a charming item in the story. It should be noted that "*Mr. Jesse*" finally "chose himself a quiet well tempered place in the East Indies," and that he afterwards adopted the writer's eldest son is a point to be noticed, for if he had gone out there for any *final* Initiation, he would have probably not required any pupil *Chela* or servant, as such could be had in abundance there,—but that there are paramount reasons is obvious, for "*Mr. Jesse*" could not be influenced by financial needs, nor political, for he was as safe in Switzerland as in India. It might have been for climate, but it might also have been for the sake of joining some Inner School of Mysticism requiring the complete renunciation of even the Magical deeds of his Uncle. It is possible that all the wonderful "Instruments of Wisdom" found in those secret closets might even be the achievements of what the Master Adepts consider as those of lesser grades.

All this is hypothesis, but what is certain is the fact, these were all remarkable men—full of zeal and sincerity, and in consequence entirely opposed to the Astralism which to-day takes so large a place in the esteem of many as constituting the science of Occultism. The *science not the emotions of the Soul* was the Science par excellence, and they did not loiter in the precincts bewildered and self-opiniated as do the Astral Searchers of present times. They knew the true foundation and basis, and therefore with bowed heads and in reverence of heart, they walked on the Path.

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

*The following Letter was Communicated by the most Serene Prince Frederick, Duke of Holsatia and Sleswick, and relates things strange and unheard of.*

“MY FRIEND,

You have desired of me an account of the Life and Death Inheritance & Heirs of my Master B. F. of happy memory. I return you this Answer in *Latine*, as yours to me was, though I be not exactly skill'd in it.

He was by nation a *Jew*, by Religion a *Christian* for he believ'd in *Christ* the Saviour, and openly made profession of the same : He was a man of great Honesty, and gave great Alms in secret ; He lived chastly a Batchelor, and took me when I was about twenty years of Age, out of the House where orphans are maintained by the Public and caused me to be instructed in the *Latine, French* and *Italian* Tongues ; to which I afterwards by use added the *Jewish* or *Hebrew*.

He made use of me, so far as I was capable, in his Laboratory, for he had great skill in Physick, and cured desperate Diseases.

When I was twenty-five years of Age, he called me into his Parlour, and made me swear to him that I would never marry without his consent and knowledge ; which I promised, and have religiously kept.

When I was thirty years of Age, on a morning he sends for me into his Parlour, and said very lovingly to me, My Son, I perceive that the Balsom of my Life, by reason of extreme old Age coming on (for he was eighty-eight years of Age), is well-nigh wasted, and that consequently my Death is at the door ; wherefore I have writ my last Will and Testament, for the use and benefit of my Brother's Sons and of you, and have laid it

upon the Table of my Closet, whither neither you nor any mortal ever entred, for you durst not so much as knock at the door during the hours set apart for my Devotion.

Having said this, he went to the double door of his Closet, and daubed over the joynings thereof with a certain transparent Crystalline Matter, which he wrought with his fingers till it became soft and yielding like Wax and imprinted his Golden Seal upon it; the said Matter was immediately hardned by the cold Air, so that without defacing the Seal, the door could in no way be opened.

Then he took the Keys of the Closet, and shut them up in a small Cabinet, and sealed the same as before with the said Crystalline Matter, and delivered the said Cabinet, after he had sealed it, into my hands, and charged me to deliver the same to none but his Brother's Sons, *Mr. Jesse Abrah* and *Solomon Joelha*, who at that time lived in *Switzerland*, the eldest of them being a Batchelor.

After this he returned with me into the Parlour and in my presence dropped the Golden Seal he had made use of, into a Glass of clear water in which the said Seal was immediately dissolved, like ice in hot water, a white Powder settling to the bottom, and the Liquor was ting'd with the pale red of the Provence Rose. Then he closed the said Glass Vial, with the above-mentioned transparent Matter, and charged me to deliver the said Vial together with the Keys to *Mr. Jesse*.

This being done, he repeated upon his bended knees some of *David's Psalms* in *Hebrew*, and he betook himself to his Couch, where he used to sleep after Dinner, and commanded me to bring him a Glass of Malaga, which now & then he sparingly made use of: As soon as he had drunk off his Wine, he bid me come to him, and leaning his head upon my shoulders, he fell into a quiet sleep, and after half an hours time fetched a very deep sigh, and so yielded his Soul to God, and to my great astonishment.

Upon this I according to my promise, went into *Switzerland* to give notice of his death to his Nephews; and to my great wonder, the very day after my blessed Master died, I received a Letter from *Mr. Jesse*, wherein he enquired whether my Master were dead or alive, as if he had known everything that had passed; as indeed he did by means of a certain Instrument of which hereafter I shall make mention.

A little after his Nephews came, to whom I gave an account

of what had passed ; all of which *Mr. Jesse* heard with a smile, but the other Brother not without astonishment and wonder. I gave him the Keys, together with the Glass in which was the aforesaid Golden Solution ; but they refused then to meddle with any thing that day being tired with their Journey, but on the morrow, after I had carefully shut all the doors of the house, and none but they & I being present, *Mr. Jesse* took the Glass Vial and broke it over a China-dish which might receive the inclosed Liquor, and took some of the said Liquor, and put it upon the transparent Matter until that which before was hard as Chrystal was resolved into a thickish Water ; so he opened the Cabinet, and took thence the Keys of the Closet. Then we came to the door of the Closet, where *Mr. Jesse* having seen the Seal, he wetted it as formerly with the forementioned Liquor, which immediately gave way ; and so he opened the said double door but shut it again, and falling down upon his knees, prayed, as we also did ; then we entred, and shut the doors upon us. Here I saw great Miracles.

In the midst of the Closet stood a Table, whose Frame was of Ebony ; the Table it self was round, and of the same Wood, but covered with Plates of beaten Gold ; before the Table was placed a low Footstool, for to kneel upon, in the midst of the Table stood an Instrument of a strange and wonderful contrivance, the lower part of it or Pedestal was of pure Gold, the middle part was of most strange transparent Chrystal, in which was inclosed an incombustible and perpetually-shining fire ; the upper part of it was likewise of pure Gold made in the form of a small Cup or Vial.

Just above this Instrument hung down a Chain of Gold, to which was fastened an Artificial Chrystal of an Oval form filled with the aforesaid perpetual Fire.

On the right side of the Table we took notice of a Golden Box, and upon the same a little Spoon ; this Box contained a Balsom of a Scarlet Colour. On the left side we saw a little Desk of massive Gold, upon which was laid a Book containing twelve leaves of pure beaten Gold, being tractable and flexible as Paper ; in the midst of the leaves were several Characters engraved, as likewise in the Corners of the said leaves, but in the space between the Center and Corners of the leaves, were filled with holy Prayers.

Under the Desk we found the last Will of my deceased Master ; whilst we were in the Closet *Mr. Jesse* kneeled down

leaning upon the Desk and with most humble devotion repeated some of the fore-mentioned Prayers, and then with the little Spoon took up a small quantity of the aforesaid Balsom, and put it into the top of the Instrument which was in the midst of the Table, and instantly a most grateful Fume ascending, which with its most pleasing odour did most sensibly refresh us : but that which to me seem'd miraculous was, that the said Fume ascending, caused the perpetual Fire enclosed in the hanging Chrystal to flash and blaze terribly, like some great Star or Lightning.

After this *Mr. Fesse* read the Will, wherein he bequeathed to *Mr. Fesse* all his Instruments and Books of Wisdom, and the rest of his Goods to be equally divided between him and his Brother; besides he left me a Legacy of 6000 Golden Ducatoons, as an acknowledgment of my fidelity.

And accordingly first enquiry was made for the instruments and Books of Wisdom ; of those that were on and about the Table, I have spoke already ; in the right side of the Closet stood a Chest of Ebony, whose inside was all covered with Plates of beaten Gold, and contained twelve Characters engraven upon them.

From thence we went to view a large Chest, containing twelve Looking-glasses not made of Glass, but of a certain wonderful unknown Matter ; the Center of the said Looking-glasses were filled with wonderful Characters, the Brims of them were inclosed in pure Gold, and between the said Brims and Center they were polished Looking Glasses receiving all opposite Images.

After this we opened a very large Chest or Case in which we found a most capacious Looking-glass, which *Mr. Fesse* told us was *Solomons* Looking-glass, and the Miracle of the whole World ; in which the Characterisms of the whole Universe were united. We saw also in a Box of Ebony a Globe made of a wonderful Matter ; *Mr. Fesse* told us, that in the said Globe was shut up the Fire and Soul of the World and therefore the said Globe of itself performed all its Motions in an exact Harmony and Agreement with those of the Universe.

