

THE OCCULT REVIEW

NOVEMBER
1907

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOVEMBER 1907

No. 5

NOTES OF THE MONTH

"THE office of the aphorism," says Mr. Waite, "is to express the moods of the mind almost in the language which belongs to symbolism." In *Steps to the Crown** he has given us a book of aphorisms to express his views of the life here in its relation to the life eternal. When great men have written many tomes, it is the habit of little men to cut sentences here and there out of their contexts and serve them up in the form of birthday books, or, it may be, under the title of "The Wit and Wisdom of Mr. So-and-so." Mr. Waite serves us up his own wit and wisdom without the context, and unquestionably many of his terse observations, running to four or five lines of print, if followed out mentally, would form fitting subjects for essays of no inconsiderable length. This is apparently what he means when he says that "the detached and independent thought, apart from all context and formal argument, either draws within its own measure from the way of inspiration, or it is without worth or validity."

* *Steps to the Crown*. By A. E. Waite. Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A man who writes thus is summarizing his conclusions from the experience of life, and the value of the opinions expressed lies principally in this fact. An undercurrent runs through the whole book that the things of this world are not the things that matter. This idea is tersely summarized in the observation that "the perfecting of the aeroplane will not bring us nearer to the angels because it will

THE VITAL
ISSUES
OVERLOOKED
BY MAN-
KIND.

enable us to fly, and it is the same with most other inventions; in other words they are not ultimately of service to humanity." And again: "The observation of material things has distracted us from the consideration of the really vital issues." And among these really vital issues he whose object is the pursuit of the Heavenly City does not count the law as affirmed in the decalogue, for "morality is not the end of life, but rather its beginning." "It is the condition of everything, but in itself it can give nothing." But if we look from the

MORALITY
MERELY A
MEANS TO
AN END.

moral code to the Church as the divinely-appointed guardian of the heavenly treasure here on earth we are again disappointed. "The priest," we are told, "is difficult to tolerate and more difficult to dispense with"; a necessary evil, in fact. Is it not the case that the blame rests with the religion for the priest being intolerable, and that the incredibility of the religion drives from it just those very men who would be its greatest ornaments and its highest honour?

If it be true—and it surely is—that a nation has the government which it deserves, doubtless it is no less so that a Church has the priesthood that it deserves, and the lack of spirituality

PRIEST AND
PEOPLE.

in the priesthood and its low level of intelligence merely reflect the lack of spirituality of the Church and the fact that its faith and its dogmas lag behind the general intelligence of the people to whom it preaches. Granted a priesthood is essential to a Church, it is equally true that a highly spiritualized Church is essential to a highly spiritual priesthood. A Church which proclaims incredible dogmas makes its priests hypocrites and hypocrites its priests.

In another passage the author remarks: "When we cease to believe in the priest we are disposed to believe in the sorcerer." If we substituted for this observation: "When we cease to believe in orthodox Christianity, we are open to consider the claims of Spiritualism," it would surely be justifiable. Or again we might paraphrase: "When we cease to believe in tradition we are

open to give weight to the claims of evidence"; and here it is obvious that we have restated the position in a manner which gives it a totally different complexion altogether.

It is clear, however, that Mr. Waite is keenly sensitive to the defects and lack of spirituality of the Church which he would have us accept. He takes it for lack of a better and because it points to higher aspirations even while it disappoints them. But he recognizes that "the Sun has not yet risen upon the horizon

THE MYSTIC
CITY AND
THE MANI-
FEST
JERUSALEM.

of our soul." He does not in reality shut his eyes to the defects of any earthly communions, he treats them rather as the failure of the prototype to symbolize that which is eternal. "The insufficiencies are sources of disillusion, but right thinking should teach us that the mystic city is not to be judged by that manifest Jerusalem which is held in captivity by Babylon." In short, when later gods of later creeds have followed

Odin and Zeus to equal doom,

there will still remain "the Church not made with hands eternal in the heavens." "The implicits of the search after God are the faiths of all creeds, and the mystic is joined with all in consummate orthodoxy." Surely there never was enunciated a broader Catholicism.

Many of the aphorisms in this book awake echoes and, well as the author puts his points, one feels that some of them have already been put even better elsewhere. Thus:—

"There is a higher sense of the maxim *in vino veritas*, for the really great truths are only conveyed in an ecstasy." Not to recognize this is to ignore all the deeper depths of religious feeling, but Omar Khayyam has said it before more pointedly and epigrammatically:

One flash of it within the tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright!

But Mr. Waite distrusts the epigrammatic, for "an epigram is almost necessarily a mis-statement because truth is too sober to sparkle." Perhaps it would be juster to say that an epigram

ARE EPI-
GRAMS MIS-
LEADING?

shows us one side of the truth and that side in a brilliant and vivid light. But do we ever really see the whole?

Again, "It is insufficient to live in obscurity to secure a future of happiness." Is not this sentiment an echo of Matthew Arnold's verse:

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,
 And "Patience! In another life," we say,
 "The world will be thrust down and we upborne"—
 And will not then the immortal armies scorn
 The world's poor routed leavings? or will they
 Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?
 No! No! the energy of life must be
 Kept up after the grave, and not begun,
 And he who failed not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing, only he,
 His soul well knit and all his battles won,
 Mounts (and that hardly) to Eternal Life!

Faith has been defined so often and so diversely that it is interesting to hear Mr. Waite's definition: "Faith is the direction of the will towards the balance of probability, so that it may dip on the right side." This is about as unlike St. Paul's definition of it as the "substance of things hoped for" as it is to that other gentleman's who described it as "the capacity for believing that which we know to be untrue." "Faith" evidently eludes the framers of definitions. Our author is happier when he says: "The father of intelligence is knowledge, but its mother is faith."

Such an attitude as Mr. Waite's must of necessity find little comfort in existing ecclesiastical conditions even when it feels that it cannot dispense with them, and this sense of disappointment voices itself so often as to make the reader ask himself whether after all the author quite believes in his own solution of the religious difficulty, or if it is not rather the case that he disbelieves in all others. Thus he says: "Once it was our doubts which separated us from the universal communion, and we were proud of our independence; now it is our certainties that divide us, but we have come to desire the communion." And again: "It is well if it ends well; but we do not know how it ends." From such a standpoint optimism is impossible, and life itself assumes a sombre hue. "It is not the battle of life which weighs down the soul, but its grey skies and its unspeakable monotony." But after all grey skies are no more eternal than sunshine.

Mr. A. E. Waite views life from what perhaps we may be permitted to call the sacramental standpoint. This is the standpoint of the few, but his method is one which may well find many imitators. The philosopher with a more cynical outlook may

substitute for the title "Steps to the Crown," such a headline, for example, as "Steps to a Coronet" to typify his own aim as the attainment of worldly rather than heavenly ambition. To suggest a few aphorisms (or rather epigrams) to which such a title would lend itself would be no difficult matter. I subjoin several "of my own make," and others, who may regard the occupation as no less diverting than composing limericks, will perhaps feel disposed to add to their number.

*STEPS TO A CORONET (OR THE WISDOM
OF THE WORLD)*

This is a world in which it is all ordered for the second best. Refuse this for a better and you will share the fate of the dog in the proverb who dropped his bone in pursuit of a shadow.

It is not so much the virtues themselves or the vices that we require as the capacity to simulate either as circumstances and an enlightened philosophy shall suggest.

Be generous if you must, but let not your neighbour know what your right hand doeth. A reputation for generosity is a call to thieves, and they will answer to it as a cabby to the whistle.

Success comes to the man with one idea, but not the capacity for enjoying it.

It is wiser to strive after efficiency than to strive after effect; but the immediate results are not so marked.

Thus also "Honesty is the best policy"; but it has this drawback: you have to wait till harvest time for the harvest.

It is better to be ridiculed by your contemporaries than to be voted out of date by your grandchildren. It is not infrequently a choice between the two.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." A performing dog may thus prove a better bargain than a promising young man.

We are most of us to a greater or less degree multiple personalities, and one of the greatest problems of life is "How to be happy though multiple."

"The love of money is the root of all evil." But you can enjoy money without loving it.

We are Nature's children, and must obey Nature's laws. Love is the fulfilling of a law.

Marriages were made in Muddledom. The greatest offence in matrimony is incompatibility of temperament.

Above all things keep on good terms with the police. N.B.— This has a wide signification.

The true test of genius is to have your remarks quoted as the sayings of a great celebrity. The true test of fame is to have the remarks of genius quoted as your own.

It is well to be wise with the wisdom of this world, but it is well also to recognize that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"; and when the world's wisdom is in conflict with a higher, the policy that dictates it is at best a short-sighted one, for (as the greatest of the Victorian poets has said):

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of circumstance.

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REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES AND PRESUMABLE EXPLANATIONS

SECOND SERIES.

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

I

TRANSFIGURATIONS

SOME of the most remarkable occult phenomena are the transfigurations of living beings, or what is commonly called the "supernatural change in the personal appearance of human beings," such as, for instance, is mentioned in the Bible, *Matt.* xvii. 2, where it is said that Jesus was transfigured before Peter, James and John: "His face did shine as the Sun and His raiment was white as the light." While we admit the correctness of this account, we do not look upon the fact of transfiguration as being anything "supernatural" or beyond the laws of nature; but the study of such phenomena is very liable to cause a change in the popular opinion concerning the constitution of what we call "matter," and to show that all "matter" consists of vibrations of something which in another aspect may also be called "mind," and that therefore material forms may be made to assume instantaneously other aspects, if these vibrations are changed by the magical influence of some superior spiritual power.

Such powers belong to the soul and we find them enumerated and explained in *Pataujali's "Yoga Philosophy."* In that philosophy we are taught how we can become masters of nature and the elements, make our body glorified and indestructible, light or heavy, luminous or invisible, and change its form at our pleasure, if we have attained the "eight *Siddhis*" or powers. The well-known phenomena of so-called "spirit materialization" also go to show that the astral body can change its form at will, and that through the change of the astral body of a person a change of appearance of the physical body can be produced. If this is understood and admitted, it becomes clear that not only the transfiguration told in the Bible may have taken place as described, but that moreover popular stories about "werwolves," and the temporary change of men or women

into animals, may not be without a foundation of truth. My own experiences in this line are somewhat limited, but I will say what I saw myself and what came to my personal knowledge :

1. *Glamour.*

In 1872, while at New Orleans, La., I was acquainted with a gentleman, who had the power to transfigure his face by throwing a glamour over it. Whether he did so consciously, or whether he was merely a medium for certain invisible entities acting through him, I do not know ; but the way in which he acted was that he covered his head for a moment with some cloth, shawl or veil, and after lifting the covering an entirely different face was to be seen. For instance, he himself was a young man without any beard. After veiling himself and unveiling again, there was the face of an old man with a long beard. The next was a beautiful woman's face, then the face of a negro or an Indian with headdress of feathers, etc., etc. ; and once the face was only half materialised, so that it appeared as if half of it were eaten away. I omit the customary remarks about the absence of any apparatus and the impossibility of trickery ; because arguments would not convince any sceptic, and no one can be certain of anything, unless he has experienced it himself.

2. *Lycanthropy.*

During the Middle Ages cases of lycanthropy and cynanthropy are said to have been very common. "In 1600 multitudes were attacked with the disease in the Jura, imitated the destructive habits of the wolf, murdered and devoured children, howled, walked, or attempted progression on all fours, so that the palms of the hands became hard and horny." * This is a description given of that peculiar form of insanity called "lycanthropy," and the explanation may be that in those times of poverty many poor people were made insane by starvation, and their desire for food caused them to assume the habits of hungry wolves and ravage the country. From this form of insanity to the assuming the bodily form of a real wolf, there seems to be only one step ; because a passion may change a man's astral body into an animal and this reflect its image upon the visible corporeal form. Some persons may have the power to thus change themselves consciously and in others it may be done unconsciously or during sleep.

* *Chambers' Encyclopaedia.*

During the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 my friend M. S—— was captain in the Bavarian Cavalry, and had taken up his quarters in the house of an old woman in Alsace, who, as was discovered afterwards, had the reputation of being a witch. This woman, whom I will call Madame Scoff, was of a very disagreeable, quarrelsome and revengeful disposition, so that the captain, who loved to have his peace, preferred to change his quarters after a week's time, not, however, without giving the old lady a piece of his mind, for which she swore to "get even" with him. He moved to another house, a few blocks from the first. In his new lodging he was night after night annoyed by the howling and scratching of a dog at the door of his sleeping-room, although there was no dog in the house and the street door was locked and bolted, so that no strange dog could have come in. The noise began usually towards midnight; but when the door of the sleeping-room was opened, it ceased and nothing could be seen. One night M. S——, being thus greatly annoyed, took his sword and opening the door suddenly gave a quick stroke at the invisible animal. The noise ceased and no animal was to be seen, but next morning some bloody spots were discovered upon the floor. A couple of days afterwards it was found that Madame Scoff was suffering from a severe cut in her arm, which she said had been caused by her hurting herself with a broken window-pane. No more howling and scratching took place after that night.

Was this a case of transfiguration? Perhaps a more rational explanation may be invented; but whether such an explanation would be the true one, I have reason to doubt.

I see no reason why the following story, which has been told to me by a friend, should be considered incredible. Physical and intellectual powers are not the exclusive property of the pious, and likewise the exercise of spiritual or magical powers may be within the reach of devils as well as of saints. My informant was the daughter of an Italian officer, who at his death left his family in somewhat reduced circumstances, and she accepted the position of a teacher of music in the harem of a Turkish Pasha with whom her father had been acquainted. I will let her tell her story in her own words:—

"At the time when I took up my employment at A——, the greatest harmony existed between the Pasha and his legitimate wife, whom I will call Miriam. She was very beautiful, having Greek features, exceedingly long black hair and black eyes. She was of a fiery temper, very emotional and easily enraged,

but wonderfully capable of controlling herself. She was a great lover of music and often, when I played, her tall and slender form began to sway rhythmically to the sound of the music, causing me to think of the graceful movements of a snake. We soon became friends, and she made no secret to me of her passionate love for her husband.