Upon this Box forementioned stood another which Contained an Instrument \* resembling a Clock Dial but instead of the Figures of the 12 hours, the letters of the Alphabet were

\* See this Instrument described in a Book called *Ars Notoria* Printed in Latine or English Page 136.



placed around this, with a Hand or Index turning and pointing at them.

*Mr. Fesse* told us, that this Instrument would move of it self upon the motion of a Corresponding and Sympathetic Instrument which he had at home, and that by means of this Instrument, my happy Master had signified to him his approaching death ; and that after his signification, finding that his Instrument remained without motion he concluded my Master was dead.

Last of all we came to the Books of Wisdom, which he opened not : near the said Books was placed a Box of Gold full of a most ponderous Powder of a deep Scarlet colour, which *Mr. Fesse* smiling took and put up.

Near to the Closet where we were, was another Closet adjoining, which we entered into, and there found four large Chests full of small Ingots of most pure Gold, out of which he gave me my Legacy of 6000 Golden Ducatoons in a double proportion. But *Mr. Fesse* refused to take for himself any of the said Gold, for he said, that those things which were afore bequeathed to him did fully content him, for he was skill'd in my Master's Art, and therefore ordered his part of the Gold to be bestowed upon several poor Virgins of kin to them to make up their Portions. I myself married one of these, and had with her a good Portion out of the said Gold ; she embraced the Christian Religion and is yet alive.

*Mr. Fesse* packed up all his things and carried them home with him into *Switzerland*, though since that he hath chose himself a quiet and well-tempered place in the *East-Indies* from whence he writ to me last year, offering me to adopt my eldest Son, whom I have accordingly sent to him.

During the time we were in the Closet I saw strange Miracles effected by the Motions of the said Instruments of Wisdom which I neither can nor dare set down in writings.

Thus much, my intimate Friend, I was willing you should know, more I cannot add.

FAREWELL."

[Scientists will note with interest the reference to an early form of wireless telegraphy on the last page of this article.—ED.]

# EX ORIENTE LUX

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH.D.

A hair, perhaps, divides the False and True ;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—  
Could you but find it—to the treasure-house,  
And, peradventure, to the Master too.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

IT has been repeatedly claimed by philosophers and mystics of antiquity, notably of India, that the great world-enigma or "secret of secrets" had been solved, but that this most momentous and cardinal of all revelations was jealously concealed from ordinary mortals by its few custodians.

Now, however improbable or absurd this may seem in the light of our modern scepticism, where every kind of pretended secret knowledge is laughed to scorn, and, *ipso facto*, put down as charlatanism, it is certainly curious that we find this claim repeatedly and strongly emphasised in some of the most remarkable monuments of ancient and mediæval thought, such as the Puranas, the Zend-Avesta and the Cabbala.

Who has not heard of the so-called "Lost Word," which plays so prominent a part in the cabbalistic and occult literature of the middle ages? This Lost Word, according to the ordinary conception (which, however, is altogether erroneous), is a certain mysterious conglomeration of letters or syllables, devoid of meaning to the uninitiated, which, if correctly pronounced or remembered, will enable the adept to perform miraculous feats and "understand all things."

Now, if no better definition could be given of what is really understood by the Lost Word the enlightened reasoner might well be justified in smiling at so curious a tradition. But the matter is not so easily disposed of, and, considered in the light of the following reflections, deserves our closest attention.

In the Cabbala proper—the most remarkable Hebrew work in existence, which bears almost the same relation to the orthodox Talmud of the Jews as the Upanishads bear to the Vedas—we are informed that there is a *word*, hidden within its own pages, which, if rightly pronounced (*viz.*, understood), will confer divine wisdom.

We are likewise led to infer that this "word of words" is concealed in the four Hebrew letters יהוה (Yod, hé, voh, hé) the so-called "ineffable name" or "tetragrammaton," which is variously called Jahveh, Joveh, Jehovah, &c., but the true pronunciation, or rather *meaning*, of which "few mortals will ever divine." In other words, we find in the Cabbala a repetition of the same assertion which is contained in the Puranas and hinted at in the Zend-Avesta, viz., that the world-secret has been discovered, and that its solution has been enshrined in a certain *word* which "all who run may read."

Moreover, we are led to believe that the explanation of the world-enigma is an exceedingly *simple* one, so much so that when once the truth begins to dawn upon us we shall be seized with wonderment why we did not think of it before. A single word will furnish the key, but it is the fate of the millions that this word (or idea) never occurs to them in connection with the riddle of existence, so that they pass through life without having obtained a glimpse of the great truth on this side of the grave.

It is a curious fact that, from as far back as their traditions reach, the Jews attached an occult and exceptional significance to the term יהוה, which the more orthodox never even dared to hint at, save by means of circumlocution, and which is all the more remarkable when it is considered that the various other appellations of the Supreme Deity, such as Adonai, Elohim, Aych, Shaddai, &c., would be mentioned without compunction. There can be little room for doubt that in the commandment, "Thou shalt not use the name of the Lord thy God in vain," the prohibition was solely limited to the mystic word in question, for the other terms (equivalent in so far as they alike signified the Supreme God) remained in free and unrestricted use among the people.

Now, the Cabbala is a work which, although in the main compiled by rabbinical scholars and philosophers of the middle ages, such as Ibn-Gebirol, Isaac Luriah, &c., reaches back to a considerable antiquity (the "Sepher Jezirah," or book of creation, being attributed to Abraham, but probably the work of Rabbi Akiba), and, as a part of the Jewish race, at least, resided in Egypt, where, for a more or less extended period, it remained in close contact with one of the most enlightened nations of the ancient world, it is not at all improbable that the idea of the Lost Word or riddle of the Sphinx was derived from that source. The Egyptian hierophants claimed to be in possession of the

same secret, which they endeavoured to symbolise in various ways, notably by the figure of the Sphinx, the most gigantic example of which (that of Gizeh) has been pronounced, by recent research, the most ancient monument of Egypt, antedating even the oldest of the Pyramids.

In the light of the foregoing, the absurdity of the vulgar conception of the Lost Word as a mere "magic formula," or string of syllables devoid of meaning in the ordinary sense, becomes obvious, and it is both astonishing and amusing to note the desperate efforts made by a host of Alchemists and Cabbalists during the middle ages (among which are many learned rabbis, who ought to have known better) to reach the *Mysterium Magnum* by means of endless letter-combinations, as if a mere syllabic jugglery, or abracadabra, could lead to the solution of the great Arcanum. But, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, the times were propitious to miraculous belief, even among the more enlightened; indeed, "magical" explanations were preferred to the more plausible natural ones, and the more preposterous an invocation, formula or *modus operandi*, the more reasonable it appeared to many because the more gratifying to their strongly developed predilection for the marvellous. St. Augustine's famous "*Credo quia absurdum*" ("I believe it, because it is absurd") well characterises the condition of mind prevalent at that epoch.

Now, turning to the Orient—not, however, to Egypt or Palestine—but to that distant East where the lotus blooms and the Ganges flows, we are startled to find in the Advaita philosophy of Sankaracharya (an extension of the Vedanta or "last truth of the Veda") numerous references to the Lost Word. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is enunciated in a Sanscrit poem, attributed to Vyasa, the founder of the Vedantic school and reputed author of the Mahabharata, who lived, accorded to Brahminical chronology, more than two thousand years before our era. Of this poem I give the following metrical translation:

#### ISWARA.

Life's mystery to solve: there is a *word*  
Which to reveal a sacred vow forbids.  
Near Swarga's Rock, in Indra's mystic grove,  
Where Jumna's stately river winds along,  
There a Sanyássee found the magic key  
In times of old. He pierced the secret gloom  
And tore the veil from Sheeva's dreadful face.

—Would'st know the word? Subdue thine eagerness!  
 Four syllables, mark well! four, such as form  
 A Sātaya in Devanāgri writ.  
 If thou caust find it thou wilt know full well  
 The meaning of life's riddle, *and all else*.  
 This word of words—ay, if I dared but speak!  
 Thou know'st it well, nay, 'ere this very eve  
 Thou wilt, perchance, pronounce it listlessly,  
 And never guess its huge significance.  
 If thou wouldst raise the veil— *seek for the word*.

It is extremely probable that the tradition of the Lost Word passed from India into Egypt, even before the first pyramid was built, for it is now well understood that the culture of India is immeasurably older than that of Egypt. India, although possessed of no monuments like those of Egypt, which, by reason of their very stupendousness, have outlived scores of centuries, was civilised long before the Nile valley was invaded by the extraordinary race whose original home is still a puzzle to ethnologists. Hence the tradition of the Lost Word found its way into the Cabbala, through the agency of which it continued to exert a powerful fascination over the minds of many speculative philosophers and mystics of mediæval Europe, down to comparatively recent times.

Egypt, in particular, was credited with the custodianship of the "secret of secrets"; indeed, there seems to have been a belief (not entirely unfounded, as it would appear) that a *positive record* existed somewhere of the Arcanum, which is still accessible, or *was*, when the following singular lines were written by one Valentinus Berthold, a German mystic who lived in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, at or near the town of Erfurt in the Thuringian Forest, and who evidently was a pupil of the famous Eckhart (known in Germany as "Meister Eckhart") of whom Schopenhauer speaks with the utmost reverence, and who, doubtless, was one of the profoundest of mediæval philosophers.

It has been my good fortune to discover these lines by accident as it were; and as they have never, to my knowledge, been translated, and are known even to but few Germans, I give here the following metrical translation from the original Latin, which bears the date of 1327:

## ARCANUM

Go forth to Egypt, where the sacred Nile  
 Still pours its flood through wisdom's ancient home,  
 Where giant Pyramids their shadows cast,  
 And Obelisks mysterious legends bear.  
 There is a field of ruins, weird and grand,  
 Where once Heliopolis her columns reared,  
 The mystic city—thither shape thy course—  
 If *men* are mute, perchance the *rocks* will speak.  
 And as thou turnest from the river's bank  
 Five Roman leagues towards the rising sun,  
 On Chephren's road to fair Pelusium—  
 There, to the right, behold a marble Sphinx  
 Bereft of face, and sadly wrecked withal.  
 Nine paces south a broken pillar stands  
 Of reddish porphyry—now mark thee well,  
 Behind this column thou wilt find a stone  
 (If thou but freest its surface from the sand),  
 A stone, black, hard and smooth, nine inches square.  
 On this wide earth there is no rarer gem—  
 For here, engraved in hieroglyphics bold,  
 Behold the *word*, wise Pilgrim, ay the word  
 That solves the hoary riddle of the Sphinx,  
 The word that solves the mystery of life.

Now, whether there really existed, or exists, any tangible foundation for this extraordinary tradition, I am not, of course, in a position to state ; but I am thoroughly convinced that the above lines were written in good faith by Valentinus Berthold, be it with the intention of furnishing another record of what he, undoubtedly, considered a cardinal secret, or of giving a new impetus to contemporary speculation by directing it into more hopeful avenues.

There is not, to my knowledge, any record in the Cabbala of the black stone of Heliopolis ; unless it be expressed in some entirely enigmatical form, hopelessly beyond the reach of the ordinary student. The Cabbala, it must be remembered, is full of cryptological information, extremely difficult of access, which is partly to be accounted for by the well-known fact that, previous to the sixteenth century, every important truth was in the possession of a few only, and jealously guarded as a kind of family-secret (the Jews, in particular, being a most secretive people), and also because the Hebrew language facilitates, to an extraordinary degree, cryptological manipulations, inasmuch as each letter of its alphabet at the same time signifies a *number*, so that an apparently unmeaning expression when we come to add up its letters often

acquires a startling significance. This system of number-language is largely adopted in the Cabbala, and sometimes reaches a degree of complexity which more than taxes the patience of the profoundest rabbinical scholars.

But, for all this, the Cabbala is a treasure-house of wisdom, only surpassed by the Upanishads of India, and the seeker for light will be agreeably surprised to find therein a good deal of Brahmin philosophy. Whether the latter was altogether acquired in the Nile-delta at the time of Moses (who is claimed to have been under the tuition of Egyptian hierophants), or whether the Babylonian captivity is partly responsible for it, there can be no room for doubt that in the cabbalistic conception of the "ten Sephiroth," or emanation from the original "Ain-soph," we have the ten rays of Akâsa which went forth from the Parabrahm. Indeed, we are brought face to face with the Brahminical emanation-philosophy; for, precisely as the Ain-soph (or "Eternal") of the Cabbala emanated ten rays (Sephiroth) which ultimately formed the "Adam Kadmon" (or universe), so the Parabrahm sent forth the ten rays of Akâsa, which now constitute the world.

# PSYCHIC RECORDS

(AS SUPPLIED TO THE EDITOR BY HIS READERS)

THE observations which I made in the July issue with regard to the various explanations which have been put forward to account for psychical phenomena, and their inadequacy singly to explain all recorded and authenticated cases, may not inappropriately be here supplemented and illustrated by several instances which have reached me from interested readers, and all of which have their bearing on the subject in question.

I purposely put forward in the last number of the *REVIEW* only such cases as were susceptible of an explanation on purely telepathic grounds. There are, however, numerous recorded instances in which prevision to a greater or less extent renders the telepathic explanation not perhaps untenable but certainly more difficult of acceptance, and there are others in which to satisfy the conditions a very much wider range must be given to telepathy than that simple telegraphy from mind to mind to which some would limit its scope.

In the following narrative initials are as usual substituted for the names, but these have been supplied to myself as Editor. Mr. Arthur J. Lambert, who narrates the story, had it first hand from his brother-in-law the Rev. F—— to whom the incident occurred. The scene of the occurrence was one of the busy towns of the Midlands and the date a comparatively recent one.

The Rev. F. ——, he writes, who is a well-known minister in the Congregational denomination, had preached a few weeks previously at a church in one of the northern counties which at the time was without a pastor. Some little time after this event he had the following dream, which he describes as being of a particularly vivid character, so much so that every detail was indelibly impressed upon his memory.

The dream occurred on the night preceding a Sunday when he was to conduct the services as usual at his own church. In his dream he entered the pulpit for the morning service, and on glancing at the congregation the first person who met his eye was Mr. B ——, a deacon from the northern church whom he



had met when preaching there a few weeks before. Mr. B— was sitting in the corner seat of a pew rented by one of the regular worshippers, who sat with him.

Throughout the sermon the deacon maintained an attitude of deepest attention, leaning forward and resting his head on his hand, as though unwilling to miss a word of the discourse.

At the conclusion of the service the Rev. F— saw him leave the pew and walk up the aisle in the company of other members of the congregation whose faces the minister easily recognised. As he left the building he again saw the visitor walking up the main thoroughfare of the town with two other of his church members.

On coming down to breakfast on the Sunday morning the minister told his wife of the dream he had had, omitting no details. Both of them regarded it as being rather a curious dream, and would probably have thought no more of it but for the following. After breakfast he went into his study, the window of which faced the entrance to his church on the opposite side of the road. On glancing through the window he saw a stranger reading the notices on the board in front of the building. On more particular inspection he recognised the stranger as being the deacon from the northern church whom he had seen in his dream. Calling his wife into the room, he told her who the stranger was, and this happening after the dream compelled them to regard the occurrence as interesting, if nothing more.

It was with a certain amount of curiosity that the Rev. F— entered the pulpit that morning to conduct the service. What was his astonishment on doing so to see the visitor sitting in the very pew that he had seen him occupying in the dream of the previous night. But this was not all. Throughout the sermon the listener maintained exactly the attitude observed by the minister in his dream.

At the close of the service he left the pew in the company of those he had been seen with by the Rev. F— the night before, and on leaving the church the minister and his wife saw him walking up the street with the two members mentioned before. In fact, every little detail of the dream was enacted without a single variation.

This is all of the incident that will interest students of the occult, but I may add that shortly afterwards the Rev. F— received an invitation to accept the pastorate of the church in the

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northern town, and regarding his dream and its fulfilment as being an instance of the guiding hand of God, he accepted the invitation, and has had at that church a period of spiritual success which has convinced him most emphatically that the vision was given him for a purpose.

Occult students will probably not agree with him in his explanation, but whatever the correct theory may be, I think the incident itself is one of the most conclusive proofs of prevision that may be met with.

This account has not been made public before, and in doing so now I have purposely withheld the names of the persons and towns concerned therein. These I have forwarded to the Editor, and I feel sure that the Rev. F—— would be pleased to endorse all I have told, and as a student of psychology himself and an up-to-date thinker, he would not, I think, object to any one investigating the authenticity of this account.

I may say that the Rev. F—— has had other remarkable instances of a somewhat similar kind, but as these may mostly be explained by telepathy, they would not have the same interest that the rarer phenomenon of prevision must possess.

Such narratives as the foregoing in which an incident is witnessed clairvoyantly in all its details before the time of its actual occurrence, naturally raises in one's mind the old vexed question of fate and freewill. They are, of course, on all fours with the visions of the Highland seers, in which before a death the seer of the village will see the funeral enacted in full detail and frequently some trivial incident foreseen clairvoyantly and which takes place on the occasion is cited in confirmation of the seer's prophetic powers.