“ But one day the harem received another occupant in the shape of a little Jewess named Alice, whose beauty had attracted the attention of the Pasha and captivated his senses. It soon became clear that she was to be his favourite, and as Miriam could not entirely hide her feelings of jealousy, which annoyed the Pasha, his visits became rare and finally ceased entirely, while he spent his time almost exclusively in the apartments of the Jewess.

“ Terrible were the outbursts of rage when Miriam was alone with me. She accused Alice of having used black magic arts for the purpose of alienating the Pasha's affections, and she swore to take revenge upon that girl by the same means; for she herself was not entirely ignorant of such arts and had been instructed therein by a negro woman who was reputed to be a witch. This woman claimed that it was possible for a person, during sleep, to leave the material body and to assume at will some other form.

“ According to Miriam's wish, I now became her room-mate, and I often watched her when she slept. On such occasions it sometimes seemed to me as if her soul had left her body; for she ceased to breathe, and I could no more discover any beating of her heart. However, I was told not to be alarmed by it.

“ I shall never forget the 15th day of May, 18—. The night was cool and beautiful, but I could not sleep; it was as if a feeling of impending danger kept me awake; some invisible horror seemed to hover in the air of the room. I arose and went to Miriam's couch, where I found her in the condition above described. Suddenly a scream was heard coming from the apartments occupied by the Jewess, and almost immediately afterwards Miriam awoke. ‘*Allâh! Allah! Umcha!*’ she whispered; ‘I have succeeded in killing her.’

“ Noises were heard from the other part of the harem; servants came running in, and we were told that Alice had been bitten by a poisonous snake. She had grasped the snake with her hands and flung it away upon the floor, and the Pasha, who was startled by her scream, had himself seen the snake as it disappeared under the divan. Immediate search was made,

but no snake could be found, nor any hole by which it could have escaped. The medical services of the Hakim Effendi were fruitless, the Jewess was bitten in the breast and died within two hours. How that snake entered into the harem, or how it escaped, has never been explained. The Pasha is an enlightened gentleman, not given to superstitions; he has received an academical education and does not believe in magic arts. For my part, I kept silent, but I took my departure at the earliest opportunity."

3. "*Exposures*" of "*Materializing Mediums*."

If such transfigurations and materializations of the astral body are possible, may it not also be possible that some of the phenomena which took place at some so-called exposures of well-known mediums for materialization, were really genuine, and that the appearance of "fraud" was due only to the ignorance of the "exposers," in regard to certain natural laws? If the atoms composing the astral form of a "materialized spirit" can return to the physical body of the medium, why should it be considered impossible that the atoms composing the physical body should fly to unite with the materialized astral form, if this form is prevented from returning? We have seen in the article about "*Metathesis*," which appeared in this journal, that closed doors and solid walls are no obstacles to the penetration by a human physical body under certain conditions, and these conditions have been alluded to in my book on "*Magic, White and Black*" (Kegan Paul & Co., London).

When the so-called exposure of the medium "Bastian" took place in the presence of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, the materialized astral form was separated from the physical body of the medium by means of a quickly closing trap-door, and the materialized form which was thus caught proved to be Mr. Bastian himself in his physical body and in a dazed, semi-conscious condition of mind. Similar so-called "exposures" have taken place with other mediums whose previous conduct had never given any occasion to doubt their honesty, and it may therefore not be out of place to recommend to learned sceptics a thorough study of the laws of metaphysics, instead of ignorantly jumping to conclusions of their own, which in the end may injure their reputation as "experts in psychology"; because science progresses at present, and it is undoubtedly true, as Paracelsus says, that "what is looked upon as a superstition in one century may be regarded as the apex of all

human knowledge in the next, and what is considered to-day the highest academical wisdom may be exposed to-morrow as arrant tomfoolery."

II

BLACK MAGIC AND ASTRAL DELUSIONS

The unfortunate remnants of that expedition that went to Madagascar in search of divine wisdom and of which mention was made in the March number of the OCCULT REVIEW, have returned, infected with malaria poison, but certainly to a certain extent wiser, if not better, men. Their case is undoubtedly very instructive, as it goes to prove that devils may parade in the garb of angels and talk like saints. It shows how even highly intelligent, but in metaphysical matters inexperienced, persons may be easily misled by spiritual phenomena and astral delusions. The following account is from one of those who were fortunate enough to escape :—

They were twelve persons, Austrians, Germans and Hungarians, nine men, two ladies and one child, all of them highly educated, some wealthy and one of them, Mr. B——, well known in Germany as a public speaker on theosophical subjects. They met at the house of a well-known spiritualist, Dr. R——, at Budapest, who was himself clairaudient, while his wife was in possession of clairvoyant powers, and both of them seem to have had the elements necessary for the production of semi-materialized spectral forms. Through the mediumship of those persons they received the most unctuous and high-sounding sermons, in which they were admonished that they must give up the world and devote themselves completely to the service of God. They were informed that they had been chosen as the elect vessels for divine grace, and, being as such superior to all mundane matters and relations, they must abandon all inferior things, such as their parents and families, money and other worldly possessions, social connections, business obligations, etc., and go to a place designated hereafter, where they would be removed from the harmful influence of western civilization and where they would find no obstacles to hinder their rapid spiritual progress, but where further instructions would await them.

Moreover, these communicating spirits were not of a common kind ; they revealed themselves as the twelve apostles, and each of these twelve apostles took one of those twelve seekers for wisdom under his special care and protection and accepted him as

his disciple. Mr. L—— thus became the favourite disciple of St. Peter, Mr. K—— of St. Paul, Mr. B—— of St. John, and so forth, and to make a climax the Lord Jesus Christ himself appeared in person and gave them special advice. All the theosophical teachings, such as are contained in the books of the ancient sages and rehearsed at the meetings of H. P. Blavatsky and her followers, were now authoritatively declared to be rubbish and trash, and the true doctrine was said to be found only within the ranks of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

Incredible as it may appear, those persons who heretofore considered it to be the object of their life to spread the doctrine of liberty of thought and freedom of investigation now believed it their duty to repudiate the truths which they had already grasped, and they easily fell victims of those astral delusions, a circumstance which can only be explained by the fact that they were completely hypnotized and under the influence of a foreign will and suggestion. Mr. K——, having regained his normal state of mind, assures me that when the letters written by him at that period of time were shown to him after his return, he could not believe that he had ever written such letters himself. We may, perhaps, wonder at the power of such suggestions; but men easily believe things which they wish to be true, especially if they are supposed to come from a higher plane. Great is the power of vanity when it takes possession of the human heart, and who would not be tickled at the prospect of being taken under the special protection of a Mahatma, an apostle, or even of the historical Christ? Thus our friends were easily persuaded that they had been exceptionally shown the one way of salvation for their own respectable personalities, and they wanted to get all the benefits of this favour for themselves. They were ordered to go to Madagascar, and they were only too willing to "give up their self-will" and to obey. Moreover, they received orders to keep everything very secret, the evident object being to prevent any one giving them contrary advice, or to enlighten them in regard to the nature of the influences to which they submitted.

These influences not only manifested themselves through the senses of hearing and sight; but K—— assures me that when he and his friends were sitting for meditation, they often distinctly felt astral hands passing through their bodies and manipulating their internal organs, kidneys and heart, as if these "apostles" intended, not only to reform their mental qualities but also remodel their physical forms. In addition to this they were told that they were to become redeemers of the world, but that they must first

become redeemed themselves, before they could redeem others, and that for this purpose they must give up all self-will and self-thought and implicitly obey the instructions received from their invisible "guides" and unknown superiors.

The following is an extract from one of the letters written by one of our deluded friends to his parents, and goes to show the trap in which they were caught by these Jesuitical influences; which are the more dangerous, because the views expressed therein are undoubtedly correct, if properly understood; while if they are misunderstood, as they naturally will be by those incapable of grasping their true meaning, they will open the door to idiocy and insanity.

"My dear parents, brothers and sisters,

"I have made up my mind to become a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord and to abandon myself entirely to the will of God for the purpose of saving my soul and to become a redeemer of others. I have found the true way. It is the way of giving up all worldly things, all personal possessions, powers, knowledge, desires, hopes and aspirations, intentions and fears, and to surrender myself entirely to God. Do not worry about me. I am in good care. When you receive this letter I shall already be far away, and you will probably never hear of my personality," etc.

It may be asked: If any one wishes to abandon his self-will entirely to God and trust himself entirely to His guidance, why then should he exercise his own self-will for the purpose of gratifying his selfish desire for personal advancement and spiritual superiority, or become a blind tool for waylaying spirits and unknown "masters," whose real nature he does not know? Can any one do the will of God, unless the will of God becomes manifest in his own heart?

Heretofore our friends had been addicted to a vegetable diet, abstained from alcoholic drinks and other pleasures; but now the "masters" told them that all asceticism was harmful, that it would be an exercise of self-will if they were to control their nature, and that they were consequently at liberty to let their nature have its own way. It is clear that such teaching is exceedingly pernicious; for although it is true that for the purpose of obtaining true self-control we need the influence and assistance of the divine power that comes to us from our higher self, to expect that God would drive away our passions and overcome our lower nature without our consent, would be the same as expecting God to become our servant and to fulfil the duties which we are destined to accomplish ourselves.

To make the matter short, our friends arrived at Antananarivo and there they exercised their self-will by hiring a cottage, because God did not hire it for them. Leaving, however, everything, even the care of their health, as much as possible to God, they lived in a way not at all suitable to the climate of Madagascar and soon became the victims of swamp fever. One of the party had the good sense to escape with his wife and returned to Europe. Mr. L—— died first, and B—— soon after followed him to the grave ; Dr. R—— became insane and died, and his wife departed this life on board ship while returning to Europe with her child. The rest of the emigrants returned to Europe, some of them with ruined health, and, wonderful to relate, some even now, in spite of their experiences, not yet cured of their illusions. There is also no doubt that if a similar opportunity were offered again, there would be multitudes willing and anxious to go to Madagascar and be led by the nose.

The explanation of such cases seems clear to every one acquainted with the conditions existing on the superterrestrial planes. There are not only the powers of light but also the powers of darkness, endowed with intelligence and cunning for the purpose of misleading mankind. All the mystics and occultists speak of these "powers of the air" (inhabitants of the astral plane), and Lord Lytton describes some of them in his *Zanoni* as being possessed of extreme malice. They are naturally opposed to the spiritual evolution of humanity, and it is not improbable that they should be highly inimical to the "theosophical movement" and try all means to ruin those who are prominently active in the spreading of theosophical teachings.

Moreover, the above cited case is by no means a solitary example. From certain sects in Russia who delight in mutilating themselves "for the greater glory of God," down to the latest outgrowths of so-called "Christian Science," where attempts are made to drag divine powers down and debase them for the purpose of serving material and selfish purposes, the world is full of sectarian bodies and secret societies in which intelligent and well-meaning, but in spiritual things ignorant, persons are unconsciously under the dominion of the powers of darkness and misled by astral delusions.

The door through which these powers find entrance into the human mind is personal vanity, and many of the best public speakers and leaders of progressive thought have already fallen victims to it, while others are about to follow. The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be obtained by dragging it down to earth, we must

rise up to it, if we wish to enter it; darkness cannot come into possession of light; but when the light becomes manifest, darkness must disappear. Selfishness and spirituality are incompatible, and if we desire to obtain some particular favour for ourselves, such a motive is selfish, even if we wish that the good things expected should also be shared by our friends. Paracelsus says: "He who asks of God some service for himself or his friends, loves himself or his friends better than God. He is like the peasant who loves his cow only on account of the milk he receives from her, and if he were to receive no milk he would not care for the cow."

Where the seed of selfishness is hidden within the fruit, there putrefaction begins. "Self" cannot overcome "self"; this can only be done through the power of the Divinity in man which belongs to the real self, and the consciousness of the real self begins only where the illusion of "self" with all its selfish desires sinks into forgetfulness. But this doctrine is difficult to understand for those who have not yet learned to distinguish within their hearts between the eternal reality and the temporal illusion of self. This may also be expressed in other words by saying: "The realization of divine truth can take place within the heart and mind only by the grace and the light of God." Without the arising of this interior light nothing can be accomplished in a spiritual way and therefore the saintly Thomas à Kempis truly says: "There is nothing real in this world except the love of God (the light of truth in the soul)."

There are numerous would-be seekers of truth, who, having obtained a glimpse of the light of wisdom, imagine themselves to be the possessors of all of it and suppose themselves to be called upon to reform the world. Being, perhaps, in possession of eloquence, they are soon surrounded by flatterers and admiring crowds. Then enters the devil of vanity, ambition and love of power, and is followed by jealousy, envy, intolerance and sectarian quarrels, and the higher they have risen, the deeper will be their fall.

(To be continued.)

FAERIE IRELAND

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

On Hallow-e'en in braw moonlight
The faerie hosts they ride
Through England, Scotland, Ireland,
Through all the world wide.—*Old Ballad.*

IRELAND is a psychic country. The Irish people are pre-eminently sensitive to the psychic influences of Nature. Figuratively speaking, they have touched the far-away Island of Beauty. All inspiring causes have led to this result.

The Celts are by inheritance mystics; they are magicians. Their initiation is above all the knowledge and power of the soul; love of beauty is their means of initiation. They have laid hold of the belief that in ancient times God was the primeval incident out of which first came the Celt.

In Scotland, the heroic past is told as a song that is forgotten, instead of an eternal cause of fame; whereas the Irish Celts have kept in touch with their deified ancestors, affirming that they still draw near to the border and are their friends.

We are but human caterpillars—fumblers, without breadth of knowledge, until we learn the adamant strength of that force called psychic, and how to use it. When we have realized its potency, we shall have realized the ancient idea that human force and valour were inseparably associated with this power, and depended on the knowledge of how to wield it in war, and direct it in the cause of peace. The modern warrior has trampled on it, crushed it, and has thus robbed himself of a strength latent within him. For it was a cult which made of our ancestors invulnerable heroes, and the only cult by which we can come in touch with the heroic past we have so long set aside.

It is a matter of history that nowhere except in Gaeldom could there be found such pregnant perpetuity of the ancient beliefs. The armies of the mighty "Sidhe"—pronounced Shee—signify to the Irish the spirits of the ancient races, including the Divine race of the Tutha Dea Dānaan—the tribes of the Goddess Dāna, who held sovereignty of Great Ireland prior to the arrival of the sons of Mil, by whom they were dispossessed of earthly sway—mighty mystics, magicians, spiritualists, understanding the formative power of Nature, the principle of Life, the power which contains the essence of life and character in everything, "The Azoth or creative principle, the Mysterium

Magnum." "Everything * being of a threefold nature," said Paracelsus, "there is a threefold aspect of Alchemy"; the science of modern Chemistry deals only with the lowest aspects of it. We Gaels, it is said, inherit our mysticism from them, the Danaāns, that mortal immortal race who, it is supposed, never saw death. To group or grade the hidden clans of spirit Irelands, glens and mountains, is impossible. The parts assigned to them in Irish mystical romance were especially that of protectors, fosterers, inspirers of vegetable and animal life. In short, their dominion was over all forces in Nature. To interpret something of Nature magic we have to go back to the runes. In the wandering annals of sweet "Faerie," in Scotland as in Ireland, spirits of the ancient Celtic races are identified as the Deathless Folk or Lasting People; in the West Highlands as the Secret or Hidden People—Races great and small; People of Safety or Men of Peace. In the Wonderland of the hollow hills everywhere in Gaeldom their dwellings have been located, and oversea in Tir nan Oge—the land of the ever young.

It is traditional that they visibly controlled the cereals and pasture, until they were offended for some reason and ceased. Have they ceased? According to the evidence of our inner senses, of hearing and of seeing, they are still revealed through Life's processes, for ever moving more and more wonderfully on, having made the flooring of their world everywhere, working through, permeating all Nature. We should on bended knees fall upon the grass and give thanks to them for every blade that grows. When we see patient toilers living by the spade, sowing to reap and gathering in abundantly, their few acres have been blessed by the goodwill and shadowy hands of the passing multitude. My eyes have been opened to see that many spirits do pass by astray from man's interests, but not all. We recognize among these clans of passing people a "stewardie." Out of the twilight they are coming over, drawing closer to humanity, and in fellowship with us are evolving with us, in our cycle. Seeing that through human consciousness we retain the human element of Faerie, † we must see them, they are floating round us, our senses are in their atmosphere. It may be that as we environ the power called psychic, so shall we environ Nature as they do, and control the vital principle which pervades all things.

The fact is, that the grand ancient naturalistic mythology which Ireland shares with Vedic India, lost hold of the peasant

* Original matter, Paracelsus.

† "Faerie" is the Celtic Spirit Kingdom.

mind only when the understanding and the mutual sympathy existing between themselves and the spirits of their heroic ancestors had been disturbed, crossed, by mistaken saints who, in monopolizing the right of intercourse with the transcendental worlds, prejudiced the people against those whom they had regarded as their benefactors and gods of the earth's progress. Fear begets fear and estrangement. The power of those Lords of Life and Increase was impeded. The primitive Christian reformers, who robbed hostile forces of their powers for evil, must have equally robbed the powers beneficent to work unseen through Nature's forces, directing them for the general good. Already, before the advent of Saint Columba from Ireland, the Druids in Scotland had worked for harm in worshipping through the Great Mystery of Nature nothing but the living powers of ill. The flying angel hosts of Saint Columba's visions in 565 were the faery hosts of the Pagan seers.

I am staying in a house known as The Wonderful Barn. It was once a fine castell before it was bombarded by the Danes. The venerable farmer, my host, with a prodigious memory, has not been without psychic experiences. Here is one he told me. "When Christians and cattle were standing knee-deep in water, just before the terrible famine of 1846, I aroused one night every person in the house from their beds to see the portent—for portent it surely was—slowly passing across the heavens. Three hours we watched it—three moons and through them a flaming cross."

In the courtyard of this Wonderful Barn I have watched the building of the great corn-stacks, higher and higher; "the squirrel's granary is full and the harvest's done." In such a place the Provençal legend of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and other spell-bound knights, the enthrallment of Thomas the Rhymer and the tale of "The Yonge Tam Lin" stolen to "Faerie," come to mind, as true events which, having happened elsewhere, might happen here any day, because the Passing People are about. The sweep of their hills is at the back of the house. Over them, like rolling mists, their pageants pass. The yet seen mighty hosts of Shee, led by their Queens, float by with hearts of flame and wings of star dust, or whirl by on horseback dressed in the twelve colours of the winds,* or mantelled but by their tossing hair, their radiating aureoles and coloured emanations differentiating their character and qualities of mind. Sometimes of human

* See *Saltair na Rann*, lines 45-52. "God made four chief winds and four subordinate winds and four other subordinate winds, so that there are twelve winds."

stature, sometimes Titanic, as the Eastern gods and goddesses of whom the poet wrote, "on their vast faces mystery and dreams." In Gaeldom it is said "The Shée ride the winds." Do they direct them? Do they direct that wind which brings fulfilment of long hopes but to carry them away? Every thing blows one thing towards another. Comes Fate—feeling its way like the kiss of the wind. Anything one may turn into ridicule but Fate. It is too solemn, too infinitely great. The fateful wind which wafts the kiss from the lips of unknown lover to unknown lover, bears the pollen from stigma to stigma of appointed flowers; and in the wind, and like the wind, infatuate as love, deep and impetuous—mysterious and as changeful—come and go the Passing People.

This morning when the blackbird flew up there, the corncrake craked among the corn riggs which stand out like molten gold touched by the rising sun. These are the faerie acres—"the twenty and one." The glen is called a *gentle* glen because haunted by the Passing People. There are tongues of genius everywhere. Especially here in this faerie centre tongues of genius have found utterance on earth. Echoes from the Great Invisible have been caught by men, two men of whom Ireland is justly proud, making them more than mystic poets—great seers.* When I went up this morning to the faerie pasture where that blackbird flew I looked down on the city far below, lying half lost in a shroud of its own smoke. A sullen storm cloud hung above the sea, but the billowy acres where I was shone emerald green, splashed by beams of breaking light as from the other world. I heard a distant convent bell, the tinkle of sheep bells, the lowing cattle, the laughter of the glittering little diamond river twisting down the gentle glen past the Peacock Well of Healing, which lies in a deep hollow on the hillside, and blown across my ears the notes of a horn.

Over the circling hills, covered with heather, fern and gorse, the Deathless, the Lasting, or Passing People have right of way. They are lords over rivers and seas. In the heart of a hill a Smith sits at a forge. At every stroke of his anvil fly the sparks. When asked what he does there, he answers, "I am forging souls."

The light was streaking on a low thatched roof, towards which I made my way. An old blind man lives here, and here I am always in and out. This cabin faces the twenty-one acres and the little diamond river. Round the door those yellow flowers are growing in quantities, called by the Irish folk the faerie's

* W. B. Yeats and A. E.

boholon—the horses of the Little Good People, on which, according to tradition, they first rode over from Erin to Alba. The paths over the hills are as numerous as the stories the blind man tells about them. The one I liked best was about a Leprechaun and how he caught it at the Peacock's Well. The learned in faerie lore know that the ancient race of the Leprechaun has ever been associated with luck by the poor, for it is he who knows where the crocks of gold are hid. Leprechaun is a corruption from the original name "Luchorpan," which signifies a wee or little body, about six inches high.* The blind man was sitting in the chimney nook when I came in. I lost no time in telling him I came to hear how he caught the faery. "Och," he said, "it is a long day since I caught the leprechaun. I was young and souple then." He pointed up the hill to the Peacock Well.

"Sure it will be going on for thirty years or more that I was up at the Well of Healing—they call it the Peacock's Well—when of a sudden out of a thorn bush leapt a little red-capped fellow, the smallest little lad I ever saw in my life, not two foot high. 'In God's name,' I cried, 'who are you?' He turned and ran. I took up and after him, over hill and rock and dell and down, till at last I fell on him, caught him in a furze bush, and in my arms I brought him home. His hair was reddish, his skin very clear but dark in colour. A little red cap fitted neat upon his head. His dress was green, soft to the touch, shorter than a kilt; his boots were as soft as moss over his naked legs. I gripped him close in my arms and took him home. I called to the woman to look at what I had got. 'What doll is it you have there?' she cried. 'A living one,' I said, and put it on the dresser. We feared to lose it; we kept the door locked. It talked and muttered to itself queer words. Not one word we could understand. At times it would smile as though it had knowledge of what we were saying. It might have been near on a fortnight since we had the faery, when I said to the woman,† 'Sure, if we show it in the great city we will be made up.' Now this was much on our minds. So we put it in a cage. At night we would leave the cage door open, and we would hear it stirring through the house. When we struck a match it would jump on to the dresser. We fed it on bread and rice and milk out of a cup at the end of a spoon. It would take nothing from the woman, but when she put the cup beside it, and no one looked, some way the food was taken, the cup left empty. It might have been a

* See Joyce's *History of Ancient Ireland*.

† His wife (who corroborated all particulars).

fortnight less or more when again I went to the Peacock's Well for a drink. Out of a bush there jumped a wee one, if anything smaller than the one we had. Bedad ! they are souple the faeries. It ran, and I ran. Souple as I was then that one was too souple for me. I ran till I was like to drop. I lost it. When I won home, I said to the woman, ' I am all in a swither.' The sweat was pouring from me. ' I have lost another, at the Peacock's Well, like the first,' I said, pointing to the little one on the dresser, sitting with eyes fixed on me. He sprang up with a scream. ' Geoffray, O Wee, looking for me ' ; and with a spring he was out of the door and away through the darkness. Some years after my son, at that time unborn, was playing in the shed among the leaves, sudden he raised a cry, ' Mother, mother, come and see a wee red-capped bit of a mannie, leaping out of the leaves. He is sitting on the top of the wall.' On the minute we stirred up every stick and leaf, but whatever way it was the mannie was gone. The woman took up the word and said ' Och, och, we lost our luck when we lost the leprechaun.' " " I have heard," I said, " that even to talk of taking a faery is to make the hate of faeries come upon you." The blind man answered sadly, " For me, though I've lost my sight, the day I took the leprechaun I thought no harm, only that we would be made up. I am thinking different now by the way things have gone. Sure, we are among them in God's world who are born to be poor." He continued, " There was one, Mike Mulligan, who was always dreaming if he was on London Bridge he would be made up. There he went. And for three days on London Bridge he walked. It was on the third evening a little red-capped mannie dressed in green came to him, and said, ' Is there any harm asking you what makes you walk up and down here these three days ? ' ' No harm at all in life,' said the man. ' I was always dreaming that if I was on London Bridge I would be made up,' and the wee mannie with the red cap said, ' I was dreaming that if I was back in Ireland at the back of Mike Mulligan's house at —— I would dig up two crocks of gold.' Then in a whiff the mannie went.

" Mike turned. The words of the red-capped mannie on the tip of his tongue he kept to himself. Home he went. He dug and dug till deep in the earth he won at the back of his house two crocks of gold, and a rich man he was to the end of his days. Where you see the rainbow start, dig there, and there you'll find a crock of gold. When I was young and souple, I can mind the day I had the rainbow end many a time about me on the hill, but I lost my chances.

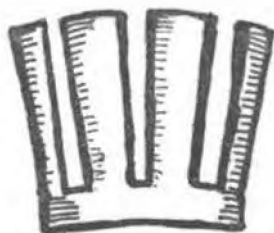
"One evening up there," he said, pointing towards a "rathin"* where stands a ruin, "no ruin was there, but a fine house of light, and out at the door came many young people, dancing the clap hands dance, and making music and much fun. They called me by my name, and circled round me, and drew me after them into the house; I danced with them, how long I cannot tell. I slipped out by the door; I fell asleep, and when I woke, there was the ruin as you see it, and none there beside me but old Kate, one I know well, milking a goat. Another day close to the giant's grave I was, standing with a heavy burden of sticks upon my back, when all at once I saw beside me a wee wee woman, two foot high, dressed in black. The wrinkles on her face were wonderful. She was looking at the bottom of the deep glen where the waterfall was rushing. 'Gomorrhah,' I said, 'what are you?' She made no answer. 'By God,' I said, 'what would you here?' She said, 'I'd take that load of yours, an it were twice as strong.' Of the meaning I have not the knowledge. She said it twice and disappeared. Now, lady, will you not be thinking with all this, that somewhere hid there will be—might be wee folk of this earth, that are as real as you or me?" I said, "Not in Ireland. No such race could be about those hills without being discovered. They cannot belong to our sphere."

It was a lovely evening when last I saw him sitting at his door. Across the glen came the echo of a horn, clear but faint. I had often heard it. He said: "Lady, do you hear that? . . . I often hear it, and their happy voices too. It is the hour they will be gathering yonder at the ruined gate, before they ride across the world. . . . The Lord protect you and prolong your days." As I looked back at him who knew not night from day, helpless, sitting in the growing darkness . . . I could but wish he might get back his faery.