I pass on to the record of a gentleman (a civil engineer) which reached me recently and who relates the following remarkable experience somewhat reminiscent of the séance room.

In 18—, while occupied with the first Atlantic cable, I was working very hard, and did all I could to get the most rest I could out of the few hours I had left me. One night I was aroused by my wife, who said : "There are such strange noises in this room ! I feel quite nervous, and am very sorry to disturb you."

I asked what she wanted, and she said : "I wish you would let me have more light." I put the flame of the gas up about half an inch, and then went to sleep. She presently aroused me

again : "Do please let me have more light ; the noises terrify me so much."

I put the gas full on, she said she was no longer nervous, and I went to sleep again, but was soon aroused for the third time, by knocks at the window and the door, which I heard even in my sleep.

I sat up in bed and said, "I must see what this means," and I saw distinctly before me a spirit. I saw it for thirty seconds,

A GHOST AND  
ITS MESSAGE. and could see the pattern of the paper on the wall through it. The figure gradually vanished ;

I turned to Mrs. X. and asked if she had seen it. I noticed that her eyes were dilated and she became entranced, and spoke, or rather, the apparition spoke to me by her : "I have just appeared to my brother in Birmingham and have made him understand that I have appeared to you. I could not make him understand any more ; I wish to send a message to him, will you send it ?" I assented, and he gave it, and I sent it to his brother the next day by post. The apparition also told me that he met with his death in France while he was at school there, and that he had been stabbed by a Frenchman ; that his mother and brother went to Paris, and, as his father was very ill at the time, that they took counsel together, and, fearing the shock would be dangerous for the father, they never let him know that the death was not a natural one. It also added that they concealed the blood by placing oiled silk and blotting-paper on the wound. The *only* people who knew this were his mother and eldest brother. That brother came up to visit me the Saturday following and talked the matter over with me.

When I gave him the above statements, he turned deadly pale and said it was a thing of which *no one* knew anything but himself and his mother, and that the whole was true.

The apparition here is that of an unquestionably deceased person, and this "spirit" uses a living person as the medium through whom to communicate a message which she desires to convey. Obviously telepathy does not serve us any longer here. What shall we say then—Hallucination ? Hardly, in view of the obvious authenticity of the message given. It is, of course, easy enough to explain away such stories after a fashion, but there is in fact no plausible hypothesis that will commend itself to the logical mind except the admission of the presence of a conscious spiritual entity on the one hand and absolute denial of the facts on the other.

H. C. D. (whose address I have unfortunately mislaid, and who perhaps will be kind enough to communicate with me again) sends the following record which he entitles "Appearance after Death."

"My mother died July 9, 1903, in London. Soon after that my brother (who went to U.S.A. in 1880) was walking alone in the Grand Park at St. Paul, near Minneapolis, U.S.A., when he met, at a cross-road, an elderly gentleman dressed like a minister, and they joined in conversation, at first on general subjects, the beauty of the park, etc. Then said this man to my brother, 'Your mother has lately gone to the "other side" (that is, had left this life). She is standing by your side *now*, I can see her but *you* can't. How curious that she should be so *short* and you so tall (she was about five feet, my brother six feet), and *look* how curiously she does her hair, in the old fashion right over her ears. And it is *so* smooth!' (My mother for eleven years was bedridden and always had a brush under her pillow and was smoothing her hair with it all day long! I used often playfully to chaff her about it when there was hardly any one to see it, but the habit lasted till the end.)"

Here the recipient of the telepathic impression is not the son of the communicator, but one to whom the communicator is entirely unknown, and who could not be supposed to be in touch with her except through the medium of her son (himself an utter stranger), while the lady who communicates is unquestionably dead.

If the telepathic hypothesis fails in the face of such occurrences as the above, it ceases to have any bearing on the circumstances of the case in some of the most "uncanny" stories recorded, where death or disaster follows on some omen of evil.

Here coincidence must do duty in place of any more satisfactory explanation, and doubtless this solution will serve its turn in the case of the following facts which are also communicated to me by H. C. D. who writes :

"My *mother* was the only daughter of an Earl who died over fifty years ago. Some thirty-five years ago a grandson of his, just of age, enjoyed the title, he had a younger brother as heir-presumptive, and then, failing issue, the title would revert to an uncle who had brought them up.

"One day at the historic home the portrait of the first Earl fell down from its fastenings. Soon afterwards *another* important portrait, and *later* the portrait of the founder of the House, Queen Elizabeth.

"Shortly afterwards the young brother of the Earl died of decline aged about eighteen. Two years after the Earl died, and six months after that his uncle, who had succeeded to the title, died, and the title became extinct !

"It is perhaps, also, noteworthy that the interval between the birth of my father's father (1760) and the death of his youngest daughter-in-law (my mother, 1903) is 143 years."

The long arm of coincidence will be called upon to do another *tour de force* in connection with the next narrative, which has been very kindly written out at my request by the lady who related it to me. It is not by any means a unique narrative of its kind, and similar ones involving the appearance of white birds have reached me from other quarters, and I hope some of my readers who take an interest in these records will supplement them still further. Mrs. L— writes :

There is so little known and so much to be discovered in scientific psychology, that in this practical age one gets little credit for so-called "appearances." So many people have neither the will nor the time to investigate the matter, and so often cast discredit on things which undoubtedly occur but are at present unexplained.

In giving my experience I must first say I am not the least nervous or superstitious in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and was never in the slightest degree disturbed by any appearance. I do not attempt an explanation but will merely state the facts as they occurred.

In the autumn of 1877 my husband was lying seriously ill with rheumatic fever and I had sat up several nights. At last the doctors insisted on my going to bed ; and very unwillingly I retired to a spare room. While undressing I was surprised to see a very large white bird come from the fireplace, make a hovering circle round me, and finally go to the top of a large double chest of drawers. I was too tired to trouble about it and thought I would let it remain until morning. The next morning I said to the housemaid : "There was a large bird in the spare-room last night which flew to the top of the drawers. See that it is

WHITE BIRDS  
AS OMENS.

put out." The nurse who was present said, "O dear, ma'am, I am afraid that is an omen and means the master won't live," and was confirmed in her opinion by the maid saying she had searched and there was no trace of any bird. I was quite angry, as my husband was decidedly better, had slept through the night, and we thought the crisis had passed. I went to his bedside and found him quietly sleeping, but he never woke, and in about an hour passed quietly away.

I thought no more of the bird, fancying I must have been mistaken from being overtired.

Some months after my husband's death my youngest little son was born; he lived for twelve months and then had an attack of bronchitis. He slept in a cot in my room, and I was undressing one night when this same large white bird came from his cot, floated round me, and disappeared in the fireplace. At the time I did not for a moment think of it as anything but a strange coincidence, and in no way connected it with baby's illness.

The next morning I was sitting by the drawing-room fire with baby in my lap. The doctor came in, looked at him, sounded his chest and pronounced him much better. As he was a friend of the family, he sat down on the other side of the fireplace and was chatting in an ordinary way when he suddenly jumped up with an exclamation, "Why, what does this mean?" and took the child from my arms quite dead!

For two years we saw nothing more of the white bird and we had moved to another place.

One day I was in my room and my two little girls, aged six and eight, were standing at the window watching a kitten in the garden, when suddenly the youngest cried out: "Oh, mamma! Look at that great white bird," putting her hands as if to catch it, exactly in the way it flies round me. I saw nothing, and the elder child said, "Don't be silly, Jessie; there is no bird." "But there is," said the child. "Don't you see? There, look! there it is!" I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past three. Two days after we received the news that a niece of mine had died at twenty minutes past three. The children had never known anything of the former appearances, as we had never talked about it before them. We have seen nothing since of the bird, but have for some years had no death in the family.

## REVIEWS

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Prof. E. B. Titchener. Vol. I. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

We welcome the appearance in English, after so many delays, of the first volume of this most famous work, which was first published in 1874 and has been subjected to continual revision by the author ever since. The present volume deals with the "Bodily Substrate of the Mental Life." It is, indeed, the most complete, and by far the most philosophic account of the nervous system of man that can be anywhere obtained. The reader who cares to compare this work with the three volumes of such a standard work as "Quain's Anatomy," that deal with the central nervous system, the nerves and the organs of the senses, will at once see the difference between the work of the average first-class expert and that of a master. (As the writer of two of the volumes named—now the leading physiologist in this country—is an old teacher of the reviewer's, the opinion expressed is perhaps not without weight.) In Wundt's work we find all the details that are known, and find them stated—thanks partly to the admirable translator—in the most perfect fashion; but we also find throughout evidence of that rare intellectual power which is not granted to every wielder of a scalpel or manipulator of a microscope. This reminds us, by the way, that Wundt has himself spent years in actual anatomical investigation—so thorough are the methods of this great student.