A few years now have passed since Lady Alix Egerton and Miss Coleman Smith visited this gentle glen. They made straight for the little river, bordered by the heathery hill on one side and upon the other by the tangled brushwood and the broken ground beyond. A fair wind blew that afternoon, and before they reached the little ford, a certain group of stones mid-stream, they heard a sound—a coming wave of music. Was it the wind? We know there is a slogan in the sound of wind. They maintain it was not wind nor sound of wind, but a journeying music which met them,

* A "rath" is a circular place surrounded by thorn bushes, the site of an ancient dwelling or fort. "Rathin" is the diminutive form.

now fast, now slow, a burden that had no beginning nor yet an end. They reached the ford, and on the rock mid-stream sat down. The eddying gusts swept by, the coming music stayed, becoming more and more distinct. Presently the rock began to stir, it breathed as if in sleep; it seemed to palpitate as if alive. They both felt this; they touched it. It was cold; though cold to touch, directly they raised their hands, a hot air struck their palms. Then slowly, silently the near rock moved aside, and left a reft where hitherto there had been none; then slowly, silently, moved back again to its place. Keeping the centre of the wind, though lost in part, they heard the clear definite beat of a march played upon stringed instruments—harps, violins, reed-pipes, strike of cymbals, beat of drums, with much singing, calling of voices, and the clash of arms. The music was loud, so loud as to be almost deafening, louder than the fretful gusts, and independent of the wind's direction, as from a vast advancing throng, who, all unseen, had now surrounded them. Upon the right hand of the diamond river, on the hillside, riders galloped on white horses, and their cloaks, blue, green and grey, streamed in the wind, as in bounding stride their horses rose from earth commanding earth and air. Across the broken ground upon the left marched ranks on foot. Close by, and looking down on them, Lady Alix saw a tall man wrapped in a blue cloak; he leaned on a cross-hilted sword. Nearer still huddled together, were three old men like sages; a young man talked with them; his hair was red, his dress was blue; and as they faded out a queenly woman crossed the little river, arrayed in blue, wearing a crown of prehistoric shape, like this—



SIDE VIEW OF SHEE-WOMAN'S CROWN.

She vanished as down upon the surface of the stream skimmed a salmon wearing on its head a silver crown.

There is a local tradition which relates that Finn McCoul, the famous hunter, warrior, and chief, caught the Salmon of Knowledge in a pool upon the Boyne, which is below Slane Hill. Of this ancient symbol my friends had never heard.

We may ask, and ask in vain, why apparently certain places, to the exclusion of others, are centres of psychic forces—forces which may as appropriately be termed human forces, life forces. For they are in the air we breathe and known to the Seer who sees the sea and land beyond the Sea of seas. All we know is that such forces filling the Nature-world are liberated by Her which neither physicists nor psychologists can weigh, measure, or manipulate. We might as well attempt to weigh the imponderable as try to define why certain localities are so permeated with secret virtues, so charged with indeterminate influences or emanations that one who is exceptionally sensitive passes under their power and becomes prescient. It is for the student of the occult to go further into the beyond and discover whether certain areas favoured by the hosts become charged with the quickening force of their wills, impregnated with the magnetism, the very essence of their presence.

Where the rocks are abused with sound of tom-tom, their mountains amazed by tumult of trams and trains, the ancient names defaced by strangers, Slieve Trim in County Tyrone familiarized into Bessie Bell, a sister mountain vulgarized into Louisa Gray, it is not wonderful that races, great and small, retire further within the Great Within, there to enjoy invisibility inviolate. Yet it was in County Tyrone I went up to see old Robin and his wife. He was at the back of the house, cutting the rushes for the hogs' beds. The wife, dusting a chair with her apron, invited me with "Come beside the fire and sit." I said, "Will you tell me about the Little People?" "Och, och, aye, the Lord be yet our help. It's the faeries you will be asking for, and it's the truth I will be telling you, and no lies, with the God Himself listening. It will be years since I saw the leprechaun, when I was a girl away in Donegal. It was Good Friday, when the other girls were after the oysters and mussels for the feast on Easter Day, on the shore at Swilly Bay, and I stopped at the owld Proosh Bridge. Says I to myself, 'I'll hide under the brig and call cuck-oo at them when they pass back.' Sudden before me stood a wee wee man, two foot high—if he was that—a dorty * wee man with a red cap on his head and green coat and leggins upon him. No bigger but what he would walk upright beneath the chair, there where you sit. 'What fetched you here?' he cried. 'To call cuck-oo,' I said. He spoke angrily, 'Be off with ye; if ever you come back again I'll ban † ye.' I did not give

* Dainty.

† She explained, "It might be the spell he was meaning."

him time to say another word. I made for home as fast as I could run."

I am now in Sligo, where to the seer the spaces of land, sea, and mountain vibrate, filled with the breath of gods, permeated through and through with forces from the very arteries of the Eternal God. Over the rocks where I am sitting, above the bay of shining sand, between the going down of the sun and the rising of the moon, night is falling like a veil, to the same rainbow-music of sea and land and sound of rippling laughter, which Ireland's greatest seer * must have heard a few years since, when his eyes were opened, and he saw and painted from this very place three women of the Shee stealing for love a human child. The sleepy foam is curving over the sand as on that evening of glamour, when out of it, clothed but with their mantling hair and rays of star dust attracting them to the Godhead from which they came, these three gracious faerie women stepped to meet the wretched boy in tatters, who waded out of the crest of a wave with awe and wonder in his steps in answer to their persuasive words and beckoning call.

"Come away, oh human child:
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,

For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand." †

If the love of truth transparent is displayed in all heavenly art, glory of wings must be in form, in harmony of outline, in texture, and in structure, to picture motion, and symbolize flight. Surely our wings shall be put on or off at will, as fleet Mercury put on or off winged anklets, jovial Bacchus his horns. The immortal women of this vision, wingless and undraped, cloaked in their spreading hair, trip their errand with light. From the "genteel" angel of convention they are far removed, as far as light from darkness, as beauty from ugliness, as truth is from a lie—having no kinship to those beings bristling with quills, sexless, yet draped to satisfy smug respectability. In the poise of their tenuous, ethereal bodies, the sway of their uncertain steps over the silver sands, we see abstraction, aloofness—we see in that mystic impression what the seer-painter saw and knew: they are wandering in the twilight of Eternity.

A little further from the scene of the vision, I came upon the "Splash or Flash of the Lapwing"—a small inland loch—where on the hillock above, the same seer saw and painted a woman of

* A. E.

† W. B. Yeats.

the "Shee" standing, fluttering in a rainbow-hued kirtle, blowing on a triton's horn. When I passed the Splash to-day it lay in shadow; there was a noise of whispering reeds and rushing wings—lapwings, flashing through them, playing hide and seek. I grieved no Shee were there.

In my hill wanderings further west, over the faerie bogs—bogs which are fonts in the spirit hills of the Passing People—I came upon a low thatched roof. Within the cabin a very old bed-ridden man was dying, of four score years and ten. He was alone. I spoke to him, he never moved or answered, his eyes were open wide, and with a vacant stare.

"He is far through," said the woman who came in; "he's just for making his peace with his Maker."

At that he smiled and said to me, "You are a stranger."

His skin was dark as a Spaniard's. I talked of the wonder I found in Ireland and said, "I am a Celt like yourself."

He looked pleased, but when I edged on to faery lore, he muttered, "As many as were seeing them in the days gone by are seeing them no more."

I said, "But some Hielanders have the two sights complete."

He answered dreamily, "The day was when I had the sight for them."

I said, "Tell me of that."

He shook his head. "I cannot mind them now; I might tell you how the Milesians came to Ireland. I would tell it clearer in the Gaelic, but will try it in the English. The day was, when I was a scholar. Something yet of a scholar I am." He raised himself with effort, and half sitting, supporting his frail body on his nervy arms and hands, with much dramatic power, as if the legendary past stood present before his eyes, began this Son of Miliith: . . .

"In the days of old sailing over the wide seas came a prince, son of him then King of Spain. The course that galley took was as the winds favoured it, and the fortune of that beautiful prince. But for all their travel neither he nor any man of all his crew had yet won sight of land. Now came to them the sound of breakers, still they saw no land, for thickening mists hung all around. In Ireland at that time King Ganlon ruled, wise in magic. His watchers on the heights had viewed the coming of the ship and warned the King; powerful in spell, he girded Ireland with the magic fog. The world was closed—before them and behind them. The Prince bethought him now to turn the prow and once again put out to sea, when through that wall of darkness

came unto his ears a sound, the humming of a bee, stirring the foggy air round and about him. 'Land is here!' he cried; they dropped the anchor. Led by the humming of the bee the Prince landed—crossed a fair white strand where sat upon a rock a maiden singing, combing her hair. She turned her face away from him. He asked her who she was. She answered warily, like at the corner of her mouth, 'I am the daughter of King Ganlon, King of Eire.' Then said the Prince, 'I am the son of him who now is King of far Espana'; she answered never a word. 'Turn round,' he said; and she would not. Again he spoke: 'Turn, thou whose face divined is the torchlight of my dreams.' Then turned the lovely maid, arose and standing on her feet looked down on him between her half-shut lids. Then fell the Prince, and lowly at her feet prayed her to go with him; but she would not. Thus spake he, 'Whatsoever a King your father be, let it be known to him, you I would win, will wed you and none other.' Softly she laughed and through her falling hair she spoke, enchantress that she was, 'How long?' . . . And he looked round at Eire, searching for a measure wherewithal to weigh the burden of his love. . . . 'As long as . . .' But the humming of the wise bumbee had ceased. The crafty maid had cast the spell of silence over Eire the better now to hear the beating of his heart. Now came a sounding wave upon the rock. . . . 'As long as sea shall dash on rocks and till the sun goes off the firmament forever.' Quoth the Maid, 'I will unto the King my father and return again.' Swift as a doe to him she sped, and thus she spake: 'Behold a mighty stranger faring over seas, son of a King, has landed and declared his love. He swears by might of Eire that he will wed me and none other!' Then spake with scorn, the King, 'Call out my watchers. Make known to this rash stranger that I fight in air, on land and sea.' She laughed unto herself. And to the rocks unseen she fled. Because of her enchantments even the watchers slept. Thus spake she to the Prince, 'Take this, my father's word, "I fight in air, on land and sea."' With joy the Prince made answer, 'So be it! Him will I fight, in air, on land and sea.' With eyes bent on the ground unto the magic King she went again, casting on him her witch's spell—volition. 'This wretched stranger cannot fight in air, nor yet on land or sea, and yet will not begone. Were it not well my Father King shall choose the way he shall be slain?' Up rose King Ganlon in his wrath: 'Verily a weakling or a fool. I slay him on the sea!' The witch maid laughed behind her hair and ran to him

she loved, foreseeing to the end, whispered within his ear the secret that the wise bumblee knew well. Made answer that bold Prince, 'I fight the King on sea.' Sang the uplifted maid and hum-m-ed the secret bee 'Great Manāān be with us.' . . . So met and fought King Ganlon and the Prince of Far Espana, and he it was who slew the King, and thus the race of Milith came to Ireland." . . .

A small example this of how strong are the links of the great psychic chain which connects the Celtic race with their ancestors.

In Highland mythology god Michael is spoken of as the god of mountains and seas—Michael of the White Steeds, Michael the Victorious. The Aryan tongue has given us Michael the Archangel, Bearer of the Sword of Light, and Guardian of the Cup, dwelling among the hosts of the Watchers. The Celtic tongue has given another name to "the rider of the glistening horses with the glaive of Light"—a name euphonious as the sound of the sea—Manāān—Great Manāān. Although there is no suggestion that Manāān and Michael are the same in Celtic literature, an authority points out that the similarity of both Michael in the Semitic and Manāān in the Celtic suggest their original identity.

Achill—the Island of Achill—in the extreme north-west of Ireland, is under the protection of Croghan Mountain. It is pronounced Crohan. Like the other Irish mountains, Croghan is under the Ray of Great Manāān. Manāān appeared in many forms to the heroes—he is said to appear as an old man to the poor and to speak words of wisdom to them, and give to them prophetic gifts whose lives are linked to their country.

Achill aspirated softly—as it should be—by the Gaelic tongue, is like the sighs and echo of the sighs we hear all round the island from winds and waves. At the foot of Crohan* where I write, wild Nature's sobs are blent with the subdued laments of the very, very poorest of humanity, who, in piteous want and decrepit old age, seem to live but a life in death. This is only the negative side. For Crohan is a small firm out of the Great Spiritual Whole. Through all and everything there is a noise of the lapping tide upon the spheres, and over the dredging sands of time. If it were not for this, one must fall under the burden of a great sadness and believe that the island is haunted by spirit clans unmindful of their trust.

A storm is raging round the fisherman's hut where I am lodged.

* There is another Croghan in Ireland.

With shrieks and hoarse exasperated howls the wind protests, batters at the windows, opens shaky doors, tears at the roof until the house from floor to rafter quakes and reels. The sudden lulls so ominous between each frantic cannonade that one feels the next must be the last before the walls shall fall.

Oh, still the night, the dark, dark wave, oh come,
Great Manáán ! still the night. . . .

At last comes daybreak. Lashed to spume, the sea is playing a witch's harmony round the cabin door and against the giant rock battlements of Achill thousands of feet high. Between the squalls I have crept down among the rocks, where a knot of men, women and children from their hovels have crawled out, and propped half nude against their tottering walls, listen to the wail of one who in losing his cranky curragh from the shore has lost his all. An old woman like a walnut, riddled with wrinkles, carries on her back an infant screaming itself hoarse. She said : " It is blind the crater will be for life—it's a month gone that its eyes are closed with the sand in them. It takes on like that all night, all day." A priest comes by and lays his finger on the swollen lids of the child, mutters a prayer, signs them with the cross. The eyes open, and the woman cries, " Bless the Lord."

The old Irish people still chant runes in the name of the ancient gods. They are chanted as the hand is laid on the head of the afflicted. They have bone-setting runes, blood-stopping runes, in words which have been handed down from generation to generation. Eye-witnesses to this day testify to their efficacy.

While I am watching the fleeing spindrift—the riven scarfs of the fleeting storm spinners, the oldest fisherman in this poor village, in the shelter of his cabin door, tells me how he saw " Tir nan Ogue," the Land of the Ever Young, " more clearly than you ever see Clare Island from the shore upon the clearest day. I was at the deep-sea fishing," he said, " when suddenly it rose before me. Great white cliffs were there. So near I was that I did hear the tide playing between the rocks and singing over sands. Wooded glens I saw there, waterfalls and mountains. I pulled for very life ; but, for as near as I was, no nearer in my curragh did I get. Even as I looked the land went down, sudden as it did come up. My sorrow, there was nothing left but the wide wide ocean. No gift I had to throw upon that shore to fix it." Without the gift to throw on Tir nan Ogue, the saying is, no man can stay it. . . . A few years since on this wild lonely road

at Crohan's foot a cry arose one Sunday from those who came from mass: "See that land!" said one; and not far out these people swore to me that in the ocean they had seen an island rise with mountains, woods and glens, and that as they stood astonished, it vanished down into the sea.

To the Watchers or Shepherd People I have alluded, whom the Gnostics called "Weavers of the Vesture of Light," also "Heralds or Treasurers of Light." The Quarternary relates to the Kingdom of Law. The fundamental Law is in the mystery of the Quarternary, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Love. The Quarternary is under the dominion of the Rulers of the Aeons, according to the Gnostics, i.e. the Lower Aspect of the seven planets. Humanity is evolving down here in that Quarternary. The Triad relates to the Kingdom of Heaven or Spirit, the number of the Divinity, Spirit, Soul, and Body. It is a magnificent mysticism, the mysticism of the mountains and their rulers as it is revealed to the seer, however dimly.

Every mountain is under a Ray of the Watchers, the Ray of the Seraphs comes straight from the Watchers in the Upper Triad, that is to say, the third World or Zone, into which Manān has merged. Great influences or emanations are permeating the divine reality of our mountains, for the servants of the hills are a mighty race. The power of Great Cuchullin is in air, in rocks, and stones. But many names given us are probably blinds to us. It may be that to the greatest seers is manifested but the fringe or outer aspect of the mystery in which those spirit rulers dwell.

In New Grange, The Brughna or Temple of the Boyne, Aengus Oge, the young God of Beauty, Master of Love makes his dwelling; he is seen pervading the whole of Ireland; "Angus of the Birds," he is called by the people, because to those who see him floating over sea and land, round his head appear the immortal rainbow-coloured birds who are the children of his breath. Slieve Namon, County Tipperary, is the Mountain of Sound. Messages are breathed there to psychic ears in supreme orchestral harmonies.

Dāna herself is seen—The Ageless Mother of the ancient Celtic gods who pervades the kingdom of sky, who sways on earth and sea the world of energies—the world of yet unknown vibrations—floating irradiant in aureoles of transcendental light,—filling the Nature world with mystery, stepping the Isle of Destiny; * brown Mother-Earth, the Great Enchantress of my

* Inis-fail, or Ireland.

feet, when wandering up the shifting ways; invoked by the poet thus—"Dumb Mother struggling through the years to tell Her secret out through helpless eyes";* she whose presence in Ireland inspired the lovely lines in the soul of one who sees . . .

"I can enchant the trees and rocks, and fill
 The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,
 Make them reveal or hide the god. I breathe
 A deeper pity than all love, myself
 Mother of all, but without hands to heal:
 Too vast and vague, they know me not. But yet,
 I am the heartbreak over fallen things,
 The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,
 And I am in the kiss that foemen give,
 Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall
 Over the vanquished foe, and in the highest
 Among the Dánaan gods, I am the last
 Council of mercy in their hearts, where they
 Mete justice from a thousand starry thrones."†

* Theodore Watts Dunton.

† "Dána," from "The Divine Vision," by A. E.

(To be followed by "Faerie Scotland.")

SOME FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY OF OCCULTISM

III. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES IN A HAUNTED HOUSE (*Continued*)

BY INKSTER GILBERTSON, F.J.I.

7. PERFORMING IN CHURCH.

ON March 17 Mr. Thompson called round early at the Doctor's to say that they might expect something good that evening. This was the evening the key disappeared for the first time. And, as Mrs. MacDonald records, they "saw many curious things during the evening." It appears that the Thompsons had heard a voice saying that they would all be put into trance at seven o'clock.

" 'The children will be out of it, at all events,' said Mrs. Thompson, 'for they are at church.'

" 'Oh! will they?' the voice replied, in a sarcastic tone.

" At seven a handbell which was in the top front (attic) room was violently rung and the servant-maid went off in a trance. Mrs. Thompson felt sick and Jimmy very giddy. We heard afterwards that the three young people were at that moment entering church. They all felt faint and sat down upon chairs turned upside down! They do not know if they turned them that way themselves or not; but all the people behind them laughed, and a man came up to them and asked them what was the matter."

It is evident from the record of this case that the Thompson family had become very susceptible to the occult influences which appear to have flooded their environment. The entities at work had been successful in getting the maids under trance control, and apparently wished to exercise this power over the whole family, though, to do the Thompsons justice, it has to be stated that they resisted the influences in their encroachments to the utmost of their power.

The boast of entrancing the whole party was perhaps due to vanity, but it was no doubt also intended to help the accomplishment of the desired feat by the power of the suggestion which it conveyed. It was only partially successful, for although the influences followed the church party to the sacred precincts

they remained at least sufficiently conscious to remember part of what took place, after they entered the church, and of this they gave a very intelligible account, when they returned home and were duly cross-examined on the subject.

Whether the upsetting of the chairs was done entirely by occult means, or by the children themselves while under influence, does not appear, for this they were unable to recollect ; their attention having been first directed to themselves by the laughter and amusement of the others present in church.

In any case it is only right to assume that they would not have created such a scene in church had they been free voluntary agents.

With regard to the " voice " which is mentioned in the case, it may be explained that both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had developed clairaudience, during the proceedings in the house, and frequently held conversations with unseen entities. There were, however, frequent instances of what is called the " Direct Voice," in which the MacDonalds and others who were present heard what was said. Whether the case just related was a manifestation of the Direct Voice, or simply clairaudience, does not appear, as the MacDonalds did not happen to be present at the time.

It may be mentioned that the attic room, in which the handbell was rung, was known to be unoccupied at the time. This phenomenon was frequently repeated afterwards when the room was empty and the door locked.

8. A HOT HEARTH-BRUSH.

On the morning of the same day, while the Thompsons and the MacDonalds were standing in the kitchen and the hall leading to it, the Doctor heard something drop on the floor, and stooping down to pick it up he found it was a button. But immediately on looking up he saw a kitchen hearth-brush suspended in the air, close to the ceiling. " It was stretched horizontally, not with the heavy end down, but as if some one held it ; and it came down slowly and horizontally till near the floor, when it fell. When picked up it was quite hot."

As the Doctor picked it up, the maid exclaimed : " Oh, there's the brush I have missed for the last eight days ! " It seems that this brush was frequently missed from its place by the servant ; and on another occasion, when it came back, she declared it hit her on the forehead.

Here is a genuine apport, without the formalities of a circle or a sitting, unlooked for, caught as it were in the very act. The

fact that the Doctor found the brush to be hot impressed him very much, and it is of peculiar significance, in view of the hypothetical law governing the disappearance and reappearance of objects as stated last month (see OCCULT REVIEW, p. 216). It is there suggested that this apparent impossibility is made possible by an alteration of the rate of vibration in the monads composing the molecules of which the article is made up.

The theory is that the change of vibration causes the object to get beyond the range of normal vision. It is then said to enter the fourth dimension, and in this attenuated condition to be capable of passing through matter of greater density and of being easily conveyed from one place to another by occult agencies. When the rate of vibration again becomes normal, the object reappears in its previous form.

It is in accordance with the known laws of physics that were such a change to take place, heat would be generated; and the fact that the brush handle was found to be warm immediately on recovery seems to support the theory stated.

I have had testimony on this point before. A well-known London medium wears a hot-welded iron ring on his wrist, which was not placed there by mortal hands, and fitting so tightly that no mortal hand can remove it without injury to the wearer. The late Dr. George Wyld once told me the story of how he got two rings made by a blacksmith, each hot-welded in a solid piece without crack or seam or flaw of any kind. "If," he said, "the spirits can link these two rings together without break or fusion, I will believe that matter may be made to pass through matter."

At a subsequent séance it was put to the test. He was told to hold one of the rings, while the medium held the other, and in an instant a clicking sound was heard and the rings were linked together. This was the crucial test after a long series of experiments, for the veteran investigator's scepticism had taken a great deal of breaking down. But after that test had been satisfactorily passed, he felt he could remain sceptical no longer.

The rings were as easily separated as they had been joined, and I understand it is one of them, or a similar one, which now finds a resting-place on the medium's wrist. It was placed there at his own request, as a memento of the incident, by the agencies who had performed the feat.

While examining it one day I asked the medium if he felt it warm when it went on, or was it cold as I felt it then. He at once replied, "It felt quite hot." I had not been discussing any theory with him, nor had I even mentioned that I held any

theory on the subject, so that the inquiry cannot be regarded as a "leading question," and the frank, straightforward answer struck me as being convincing and truthful.

I was naturally interested when I found in Mrs. MacDonald's record the statement that the brush was hot when the Doctor picked it up. On being interrogated, the latter was emphatic on the point, and I was no less satisfied that here was a detail, apparently trivial but really important, leading as it seems to do to some clue to the method by which these wonderful phenomena are produced.

Since penning the foregoing lines, the writer has had the pleasure, for the first time, of dipping into Dr. Franz Hartmann's excellent book on the life and teaching of Paracelsus, alluded to in his series of interesting articles recently appearing in the OCCULT REVIEW. There Dr. Hartmann has a useful table, explanatory of many of the terms used in theosophical and other occult works on the religious and mystical teachings of the East.

Under the term *A'kasa* he explains that it signifies "*Living primordial Substance*, corresponding to the conception of some form of cosmic ether pervading the solar system. Everything is, so to say, condensed *A'kasa*, having become visible by changing its superethereal state into a concentrated and tangible form, and *everything in nature may be resolved again* into *A'kasa*, and be made invisible by changing into repulsion the attractive power that held its atoms together; but there is a tendency in the atoms that have once constituted a form to rush again into the previous order and reproduce the same form; and *a form may therefore, by making use of this law, be apparently destroyed and then reproduced. This tendency rests in the character (or power or influence) of the form preserved in the Astral Light.*"

Again, *Alcahest* is "an element which dissolves all metals, and by which all terrestrial bodies may be reduced into their *Ens primum*, or the original matter (*A'kasa* or substance) of which they are formed. It is a power which acts upon the astral forms (or souls) of all things, *capable of changing the polarity of their molecules*, and thereby of dissolving them. *The power of will is the highest aspect* of the true *Alcahest*. In its lowest aspect it is a visible fluid able to dissolve all things, *not yet known to modern chemistry.*"

The italics are mostly mine; the closing clause of the last sentence is, of course, Dr. Hartmann's, and perhaps playfully sarcastic. At all events, we have here a very clear statement of a law known to the "Wise Men of the East" very many centuries ago, expounded

by a learned German three hundred years ago, explained in a brief and concise form by another wise and learned son of the Fatherland in our own day. But of that law our chemists are still ignorant, our physicists are groping after it, and think they have got into touch with it ; but it is left to the neglected and despised phenomena of spiritism to enable the occultist to demonstrate its existence, unless we are to consider the exhibitions of the Indian fakir as sufficient for the purpose—and even they are now obtaining some credence in the slow-moving minds of Europeans.

9. LIVELY DOINGS WITH THE MAID AND THE FURNITURE.

The maid who had been entranced during the evening, declared she would go to bed, and went upstairs to the attics ; but she had not been long gone when the company heard a scream, and on their coming out to the hall a mattress was seen rolling down the stairs with the servant inside.

Presently the chairs began to come down, chair after chair—heavy Windsor chairs—from the room above. The Doctor describes three of them which he saw coming down feet uppermost, as if held by some one, till they reached the landing where the girl was lying helpless, at the head of the flight up which the spectators were looking. Then the chairs turned a somersault, head over heels, down the remaining steps, and landed gently beside the astonished party.

When released the maid seemed to be in a dazed condition. On being interrogated, she said she had been sitting on the edge of the bed, taking off her boots, when some one rolled her up in the bed and pushed her down the stairs.

10. WATER AND FIRE.

Afterwards some dirty water was thrown down, though there was no one in mortal garb in the upper regions at the time. The Doctor had another experience of the bath-room door being flung open and water thrown out over his head as he passed. This was followed by what appeared to be a sheet of fire, which disappeared as it fell : perhaps the *Alcahest*, of which Dr. Hartmann speaks, in its aspect as a visible fluid.

The Doctor at once rushed into the bath-room, but there was no one there, and the window was keyed.

11. BOOK-THROWING.

Finally, a book came down from the bedroom and struck him in the face, in presence of the assembled party. Mrs. Thompson

saw this book coming down from the ceiling and thought it was going to fall on the bed, but instead *it turned at right angles* and went out into the passage where the party were. A very singular instance, this; of intention effectively carried out.

Book-throwing had begun a few nights previously, for on March 15 Mr. Thompson complained that he was constantly losing the book he was reading, and that it was as constantly being thrown at him from some unexpected quarter. One evening he was standing in the hall, with his back to the hall door, when he said he wished he could find his book. He had no sooner uttered the words than it was thrown at the back of his head. "This evening" (March 15) "he was telling us he had missed it again. Just as we were leaving it descended on the Doctor's shoulder." Another convincing instance of active intelligence in the unseen operators.

Evidently the spirits of air, fire, earth and water were having a gay time of it, disporting themselves in the full consciousness of newly found power. To commune with mortals was a pleasure to them, no doubt; to tease, baffle and confound them must have been unalloyed happiness.