In the volume under consideration there is relatively little, of course, that is of pressing interest to the student of the higher and more recondite psychic phenomena, nor to him who seeks to read the riddle of mind. But it may be well to remind the reader of the main doctrines which are propounded by Wundt in the volumes to which this is introductory.

If we accept as expressing a truth the old antithesis of mind and matter—which certain very superior writers of the day find somewhat naive and uncritical—we may frame three hypotheses as to the relations between the two. Many distinguished thinkers have maintained that the action of mind upon matter is, in reality, the *only* kind of action which we are capable of conceiving. Our notion of force is derived, they have pointed out, from our own consciousness of the exertion of force in all our actions; and when we fancy that we conceive of the action of one portion of matter upon another, as in the impact of billiard-balls, we are only conceiving of the event symbolically in virtue of our own experience of force—which is the force exerted by our volition—that is, our mind—upon external things.

The first view of the mind-matter relation, then, is that it consists of the control of matter by mind.

On the contrary, many students in all times—students less distinguished than the last, it may be significantly observed—have maintained that the relation between mind and matter consists exclusively in the action of the latter upon the former. According to this view, mind is an occasional property of matter, or is determined by matter and motion. These students are prepared to maintain, in effect, that whilst it is ridiculous to imagine that an idea can move a chair, yet a series of molecular movements can extrude or expel or move out an idea. "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." This doctrine is known, in the language of philosophy, as materialism. In point of fact, it has not been held by so many thinkers as is often asserted. The term "materialist" having come—by a *double entendre*—to have an unpleasant meaning, has always been thrown at men of science by their opponents. Tyndall was called a materialist, though he declared that he had not the rudiments of the intellectual faculty which could enable him to conceive the passage from the physics of the brain to the production of consciousness. Spencer is still called a materialist, though he declared that, were he compelled to refer all phenomena either to mind or to matter, he would find it far easier to adopt the first alternative.

A large number of students have combined these two hypotheses. They have declared that, however difficult the facts may be to explain, yet mind and matter do freely interact, each on each.

In contravention of these two hypotheses and the combination of their positive aspects, Professor Wundt (who is, by universal consent, the greatest of living psychologists) has advanced the doctrine which is known as the hypothesis of *psychophysical parallelism*. According to this doctrine, it is impossible to believe that mind acts on matter or matter on mind: there is no psychophysical interaction. But there is the strictest parallelism. The sequence of psychical states and the sequence of physical states accompany one another. Each phenomenon of the one is accompanied by a phenomenon of the other. There is no causal relation between the one sequence and the other, but only between successive stages of either. Changes in the brain do not cause changes in the mind, nor *vice versa*; we must speak neither of the "influence of the mind upon the body"—to quote the title of Hack Tuke's famous work—nor of the influence of bodily states upon the mind. There is absolute parallelism, but no interaction. Hence the more accurate term in the title of this volume, already quoted, would be not *substrate* but *correlate*.

It is not proposed, in this brief review, to discuss the doctrine which will long be associated with the name of the great philosopher of Leipsic. If there are grave difficulties in the way



of its acceptance, yet its rivals have difficulties enough of their own. We would merely note that this doctrine necessarily implies the *complete* parallelism of mind and matter; in other words, that mind and matter are associated not merely in the brain of man or his inferiors, but even in the inorganic atoms of a gas or a stone. The doctrine, if true, necessarily leads to the conclusion that mind (doubtless in a rudimentary form), is omnipresent. This may be a hard saying; but recent investigations of the physicists and the biologists go far towards its confirmation.

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

**THE WHITE CAUSEWAY.** Frank Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson, 6s.

This is not the first story wherein Mr. Frankfort Moore has touched upon that most extraordinary problem of psychic life which to some is a dreadful fact, to others only a foolish fantasy—the problem of Dual Consciousness.

In the "Secret of the Court" Mr. Moore touched the fringe of this mystery and did little more: in "The White Causeway" he has handled it through three-quarters of the tale with a sufficient care and conscientiousness to show that he really regards the question as a serious one, and not a mere knotty point that has been carelessly raised, to be as carelessly brushed away, by a clever man. This is the story. Olive Austin, engaged to, and much in love with Arthur Garnett, a mountaineering Englishman, is upset out of a boat on the Lake of Lucerne, and after lying unconscious for so long a time that two experienced doctors pronounce her dead, revives at the moment when her lover is kneeling beside her, calling to the apparently dead woman. She revives, but "it is," as her friend Editha Calthorpe declares, "like a second birth." She was as angry at being brought back to life as a babe is at being born. She cried like an infant; and when her eyes opened they stared at each of us in the way a child stares for the first time it sees one." It is so much like a second birth that Olive Austin knows no one and nothing—not even that she is Olive Austin. Very gently her friend teaches her the names of herself, her friends, her kindred; and introduces her, a stranger, into places familiar to her; but one thing all Lady Calthorpe's tact and kindness cannot do—it cannot make the girl endure the presence of Arthur Garnett.

Her feet were on the "White Causeway" (a snow-road leading up the heights of the Allalinhorn, where local legend says the white figures of spirits may be seen at certain times walking along a perilous path where no human foot has ever trod) when his voice came calling her back from happiness and rest into the storm and stress of life. Not only does she lament the call, but she cannot forgive him for calling—"I do not love him now. I cannot believe that I ever loved him." So the man waits till she shall remember that she loved him, and they meet and part and meet as acquaintances, later on as friends, but no more. Then,

and not till then, the mystery of the dual personality gets under way. Strange things are seen and heard at King's Croft, Arthur Garnett's home, where in the flesh Olive has never been: Olive begins to haunt it—the *other* Olive—and describes its features to her hostess as those of a place seen in a dream. A curious sound and sight is seen and heard by Lady Calthorpe when returning through her sleeping house one night after a visit to an ailing child in the night nursery.

There is a sound in Olive's room, a curious sighing, sibilant whisper, and then a light shines under the door, "not anything like so powerful as would come from even a single candle within the room." Then the light is outside the room, "a faint suggestion of a moving light; not a point of light, but a thin, vaporous and luminous film . . . 'fainter than any light ever seen—more like the reflection of a light on something vaporous.'" Fear comes upon her and she flees both light and sound.

Doris Garnett—Arthur's sister and a strong-minded girl—sees the figure that haunts her brother's house and takes it for a common or garden ghost; and on the same night Arthur sees it and recognises it as Olive Austin. She is her sweetest and most loving self—not the girl who has forgotten and is trying to remember that she once loved him—"I who am here with you, Arthur, am the one who has never ceased to think of you with all love. I am the heart of Olive Austin." In the midst of their raptures she disappears suddenly as ghosts are wont to do, leaving behind her only one tangible sign of her presence—a garnet pin that he gave her. The next day he meets her walking in the gardens of Calthorpe Place, and when she speaks of visiting the night before in a dream the house she has visited before in similar dreams, and having seen and talked with him there, and having lost there a certain trinket to which she is attached, he dumbfounds her by taking from his pocket the identical lost hairpin. Events move rapidly to the climax—the psychological climax of the story. Lady Calthorpe goes to Olive's room with a telegram, knocks, and receiving no answer, supposes the girl is asleep, and so enters. "Arthur," she says, "I saw two figures. Olive was lying asleep upon the bed, and seated on the side of the bed at her feet was—Olive! There they were before my eyes—the two—the two!" A day or two later, after reviving from unconsciousness brought on by an accident to a motor, Olive Austin finds out—and remembers—that she loves Arthur Garnett: and with this the psychic interest of the book ends. Fraud, forgery, and the discovery that Olive is not her reputed father's child but only his adopted daughter all happen, but do not matter: what does matter is the dual personality of Olive Austin, and her creator's manner of dealing with it. He has dealt with a similar problem before in "The Secret of the Court," but he did not then believe in it. In the "White Causeway" he does!

NORA CHESSON.

[BY SCRUTATOR]

**EXPLODED THEOSOPHY**—A Series of Three Lectures delivered in Benares, 1904. By R. B. Panvalkar, Dr. D. P. Thakore, Ps.D., and G. R. Mysore, B.A., LL.B.