Of course it is deemed rank superstition to speak of sylphs, gnomes, fairies and undines, except in connection with poetry and romance; and the "fabled salamander" has had a bad time since experiments were made on innocent lizards and ill-fated alligators by psychical researchers of the type of Sir T. Browne. Says the learned Sir Thomas: "Whereas it is commonly said that a salamander extinguisheth fire, we have found by *experience*, that on *hot coals*, *it dieth immediately*."

Very probably. And we should not be inclined to charge the poor salamander with imposture, either. We may feel quite sure it was not upon its representation that the objectionable and erroneous statements were circulated. Indeed the methods of Sir Thomas strike us as so similar to those of Dr. Johnson, that we can hardly take them seriously. But they serve to show how muddle-headed are the vaunted triumphs of physical science over popular superstition. The man of science demonstrates that a poor amphibious lizard is not a fire-extinguisher: *ergo* he claps his hands and crows, and tells us there is no such thing as a salamander.

But if the nature and qualities of the salamander have been misunderstood! Ah! That is a different matter. There may be superstition, but it is the other fellow's, and the tables are turned; for superstition is misunderstanding in consequence of ignorance.

The salamander may exist, nevertheless. Dr. Hartmann says it does exist, or that Paracelsus believed it to exist, and had the opinions of the sages of classical times to back him up.

Not only so, but he tells us they are elemental spirits of fire ; nature spirits ; that they appear in various shapes, as fiery tongues, balls of fire, etc., and are sometimes seen in spiritist séances. For the last statement the writer can vouch, for he has photographed them.

Madame Blavatsky, relying on similar authorities, says they are the Devas of fire in India, and that bulls are sometimes offered to them in sacrifice. She also tells us, in *Isis Unveiled*, that though invisible, they, with the elementals of air, water and earth, are substantial, made of "the substance of the soul." They have not immortal spirits ; their characters differ widely, and they are of various grades of intelligence. They represent in their nature all states of feeling. Some are beneficial and others malicious.

That is just what popular tradition and folk-lore have represented them to be : light, frolicsome, mischievous and irresponsible—sometimes helpful, sometimes spiteful.

Edward Maitland, in *The Perfect Way* (III., 34)—a book too little known in this materialistic age—discusses them in all seriousness as "elemental or nature-spirits, and presiding spirits or *genii loci*." He says they are "the spirits, known to all early nations as haunting forests, mountains, cataracts, rivers and all unfrequented places. They are the dryads, naiads, kelpies, elves, fairies and so forth. The elementals are often mysterious, terrifying and dangerous. They are the spirits invoked by the Rosicrucians and mediaeval magicians and also by some in the present day. They respond to pentagrams and other symbols, and it is dangerous even to name them at certain times and places. The most powerful of them are the salamanders, or fire spirits. The ability of elementals to produce physical phenomena, and their lack of moral sense, render them dangerous. In this they differ from the celestial spirits, for to these no physical demonstration is possible, as they do not come into contact with matter. The marvels of adepts are performed chiefly through the agency of elementals. And it was the knowledge of and belief in them, on the part of the centurion in the gospels, that elicited from Jesus his expression of surprise : 'I have not found such faith even in Israel.' For the centurion's reply had indicated his recognition of the fact that, just as he himself had soldiers under him to do his bidding, so Jesus had spirits under him.

"Others than adepts may be, and are, thus associated with

elementals ; but only for one who, like an adept, has first purified and perfected himself in mind and spirit, is the association free from danger to himself or to others. Where not mastered, they become masters, and exact absolute subservience, showing themselves pitiless in the infliction of vengeance for disobedience to their behests."

It is perhaps to be regretted that there is no strictly scientific evidence of the existence of the elementals—at least, I have heard of none—for folk-lore is not scientific, though it is a mine of wealth to the thoughtful student, and the higher reaches of psychology are still a closed volume of the Book of Nature to the scientist. You must first catch your elemental, and that is no easy task for the scientific man ; although even of this, one need not despair, after what Sir William Crookes and other workers on similar lines have got out of radium.

But eminent writers on primitive races have put it on record that our quarry shuns civilization. As the invader advances in a " new " country, the denizens of the forest and glade, the familiars of the stream, the rock, the cave and the water-fall retire into their native obscurity. The favourite rendering of this well-known fact is that the superstitions of the people die out. But the people themselves—the Burmese, for instance—declare that their belief remains—as no doubt do their imaginative powers—and the reason their fairy friends—and enemies—are seen by them no more is that they have been driven away by the haughty disregard of native customs, beliefs and observances, the materialistic and utilitarian habits of life and thought and the rough and ready methods of those whom we dignify with the title of " pioneers of civilization "—save the mark—who assert by the law of brute force absolute dominion over the fair earth and all that it contains, and in doing so proceed to uproot and destroy after their kind.

And yet, no one knows better, or has better reason to know in his heart of hearts, the truth of the existence of these mysterious powers, be they " spirits of health or goblins damned," than the " hardy pioneer." Thus you find him occasionally writing home from South Africa or Australia, and in momentary bursts of candour narrating the experiences of himself or others at their hands. The " scientific investigator " is far removed from all this. He works in a laboratory.

Verily, " the old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways." I will not presume to judge in such matters. But it has been said by the wise that " there is nothing new under the sun," and I know that those who seek

the Ultimate of Wisdom and of Truth, have often to turn back. They have sometimes to leave the clearing and betake them to the jungle of antiquity, the ruined city and even the humble, haunted house ; or they have to ask direction from the hermit on the far hillside, or sit down with the simplicity of little children and learn from the primitive people of the plain.

How far such entities as are designated Elementals may have been responsible for the remarkable phenomena witnessed at the house of the Thompsons, the observant reader must judge for himself. That they do exist may fairly serve as a working hypothesis, and each student of the subject must form his own judgment in each case.

The reason why such an assumption may seem incomprehensible to us is that accepted opinions in regard to the constitution of the so-called material universe are fundamentally wrong. Granted a universe resting on a basic principle of spirit or force, the rest is easy. Indeed the hypothesis of a universe teeming with ethereal entities of all grades of intelligence seems so natural, harmonious and satisfying as to leave no room or necessity for the grubby substitute of the modern microbe.

In the words of an eminent writer, "when the author of *Epinomis* peoples the universe with invisible beings, he is more rational than our modern scientists, who make between the two extremes (of highest and lowest) one vast hiatus of being, the playground of blind forces."

REVIEWS

BRAHMANS, THEISTS AND MUSLIMS OF INDIA. By J. Campbell Oman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price 14s.

To the heart of India for fourteen shillings! That is actually what it means. For in this book one treads Indian soil, breathes the incense-laden atmosphere of the temples, feels the halo of sanctity enshrining every Math and Kovil, looks the revered Prohitā in full face, catches the inspiration of Reformer and Teacher among the people, and flings whole-heartedly into the free gaiety of the festival. Professor Campbell Oman has given us a comprehensive view of India and its people. He has treated of the Hindu and the Mussulman in a graphic and interesting manner from many points of view, but chiefly regarding them in the light of religion, sociology and politics.

It is said that the Hindus are essentially a religious people, and so far as the observance of rites and ceremonies may be taken for the outward and visible sign of an inherent spiritual condition, the statement may be taken as correct.

Old religious ideas, sentiments, rites and customs derived from a remote past, enshrined in the national religion and folk-lore, woven indeed into the very fabric of a people's life, cannot be easily set aside, especially when the women cling to them tenaciously, with all the conservative instinct of the sex.

No one who knows the people of India will doubt for a moment that they are essentially a religious people, but . . . one may be excused for giving a qualified adhesion to the doctrine of Heraclitus that religion is a disease, though a sacred disease. In Bengal, assuredly, religion would appear to be a morbid emotional affection, whether sacred or not, to which, in some form or other, every man and woman is subject; and to-day, as in past generations, this morbid emotional affection tends to sap the manhood of the people and effeminate the race.

Not morbid or emotional altogether is the religious motive of the Hindu, however. Acts of extreme austerity, of frenzied self-sacrifice, of fatalistic submission to the ravages of plague and famine, may be cited against him; but there is equally something to his credit which results neither from the morbid nor the emotional side of his nature, but from a manly adhesion to principles which, rightly or wrongly, have been approved by the

religious teachers of India for thousands of years and everywhere adopted as a correct standard of practice. Let it be known, then, that the temples of India, the baths and public tanks, have very largely been contributed by the populace, brick by brick, each one an individual act of devotion to a principle. An Englishman would send it by parcel post. The Hindu carries it himself, travelling many miles afoot to lay his tribute on the altar of religious art. The story of the Widow's Mite is not more significant than this.

In the South or Dravidian portion of India, the Hindus eschew flesh meat. The cow is sacred to Vishnu, the Preserver of the Universe, because of its sustaining yield, and to a grain-eating people the animal is indeed valuable. Yet in times of famine, when there is not enough to buy fodder for the family cow, Brahmans have been known to turn the beast afield to wander where it may in search of food and shelter, with a legend on its forehead: Who feeds may keep.

It seems to me that the man is here in evidence, and it is merely a matter of racial tradition, environment and custom, as to whether he is accounted morbid and emotional or a man of religious integrity and high principle.

On the matter of the caste system in India, Professor Oman is more than tolerant. At times he seems to defend it as a natural and inevitable outcome of the working of social laws, and without doubt there are many legislators who regard it merely on economic principles as the best-working basis, while for administrative purposes it is all that could be desired, being self-adjusting and automatic in its operation. It is pointed out that in every country a caste system exists, as in European centres between the members of the liberal professions, the Government service, the commercial world and the artisans; and although the lines of demarcation are not so rigid with us, nor the boundaries so fixed, the influence of caste is nevertheless felt and recognized by us all, and position in the social status is not a factor which is compassed entirely or even largely by wealth, but principally by function. And without doubt function was at the root of the institution in India. The Brahmans were the head or administrative and governing power; the Kshetriyas, or warriors, were the arms for executive and defensive purposes; the Vaishyas, or merchants, were the trunk of the body politic, representing by their trading, their imports, traffics and storage, as well as by their exports, the absorbent, circulatory, secretive and excretive systems of the human body; and

lastly, the Sudras, or working classes, supporting the body from beneath, corresponded to the lower limbs. All else were Chandalas or Mlechchas, mere outcasts or pariahs. To the foreigner or Yavana they accorded the social distinctions and courtesies due to his station among his own people, remembering always that to the Brahman or Dvija the touch and even the shadow of the Mlechcha was a pollution to be removed by ablutions as speedily as might be. Even to-day the spiritual pride of the unsophisticated Brahman is a thing to be wondered at by every traveller in India.

A large section of Professor Oman's valuable work is concerned with the modern significance of Hindu Reform, and the history of the movement from the time of Keshub Chandra Sen to the present day clearly traces a tendency among the Europeanized and educated portion of the community to adapt themselves to the exigencies of life under a foreign Government. But it is to the question of the emancipation of the Hindu woman by education and the breaking down of the purdah system that the future will make answer in terms which have never yet entered into the conception of the Aryan or Dravidian or even, perhaps, of the Muslim. When millions of educated and "reformed" people are thrown into the field of social competition, the task of the Hindu bread-winner will be immensely increased; and when, as seems inevitable, they ultimately enter the arena of commercial strife, as is the case with us to-day, the whole organization of Hindu society will undergo a change not easy to contemplate and certainly unsafe to speculate upon at the present time. Yet it is the Hindu himself who, in his desire to be up-to-date and modern in all things, is chiefly concerned in bringing this change about. But to weigh these matters rightly one must read and ponder over the various aspects of Hindu life and polity as presented in this large volume by Professor Oman, the value of which is enhanced by a number of photographic illustrations and a full index of subject-matter.

SCRUTATOR.

MOTHERHOOD; OR, USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG WIVES. Pater-
noster Publishing Co., 77, Fleet Street. 6d. net.

It is not given to every one to write with unflinching simplicity and point, but the writer of this little book has succeeded admirably in doing so, and it may be said that Mr. Wallace Russell has treated a subject, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate, in an unpretentious and efficient manner.

The scope of the book is limited, firstly, to the statement of the physical conditions incidental to motherhood and to directions for the attainment of the strength and balance of bodily constitution necessary to the adequate fulfilment of these conditions ; and, secondly, to the care and nourishment of the child. The absence of technical terms is to be commended, and in all that has been written on both these sections there is a lucidity and conciseness which render the pages easily comprehensible by all classes of the community. The tone of the work is such that, besides dissipating ignorance, it will tend to encourage the faint-hearted and the fearful-minded, who are produced in increasing numbers in large cities with their decidedly inimical influence.

In Chapter VIII there is an interesting theory of painless confinements, and an instance is quoted of a woman who, after suffering severely at the birth of her first two children, during her third pregnancy took a certain diet, and achieved a confinement of the easiest possible description. Whether the theory is true or not, the exercises recommended in connection with it may well be undertaken with advantage, especially by women whose artificial surroundings put them at a disadvantage in pregnancy.

In that part of the book that concerns the bringing up of the child, great care and method are shown, and it is here that the young mother is almost sure to fall into some errors that may cause mischief, unless she is fortified with all the knowledge of which she can avail herself. And so she can hardly do better than study the subject as here set forth.

M.R.C.S.

RATIONAL MEMORY TRAINING. By B. F. Austin, A.M., B.D.
London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street,
E.C. 1s. 8d. post free.

SINCE the days of Aristotle, who enunciated the functions of the memory and expounded the principle of the association of ideas propounded by Simonides, systems of mnemonics have flourished to a greater or less extent in every nation and clime. One system after another has been evolved and fallen into neglect. Even Stokes, who made so great an impression with his trained school of boys with their wonderful facility with figures, dates and rote learning, depended entirely on the association of ideas for his results. Most persons find they need a something on which to hang their dates, a mnemonic peg of some sort or other, and this is the only excuse which can be found for the *Sententiae*

Chronologicae by Mrs. Slater. In this, as in most other systems, the key sentences are more difficult to learn than the dates themselves. But here we have a sound, scientific and rational method of cultivating and preserving the memory. The faculty is considered both from its physiological and its psychological aspects, and all air-bladders, stays, props, crutches and water-wings are cast aside as worse than useless. The training of the memory should be such that it functions accurately and with so slight effort as to be practically involuntary and automatic. Only conscious effort, attention, systematic exercise and regular study can produce the best effects of a naturally good memory or strengthen one that is weak and inconstant. The author gives some striking instances of remarkable memories, and shows that in olden times memory was regarded as the supreme faculty of the mind, while modern psychology is quoted to uphold the fact that memory and immortality are in some way closely associated, and that the continuity of individual consciousness lies in the power to reproduce impressions made upon the mind as thought and feeling arising out of sense perception. The laws which govern memory are scrutinized and instruction given as to methods of training. I have not hitherto found the book which so strongly emphasizes the importance of the faculty as does this work, nor any which treats of it with equal thoroughness.

SCRUTATOR.

THE HIGHER MEDICINE. By J. Stenson Hooker, M.D., etc.
London: Evan Yellon, The Celtic Press, 38, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE study of Nature's finer forces during the last thirty years has made such practical progress that we are at this moment in the enjoyment of a variety of benefits which are the outcome of a commercial valuation of these subtle modes of motion and states of matter. It was hardly to be expected that what appealed to the commercial mind would not escape recognition by men of scientific training. Yet the fact remains that to a large extent the time-worn practices of the physician and surgeon (especially the former) have undergone little or no change. The drug business still flourishes, despite the advances made in psychology, mental science, magnetism, psycho-therapeutics, etc.

But Dr. Stenson Hooker, who has made the subject of the Higher Medicine very much his own, is hopeful in the belief that there is a trend—the word is well chosen—in Modern Medicine

which points to the employment of higher and better forces in the art of healing. He points to the decline of the drugging habit, the revival of hypnotism, the spread of vegetarianism, the recourse to such media as electricity, light rays, colour and the Nature-cure, as so many indications of an advance from the crude "dosing" of the old school of physicians to the modern position of psycho-therapeutical science. Homœopathy, as at first practised by its founder, Hahnemann, was in the nature of a half-way house, a method which recognized the principle that "the finer the force, the more powerful it is." Higher agencies and still higher methods. This is the keynote of Dr. Stenson Hooker's teaching and practice, the spiritualization of science. Important chapters on psycho-therapeutics, magnetism and chromopathy are included in the present work, which will stand for some time to come as one of the most suggestive inquiries into the future of medical science.

SCRUTATOR.

A JOURNALIST'S DYING MESSAGE TO THE WORLD. Published by his Executors. London: J. Wooderson, 23, Oxford Street, W. Price 3*d.* net.

THIS well-written little pamphlet purports to give the last thoughts of H. G. Somerville, who "went into the Light" on May 25, 1907. It is a touching story, instinct with reverence and faith. As death comes well in sight—we are told—fear departs, and the meaning of things becomes clearer. The ultimate facts are simple; we are to learn to *love*, and to strive towards the light. All creeds are good, for all hold truth. But God's entirety is not revealed in any single one. Formulas are but symbols, clothing for ideas, as is the whole material world, which reveals something to us, though veiling much from us.

Evil is "good in the making." "Out of evil comes good, as roses grow from clay. But all clay does not produce roses, only that which is watered and planted. Tears and deeds" (p. 12).

Personality is good, for by it we learn our lessons. Through love of the one human being we learn love of all humanity. Finally, perhaps, we shall drop personality, lose all our selfishness, and be content to merge into the Unity of God. "Yes? Was that the call? I am ready. . . . Loved ones, be glad with me, for I am going now. . . . Dear God! the glory and the peace of it. . . . I am going . . . going . . . into the Light!"

It is very pathetic, very solemn. May our own end, when we pass, be as peaceful and as full of hope!

J. ARTHUR HILL.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE subject of the Glastonbury Dish comes up in the *Theosophical Review*, in which Mr. J. A. Goodchild rectifies some errors in the accounts which have appeared in the press, and clears up some points as to his own previous connection with the supposed relic. As a matter of interest in the same connection, Dr. I. Gennadius describes the "Sacro Catino" of Genoa, which has been said to be a huge emerald, and to have served as a dish at the Last Supper. A commission of French experts decided that it was of cast glass, and probably of Byzantine manufacture. Another expert considers it to be Græco-Roman, and to have been a *malluvium*, or dish used ceremoniously for the washing of hands.

The same Review gives a summary of Dr. Rudolph Steiner's printed lecture on the special nature of blood in the occult sense, being a commentary on the words Goethe puts into the mouth of Mephistopheles when he insists that Faust shall sign the compact with his own blood. The gist of the article lies in the remarks :

We have practically a common tradition all over the world that " blood " possesses some special virtue in all such compacts ; and these again connect themselves with blood-brotherhood, blood-sacrifices, the use of blood in magical invocations and all the rest of the long and intricate tradition connected with the magical efficacy of blood. . . . The sagas and myths of the peoples tell us that whatever has power over the blood has power over oneself. If then any evil power is to gain influence over a man, it must win mastery over his blood ; and therefore does Mephistopheles demand Faust's signature written with his own blood ; for if he possesses a man's name written in his blood, then he has hold upon him through that by which alone the man can be held, and can draw him over to himself. To whomsoever the blood belongs, to him belongs also the man, or the man's " I."

In the September issue of the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*, Mr. J. Arthur Hill reviews and criticizes Binet's views as set forth in his book which has been translated into English under the title of *The Mind and the Brain*, and shows the insufficiency of the doctrine of psycho-physical parallelism as an explanation of physical and psychological phenomena. Professor Hyslop calls attention to the unreliability of newspaper stories of supernormal experiences, which he says are more often than not fabricated to fill space in the papers, and gives instances in

which this has been proved or acknowledged to be the case. Another curious journalistic fraud is revealed in the portion devoted to "Incidents." The editor of a women's journal had asked a contributor to request Professor Hyslop to write some "Ghost Stories from Real Life," but the said contributor wrote the articles and represented them as being by Professor Hyslop. Some further incidents were sent to the editor by readers, and handed to Professor Hyslop, who investigated them, and now publishes them in his own journal. The most characteristic experiences are those of a lady whose son had been greatly pleased by the scent of some violets as he lay dying. At intervals after his death the house would be filled with the perfume of violets, even in the autumn and winter, and the mother concluded that this was a beautiful way of manifesting his continued presence in spirit. The same lady once perceived a strong smell of incense, and concluded (rightly, as it turned out) that a cousin, who had been a great friend of hers in her youth, and who was an ecclesiastic, had just died.

The *Open Court* for September has an article on the philosophy of Socrates, in which the accounts of Aristotle, Plato and Xenophon are held to supplement rather than to contradict each other; and the editor, Dr. Carus, writes of Socrates as a forerunner of Christianity in that he laid stress on forgiveness and loving-kindness. Further comments by the High Priest of the Samaritans on their Messianic hopes bring out the fact that the expected Messiah is to be both Prophet and King, and the real Samaritan Pentateuch, which very few travellers have actually seen, is interestingly described. It cannot be completely unrolled for fear of destroying it, and many pieces have been broken off it already. Other articles are on "The Swastika" and on "God conceived as more than Personal."

The Word publishes interesting extracts from a pamphlet on Kepler and the Invisible World, first issued in 1819 and reprinted by Professor Zöllner in 1882. Kepler had a vision in which an invisible teacher told him that intuitions came from a spark of the eternal light within, which was the fountain of knowledge. In another vision he was told about the spiritual body, the garment of light which would be his when he had put off the earthly body, and in which he would lead a higher existence, of which he had as yet no conception, with different powers of perception, yet still subject to evolution and struggle towards perfection.

In the *Metaphysical Magazine* for August Mr. S. C. Mukerjee distinguishes between true and false mysticism, and says that

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neither asceticism nor phenomena are true signs of the mystic consciousness :

Direct cognizance of the Supreme Substance by a process of intuition which is far superior to reason is the characteristic of a true mystic. Conviction by means of proofs is a second-hand certainty, rests on comparison, and can never be perfectly sure and complete. Another characteristic is the striving to bring about the mystical death of the mind and to remain absorbed in God. It is not the annihilation of the higher self, but only of the lower. Another is genuine inspiration from the source of all knowledge, while in the waking state. The true mystic is the medium through whom the soul of the universe pours out its thoughts. The mystic is a true prophet, inspired by the Infinite Spirit. Through him we learn the secrets of the unseen universe. He stands in the borderland between man and God. When he chooses to speak and to set himself as the teacher of the people he brings about a revolution in the moral world. True mysticism is of great value to mankind.

The *Revue Spirite*, probably the oldest established of existing spiritualist periodicals, having been founded in 1858 by Allan Kardec, and continued since his death by the Leymarie family, contains a series of articles by E. Grimard on "The Bibles" of various religions, an account by R. Aylmer of materializations witnessed with the mediums Husk, Craddock and Williams during a recent visit to London, a reminiscence of Mr. Husk's visit to Paris in 1881, and an account of some curious phenomena observed at Saumur in May last, in which a whole party of people were unexpectedly subjected to a series of varied experiences, reminding one of the hallucinations that can be produced by suggestion upon a hypnotized subject. For instance, the lights were turned out by a mysterious agency, and the voice of one of the party was heard apparently proceeding from a cupboard which stood in the room ; on examining it by the aid of matches no one could be found in it, and when the lights were again turned on the person in question could not be found either in the room or anywhere in the house. Presently, after another interval of darkness, this person was again seen to be in the room, and was unable to give any account of what had occurred. An international club for the study of spirit phenomena has recently been formed at the offices of the *Revue* and *Librairie Spirite*, 42, rue Saint-Jacques, Paris.

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.*]

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I see that in his letter Mr. Hart, while describing his personal experiences, tells us that the Catholic Church was the whole of the truth in a parable, and that no dogma of the Church is real which is not spiritual; "also that his difficulties would never have arisen had it not been for the corrupt priest-hoods who have ever materialized the truth, and given to the people to eat ashes as it were bread." In the same letter he writes, "the claims of the Catholic Church I had never seriously considered." Yet one would think that a community numbering, the Reformation notwithstanding, nearly three hundred million persons of "all nations and kindreds and tongues, and people," and which still presents, after a lapse of two thousand years, the unique spectacle of one centre of unity, one faith, one language, one central act of worship, one discipline throughout the world, would have claims to the consideration of any open-minded truthseekers—but this by the way. Mr. Hart, not being a Catholic, of necessity takes his opinion of Catholics from outsiders, who, in the nature of things, can know nothing whatsoever about them. Were he to attend Catholic worship often, and in sufficient sympathy with it to touch its soul, he would find that worship to be most truly spirit and life. What the sacraments are to millions upon millions of longing, loving hearts of every possible degree of rank and intelligence God alone knows, for only He can, and to the vast majority of Catholics what they receive through their clergy is absolutely satisfying. Where it is not so no fault lies with the Church. We are entering a new age, and a new revelation of, and from, our Creator, is hanging over us; the Power of the Resurrection, as each can receive it, will prove to be a perfect salvation because a perfect union with the Risen Saviour in spirit, soul and body. This is the age of regeneration, "the redemption of the body," of matter, for which the great Hebrew initiate, S. Paul, tells us the whole creation groans, and,

for those who have the spiritual perception to feel this, a certain craving for what the Holy Spirit alone can supply in a new and perfect fullness, is inevitable, whatever their nationality or religion may be.

Beside this, the exoteric doctrine and worship of historic Christianity is the esoteric worship and doctrine of the Church of Israel; the New Testament is ever the counterpart and fulfilment of the Old. Jesus Christ gathered up all that was pure in the Sacred Mysteries, and other rites and dogmas of the great local religions of the past, into one mighty whole, refilled them with Himself—"I came not to destroy but to fulfil"—which made, of course, *all* the difference between prophecy and fulfilment, and passed them on again in a universal Church, now thrown open to all by a universal Baptism. This being the case, it is more than probable that the Church contains the esoteric truth—if it is truth—referred to by Mr. Hart.

It should be remembered that Christianity is not intellectual assent, in its essence, to certain doctrines, exoteric or esoteric, but devotion to, and worship of, a Person, and that this Person is the Founder of the Catholic Church, the All-Creative *Logos* Incarnate, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose life on earth is given in the Christian Gospels. The union with this all-sufficient Saviour, which is the aim and object of all Christianity, needs no esoteric doctrine to bring it about. Christianity is an appeal to the heart, and not the head, and through the Catholic Faith, "a way" to Him has been given so simple, "that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." What a fearful dispensation it would be if our race at large—all those too busy to think, all those incapable of thinking, all those to whom mysticism is an abomination or wholly incomprehensible, all the simple peasantry of all lands, men, women, and children now nourished at the altars of the Church—had to wade through *The Perfect Way* and kindred literature before they could reach their Saviour!

Moreover, the teaching of such Catholic mystics on the highest possible spiritual level as S. John of the Cross, S. Francis of Assisi, Brother Lawrence, the Blessed Margaret Mary and Mother Juliana, the anchoress of Norwich, Tauler, Eckartshausen, and hundreds of others, learned and unlearned, and revered for their excessive holiness throughout the Church, all testified to the truth of exoteric Catholicism, which is as likely, to say the least of it, to be the truth of God as Theosophy, or the many fancy patterns of Christianity which have been spread abroad for our inspection during the last fifty years. It has been said "Judas

betrayed Christ, Peter denied Him, but it has been given to the present century to patronize Him." We see nothing of this kind among the saints and mystics of the Catholic Church. "Give me my Lord," said S. Theresa, probably the most profound mystic who has lived since Apostolic times, to a priest at the altar, "I am so hungry"; and S. Catherine of Siena, who, in the closeness of her union and communion with God as manifested through Jesus Christ, ran her close, during her last illness had an altar erected in her room that she might assist at Mass, and receive Holy Communion every day.