THESE lectures appear to have been written and delivered for the purpose of dethroning Mrs. Besant from the position which she has won in the hearts of a certain body of Hindus, and of setting up one of their own selection—Agamyā Guru—in her place. The volume is directed against the Theosophical Society and its teachings. The first of these lectures constitutes an indictment of fraud and misrepresentation, covering the old ground made familiar to us by the Psychical Research Society, and concludes from the changes of faith experienced by Mrs. Besant that she is not to be trusted as a spiritual pilot, at least by Hindus. There is, nevertheless, the consideration that all growth means change. Mature man is not the dimpled baby grown great. Development means something more than increase; and in view of this it is a question whether the Hindus ought not to feel complimented that after so many vicissitudes Mrs. Besant has elected to call herself Hindu.

The second lecture affirms that the results observed in connection with the Theosophical movement in India are due to hypnotic suggestion. In the opinion of the lecturer, Mrs. Besant is "an unscrupulous hypnotist," and the members of the Theosophical Society are her "thoughtless subjects." He affirms the existence of "a novel stimulus"—the coloured dhoti, the rosary, and meals served at the hands of Brahmins being the means attributed to Mrs. Besant in this respect. In effect the lecturer prefers the hypnotism of Agamyā Guru to that of Mrs. Besant.

The third lecture of the series attempts the apotheosis of the said Guru. It is affirmed that the Sanyasin has reached by yogic practice the state known as vidvat paramahansa, "which is given to few mortals to achieve." The criteria by which the spiritual status of the individual is judged do not transpire. It is worth note, however, that the lecturer admits "such Sanyasins cannot be many, just as diamonds are not to be found in luxurious plenty, like to everywhere-to-be-found rocks" (*sic*). It appears, however, that Agamyā Guru has the capacity of stopping the heart-beat at will. So did Captain James, who could simulate death at will, but who was no Sanyasin, or at least made no claim to that degree. On this curious phenomenon it is well to know that in the opinion of some physiologists the whole of the automatic or involuntary arc of nervation was at one time controlled by the will, that it has in process of evolution become a "habit" for the heart to beat, but that this and all other automatic processes of the organism may be reclaimed. The rehabilitation of a single filament of nervous matter in the medulla

oblongata is all that is necessary to make the heart-beat or any other organic process a matter of voluntary control. A timely recollection by Nature of some of her childish tricks may account for the evolution of a modern Mahatma! Students of Occultism can afford to take a sane view of these credentials without "cutting the ground off our feet," as one of these Exploders quaintly says. Whatever the shortcomings of the Theosophical Society are or have been, the case against it is but feebly stated in this publication which, by ordinary standards of criticism, cannot be accepted as a conclusive or efficient indictment.

**METAPSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.** By J. Maxwell, M.D. (London : Duckworth & Co., 3 Henrietta Street, W.C.)

It is only possible, within the limits at my disposal, to indicate in the briefest manner the purport and scope of this work, which extends over some 500 pages, the translation standing to the credit of Miss L. I. Finch.

In an Introduction to the work Sir Oliver Lodge, after speaking in high commendation of the author's qualifications for this line of research, points out the attitude maintained by biologists and medical men in France towards the problems involved, in distinction from our English school of researchers, who manifestly display a *penchant* for these things mainly in relation to religious beliefs. But as Sir Oliver Lodge explains, the French investigators

have no *arrière pensée* towards religion or the spiritual world. Frankly, I expect they would disclaim all sympathy with the view of a number of enthusiasts in this country, who have sought to make these ill-understood facts the basis for a kind of religious cult in which faith is regarded as more important than knowledge, and who condemn the attitude of scientific men, even of those few who really seek to observe and understand the phenomena.

It is not difficult to guess to what body of people the eminent scientist here refers. The fact in any case is regrettable. But in regard to the work under review it is sufficient for us to know on the testimony of Sir Oliver Lodge that its author

claims consideration as an observer of exceptional ability and scrupulous fairness. . . . He does not record his facts according to the standard set up by the Society for Psychical Research in this country: that is to say, he does not give a minute account of all the details, nor does he relate the precautions taken, nor seek to convince hostile critics that he has overlooked no possibility and made no mistakes.

Dr. Maxwell has confined himself to the attainment of three objects: (1) To train himself long and carefully as an observer; (2) To learn and be guided by the phenomena as they occur, without seeking unduly to coerce them; and (3) To give a general account of the impressions made upon him by the facts as they appeared. And in regard to the facts themselves Sir Oliver considers that those who have set up the *a priori* theory that all may be accounted for on the basis of ingenious

fraud and self-deception, will eventually find themselves mistaken.

Nevertheless we may agree that at present the territory under exploration is not yet a scientific State. We are in the pre-Newtonian, possibly the pre-Copernican, age of this nascent science ; and it is our duty to accumulate facts and carefully record them, for a future Kepler to brood over them.

All we know for certain at the present moment is that the phenomena cluster around embodied humanity and "represent an unexpected extension of human faculty."

Professor Richet writes an excellent preface to the work, in the course of which he demonstrates that there is not, and cannot be, any conflict between Occultism and Science. The facts on either side remain facts. It is for Science to enlarge her borders and to embrace the facts of the new order, reducing them as speedily as may be to a system wherein they are recognised as laws. It is a fact, whatever religionists may say or think, that the supernatural is giving way on all sides before the march of Science. The day may be immeasurably far off, but we shall one day reach it, when all that now passes as supernatural will be engulfed, absorbed ; when the pushing back of the threshold of human consciousness shall include a fuller, a truer concept of the universe as the supernatural in the natural, the soul of things imminent in the things themselves. What we know we know scientifically ; but we have no reason nor warrant for supposing that Nature ceases to exist where we cease to perceive her. There are presumably no new forces in the universe. They are new only in our *consciousness* of them. And here the learned Professor makes honest confession of the fact that

All that science of which we are so proud is only knowledge of appearances. The real nature of things baffles us. The innermost nature of laws governing matter, whether living or inert, is inaccessible to our intelligence. . . . The fall of a stone is such a commonplace phenomenon that it does not astonish us : but in reality no human intelligence has ever understood it. It is usual, common, accepted ; but, like all Nature's phenomena without exception, it is *not understood*.

Coming now to the work of Dr. Maxwell, one learns at the outset from the preliminary remarks that in the opinion of the author the particular field under exploration is not yet sufficiently developed for public occupation. He addresses more particularly his colleagues and fellow students, and cares not a whit for the rebut of scientific denial or the trivialities of press criticism. What really does concern him, however, is the sight of "a few brave men fighting the battle alone."

There is a certain cowardliness in believing their teachings whilst allowing them to bear the brant of the fray for upholding opinions which require so much courage to champion. . . .

Dr. Maxwell clearly indicates his belief that the nature of the evidence and the conditions of the experiments are such as are not likely to appeal to those whom he would most wish to convince, the physicians and chemists ; but while perhaps satisfying

the chemist with the remark that "living matter does not react like inorganic matter or chemical substances," he has no word for the physician, pre-eminently the student of "reaction in living matter." Nevertheless, Dr. Maxwell affirms that he does not seek to convince these savants, and we have therefore to consider the work as a purely lay statement of experiences for the benefit of lay readers. As such the work cannot be taken into the same category as "Human Personality" by our fellow-countryman, the late Frederick Myers, nor the useful synthetic compilations of Mr. E. T. Bennett, nor yet the admirable report of the Dialectical Society. But it is for all that a work of unparalleled interest. The author has the advantage of knowing the weak point of his own battlements, and quotes the dictum of Montaigne, "L'imagination crée le cas," when sounding a note of warning to occult, theosophic and spiritualistic groups. Kabalism he regards as intellectual sport, in no sense to be preferred to the exotericism of the Hebrew writings. The glossary adds no single fact to the ancient text. Neither could theosophists imagine that the Upanishads have any advantage over the Bible in the matter of truth, or that Buddhistic teachings are better because older than the Gospels. Without desiring to suggest that all spiritualists are deluded as to the source of their inspirations, Dr. Maxwell frankly affirms the messages received by him and "purporting to come from the other side of the grave," have seemed to him to emanate from *a different source*. As to the conflict of teachings from the "other side," it is pointed out that spiritists of the Alan Kardec school are taught by "the spirits" to constantly affirm the doctrine of reincarnation, while those of the West deny such teaching *upon the same authority*.

The contradiction is formal, positive and irreconcilable. . . . How are we to form an opinion worthy of acceptance? Who speak the truth, European spirits or Anglo-Saxon spirits?

While neither an adherent of modern occultists, theosophists nor spiritists, Dr. Maxwell has this to say in favour of them, that they are people "worthy, sincere and convinced." But whereas occultists and theosophists seek enlightenment as from themselves, spiritists on the other hand look for it extraneously.

Concerning his own beliefs, Dr. Maxwell is silent, and as regards his book he says that it is only "the statement of a witness—it has no other signification."

But what is one to do with a book of half a thousand pages of which every one is of absorbing interest? The law of copyright is elastic enough, but it does not stretch so far as to include one tithe of the quotable matter essential to a thorough review of so large a work. Briefly then, the book is divided into seven chapters dealing with (1) Method, (2) Raps, (3) Parakinesis and Telekinesis, (4) Luminous Phenomena, (5) Psycho-sensory and Intellectual Phenomena, (6) Some Recently Observed Psychic

Phenomena (a contribution by Miss L. I. Finch, the translator), and (7) Fraud and Error.

In the first of these chapters we have instruction as to the environment most serviceable for practical experiments, the formation of circles, methods of operating and of dealing with the "personification," as the author terms the manifesting intelligence. From the latter of these sections it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the "personification" is always in a greater or less degree the reflex of the expectancy of those experimenting, and on this point Dr. Maxwell says :

The resemblance between the reaction of the personification and that of the subliminal consciousness is so obvious that I have no need to enlarge upon it.

In the matter of raps, Parakinesis (movements with contact) and Telekinesis (movements without contact), the author is exceptionally informing as to the nature of the phenomena and the conditions under which they may be (a) naturally produced, (b) fraudulently imitated. Similarly with luminous phenomena, the appearances are dealt with in the most cautious manner, and yet in all these cases there remains abounding evidence of the existence of supernormal occurrences.

The same dispassionate and even critical examination of observed facts is to be found in the chapter on Super-sensory and Intellectual Phenomena, which is undoubtedly the most important part of the present work. The phenomena include : Sensory Automatism (as affecting the olfactory, auditory and visual organs); Crystal Gazing, Dreams and Telepathy, Telæsthesia, Motor Automatism, Automatic Writing, Phonetic Automatism; concluding with the Psychology of Automatism.

Important as bearing on the source and nature of the observed phenomena (though not in itself adequate to explain any but those which are purely intellectual), is the fact that

the souvenirs stored up in the general consciousness are infinitely more numerous than those which the personal consciousness has at its free disposition. . . . The personal consciousness is only one of the modalities of the general consciousness.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this is dead against the teachings of the spiritualists, who affirm the "personifications" to be separate and distinct entities, while it is directly in support of the Yoga Philosophy and experimental psychology of the East and its recent exposition by the neo-Buddhistic cult in the West. Dr. Maxwell does not attempt to determine what part of us, if any, survives the bodily death. He is wholly concerned with rendering a faithful account of observed phenomena to the bulk of which Professor Richet is also a witness. Accepted in this light the work of Dr. Maxwell is perhaps the most orderly and extensive record as yet published. In "Some Recently Observed Phenomena" produced in the presence of Dr. Maxwell and Professor Richet through the mediumship of M. Meurice, the student will find quite sufficient expert evidence

in support of the general scope of this scientific inquiry. It is evidence of facts that we want. Theories advanced in explanation of the facts are more likely to be correct in proportion as the range of evidence is extensive and the classification of the phenomena complete. For this reason alone, quite apart from the fact that experience is incommunicable in a primary sense, and conviction not less so, this translation of Dr. Maxwell's work will meet with a cordial reception.

"N" RAYS. By R. Blondlot. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

This work, translated from the French by Mons. J. Garcin, is a collection of papers communicated to the Academy of Sciences, with additional notes and instructions for the construction of phosphorescent screens. It is in every respect a work which appeals to, and is calculated to satisfy, the requirements of the scientific man. Yet, in spite of its technicalities, the lay reader is enabled, by means of the text and a number of illustrations and diagrams, to thoroughly appreciate the distinctive properties of the N Rays of Professor Blondlot, their analogies to luminous rays, and their characteristic differences from X Rays, with which it appears they have much in common.

The interest of the reader is enhanced by the facility here and there afforded in the course of this work of testing the action of the N Rays for himself. Instructions are given for making the phosphorescent screens of calcium sulphide whose luminosity is increased by the proximity of various bodies. In all these experiments there is, however, a very considerable personal equation to be taken into account. Thus, in regard to the appreciability of differences in degree of luminosity the author says :

The aptitude for catching small variations in luminous intensity is very different in different persons; some see from the outset, and without any difficulty, the reinforcing action produced by the N rays on the brightness of a small luminous source; for others, those phenomena lie almost at the limit of what they are able to discern, and it is only after a certain amount of practice that they succeed in catching them easily, and in observing them with complete certainty.

As to the method of observing the action of N Rays the Professor does not leave his reader in any doubt, but gives very explicit instructions. He says :

It is *indispensable* in these experiments to avoid all strain on the eye, all effort, whether visual or for eye accommodation, and in no way to try to *fix* the eye upon the luminous source whose variations in glow one wishes to ascertain. On the contrary, one must, so to say, see the source without looking at it, and even direct one's glances vaguely in a neighbouring direction. The observer must play an absolutely passive part, under penalty of seeing nothing. Silence should be observed as much as possible.

Many will consider from this that the existence of the Rays is highly problematical, and it is a common experience that a luminous body wanes and waxes in its degree of apparent



luminosity, even disappearing altogether at times, in response to the variations which involuntarily take place in the eye. The interposition of another body (which here is considered to be the direct cause of the increased luminosity of the phosphorescent screen) may be due to change of focus in the eye caused by the approach of the said body. To such objections the author has experimental answers.

In effect it is shown that a large number of opaque and non-magnetic bodies have this property of throwing off N rays and that the sun is a fruitful source of such rays, which traverse solid bodies and affect the luminosity of the phosphorescent screen. Some bodies store up these rays while others are merely transmitters of them. Of the former, lead, gold, zinc, platinum and silver may be cited, while aluminium, wood, dry paper and paraffin do not possess this property. Moisture effectually prevents the transmission of N rays, and while stones that had been lying in the sun for some time were found to have a strongly intensifying effect, wet stones from beneath the earth were quite inactive. The phenomenon of the eye's "growing accustomed to the dark" may have some connection with this property of storing up N rays. It was found that the excised eye of an ox exposed to the sun's rays was capable of storing up these N rays and of afterwards giving them off. Indeed, the phenomenon of the luminosity of calcium sulphide itself after exposure to the solar rays, or indeed any brilliant light, has not been satisfactorily explained. There is no chemical change, but only a change in the mode of activity of the particles. Yet on this phenomenon probably rest a great many of the seemingly occult properties of animal and vegetable life, and certain terrestrial phenomena.

The book is undoubtedly of extreme interest to the scientifically inclined, and every facility, even to the presentation of a black screen of twenty-five luminous points, is afforded the reader who would make test of these phenomena for himself.

The student of the "occult" will probably be disappointed in that the latest pronouncements regarding the emanation of these ponderable and coloured rays from human bodies do not form any part of the author's instruction, and perhaps it is as well that the reader should be reminded that there is no established connection, scientifically speaking, between the N rays of Professor Blondlot and the so-called "Character Rays" of Dr. Stenson Hooker, which figured so largely in connection with them in some badly-informed newspapers. The publishers are fortunate in having secured this first and authentic statement of the researches of Professor Blondlot.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

*Broad Views* (No. 19, July 1905) has several articles of extreme interest to Occultists and Psychic Researchers, including "Les Grands Initiés," by M. Sylvestre; "Did Tennyson Believe

H

in Reincarnation?" by Robert Calignoc; "The Foundations of Astrology," by Mrs. A. P. Sinnett, and a psychological romance by Mr. A. P. Sinnett entitled "United."

*Modern Astrology* contains the "Birth Data of Remarkable People," an excellent and suggestive article on "Death and Birth," by H. S. Green, and a "Remarkable Case of Disparity" of twins. The July issue is in other respects a most readable number.

*The Theosophical Review* for July contains some interesting notes under the title of "The Watch Tower," regarding Tibetan Travellers and Theosophy, the Lamas, "Mahatmas" and other items of current note. There are also some well-arranged Notes on the Fifth Congress of Psychology held in Rome in April last. These articles will prove of some service to students of the new science.

*Destiny* for July has some notes on Predictive Astrology and also a study of the horoscope of the late Cecil Rhodes. The complete figure for this horoscope (the time being given on the authority of Colonel Frank Rhodes) appeared originally in the *Horoscope Magazine*.

*The Two Worlds* of July 7 has a remarkable extract from the *Progressive Thinker* in which the discoveries of Dr. Charles W. Littlefield of Alexandria, U.S.A., are detailed. It appears that this scientist has subjected mineral bodies to chemical action and produced microscopic vegetable life therefrom, while from the latter he has evolved animal life by decomposition. The researches of Dr. Littlefield will be incorporated in his forthcoming work on Abiogenesis, so that we shall have occasion to speak of them more fully in another place. In "A Tale of Cosmic Multiplication," Mr. Charles Dawbarn makes a spirited criticism of Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the *North American Review* on "What is Life?"