Yours faithfully,
A CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to your inquiry, I regret to say that my opportunities of seeing the late Edward Maitland were but few, being limited to an occasional visit to him at his chambers in Thurloe Square on Sunday afternoons, in the early thirties: they were, however, sufficient to enable me to realize the strength and nobility of the man. When I first had the privilege of his acquaintance the days of *Sturm und Drang*, so vividly described by Scrutator in the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW, were long over: he was completely at unity with himself, and radiated out a peculiar feeling of peace and restfulness to all with whom he came in contact. What especially impressed me was the simplicity of his manner, and the blitheness and cheerfulness of his temperament; to paraphrase slightly the words of W. Pater, he seemed to possess "the flawless serenity of the mystic." Certainly he appeared as one to whom the secret of the world had been revealed.

On one occasion, in talking about music, I was trying to persuade him to go to Baireuth to hear the Wagner operas, when he replied, "My dear fellow, it is quite unnecessary for me, I know it all;" then quoting from Browning's poem "*Abt Vogler*" the lines—

"But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know,"

he told me that he had said to the author that he should have written "'tis we *mystics* who know." And, indeed, he spoke with the certainty of one who possessed some hidden and illuminating knowledge.

He often gave vent to his profound detestation of vivisection, which he regarded as one of the worst manifestations of a material-

istic age. He would also dwell upon the importance of a vegetarian diet, not only from an aesthetic and hygienic standpoint, but as being essential to the development of the inner psychic faculties by which alone the higher knowledge can be attained. His conversation frequently turned on the esoteric interpretation of the Bible; thus he would explain how the story of the Fall in Genesis meant the loss of the Intuition, by which alone man could discern spiritual truth, or again that the doctrine of the Trinity had been entirely misunderstood, and that in reality it was represented by *Force* (the Father), *Substance* (the Mother), and *Phenomenon* (the Child). Needless to say he was a strong opponent of anything in the nature of sacerdotalism; it was the priests who suppressed the spiritual meaning of religious doctrines, for him it was the priests who are meant by Christ in the text, "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered" (Luke xi. 52).

"The Perfect Way or the Finding of Christ" is a most marvelous exposition of the hidden truth which Edward Maitland and Anna Kingsford believed to lie concealed within all religions. Doubtless it is necessary to live the life in order to know of the doctrine, but for those in whom the higher psychic faculties are dormant, undeveloped by any form of asceticism, this book offers the clearest and most logically coherent mystical interpretation of all religions to be found in the English language.

Yours faithfully,

R. O. M.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read in this month's issue the true and very interesting account by Scrutator entitled "Modern Mystics," of those remarkable personages Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland; I feel impelled, however, to express my extreme dislike to the idea that your readers may form possibly of the correctness of their portraits.

They neither of them should be taken as good images of their persons.

I had the privilege of being one of those friends invited by the authors to listen to the reading of the various chapters of *The Perfect Way*, then in MS. only, and I had the advantage also of seeing and knowing and greatly admiring them both, physically, morally and mentally. Anna Kingsford was a beautiful and most noble-looking woman, with a calm expression

that made her (to me) a sort of modern incarnation of Pallas Athene. Mr. Maitland had a peculiarly benignant and good countenance, with what one truly could say was a distinguished and handsome appearance.

The photograph of him in the text of your article must have represented him after Anna Kingsford's death, he had then lost his former expression of expansive genial goodness, and his countenance became saddened and graver.

It may be that outward appearances by many people are regarded as of no value; nevertheless, in the interests of truth, I feel compelled to state that this remarkable couple were favoured by nature outwardly as well as inwardly—to my view a delightful and rare combination.

I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I note that you say in your Editorial this month that death is probably more of a wrench when sudden, that is when one is physically strong and not weakened by illness. It may interest you to know that I had a very dissimilar experience when as a young girl I was nearly drowned. So far from any wrench I treasure the sensation as one of the most perfect that has ever fallen to my lot. It is peculiarly fresh in my memory just now because quite recently in searching through some old books I came upon my own account of it, written immediately afterwards on a sheet of paper torn from an "exercise" book, for I was at school at the time.

Briefly, I was conscious of being bathed in a glory of golden light, one short phrase of four words came to me as embodying the one Eternal Truth, and the next instant I was "floating on air" and watching my body tossed about by the waves far down below, perfectly realizing what it was, but with no deeper interest in it, or all it signified, than if it had been a discarded garment. It was not death, of course, but it has always seemed to me that that sensation and the utter separation of body and soul, with the wonderful lightness and peace that followed it, could only have been experienced by at least putting one foot across the border.

Age has doubtless a good deal to do with the consciousness of a wrench, death being apparently an easier process for the young than the old, and I was only seventeen or eighteen at the time of this occurrence.

One curious incident in connexion with it was that my sister who is always telepathically aware of any danger threatening myself, wrote the next day in an agony of apprehension because she "had dreamed I was drowning, and couldn't tell whether I was really dead, or whether they had been able to bring me round again." She told me afterwards that in her dream she herself was convinced that I *had* died, but that some one had said to her, "It will be all right. She is coming back."

My only other experience of coming near to death was after an illness, when the doctor obligingly guaranteed me "perhaps forty-eight hours." When twenty-four of them had gone, I remember vaguely wondering why people "cried and made a fuss"—it seemed to me so unimportant; but whether this was the result of excessive weakness, or of a sub-conscious realization of the deathlessness of spirit, I am not prepared to say. I do know that my mental attitude was one of indifference, but I don't know what was the origin of that indifference. I know, too, that I had no vestige of what is commonly called "religion" to support me, only at the back of my mind that one phrase, saved from my previous experience of death.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

NORA ALEXANDER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—“Scrutator's” kindly and by no means uncomplimentary notice of my little book, *Colour as a Curative Agent*, prompts me to ask you to be good enough to give publicity to this note.

Why “Scrutator” should profess to be “at variance” with my methods I fail to discover. At least, those which he suggests are in no way opposed to my own! Though my little book is more especially intended for the student of auto-hypnosis, it has been designed to be “suggestive” in more senses than one. For this reason it has been written in anything but a dogmatic spirit. Personally, however, my view of the matter would tend to support the contention which “Scrutator” appears to favour. But in any case I would point out that the “Unconscious Mind” would seem to be the agency by means of which any such effects could be induced.

Yours, etc.,

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

14, GLOUCESTER PLACE, BRIGHTON,

October 14, 1907.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (AJASE).

Question 1 : Shall I have a fatal accident within the next year or two ?

Answer : I cannot sense any accident for you at all, and certainly not a fatal one, for your life seems to go on for many years yet.

Question 2 : Will my present friendship for a member of the opposite sex increase very much in the future.

Answer : I do not sense any increase of this friendship ; it seems you drift apart.

DELINEATION (AMERGIN).

Question 1 : Do you sense any change for me in the near future ?

Answer : There is a decided improvement in your conditions during the next two years, and much that makes your life difficult passes away, and I sense a much more congenial condition for you.

Question 2 : Do you think I should be successful if I took to literature as a calling ?

Answer : I could not advise your doing that at present ; in a year or two it might be wise to do this, but not now.

DELINEATION (CLARA H.).

Question 1 : Will Grand Trunk Railway buy out Isabella Street ? If so, when ?

Answer : I do not sense this happening at all.

Question 2 : Will there be any change in my present employment, and how will it affect me ?

Answer : I sense a decided change for the better in your conditions, and you seem to work under more congenial conditions, and financially your position improves very much next year.

DELINEATION (L'AVENIR).

Question 1 : Will my present venture turn out successfully financially ?

Answer : I sense delay, but eventually a decided success for you in this venture.

Question 2 : Will there be any change in my present position ?

Answer : I do not sense any change for you until next year, when I sense a change and general improvement for you.

DELINEATION (D. D.).

Question 1 : Can you sense any change of locality for me in near prospect ?

Answer : I do not sense any immediate change, but there is a change during the next two years, and this brings you into contact with some very congenial influences.

Question 2 : Am I likely to add anything to the efforts of those who are aiming at the upliftment of Humanity on a spiritual level worthy of note ?

Answer : I sense some success for you in this line.

DELINEATION (B. B. AND R. C.).

Question 1 : Do you sense any great change for me in the near future ?

Answer : I sense decided change for you, and your life seems to be much happier in the future than it has been in the past ; there is money for you and marriage.

Question 2 : Will this person be able to continue the study of music ?

Answer : Yes, but there are difficulties until after next year ; then it is all right and I sense great success.

DELINEATION (MONA).

This is worn by a woman who has had more than her share of trouble, and there is not much improvement for her until after next year ; but during the next year I sense a death which will make a great difference to her, and after that she will be able to do many things which to-day are impossible ; also friends who will not help now will be only too glad to do what they can for her and those dear to her. I sense a great deal of depression ; she must try to overcome this. I know it is not easy to be cheerful under her present circumstances, but giving way will not make matters any better. She should take care of her health. There is a good time coming for herself and her children.

DELINEATION (SWEET PEA).

Question 1 : What changes do you sense for me in the next year or two ?

Answer : I sense many changes for you, and one is marriage with an influence you have already met ; but I do not think you are engaged yet. After your marriage your life seems prosperous and happy.

Question 2 : Can you tell me if I am wise in having a certain man to help manage my property ?

Answer : I cannot sense any danger to you from this man, and he certainly seems to understand his work. I consider this venture will be a success.

DELINEATION (LOU).

This is worn by a woman. She is a tender-hearted, loving woman, but I sense many disappointments in her life and a great deal of anxiety, but this is passed now, and the future is much brighter. I sense a quick, active, clever woman, and one who will work better for others than for herself ; she is artistic, and though not really a business woman she has made herself a practical manager.

Question 1 : Do you see any change in my life in the near future ?

Answer : Yes, there is a decided change for the better for you during next year.

Question 2 : Can you see if the man I love will come back into my life ?

Answer : I sense a past influence in your life, but I do not feel he ever returns to your life, though I believe you meet him within the next two years.

DELINEATION (AMBERGIS).

Question 1 : Shall I ever live a more congenial life, with freedom to follow those pursuits which I really prefer ?

Answer : I sense a much happier condition for you in the future than you have had in the past, and eventually you are able to follow your own bent, and then I sense success for you. Don't get discouraged ; the present conditions will soon pass.

Question 2 : What can you see for me during the next few years ?

Answer : I sense marriage and some personal success, a change of residence and a general improvement in your conditions.

DELINEATION (JOSSEFORS).

Question 1 : What do you see for me in the next few years ?

Answer : I do not sense any great change until the year after next, when a death of a relation takes place, and this causes a journey and change for you.

Question 2 : Do I marry the man who is now in my life, and will it be within the next three to five years. Do I change my residence ?

Answer : You marry the man who is in your life now within the next three years. You change your residence then.

DELINEATION (LIBRA).

Question 1 : Do you sense any change for me in the coming year ?

Answer : I get some financial success for you early next year, and you seem to work more steadily and under better conditions. This makes a change in itself.

Question 2 : Can you see any literary success ? and can you tell me what line I had best pursue—poetry or playwriting ?

Answer : I do not sense any success with poetry, and should say you had better go on with your playwriting.

DELINEATION (NIL DESPERANDUM).

Question 1 : Shall I be able to throw off my present malady ?

Answer : I sense a very decided improvement in your health early next year, and as soon as you get a fair start your condition improves rapidly.

Question 2 : Shall I inherit any money directly, or through my wife, or by certain chemical experiments which I am making, or by lottery ? and if by any one of these, when ?

Answer : I sense some money to you through your wife at the end of next year ; some years later you make some money over an invention.

DELINEATION (SINCERE).

I sense a good deal of worry and some uncertainty about the wearer of this, but there is a change during next year which will make a great difference to this life, and the conditions become much better ; there is more freedom, and influences are more congenial. I sense a happy married life, and the future is much brighter. I sense suppression now and constant giving up, as if it is impossible to do things in your own way and time, and one person seems to get in your way rather badly ; but this all changes next year, and you have your chance. By the success gained I consider you make the most of it.

DELINEATION (EXPECTANT ONE).

The wearer of this is at present in uncongenial surroundings, and there is a sense of interference and irritation. This passes away shortly, and there is a change of residence and general conditions during the first six months of next year. After that I sense a much better condition; there is more freedom and financially things improve very much, and an influence which at present worries this subject passes away. At present I would advise expectant one to wait; to force matters now would not be wise: nothing would be gained and much might be lost.

DELINEATION (B. L., NEWCASTLE, NATAL).

Question 1 : How long am I to remain in my present position ?

Answer : I do not sense any change for you until next year.

Question 2 : Am I going to succeed in carrying out the plans I have formed ?

Answer : Yes, but there will be some delay. Don't get impatient; you succeed in the end.

DELINEATION (MELOS).

I do not sense "Melos" leaving Australia for America or England during next year. About two years from now (as near as I can tell) there is a long journey connected with some new development of his work, and this is very good, and is a success financially. My impression of the work is that it is a development of your present work. I sense your wife's health very uncertain, and she is at times very depressed; but I do not sense her departure, in fact under happier conditions I consider her health improves very much.

DELINEATION (MARION).

Question 1 : Shall I ever marry ? if so, when ? Would it be a right step to take ?

Answer : I sense marriage for you, and you seem very happy in your married life.

Question 2 : Do you see any cause for anxiety respecting my friends or money ?

Answer : I do not sense any worry about friends, but there will be some anxiety about money next year.

DELINEATION (CARNATION).

Question 1 : Do you sense any great coming change in the future ?

Answer : There will be many changes in your life after next year, but the future is much brighter and happier than the past.

Question 2 : Is marriage likely in the near or distant future ?

Answer : I sense marriage the year after next.

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