*Light* of July 1 has a good leader on "The Japanese Spirit." The issue for July 8 has a fascinating description of "A Maori Séance" which ought to attract attention. It is the record of a Pakeha Maori published in 1863. The issue for July 15 has some remarkable extracts from the *Revue Spirite* from correspondence of M. van der Nailen to Colonel de Rochas concerning the materialisations of a Californian medium named Miller, whom the Colonel is invited to visit and test, and from the testimony of M. van der Nailen it would appear that the conditions were of the most rigid order and that "forms" both great and small and of both sexes—all being clothed in white—using different voices, while the medium himself, being in normal consciousness, conversed with those present. The medium was bound with twenty-four yards of tape, the crossings of which were sewn with needle and thread and the ends nailed to the floor. In contradistinction to all the "personifications" the medium was clothed entirely in black. This case promises to be one of an order eclipsing even the phenomena through Eusapia Paladino and Florence Cook.

## 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.]

### PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with great interest Mrs. K. E. Henry-Anderson's articles on her "Experiences of a Seer," and I think that some of your readers may be interested to know of a somewhat similar series of phenomena (although apparently on a lower plane) which have occurred to me from time to time.

Mrs. Anderson cites several instances in which she has seen, or rather sensed, pictures of events, including whole scenes, whereas my experiences only include a face usually or at most a single figure.

Often when sitting talking with a friend, he seems to become less real, until he appears to be quite a distance off, and although distinct in one sense, he seems to have lost his personality and to have become abstract, if I may be permitted to so describe it.

Then there forms just in front of him another and often entirely different face, which also seems unreal in a certain way and yet more real than the actual face of my friend.

On several occasions, having described the face which has appeared to the friend with me at the time, he has recognised the description as belonging to some one of his acquaintance, and sometimes a relative, and so far as I know I have never seen the person of whom I get the mental picture.

In some cases the friend has not been able to recognise any one by my description, and there seems no particular reason *primâ facie* for the particular appearance.

Sometimes, too, I have premonitions of future events in a vague way, but they are not actually visualised as is the case with Mrs. Anderson—I simply seem to "know."

Lastly, on one or two occasions, I have made assertions, on the spur of the moment as it were, about myself without any apparently good reason when regarded in the light of the then present events, which have afterwards been remarkably fulfilled. I used to regret having made these statements as being absurd, but now I should regard them as more important than mere deductive probabilities.

Perhaps your readers may be able to furnish some explanation of these matters and quote parallel cases.—Yours truly,

Birmingham University.

H. C.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The incident I am about to relate occurred six years ago, but the impression made on my mind is so fresh in every detail that it may properly be described as an experience of the moment.

Ever since, I have been mentally reviewing each detail of the events of a night, with a view to some explanation that will come within known law, but without success, and my emphatic conviction is that, by some means not yet to be explained, what we call absolute materialisation is an established fact. So far as I am able to see, my experience served no purpose whatever, except, perhaps, to convince me of this fact. I had never had any previous manifestation and have had none since, except that I have since experimented a little with a "planchette" and have had surprising results, but every effort to cause the manifestations to explain themselves or to give me a clue that might enable me to explain them, resulted in failure, and at present I am inclined to think planchette is more curious than useful. However, I keep an open mind.

At the period mentioned, I had occasion to live in lodgings in a small city in the North of England, and my bedroom was a small room next the roof, but not an attic, although so high up; there was no possibility of access except through my bedroom door, and apart from that, the nature of the movements, as will be seen, precludes the possibility of human agency in such a situation. I retired to my room one night in my usual state of health and without a thought of spirits or spiritualism. As it happened, I seldom or never touch stimulants of any kind except tea or coffee, and these never at night.

On retiring to rest, I found I was unusually restless and wakeful without apparent cause, as I am habitually a sound and restful sleeper. I moved about from side to side to find a reposeful position as we all do in such circumstances, and at last I began to doze lying upon my right side with my right arm beneath my body; soon I discovered that my hand was "going to sleep," and, as every one knows, this process often causes a sensation as if one's hand did not belong to one. Such was the case with me, and I grasped my right hand with my left in order to assure myself it was my own. At that very instant, and while I was holding my own right hand, a sensation of another hand and arm drawing away from under me towards my back made itself unmistakably evident, instantly making me wide awake and alert and, like a flash, I dropped my own right hand and gripped quite another hand as it drew past under my body; at that instant, I remember, it came to my mind like a flash of lightning that some person must have got into my room, and I twisted right round in bed still retaining a firm grip of the hand, and with my other hand and arm fully occupied in steadying myself. The hand drew rapidly to the edge of the bed, and

I was just on the point of springing out to confront a very real living person, with just a trace of shrinking, lest the other hand of that person should carry a weapon of some sort, when, before I had time to move, the hand still gripped by mine moved rapidly to the corner of the bed diagonally opposite, dragging me right across and never giving me even a moment to recover my balance and try to grasp something with my right hand : I have a vivid recollection how it came to my mind like a flash, that nothing human could have dragged me diagonally about eight feet without any sensation of a body on or near the bed, and I felt no longer any apprehension of a human antagonist, but another and quite novel apprehension of something quite outside my range of experience.

However, I held on and steadied myself as well as I could with my free hand, and the motion continued without a break till I was dragged right across to the extreme corner at the foot of the bed, when the hand drew down over the edge of the bed to the floor, I following, and only prevented from striking my head on the floor by stretching out my free hand and arm. Finally the hand, on reaching the floor, seemed to draw out of my grasp right through the floor and disappear.

It was an exceptionally dark night, and strain my eyes as I would I could not see anything whatever, but there was no possibility of mistaking the sensations of touch.

Necessarily, my heart was going at a rate that threatened to choke me, but I sat up in bed for about five seconds and collected all my faculties : then I jumped out of bed, lit my candle, found the door fast and everything in the room quite normal.

I stayed in the rooms for more than a year, but nothing else happened.

I could not learn that the house had any reputation whatever ; it was quite a normal modern house, of better class than is usually let in rooms.

It is impossible to conceive anything more aggravating than such an experience of the inexplicable and apparently no possibility of further knowledge.

Though the experience is startling in the extreme, one would do much to elucidate it. Can any of your readers suggest a possible explanation ?

Yours faithfully,  
CIVIL ENGINEER.

[The writer of the above communication has sent me a considerable number of personal references as to his abilities and character.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have read with interest Miss Bramston's article on "Automatic Romance." She says that the names of Stainton Moses' spirits have not been disclosed. I have been informed on excellent authority that Imperator was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, but that for writing he used an amanuensis.\* Among other spirits whose names are given in the records kept by Mrs. Speer are those of Dr. Dee and Benjamin Franklin. And there is an infallible means, which I shall not disclose, of putting to the test those who return professing to bear great names. In *Light*, No. 625, p. 634, occurs the passage, "Their band is a powerful one—Mentor, an Arabian philosopher; Philosophus, the great Italian philosopher, the philosopher *per excellence*; Kabbila, an Indian philosopher; Prudens, who was more skilled in the Occult Alexandrian and Indian lore than any who ever lived; Chom and Said, priests of Isis and Osiris, skilled in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; and Dr. Dee, the great Occultist of England."

She says that the books from which the tests were given belonged to him and were probably registered in his unconscious memory (What, all of them!) but, if *my* memory fails me not, one of the most remarkable was given from a strange book in the bookcase of a friend while he was waiting. Some people are adepts in the art of explaining away, the opening sentence of the article notwithstanding.—Yours truly,

H. W. THATCHER.

Bay View, West Cliff, Bournemouth.

[My correspondent is breaking the unwritten rules which govern the OCCULT REVIEW in stating that *there is an infallible means* of testing spirits *which he will not disclose*. I have inserted the letter on this occasion. Such statements will disqualify letters in future.—ED.]

\* A spirit-amanuensis.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have noticed with some annoyance that two lines of irrelevant matter have been affixed to the end of my review of "the Gospel of the Holy Twelve" in the July issue of your journal. These lines did not appear in the proof submitted to me, and are, in fact, an excised part of a review published in a previous number. In the context in which they appear they are of course devoid of all sense and meaning.

Trusting this explanation will suffice, I am, yours truly,

SCRUTATOR.

[I have much pleasure in inserting the above letter, and take this opportunity of expressing my apologies to the author.—ED.]